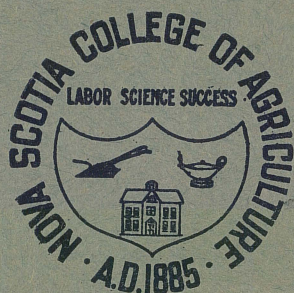


The
Agricultural College



“GATEWAY”

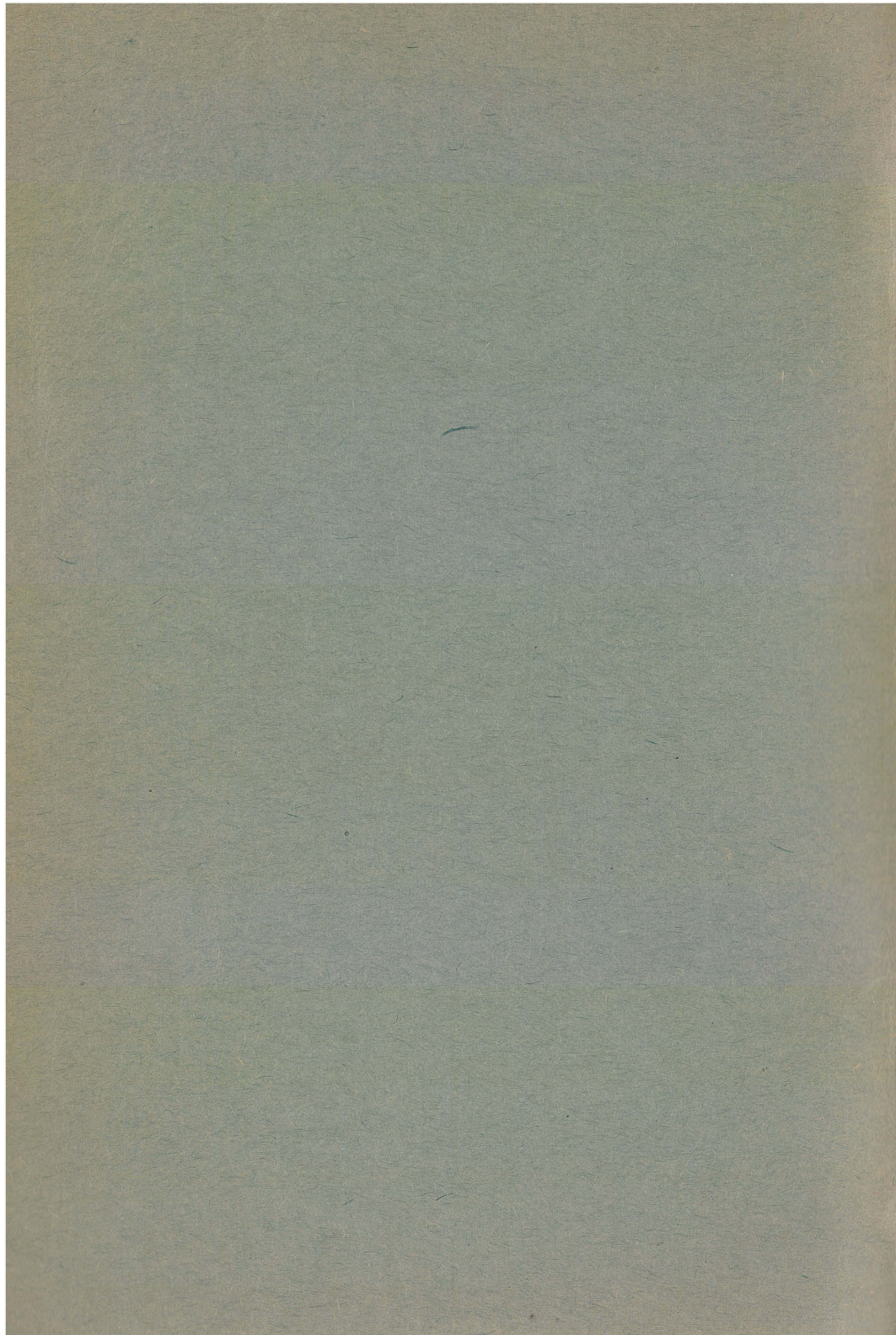
Vol. xxv.

APRIL, 1934

No. 1.

GRADUATION
ISSUE

**Nova Scotia Agricultural
College**



AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

The Nova Scotia Agricultural College located at Truro offers opportunities to young men and women to obtain training in Agriculture and Home Economics. Former graduates to whom this magazine may come are urged to do all they can to interest the young people of their acquaintance, who expect to live and work in the country, in the courses offered.

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3. Three weeks course for young women in Home Economics.
4. Correspondence Courses in Home Economics.
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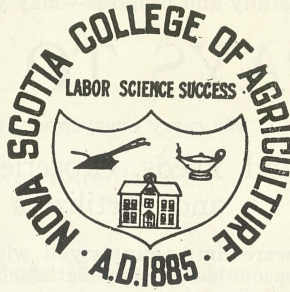
TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA

"Patronize those who patronize us."



EDITORIAL STAFF

Back row left to right: N.Hoar, Ass't. Cir. Mgr.; O.N. Huggard, Alumni and Exch.; E.C. Bain, Ass't. Adv. Mgr.; G.F. Johnson, Adv. Mgr.;
D.C. Crockett, Cir. Mgr..
Front row left to right; H. J. Fraser, Adviser; R. J. Baylis, Ass. Ed.; N. F. Tait, Ed.; T. B. Thompson, Ass. Bus. Mgr.; M. V. Jenkins Bus.Mgr.



VOL. XXV

APRIL, 1934

NO. I

The
Agricultural College
"GATEWAY"

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....	N. F. Tait '34
Assistant Editor.....	R. J. Baylis '35
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Ass't Circulation Mgr.....	N. Hoar '35
Alumni and Exchange.....	O. N. Huggard '34
Adviser.....	H. J. Fraser

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: EDITORIAL :

The severest winter on Bible Hill, known to the oldest inhabitant, has just passed into history. It made the New Brunswick boys feel very much at home; so much so that one of them, Donald Coburn, went home, a victim to the winter disease of pleurisy. With deep regret his classmates saw the train, that bore him homeward, disappear around the bend. However, Donald is pluckily determined to finish his interrupted course next year.

The political axe fell at the beginning of the year, severing our connection with three of the professors. Dreading idleness, Dr. Prince took over the job of benedict, while Professors Eaton and Middleton went back to the land, one on either side of this North American continent.

Contrary to the usual custom, there has been only one issue of the College magazine this year. This is due to many reasons, the principal ones being lack of material, and the everlasting question of financing.

As we come to the parting of the ways, we feel more than ever that this College is as "a city set on an hill, which cannot be hid." Its light has illumined the hitherto unattractive path of the farmer, as well as showed the way to higher education in many other branches. Not only have we found out how to make two blades of grass grow, where there was only one the year before, but we have also learned that a frog is not merely a distressing noise in a ditch, or a target for our boyhood days; that a bee is more full of vagaries than any fickle human being, and that a worm is infinitely more than just something to go fishing with.

We had the inevitable classroom subjects, English, Mathematics, Physics, etc., but our eyes have been opened to the fact that the earth is more than a mud bank on which to stand.

This is, after all, true education.

It has been said that he is happiest who can extract his happiness from common things. The College has added a dignity to farming and Young in his "Night Thoughts" has well emphasized our intimate connection with Mother Earth:

"Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread."

TO THE GRADUATES

The dreams of all your college days,
Will soon be left behind;
And you will face the parting ways,
To start on life's hard grind.

You'll travel along the road of hope,
With sorrows and with joys;
But you'll often think in time to come
Of your life as college boys.

Whatever calling be your lot,
We know you will succeed;
And carry with you our best wish,
To fill each daily need.

We cherish all the happy past,
The time we have known you;
As every one who knows a friend,
A friend who's always true.

Though part we must, as others have,
To battle through the years;
You'll leave with us many happy thoughts,
To mingle with our tears.

T. B. T. '35.

THE FARM COURSE

The short course for this year was not as well patronized as in some former years. However, what was lacking in quantity was certainly made up in quality.

A number of the boys who attended these classes belong to Truro; and although some of them do not intend to become farmers, they obtained a great deal of practical knowledge which will prove a great benefit to them.

Three prizes were offered this year by the T. Eaton Company to the three students making the highest standing. These prizes were \$25, \$15, \$10, and were won by Robert Kinsman, Harold Macdonald and Harris Weldon, respectively.

The students who attended this three months course were:

Orison Archibald, Truro, N. S.
John Barron, St. John's, Newfoundland.
Clifford Cove, Truro, N. S.
Camille Deveau, Meteghan, N. S.
Eric Galloway, Truro, N. S.
Lloyd Hingley, Bible Hill, N. S.
Ruben J. Hook, R. R. 3, Pugwash, N. S.
Robert Kent, Truro, N. S.
Robert Kinsman, Grafton, N. S.
H. W. Macdonald, Centreville, N. B.
Mrs. I. W. Macdonald, Truro, N. S.
Gordon Roddick, Truro, N. S.
Fred Scott, St. Croix, N. S.
Lyle Smith, Truro, N. S.
Harris Weldon, Cambridge Station, N. S.
Fred White, Truro, N. S.
Arthur Wright, St. Peters, N. S.
A. B. J. Zwicker, Mahone Bay, N. S.

A farmer came to town to insert an obituary notice.
"How much do you charge?" he asked.
"A dollar an inch," was the reply.
"Heavens! He was six feet tall!"

LIST OF GRADUATES

Jean Cribb

From Bible Hill, N. S. comes the fair Miss Cribb. Born in the very shadow of the A.C. it is small wonder that she is now one of the graduating class.

Miss Cribb, best known as Jean, first attended the Bible Hill school and later the Colchester County Academy from which she graduated in 1929.

Having completed her high school work, Jean wished to extend her knowledge by travel. Incidentally she made two trips to British Columbia, stopping off en route to view the great Niagara. The love of strange lands still drew "our" Jean, so New York was the next place to be graced by her presence.

Returning to her home in the summer of '32, Jean decided to affiliate herself with the teachers of the province, enrolling at the P.N.C. from which she graduated with honors.

Still feeling uneducated, Jean decided to attend the A.C. for a couple of years. Since coming to the Agricultural College she has not only proven herself a clever and diligent student but also a jovial and amiable comrade to all who have sought her companionship.

Concerning her future we are not in a position to say anything except that, "HAROLD" is a word that comes from her lips at the most unexpected times.

The best of luck, Jean, and may you continue the good work.

Donald Crockett

Donald arrived in Middle Musquodoboit on May 1, 1911, with the rest of the spring birds. When fall came he

failed to migrate and has been with us ever since. After finishing High School in 1927, he worked at different jobs at home and abroad.

In 1929 he hit for the border, not to escape the clutches of the law, but he was tired of hearing the rooster crow. While in the U.S. he was engaged in dairy work and at the end of a two year sojourn he returned home to the farm.

His family moved to Truro in 1932 and harkening to the call of higher education he joined the ranks at the A. C. in the fall.

Donald has the ambition to take Animal Husbandry at O.A.C. and we hope his ambition will be realized.

He has been a successful student but he prefers girls to zoology. The ruts on the Musquodoboit roads bear mute evidence to the fact that "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Homer L. Fletcher

Homer just missed being a valentine, having been born on February 13, 1909, in Glenholme, Colchester County, N. S. and since that time he has been playing with the hearts of many of the fair sex.

After he had passed his tenth grade in school he went west in 1925 where he attended the Moose Jaw College for one year. He then entered the Central Collegiate from which he graduated in 1927.

Finding the lure of money calling him he joined the forces of the Bank of Commerce. After working at this profession for two years he was struck by the wanderlust and hopped over the border into U.S. In the States he worked at varied occupations from automobile salesman to iceman.

He whirled into the N.S.A.C. in the fall of '32 and since that time has kept the rest of us busy trying to keep up with him.

Since coming to Truro he has dealt exclusively at Eatons which he thinks is the "Wright" thing to do.

Homer intends to continue his studies at O.A.C. and we hope as he goes out to face the world that he will be on the "Wright" side.

Cheerio!

Otty Norman Huggard

Otty was born in Norton, New Brunswick in 1914. After completing his early education at the Norton Superior School he took his high school course at Sussex High School, from which he graduated in 1931. In the fall of '32 he landed at the A. C. and while with us he has proven himself to be an industrious student, although a mischievous classmate.

His favorite sport is basketball. He has capably managed the Aggies this year as well as playing a good game in the position of guard. He also dearly delights in "re-Couparating" after the Saturday night dances.

At home he takes a great interest in Calf Club work and due to his superior judging ability was awarded a trip to the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto in the fall of '32. He has also won numerous other prizes. We feel that wherever life leads him he will always come out near the top.

Good luck, old Chap!

Miles Vanwart Jenkins

Born on the Banks of the Bellisle in Kings County, N. B. during the year 1915, Miles is the youngest member of the graduating class.

He arrived in Truro in the fall of '32 after graduating from Gagetown Grammar School. His training there and scholastic ability has been shown by his consistent leadership in examinations.

Being Secretary-Treasurer of the Students Council, Miles is no doubt the most valuable member of the class.

He is also Business Manager of the Magazine and takes an active interest in all sports, being a member of the basketball and softball teams. He is manager of the latter and in basketball he causes his opponents much trouble by his ability to slip through the smallest opening.

During his stay at Truro he has made many friends and at the Saturday Night socials he always makes his presence felt among the ladies.

Miles plans either to continue his studies in Agronomy at Macdonald College next year or to take up the grocery business in Truro, and every member of the A. C. wishes him the best of luck in either undertaking.

Gerald Frederick Johnston

Product of the fruitful Annapolis Valley. The most forward man in our ranks and that is why we call him the **Colonel**. Gerald first saw the light of day at Clarence, Annapolis County, N. S., September 15th, 1912.

After completing his school work at Clarence he took up the teaching profession. The following year found him demonstrating his abilities at St. Croix Cove, Annapolis County. After one year at this old profession he turned his dexterity to the production of apples.

The fall of 1932 he joined the boys at N.S.A.C. Here he has proven himself a worthy student, a stalwart member of the basketball team, also an excellent debater. His chief recreation is entertaining normalites. Perhaps this is why it has been rumored that Dr. Davis is trying to secure a position for Gerald here in Truro.

Whatever the chosen vocation—Best of Luck.

G. Clifford Retson

Born on the N.S.A.C. farm in 1912, it was only destiny that Cliff should in his search for knowledge eventually wind up at our College, bringing with him a B.A. degree, having graduated from Acadia in '33.

Besides being an industrious student he has been a general favorite of both the junior and senior classes, taking subjects in both classes in order to cover the course in one year.

As captain of the victorious basketball team, he has contributed much to its success—playing center in an inimitable manner. As defence on the hockey team he has been one of the chief mainstays, and is an all round good sport.

This biography would be far from complete if we did not mention his keenness as a debater or his popularity on the dance floor.

Whatever his chosen profession may be, Cliff is followed with the best wishes of all at the old A. C.

Ethel M. Smiley

This energetic young lady hails from Newport, Hants County. Having completed her education at that place she came to further her knowledge in scientific agriculture at the Agricultural College in the fall of 1932.

Ethel has always taken a great interest in club work and in 1930 she was chosen as a delegate from Nova Scotia to go to the International 4-H Leadership Training School held in conjunction with the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Since coming to college she has always been a cheerful and diligent worker and is a member of the Social Committee.

Ethel's chief ambitions are to own a large herd of Guernsey cattle and to go to Ireland.

Our best wishes follow you, Ethel, in whatever work you choose.

Norman Forbes Tait

This tall, dark haired youth was born in Truro, one frosty morning of February, 1912, removing to Bible Hill

as soon as he was able to make the distance under his own power. After obtaining his Primary education in his home school, he attended Colchester County Academy, graduating from there in 1928.

In 1926 he began working in the basement of the Brookfield Creamery Co. Ltd., and was thus able to preserve his school-girl complexion from the ravages of the mid-summer sun. He has been with this firm ever since, in the busy season. Last summer, he was butter maker at their plant in Amherst; and what that boy knows about Amherst is not all butter and cheese, judging by the letters and snap shots he receives. Norman attended the Technical College, Halifax, during the winter of 1931.

Elected president of the junior class and this year filling the position of president of the Student Council, Norman has shown marked ability as a leader. He is also Editor of the College magazine, and due to his efforts, it has been a great success. His unusual height has put the College step ladders out of business. Possessing musical abilities, both vocal and instrumental, he has been leader of the College orchestra, as well as being a member of other musical organizations in the town.

Norman plans to continue his studies at O.A.C., making dairy work his chosen profession; and we firmly believe that in a few short years we will see him sharing his joys and sorrows with one of the fair sex. So "cheerio" and the best of luck, is the wish of the class of '34.

WHY STUDY AGRICULTURE?

There are two answers that might easily be given to the negative side of this question. One, that in the professional field there is apparently already an over supply of agriculturally trained men to fill the positions available. The other, that in the vocational field, agriculture in practically all its branches is not at the present time in as sound an economic state as might be desired. In more common parlance, in the one case few "jobs," in the other case "low profits." If you happen to belong to that class of pessimists who are satisfied with such answers as these, there is certainly no advantage in using an Agricultural College as a place to add to your already discouraged feelings, providing only another outlet for criticism and ridicule.

There is, on the other hand, some danger from the optimistic viewpoint, and dissatisfaction is bound to come to the student who blindly sets himself to the task of securing an Agricultural Diploma or Degree with the equally blind expectation of certain and lucrative employment; and feels that society is doing him an injustice if it does not so provide for him. Equal disappointment awaits the student who anticipates that an Agricultural Course would so fit him vocationally as to automatically adjust his farm into a scientific masterpiece that would return rich financial rewards regardless of the forces of nature and the ramifications of our complex society. Between these two extremes lies a wide road of opportunity and although we seem to be living in an age of extremes where world records such as those acquired by travel on land, in the water and in the air and also our agricultural world records,—records in milk and butter fat production with dairy cattle, in the egg production for our poultry, in the drawing of record loads by our teams of horses, in the yield per acre in our crops, etc. are uppermost. The worship of these outstanding performances is only natural and they undoubtedly have their place in our general progress. Nevertheless we must not overlook the fact that any permanent progress is dependent on the laws of averages and that large groups of ordinary people have got to continue doing common place things. Thus in agriculture as in other walks of life our problem is to raise the standard of the average. As in the production of live stock and crops where the tendency, in what we call nature, is to swing back to the original,—our improved dairy cattle if neglected from either breeding, feeding or environmental factors auto-

matically drop in production,—our crops, under any form of mismanagement tend to revert to lower yields; so with the human race we have constantly to be urging ourselves in order to even hold what ground we have made. These facts all point to the constant necessity of satisfactory leadership.

An agricultural education will not of itself make agricultural leaders but, given the right sort of raw material, agricultural education can so develop students that they may take their place as leaders in both the vocational and professional fields. We have, of course, had many failures in both these branches in the past and as usual these failures are more conspicuous than those who succeed. Nevertheless, we have a large army of graduates from our institutes who are taking a very prominent part in the development of agriculture all over the world and it is impossible to estimate the value of the contribution of these individuals to society in general. There will undoubtedly be a place in the future for a large number of men to carry on and widen this leadership and to the student who has the sincerity of purpose to so develop his talents there should be at least some degree of satisfaction awaiting his efforts.

With the great demand for specialization it is well for the student to master as well as possible at least one major branch of study. This applies even to the most general type of professional or commercial work or to the farm itself. It is impossible for an Agricultural Representative, for instance, to be a specialist in all the branches with which he comes in contact, but he will be a far more effective extension man if he has made a specialty of some particular phase of the work. In Fruit sections the trained Horticulturist has a decided advantage over the man without such specialization. A special live-stock training will be of untold value to the agricultural representative in the mixed farming area and, needless to say, in the research field it is absolutely imperative that a man have specific training for whatever branch he intends to follow. In the vocational field, farm management surveys go to prove that even in mixed farming areas a special major project usually increases the income of the farm. The student, therefore, who is able to secure a general knowledge and appreciation of the whole field of agriculture and a specific detailed knowledge of some particular phase of it should not only be able to justify his expenditures in time and money but should have the personal satisfaction that he has a matriculation for entrance to the larger field of education—"The outside world."

C. E. B.—'13

THE SEALFISHERY OF NEWFOUNDLAND

From the fifties to the closing decades of the past century, the sealfishery as a commercial industry was at its zenith, and it was a matter of controversy as to whether, during that period as a labor-giving and productive enterprise it was equal, if not superior, to the great codfishery of Newfoundland.

What an interesting topic it will be for the historian of the future to get together and publish for the benefit of those who come after us, the hardships and dangers, the agility and seamanship, the fearlessness and manliness of those Vikings, who have earned for Newfoundland that title which has never been taken from her—the first fishing country in the world, and for her sons the reputation of being the most intrepid and fearless mariners who have ever walked the deck, or ran aloft to reef the sails when the storm was at its highest!

“Which way to the seals?” This is the question on every lip, as in the spring of the year the sealers gather in St. John’s to get a “berth” to the ice. This is a busy time for all, the men getting their supplies or “crop” as it is called in local parlance; the different merchants supplying the ships; carpenters, machinists, shoemakers, doctors; almost every trade and profession gets its share. At last, after many weeks of preparation, comes the day of departure. It is so arranged, if possible, that all the ships leave port together. And what a magnificent sight it is to witness these stately ships, bedecked with bunting, slip their moorings at the different piers, and in single file pass down the historic harbor of St. John’s. As they steam onwards the air is filled with the piercing scream of sirens and the booming of guns—all conveying the good wishes of the “landlubbers” and others less fortunate to these hardy sealers.

Records of the prevailing winds during preceding weeks are kept in order to assist the captains in determining where the herds are likely to be found. But while there is luck in reaching the seals, because of the vagaries of winds and currents, those experienced in the mysteries of the floating ice-fields appear to possess a knowledge—almost an instinct, which guides them to the abode of the “Golden Fleece.”

While they are searching for the "Patch" let us speak of an individual whose inglorious name has heralded from time immemorial the failure of a voyage, when the seals seemed within the very reach of the crew. I refer to that ubiquitous individual—the "Jinker." No Newfoundland sealer is without a thorough and often melancholy knowledge of the "Jinker."

Let us imagine we are now on the deck of a Sealer in quest of the elusive whitecoat. For miles on all sides nothing is visible but the rocking and crunching ice floes.

Suddenly from the lookout barrel far above the deck comes the cry, "Seals!" That magic word acts as a match to the pent up gunpowder of these men's suppressed and anxious feelings. Laughter, shouts and cheers, slaps on the back, and even punches herald the good news. Gaffs are seized and over the side the men go.

To some this is real tragedy. As they approach the thousands of helpless creatures, they discover that the air is filled with wailing. A baby seal, you know, cries exactly like a human infant, and when one thinks of a hundred thousand babies crying out there "in the middle of nowhere—under a blue bowl over-turned on a blazing white world" something seems to tug at one's heart. And then we see the men bringing down their heavy clubs and stilling the wailing of that helpless multitude. In a few moments the ice crimsons with the blood of thousands of tiny seals.

It is wonderful the instinct with which these creatures are endowed. When a herd of hood seals is trapped in the ice fields they begin to gather. Seals will leap upon the backs of other seals. Then they begin to pile up—hundreds of them—many being crushed to death, until they form a sort of pyramid. The purpose of this is to concentrate their weight at one point and thus force the ice to part or break. If they succeed, many escape. If they fail—all die.

With the limited space at my disposal it would be impossible to give a detailed account of the hunt. I will, therefore, with your indulgence just quote from the description of the victorious return of a vessel with a "full load."

“The last pelt is aboard. The holds are filled to the hatches, the pounds are full and overflowing, and the waist is as full as we dare fill it. All coal has been thrown overboard except the little that is needed to take us to port. The spare bunkers are full of fat. We dine on seals and sleep on seals, and we are glad of a cold breeze to keep the smell of oil down, but the sealers revel in it.”

“Put all your flags up men! And the foghorn blows, a long prolonged blast to the Great Main Patch. We know the rest of the fleet looks on us with envious eyes, but all the same they wave their arms and gaffs in farewell. Then come the hoarse hoots of their horns. They are saluting us as victors before we go, as true sportsmen should. Then as the propellor revolves, our Captain and crew break out in wild cheers. Slowly she starts as if weary from the great battle that now is over and won. She is limping and wound scarred but the sturdy old Wooden Wall is decked like a Warrior Queen. Log loaded we are, and what vessel at the seal hunt can ask for more!”

“We have left the ice, and once again back on the Inside Cut with Cape Bonavista astern and Baccalieu Island well in sight. Then comes the Narrows, now sounds our siren, and let St. John’s know that we are loaded to the hatches.”

History has been very careful to hand down to us the exploits of many warriors with broad-sword or cutlass, but no person has placed on record the feat of the Newfoundland fisherman—sealer, holding a seven foot flint-lock gun to his shoulder, and firing a charge of ten inches of powder and shot from its muzzle.

That the spirit of do and dare is a part of these men, as it was in the Vikings in days gone by, cannot be denied.

J. B. Farm Class '34.

GOING NORTH

From the deck of the "Princess Alice" Vancouver recedes into the distance. On either side of the strait lie the mountain ranges, some with snow capped peaks, and wandering down to the water's edge are little fishing villages or lumber camps.

In the straits we see rafts of logs, being towed to saw-mills on the island, or the mainland, fishing vessels, pleasure-crafts. Later we receive a thrill, we salute a sister ship returning from the North.

A stop is made at Alert Bay, near Vancouver Island. The passengers go ashore and visit the Indian cemetery. The very long names on the tombstones receive various pronunciations. Interest is centered chiefly in the wood carvings on the little roofs resting on four upright poles, inside of which hangs a tattered garment or two, belonging to the dead beneath.

Queen Charlotte Sound! Open water, mal de mer, a whale spouting, a school of porposies, flying fish. We lean far over the deck to watch their playful antics.

Back to the inside passage again. Do you see the seals on that rocky island? There is the very old and practically deserted Indian village of Bella Bella. The ship seems to be weaving in and out, out and in, among the islands. Ah! Digby Island, with the Canadian Government wireless station and buoy depot. We wonder what Prince Rupert will be like. Always before it was raining or in a dense fog. Fortunate are they who come to Prince Rupert on a sunshiny day. Such beautiful views from the heights of the town. So many pretty islands in every direction. There is the C. N. R. bridge connecting the island with the mainland. No, we don't want to go over to the large cold storage plant. We just want to meander around town and stare out over the water. One part of the town is so rocky, mud had to be hauled in order to make gardens. To another part they had to carry rocks for foundations for their buildings.

A short time after leaving Prince Rupert we see Port Simpson in the distance. Here the Hudson Bay Company formed the first settlement in northern British Columbia.

When we pass Green Island lighthouse on our right, we learn that we are only six miles south of the International Boundary. A boat carrying the port doctor, customs and immigration officials, comes out to meet us as we near Ketchikan, which is one of the largest and most prosperous towns in Alaska. There are many fishing vessels in port. We drift over to the curio stores, of which there are a number, then follow up the stream to a waterfall, where in this late summer month the salmon are ascending the shallow waters of the rapid. Have you ever seen salmon leaping high in the air when coming up stream? Then you have missed one big thrill. Ketchikan is so modern we were rather disappointed, but we will never feel that way again. It is difficult to leave this most interesting spot but we must get back to our boat.

The next stop is Wrangell. Shall we ever forget Wrangell? It is evening when we reach there. The children come out on the wharf selling pansies and amethysts. We wander over to the town. The streets are of clean planks. In one of the shops are large pictures of scenery along the Stikine River. They advertise that they are outfitters and guides for big game hunters entering the Cassiar district. There is sweet scented climbing honeysuckle in somebody's garden. Part of an old Russian fort exists in Wrangell and there are also some very old totem poles there.

In Wrangell Narrows the ship proceeds at half speed. The many turns and windings are marked with buoys and beacons. The scenery is very beautiful.

Along St. Stephen's Passage we note little icebergs. Where did these icebergs come from? We take a side trip up a channel and there lies the Taku Glacier, gleaming in the sunshine, showing various tints of blue, but in the center, pure white. Loud cracklings and crashings are heard, little bergs break off and fall into the water. The whistle of the steamer is blown and the reverberations cause more bergs to tumble into the sea. The glacier is a mile wide and ninety miles long. The ice is over one hundred feet thick. To the left is a "dead" glacier, which is gradually receding.

Before we reach Gastineau Channel the rain begins to fall. What a dark, black night! Then from the shore

shines a myriad of lights. Rows of lights from the water's edge to the tops of the mountains shine in the blackness of night.

We are nearing Juneau, the capital of Alaska. Someone tells us that the very large building on the side of Mount Roberts and overlooking the city, is the largest gold quartz mill in all of the United States territory. The whole building is lighted. Near the wharf are Indians sitting beside their wares—mostly moccasins varying in size from a doll's foot to what one thinks must have been made for giants. Even though it is midnight the town is not sleeping, for a steamer is in.

From Juneau a motor trip may be taken to Mendenhall glacier, or one can hike to the Gold Creek Basin, the site of the first placer gold strike in Alaska, made by Joe Juneau and Richard Haines in the early 80's.

The trip up the Lynn Canal from Juneau is between towering mountains, many of them capped with glaciers and snow. At the head of the canal lies Skagway, from the Indian name "Skagua," meaning north wind. It is nestled snugly in amongst snow capped peaks four to six thousand feet high. This is the Skagway which in the spring of '98 grew to a city of 15,000 people, all drawn to the Northland by the lure of the Golden Klondike. It was here that Soapy Smith and his gang of outlaws terrorized the people during the wild days of '97 and '98 and only ceased with the death of "Soapy" who killed, and was killed by Frank H. Reid.

By trail one can go to the cemetery at the foot of Reid's Falls and see the beautiful monument erected to Reid by the grateful townspeople, while only a slab of wood and a pile of stones mark the resting place of "Soapy."

Small fruits, both cultivated and wild, grow in abundance in and around Skagway. Some of the homes have the most beautiful flower gardens. A good trail leads to Dewey Mountain and the picturesque Dewey Falls. On the opposite side of the city a trail leads to Smuggler's Cove. From all the trails one looks back and down at Skagway.

The "Golden North" hotel is a good place to stay. You will see huskies and tame bears.

Be sure to visit "Ma." You will know her at the wharf by all the medals on the outside of her mannish coat. She lived in the north in the old, bad days. She will tell you about the coming of the miners, the gamblers, the dance hall girls, about the trips over the mountains by the White Pass route, the hazardous journeys by river, for she was over them all.

From the Skagway side trips can be taken by rail to Carcross and thence by steamer to Ben-Ma-Chree to White Horse, the end of the railroad. From there a boat is taken for Dawson City to the summit of White Pass and the head of Lake Bennett.

A trip to Alaska—once travelled never forgotten.
H. L. F. '34

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Why Hoar and Huggard invested in a window pane at their boarding house?

* * * * *

Why Dolan came to be using a floor mop after hours, in the lab recently?

* * * * *

What Thompson and Johnson said when they saw the "Scarlet Fever" card on their boarding house?

* * * * *

What makes Baylis see red?

* * * * *

Where was Johnson when the lights went out?

* * * * *

How much the boys contributed to the Charity Ball?

* * * * *

Did the rooster really steal the eggs from Wright's basket?

* * * * *

How McKay keeps "that schoolgirl complexion?"

* * * * *

What Professor Harlow thought when Baylis shouted "Turn off your gas?"

* * * * *

If Terry stole Bain's hair restorer?

A STUDENT'S VIEW OF THE DEGREE COURSE

There are many opinions for and against the degree course taught at this College. One often hears the remark: "Why isn't this course made more practical and not so much scientific?" It must be remembered that the main object of this course is to train students to meet the problems that are facing the farmers today, and to do this the student must have more than the practical side of farming. For those who intend to return to the farm and are only interested in the practical side of farming, there is a three months' course given. This course points out to the student the most beneficial and economical methods of farming.

The degree course is a four year course, of which the first two years are given at this College, and the remaining years at Macdonald or Guelph. The first two years, which are given at this College are more or less general, giving the student foundation for the remaining years at Macdonald or Guelph, during which he or she may specialize in the subject chosen. For a course like this the more science one learns the better. Taking everything into consideration, there is really too little instead of too much science taught.

It is a pity that such a cheap and beneficial course as is given at this College is attended by so few students. If every farmer, or every one interested in the progress of Agriculture in the Maritimes would take either of the courses given and put into practice what he has been taught, there would be a surprising improvement in Agriculture in the Maritime Provinces.

R. M. '35.

JOKES

Prof. Harlow: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Murray: "Are you referring to that last test, Sir?"

* * * *

Prof. Barteaux: "What is a vacuum?"

Dolan: "I have it in my head sir, but I just can't explain it."

THE FARMER

The dear old farm, its every rod
Is fraught with memories sweet to me,
Each thought recalls some bye-gone hour,
Of joyous childhood gay and free.

Here nature seems to speak direct,
In wood and hill and sunny field.
In them I find companionship,
The crowded city cannot yield.

What are its shallow joys to me,
Its pomp and show and solid wealth?
Given in exchange for Heaven's pure air,
Its boundless freedom and rugged health.

Let him who loves its sickly shade
Behind the counter scrape and bow,
To me it is a better thing,
To feel the sunlight on my brow.

And, to the one who falsely scorns
The manly farmer's honest toil,
Degrading deems the work that gives
A living from its generous soil—

I'd point him to some famous name,
Our country's pride and glory now,
Of men whose youth did not disdain
To wield the axe or follow plow.

But let the farmer know his worth,
His mien should high and lofty be,
His will full strong, and clear his mind,
His duty and opinion free.

Thus careful thought and industry
Work wonders with the fertile sod,
His work doth high approval win
From man, from conscience and from God.

Unclaimed.

CANADA'S COAL PROBLEM

Canada possesses 17% of the world's resources of coal, and is only surpassed in this respect by the United States. At the present rate of consumption the reserve amount of coal in Canada, estimated to be 1,229,236,000,000 tons, would not be exhausted for 36,000 years. Yet, in spite of these facts, the Dominion has imported 13,000,000 tons of the 26,000,000 tons consumed for several years past, with an average cost of \$61,000,000. If Canadian mines at present were receiving one-half or three-quarters of the amount imported they would be working at the same speed as they were during the years of the Great War.

It is true that part of the coal imported was anthracite, of which Canada has none, this variety coming from the United States and Great Britain. Out of the 13,000,000 tons imported last year, 3,065,919 tons was anthracite, largely from the United States. The United States supply of anthracite coal is nearly exhausted and the present supply is estimated to last not more than 100 years. The Wyoming Valley fields, from which Canada derives most of her supplies, is estimated to last not more than 30 years.

Ontario and Quebec consume about 60.8% of the coal consumed by the Dominion and Ontario only possesses a very limited supply of poor grade coal and even if it were accessible, it would only supply the province about two years, therefore it must look to outside provinces for its supply.

The two large coal areas of Canada in Alberta in the West and Nova Scotia in the East, are situated some 3000 miles apart. Both coal fields are over 1,000 miles away from the large coal consuming provinces and there arises the great question of transportation costs. The long railway haul from Alberta to Ontario makes the Alberta coal more expensive to burn than American bituminous, and the same may be said for Nova Scotia coal. A few figures as to the cost—from Sydney to Montreal by water costs \$1.00 to \$1.25 per ton, but by rail it is much more expensive, costing \$3.60 per ton.

If a large tariff were placed on American coal coming into Canada it would greatly affect the two central provinces and would be a loss to the government of over \$7,000,000

per annum. A tariff sufficient to overcome this transportation cost would place British Columbia mines in difficulties as the United States would very likely retaliate and place a tariff on B. C. coal entering the Western States.

The second big item that enters into Canada's coal situation is the cost of mining compared with that of the United States. The cost of mining coal in the U. S. is considerably lower than in Canada. Comparing figures of the cost of coal at pit mouth:

Alberta, ranging between \$3.50 and \$4.50 per ton.

Nova Scotia, ranging between \$4.00 and \$6.00 per ton.

United States, ranging between \$1.50 for bituminous slack to \$8.00 for anthracite.

In conclusion, I will give a brief outline of the Nova Scotia coal condition. It has been estimated that at 10,000,000 tons a year the N. S. coal supply would be exhausted in 128 years. This estimate may be considerably smaller than the correct amount, but it must be realized that in an old coal field production costs are much higher because it is necessary to go deeper and in most cases farther under the sea, or to work new seams where the coal is not of such high quality.

Cape Breton is the only place in Canada where coal is found side by side with iron ore and other minerals which are of a high commercial value and the time is not far distant when Nova Scotia will require most of her own coal to support a larger steel industry and also for the making of more coke and by-products. Some may say that these expectations are large, but there does not seem to be any large problem arising at present to contradict this assumption.

E. C. B. '35.

Troubles of her Own

Nurse: "I have stewed kidney's, boiled tongue, fried liver and pig's feet."

Coburn: "Don't tell me your troubles, sister, give me a chicken pie."

IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG WITH THE MARITIMES?

The good old days are past and we need not look backward into the mists to try to recover them. Rather, let us look at our present day situation and try to see what is in store for us.

As we all know the Maritime Provinces are no provinces of Utopia. Any country, no matter where situated, has its bad as well as its good qualities, whether they be geographical, industrial or educational. However, I feel that the good qualities of the Maritimes are far greater than their bad hence I think that in this paper I shall have to consider both. Since the topic of this paper is, "Is there anything wrong with the Maritimes?" I shall discuss their defects first.

For the greater part of the last seventy-five years the Maritimes have been supplying Western Canada and the United States with some of her best young people. This emigration of the younger elements, by depleting the supply of labor and enterprise, hindered the establishment of new businesses and itself became a cause for further emigration. The Settlement of the Prairie Provinces brought such prosperity to Ontario's industries that they not only absorbed the young people growing to maturity in Ontario, but also drew more from the Maritimes. These young people when they emigrated were at the producing age and hence took with them more than their proportionate share of the energy and adaptiveness of the community. Those left behind had in many cases either not reached the producing age or had passed it, hence their home communities have not received nearly as great industrial development as they would have received if these young people had remained in the Maritimes.

Immigrants from other countries have in one way taken their places, but these people have neither the skill nor the enterprise to create such an industrial revolution as had those youths, of the best families, who left us.

If Canada as a whole be compared to a great eddy, with Ontario as the very active industrial centre, we find that the Maritimes are in the quieter outer regions which have not been industrially developed.

We find that approximately 60% of the area of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are estimated as suitable for agriculture under the most favorable conditions. This area is undoubtedly relatively larger for Prince Edward Island. But what is the use of producing on all this area if there are no markets for the products? If we had large manufacturing industries down here as are in Ontario, employing a large number of employees, this land could be utilized much more than it is today. As is commonly said, "The country is too large for the town." Specialized farming may give some relief, but much more is to be looked for.

As another thing wrong with the Maritimes, let us consider the great unnecessary tax burden thrust upon us each year. If we had the three provinces united, taxation would be lessened considerably. Instead of having three sets of governmental bodies to pay we would have only one. Sir John Aird, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, contended, in a recent address to the bank shareholders, that unless such a legislative merger comes, "taxation will be oppressive, if not intolerable, for many years to come."

What Sir John Aird is suggesting is Maritime union in the interests of more economical administration. There are, however, twin stumbling blocks—the sentiment and personal greed of the people. But the people can help it along by electing to governmental positions only those who will work for the good of their country.

Now let us consider some of the reasons why we consider the Maritimes as the only place worth while living in. Situated as they are in the temperate zone and along the coast gives them a temperate climate. We have no such extremes of heat and cold as are experienced in some places. We have none of the earthquakes or cyclones of the United States, or of the hail storms causing so much damage to crops in Western Canada.

Our natural resources are quite abundant. We have large coal mines, especially in Nova Scotia. There are still quite extensive forested areas throughout the three provinces. Fishing is quite an important industry, due to the fact that each province has a whole or partial sea boundary. Agriculture, however, is our most important primary industry, and our products are marketed in all parts of the world.

This industry is capable of much greater expansion, but, for it we must have a corresponding expansion along many other lines, as population and markets. Although manufacturing has not reached the stage of development which it might have, it is nevertheless quite important as is seen in this town of Truro.

We have also in the Maritimes a greater variety of scenery than is found in any other section of the same size in the world. This, together with the historical background of many districts, as the "Land of Evangeline," attracts to our three provinces each year large numbers of tourists. Scenery and history, from a tourist trade standpoint, are the greatest assets a country can have. It remains with the people to do the rest.

Dean Ira McKay of McGill University said the following regarding the Maritimes: "They are the most humanly liveable portion of North America." This alone should convey a great deal to us and make us feel immensely proud of our three small provinces.

The Maritimes are quite well institutionalized. We find a good system of education followed throughout the three provinces. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are perhaps further advanced as far as colleges are concerned than Prince Edward Island. We find graduates from these universities filling positions in all parts of the world.

And have not the Maritimes had for the last two years one of the greatest amateur hockey teams in the world!

Although much more could be said on this topic, these arguments should, I think, convince you as they have convinced me, that, although a few faults can be found with the Maritimes, these are easily outweighed by the better characteristics.

M. V. J. '34.

Prof. Fraser: "Last night when I got home my wife had my chair drawn up before the fire, my slippers ready for me to put on, my pipe filled, and—"

Dr. Trueman—"How did you like her new hat?"



COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

SOCIAL EVENTS

The social life of the College has been very successful from the attendance at all our functions.

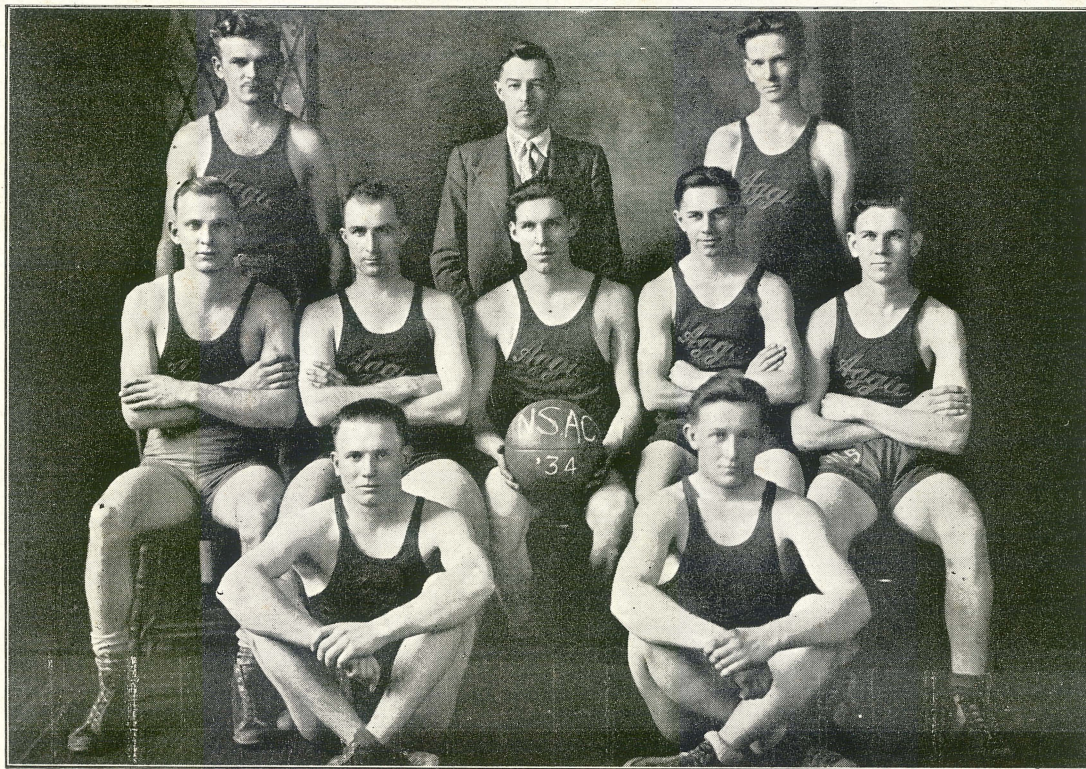
Shortly after the term started we were challenged to a friendly game of Volley Ball to be played in the gym. After the game everyone was told to report at the Science Building, where a jolly hour was spent by Prof's and students in singing and comedy sketches, after which lunch was served and everyone got his fill.

Contrary to the usual custom, our Saturday evening socials were held every two weeks and on these occasions we played the host to our friends the Normal College girls (and some of our boys excel in this art).

The Social Committee wish to extend many thanks to Mrs. J. M. Trueman and Mrs. W. V. Longley who gave so generously of their time in chaperoning these socials.

The Senior Prom, which was the first big dance of the season, was held on December 6, 1933, when the gym. was attractively decorated with the College colors of blue and gold. Numerous lighting effects did much to add to its appearance; Marneys Orchestra of Amherst were in attendance. Chaperones for the evening were Mrs. J. M. Trueman, Mrs. W. V. Longley and Mrs. H. J. Fraser.

On February 7, the gym. was again the scene of the most successful social event of the College year when the mid-year dance was held. Under a mass of blue and gold streamers one hundred and forty couples danced to excellent music furnished by Sinclair's Orchestra of Halifax. The chaperones, Mrs. J. M. Trueman, Mrs. L. C. Harlow and Mrs. H. G. Payne welcomed the guests under an arch which was draped with the College colors in streamers of blue and gold.



T. B. Thompson (center); C. V. Marshall (coach); D. W. Coburn (center); G. F. Johnson (guard); E. C. Bain (forward);
G. C. Retson (forward); M. V. Jenkins (f); O. N. Huggard (guard); W. S. Hoar (forward); A. C. Neish (guard).

A small informal dance was given on March 23, to the graduates of the short course. On this occasion the stage was decorated with the various implements which they will use as successful farmers. The guests were welcomed by Mrs. W. V. Longley and Mrs. C. V. Marshall.

Donald C. Crockett.

HOCKEY

The hockey season for the A. C's. started with the game with the District Representatives. This game was played shortly after the January classes commenced, and resulted in a defeat for the college students. The Reps. were too well accustomed to the tricks of hockey for the younger generation to overcome. Former players of the college were playing for the Reps. thus making them a stronger team. To set off the representative team was a pair of defence men who gloried in checking the young players.

The second game the A. C. players showed more style due to the practices which were held before the boys played this game. These practices were made possible by a grant given to the hockey sport so that we could have use of the rink. The game was lost to the Truro Business College by a score of 1-0. They had to work for that one goal too.

The boys went off the ice deciding that the next time they should play the Business College they would beat them or bust. True to their threat they put a 2-0 defeat on the Business boys, thus more than balancing their former defeat. The Business boys worked hard but the puck would not seem to go by the A. C. goalie.

Our friends of Bible Hill next challenged the hockey team. This the boys readily accepted. Nothing like showing people what you can do. The game was played one evening and ended with a score of 2-2 much to the sorrow of both teams. A further game with this team was planned, but the weather conditions were against us so that the game was never played.

Last, but not least, was the game with the Normal College. This game had long been anticipated by both

teams since there is always keen competition between the two colleges. A large crowd of students were present to witness the game. The A. C. boys worked hard but were only able to tally 2 goals against the Normal College, while the Normals scored three goals. The victors were well satisfied that the A. C's. could hold their own, even if they were defeated in this game. No other games were played this year due to weather conditions, but it is hoped that next year the team will start earlier in their quest of hockey laurels.

Walter S. Hoar '35, Captain.

BASKETBALL 1933-34

As usual basketball was the main sport activity at the A. C. With only one regular of last year's team returning, prospects at the beginning were rather uncertain. However, due to the efforts of Coach C. V. Marshall and the splendid cooperation of the boys, we were able to turn out a team which has been rated as one of the best ever developed at the College.

The problem of putting out a basketball team at the A. C. has always been that of training new and inexperienced players. Coming as they do from many of the smaller villages and outlying districts, most of the boys have had little, if any, previous knowledge of the game. Basketball being pre-eminently a game of skill, has called on the squad for long and strenuous practises to overcome this initial handicap.

In the town league the team won five out of eight games played. The boys had high hopes of taking the second section, but failure in the crucial game with the "Y" put us out of the running.

In all three games played with outside teams the A. C. boys were victorious. Two games were played in the Home Gym. In these the Dalhousie and Mt. Allison Theologues were defeated by scores of 23-18 and 16-8. Our third game was played at Halifax, where we were the guests of Pine Hill Divinity College. Besides spending a most enjoyable weekend, we were able to defeat the Pine Hill team by a score of 31-17.

The Harlow Trophy, emblematic of Inter-class Basketball Championship, was won this year by the seniors. In their two game series with the Juniors, the Seniors were able to win one game and tie the second, thus winning the series by total points.

Before bringing this article to a close it would be fitting to express our thanks for the interest which the Student Body has shown in the team. At every game there was always a strong bunch of A. C.'s. out to support the team. Also in the Faculty we found some of our staunchest supporters. Needless to say the team, one and all, appreciates in the highest degree, this interest and support. May it continue to be one of the factors which will inspire succeeding A. C. teams to bigger and better achievements.

C. R.—Captain.

SOFTBALL

The sport column of our magazine would not be complete without mentioning our softball activities of last fall.

Due to the lateness in the season, we found it impossible to have any more than two practices before we answered the challenge from the Normal College nine.

After getting away to a bad start in this game, our pitcher settled down to work and in the last seven innings we proved worthy foes to the much better practised Normal team.

The line-up was as follows:

O. Huggard, 1b; E. Byers, 2b; Robert Thompson, 3b; T. H. Thompson, ss; W. Hoare, p; E. Bain, 3; A. Neish, lf; M. Jenkins, rf; D. Coburn, cf.

All the team is looking forward with hope that, before we depart this spring, we will find time to meet the Normal College nine again and we feel sure that we can turn our defeat into victory.

Edwin C. Bain (Capt.)

VOLLEY BALL

From year to year it has been noticed that there are quite a few students in each class who take little or no part in any form of College sport. This is due mainly to the fact that we have practically only one sport, which in turn is mainly attributed to the small student body.

Basketball, as we all know, is the major indoor sport at the N.S.A.C. This game is quite strenuous and only those who are very athletic or who have played the game previous to coming to the College, can hope to don a sweater for the Aggies. The remainder of the students cannot turn to any other form of recreation other than standing on the side line.

However, to overcome this drawback in student activities, Volley Ball was introduced.

Volley ball is a game that is far from being strenuous. It can be played with six or more men on each side, and it consists of hitting a large inflated ball with the hand over a net seven and a half feet high. This game, it was thought, would be a worthy addition to the student activities, as it would include at least sixteen players at one time.

A schedule of games was drawn up which included a team from each of the three classes and one from the faculty. Play was started in January and by the latter part of March the schedule was finished with the seniors and juniors tied for top place, each winning five games and losing one; the farm class winning two games and losing four and the faculty winning one game and losing five.

Despite the fact that few of the students had ever seen this game played, keen interest was shown in it. Games were strongly contested and a spirit of friendly rivalry was evident among the students.

A prize, disguised under the name of "Campus Trophy" was offered for competition at the beginning of the volley ball season. It was not known, however, what form this prize would take, but it was hoped that someone interested in student activities would come along and donate something which would remain as an emblem of volley ball at the

N.S.A.C. Our hopes very soon materialized, when Major L.S. Dee, well known in financial circles, donated a handsome cup to be competed for each year. This cup was won by the senior class, whose team took two straight games from the juniors in a two out of three game series. Congratulations, Seniors!

It is hoped that next year more interest will be taken in the game. The juniors have some outstanding players in their ranks and with the experience they have had it will take a good team to beat them.

TEAM WORK

Undertakings shared by neighbors are beneficial to both parties. They call for the team work, the give and take which is all too lacking among our people. Together with this is the practical financial benefit which is so needed in a time of depression.

To work together in a group-buying program, or in a marketing or a producing campaign sometimes needs a little self-sacrifice. We may have to give up some of our conceit, some of our opinions or else some enjoyable diversions. But to some people these things are really luxurious things. These people are a hindrance to cooperation being too stubborn to change their ideas.

To differ in ideas is a good thing, but to have your own ideas and never give anyone else a chance to express his is a senseless thing. Exchange ideas and reason them out. This is the sensible thing to do. To change your opinion is no disgrace but, of course, one doesn't want to change unless it is for the best. Everyone changes more or less, even the big business men have to change ideas as the days go by.

With the coming of spring has come a time to act on co-operative ideas that we have learned during this winter. It is wise to be careful but there is some chance in every business proposition. Co-operation is needed today.

W. S. H. '35.

THE DEBATING CLUB

Once again we come to the close of another successful season for the College Debating Club.

Under the untiring efforts of Professor Fraser this season has again provided an excellent program of debates which we were both interesting and educative; and in many cases considerably amusing.

Comment may be made on the splendid presentation of the Junior Degree versus the Farm Class, interclass debate, on the subject, "Resolved that motor transport is more beneficial to Canada than Railways," the Junior team upholding the affirmative.

The resolution called for considerable and careful argument but was responded to with remarkable zest by both teams; providing a most entertaining and amusing evening. The judges, Mr. A. D. Pickett, Mr. D. R. Kelley and Mr. J. A. Steele, awarded the Farm Class the decision by a slight margin of points. Afterwards the judges expressed a few brief remarks—one being that it was the best debate the speaker had heard at the College (that is saying something).

Due to the proximity of examinations the Senior versus Junior interclass match had to be cancelled and we regret that we will not be able to match our "wits" again this year.

In closing we wish to express our sincere appreciation to Professor Fraser for the invaluable training provided us by such debates under his most careful direction.

R. J. B. '35.

All the Winners

Captain.—"You bathed here without my permission. Don't you know that the sea is full of sharks?"

Crockett—"Yes, sir, but sharks can't worry me. I am tattooed."

Captain—"What has that to do with it?"

Crockett—"On my back I have in tattoo: 'The Americans won the war' and even a shark can't swallow that."



N. S. A. C. ALUMNI NOTES

M. B. Davis '10, was recently appointed Dominion Horticulturist.

Wm. Retson '15 and W. G. Graves '13, are engaged in Dairy Herd Improvement work with the Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture.

F. W. Walsh '17, who was a former professor of animal husbandry at A. C., is now Director of Marketing for Nova Scotia.

J. R. Sutherland '17, is now Dairy Superintendent for New Brunswick.

E. L. Eaton '18, is now farming at his home in Upper Canard.

C. V. Marshall '26, Assistant Professor of Chemistry at N.S.A.C., recently resigned his position to accept that of Junior Chemist in the Seed Branch at Ottawa. Charlie will be much missed not only in the classroom but especially in the gym where he has coached the basketball team for two years.

McBain Cameron '28, is assistant in the Entomological Laboratory, Macdonald College.

George MacLeod '29, is Agricultural Representative for Albert and Westmoreland counties in New Brunswick.

F. W. T. Lucas '29, is marketing editor of the Farmer's Sun.

J. G. Stothart '30, is at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, assistant to Mr. Muir, Animal Husbandman.

H. G. Griffiths '30, is assistant in the Animal Parasitology Laboratory at Macdonald College.

R. E. Wetmore '31, graduated from Guelph last spring and is at present working in the West.

John Leefe '31, graduated in Plant Pathology from Macdonald College last year and is now Professor of Botany at N. S. A. C.

Angus Rankin '32, is engaged in cow testing and agricultural representative work in Inverness and Richmond counties.

Arnold Travis '32, was married last February to Miss Catherine Ellis of Yarmouth and is at present working in New Glasgow.

The Principal of the College and the Director of Extension on their return from the Royal Winter Fair stopped over a day at Macdonald College. They had an opportunity to see the twelve student graduates of the Agricultural College, Truro, who are at present enrolled in the junior and senior years at Macdonald College. They are as follows:

Seniors

M.J.A. Armstrong '32, specializing in	Plant Pathology
Scott Clarkson '32	Plant Pathology
M. B. Moore '32	Biology
E. P. Grant '31	Chemistry

Juniors

Geo. W. Ayers '32	Plant Pathology
Thos. C. Chiasson '33	Agronomy
Graham Longley '33	Entomology & Economics
C. S. Reid '33	Horticulture
Reginald Gilbert '33	Horticulture
A. D. F. Mackenzie '32	Poultry
A. E. McCollom '31	Entomology
C. M. Zinck '32	Entomology

We are glad to learn that these students are doing good work and at the Winter Fair recently held at Macdonald College, Reginald Gilbert and Cyril Zinck tied for second

place in a judging competition. The latter is also doing splendid work on the basketball team.

Dorothea Nairn '33 has recently returned to her home in Scotland.

Harry A. MacDonald '33 is working at the Experimental Farm at Nappan, N. S.

Robert J. Hilton '33 is engaged as apple inspector at the Experimental Farm, Fredericton, N. B.

Chas. Douglas '33 is studying dairying at O.A.C.

During the last summer three graduates of this college met death by drowning. They were Edgar Hilton '31 who had just completed his third year at Macdonald, working at Ottawa; Lawrence Davis '30, who had just graduated from O.A.C.; and David McCuish '26, who was drowned near his home in Kentville.

T. Thompson: "I'm a travelling man."

Bertha: "Good. Lets see you travel."

* * * * *

Cribb: "A man tried to kiss me last night."

Smiley: "Did you slap his face?"

Cribb: "Yes, indeed—as soon as he got through."

* * * * *

Congratulations

Tait: So the principal expelled you. How did you take it?

McNevin: I congratulated him on turning out such a fine young man.

* * * * *

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said Johnston, the youthful agricultural college graduate, to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished you got even ten pounds of apples from that tree."

"So would I," replied the farmer. "It's a pear tree."

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why Norm Tait writes letters to himself?

* * * * *

Why T. Thompson never went back to 41 Pleasant St.?

* * * *

What Johnston did when his girl went down cellar to put some coal in the furnace?

* * * * *

Why Prof. Harlow hasn't taken as much interest in Crockett this year?

* * * * *

How much Jean Cribb's boy friend paid for the tow he received on the taxi bumperette?

* * * * *

What Prof. Harlow thought of Johnston's correspondence paper?

* * * * *

If Bain is obtaining material for next year's "Term Paper" during his numerous evening visits to Dr. Longley's residence?

* * * * *

Why Jenkins, who intends to specialize in Agronomy, is learning the grocery business?

* * * * *

Why Huggard doesn't like ice cream?

* * * * *

When is a normal normal?

* * * * *

How Hope takes his Daley exercise?

* * * * *

Why the dentist told Dolan to keep away from gold-diggers?

* * * * *

Why Crockett goes so far to get on the good side of Prof. Harlow?

* * * * *

Why Dolan quit going over to Ryland Avenue?

* * * * *

Why Retson holds such a grudge against Cape Breton?

* * * * *

How much Johnston gets paid for his copies of "Stenographer's Confession?"

MY FIRST AIRPLANE RIDE

It had always been my cherished ambition to ride among the clouds in an airplane and if possible, to become an aviator.

My first glimpses of airplanes were few and far between but when one happened to fly over my home, which was in a farming community, everyone dropped their shovels and forks and stood gazing until it became a mere speck on the horizon. The first close up view I had of my "wonder machine" was while visiting a neighboring county fair. This one was supposed to fly over the grounds and do some stunts before alighting in a nearby field. In the course of its performance it made a close dive to the ground and appeared over everybody's head at once, and what a scramble for cover! Those who could not reach shelter threw themselves flat on the ground and waited for the worst to happen.

Some years later while at the Provincial Exhibition in Halifax, I also visited the Trans-Canada Air Pageant which was being held at the same time and here I got my long looked for opportunity—a ride in an airplane. The price was three dollars, "but a fool and his money soon part," so I exchanged mine for a yellow ticket which said I would be passenger No. 2610. That many people had taken the risk before me and had all come back safe, so why not I? Getting in line with the rest of the crowd I waited my turn and it soon came. The plane happened to be a closed model, so crawling through a little hole which was used for a door, I took my seat and waited for things to happen which they did all too soon for personal comfort. On taking a first look out of the cabin window I could see the City below like a giant ant-hill, to my left was the town of Dartmouth and straight ahead the Atlantic Ocean, for which we seemed to be destined. Looking at the instrument board, which was mounted in front of the pilot, I could see we were twelve hundred feet in altitude, going eighty miles per hour and gaining speed. After gazing about for a while, I settled back in the seat and tried to enjoy my flight, but now a new trouble arose. I had partaken of a good sized dinner a short time before, which seem to be discontented with its present position and insisted on coming up for air.

After ten minutes of this which seemed like so many hours, the pilot taxied back to earth and helped me to alight. As my feet touched terra firma I thanked him for the two rides he had given me—My First and My Last. D. C. C. '34.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE HONEYMOON.

Melissa Clark was a girl from Hilden who worked in the "Truro News" office. She got high-falutin notions from reading the Social column of the "News." So, every summer when she came home for her vacation, she insisted on the family camping out for awhile at Short's Lake.

"All the best families go camping," explained Melissa; but her father flatly refused to be a partner to any such proceeding.

"Livin' in a tent might have agreed with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but it don't go down with me."

So he stayed at home, and the rest of the family, consisting of her mother and two younger brothers, took to the tent. It suited the latter admirably, because they escaped lots of farm drudgery and had a good lazy time of it. Melissa usually brought a friend from town with her, and they had a picnic every day. For a week at least they would fight flies and mosquitoes and endure many privations, then they would gladly put for home.

Now the summer in which our story opens, the unexpected happened and Melissa got married. Fred Fisher was only a clerk in a grocery store, Truro; but he considered his prospects good and he simply couldn't exist any longer without Melissa. Tired of the heat and monotony of the daily grind in the "News" Office, Melissa flew most willingly to his waiting arms.

The bridal couple went to Halifax for a trip, and then were to come home to spend their honeymoon. It was Melissa's plan to go at once to camp, as it was a very fashionable thing for a summer bride and groom to do. So her family pulled and dragged and perspired and got everything in readiness. Her father, even, consented to drive the bridal couple to camp and spend one night in the tent. Now that they were really losing Melissa from home, he felt that he should do that much to please her.

They were to arrive on Friday, and Thursday saw a terrible scene of confusion at the Clark's.

"Here, Sam and Amos," Mrs. Clark called to her recreant sons, "load these mattresses on, and these other things, and hurry up."

"What are you taking so much trash for?" Sam asked, as he began loading up the wagon.

"Never mind asking questions," his mother replied, "but be thankful you have a mother who knows how to entertain a bride and groom properly; and I'll do it," she added proudly, "if it takes every ounce of strength I've left and my last cent."

Mrs. Clark had a strenuous time getting settled in the tent, so that by the time the bride and groom arrived she was about "all in." Her pent up excitement and nervousness found expression in a flood of tears, as she fell on Melissa's neck, exclaiming dramatically, "my dear lost daughter!" The bridegroom, an insignificant, boyish-looking fellow with sandy hair, stood twirling his hat in an embarrassed way, feeling guilty of robbery. Apart from the fact that they were proud of their daughter settling in town, the old folk weren't particularly delighted with their son-in-law. Melissa herself expected to have made a more brilliant match, but she determined to make the best of it and appear radiantly happy. She was looking her best in a blue silk suit and hat to match, so it was a very happy appearing company who sat down to supper; marred only by the absence of the tea pot, which Sam had lost on the road. The older folk and boys retired early in the big tent, while Melissa and her husband went for a stroll in the peerless moonlight, returning later to their own private quarters in a small tent adjoining.

Now Melissa was considered something of a joke in Hilden, so the younger fellows planned a terrific serenade. Each one was armed with either a gun, horn, cow-bell or some noise-producing contrivance. Jack H'll had a horse fiddle, which had belonged to his grandfather. It was constructed of cogs with flapping pieces of wood, which made a noise like nothing else on earth. Like a small army they moved along in the moonlight, and as they neared their goal, silence fell upon them. Their plan was to surround the camp, then start all their instruments of noise at once.

The effect was truly startling. John Clark woke in a panic. "Holy smoke! Maria," he gasped "The world's coming to an end! That must be Gabriel's trump!"

"No, no, John," she assured him, though trembling from the shock, "Gabriel will never make a noise like that. It's serenaders. You forget you have a daughter a bride."

"Well, I'd rather forget it, than be reminded of it this way. Gee whiz, we'll all be deaf! I knew I'd wish before morning I'd stayed home and slept under a good solid roof like a Christian. Catch me playin' Injun again," he grumbled, with his hands over his ears.

"Lucky we hadn't gone to bed" Melissa remarked to her spouse, rather pleased with this mark of attention. "We appear, you know, before they will stop."

"Then the sooner the better," he remarked sourly, "a little of that music would satisfy most anybody."

Just then, however, fate took a hand in the game, and for excitement the outcome exceeded all expectations.

Some cattle were quietly dozing in a little nook of the pasture not far from the camp. When the serenade started, they sprang to their feet in alarm. The sound seemed to be all about them and two wild young steers lost their heads entirely. Galloping madly, first in one direction then in the other, they tore through the narrow strip of woods and came out beside the tents. These big white objects in their paths terrified them still more. The leader swerved to avoid them but failed to clear the ropes. They tripped him up and with a bellow of fear he fell across them, pulling out tent pins and smashing into the tent which suddenly collapsed.

The serenade ceased abruptly when the big tent went down, while a few of the more timid, fearful of results, sneaked off into the woods. Fortunately, no one in the tent was hurt and they presently emerged from the ruins, assisted by the bravest of the serenaders. John Clark crawled out first, thirsting for vengeance. A peace-loving old cow was lumbering past just at that moment seeking her fleeing associates. Seizing a stout stick he grasped the cow's tail

and hung on, belaboring her back with the stick as she propelled him onward. Down the moonlit space they flew, his night shirt his only raiment; bare headed and bare footed, the thwacks of the stick on the cow's back sounding like pistol shots. This was too much for the serenaders, and they flung prudence to the winds. The air became rent with shouts of laughter, but they were wisely absent when he returned. After dressing, John Clark proceeded at once to the barn, harnessed his horse and drove up for his wife and they went home. The boys chose to sleep in the little wooden hut they used as a kitchen.

Next morning their father returned with the horses and big wagon and brought everything home, so Melissa and her husband were forced to follow. They found the missing teapot tied to the door knob. A neighbour had seen it fall from the wagon and took this method of returning it. Thus ended the Clark's camping out for all time.

Norman F. Tait '34.

"Just a minute, mister."

"Yes, what is it?"

"My wife is starving."

"So's mine," responded the affable millionaire. "It's tough on the girls, but it is the only way to get that fashionable figure."—Christian Advocate.

* * * * *

The Eternal Masculine

The speaker waxed eloquent, and after his peroration on women's rights, he said: "When they take our girls away from our co-educational colleges, as they threaten, what will follow? What will follow, I repeat?"

Johnston: "I will."

* * * * *

A very small boy with a very large bundle of papers under his arm was trudging along the street.

"Don't all those papers tire you, my boy?" asked Prof. Harlow.

"Naw, I don't read them," replied the boy.



: : EXCHANGES : :

The A. C. Library has received throughout the year a number of publications from other institutions. These have been gratefully received and the Gateway wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following:

“The Tech Flash”

The popularity of this magazine is shown by the short time it stays on the library shelves before some interested reader removes it. It contains many excellent articles and the joke department is always carefully studied.

**The “Acadia Athenaeum”
and
Kings College “Record”**

Both these magazines appear regularly and are always welcomed. Although we cannot review them they certainly contain many articles of interest and are generally on a high plane. The short stories in the Acadia Athenaeum are very interesting.

The Mt. Allison “Argosy Weekly”

This newsy little weekly gives a good insight into the life of the college and is interesting on that account. All the problems seem to be brought up and threshed out there, which should develop a healthier spirit. We are watching with interest the controversy at present about college sports.

“The Voice of the Y.C.A.”

This little paper from the Yarmouth County Academy reaches us regularly and is no doubt of great interest to any Yarmouth County students.

Name	Nickname	Weakness	Favourite Saying	Ambition
Jean Cribb	Crib	Harold	"Lend me a pencil"	To manufacture wall-paper
Donald Crockett	Don	Bible Hill School	"Who told you so?"	To own a real car
Homer Fletcher	Fletch	Blondes	"Oh Ella! !!	To get the Wright girl
Otty Huggard	Ottie	Dancing	"Go 'way, you nut"	To do as little as possible
Miles Jenkins	Jenkie	Francis	"Cripes"	Politician
Gerald Johnston	Colonel	Women	"As I was saying"	To live in a harem
Clifford Retson	Cliff	Telling jokes	"That reminds me"	To become a farmer
Ethel Smiley	Smilie	Men	"Acetic Acid"	To wear overalls
Norman Tait	Norm	Amherst	"Oh frig"	To live in Hogan's Alley

: JOKES :

Mr. Cribb: "Harold, I don't know whether you can support my daughter, but you can certainly keep her up."
—Boston Transcript?

* * * * *

Fond Mother (arriving home late)—"I hope my little darling has been as good as gold all day."

Nurse (au fait politically)—"No, ma'am, he went off the gold standard about tea-time."—Humorist.

* * * * *

Exalted Ambition

At a concert a young lady began a song. "The autumn days have come. Ten thousand leaves are falling."

But she began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped.

"Start her at five thousand," cried an auctioneer present.

* * * * *

Jimmy, four, small, but wise, when his mother had left the room for a minute or two—just long enough to get the iced tea iced—one of the guests asked him where he was born. He was telling the story, next day, to a playmate, about what he had said when asked the question. "I know I was born in the woman's hospital, But I thought that sounded sort of sissy, so I said the athletics' baseball park."

* * * * *

Doctor: "What is the most you ever weighed?"

Coburn: "One hundred fifty-four pounds."

Doctor: "And what is the least you ever weighed?"

Coburn: "Eight and a quarter pounds."

* * * * *

Neish: "What shall we do tonight?"

Baylis: "Let's toss for it. If it's heads we'll go to the pictures; if it's tails, we'll call on the girls and if it stands on edge we'll study."

* * * * *

Murray: "When I left my last place, the landlady wept."

Landlady: "I won't. You'll pay in advance."

Trouble Brewing

Tait took her in his arms. "Oh, darling," he murmured. "I love you madly. Please say you'll be mine. I'm not rich like Eric Boulden, who has a car, a fine house and a well-stocked cellar; but darling, I love you and I cannot live without you!"

Two soft arms stole around his neck, and two ruby lips whispered in his ear:

"And I love, too, darling; but—will you introduce me to this man Boulden."

* * * * *

Bain: "Waiter, there's no chicken in this chicken soup."

Waiter: "Well, did you ever find any horses in horse radish?"

* * * * *

Jenkins: "What's the difference between vision and sight?"

Murray: "My girl is a vision and yours is a sight."

* * * * *

Dolan: "Most people admire my mouth. Do you?"

B. Thompson: "Do I! I think it's immense."

* * * * *

Next to Marriage

McKean pinned underneath his car after an automobile accident was being questioned by a policeman.

"Married?"

"No," said McKean. "This is the worst fix I was ever in."

* * * * *

Norman Hoar called up the blonde he met at the ball and asked for a date.

"Forget it," she replied "I can't go out with a baby."

"Cripes," said he, "I didn't even know you were married."

* * * * *

W. Hoar: "Any one could tell by looking at you that your parents came from Ireland."

Huggard: "My parents did not come from Ireland,"

W. Hoar: "Come on, don't try to fool me; your face shows your parents came from Ireland."

Huggard: "They did not," "They are in Ireland yet."
—Vancouver Province.

Early in 1916 a very patriotic old lady happened to be on a visit to her brother's farm. One afternoon as she walked round the buildings she strolled into a cowshed where one of the farm hands was milking one of the cows. She watched him in silence for a few minutes. At last she could control her feelings no longer. "Young man," she burst out, "hadn't you ought to be at the front?" "No, mum," he replied, "Oi allers milks 'em this end."—Witness and Canadian Homestead.

* * * * *

Prof. Fraser: "Who was Anne Boleyn?"

D. Ross: "Anne Boleyn was a flatiron."

Fraser: "How dare you make such a frivolous answer?"

Ross: "Well, that's what it says in the book."

Fraser: "Nonsense, show it to me."

Ross: brought up his book and pointed out the sentence "Henry VIII, pressed his suit with Anne Boleyn."

* * * * *

Jenkins: "I know a place where women don't wear anything—except a string of beads once in a while."

Johnston: "Holy gee, where?"

"Around their necks, stupid."

* * * * *

"See those white hills over there?" asked the sweet young thing on the Mediterranean cruise. "What is that?"

"Snow," replied the captain.

"That's what I thought," she remarked, "but a lady just tried to tell me it was grease."—Christian Science Monitor.

* * * * *

Prof. Barteaux: "Now, Mr. Dolan, if I lay three eggs here and five eggs here how many eggs will I have?"

Dolan: (with a questioning glance): "I don't believe you can do it, sir."

* * * * *

Some Mistake

Retson: "Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

Waiter (soothingly).—"Oh, no, sir, you're mistaken That's one of those new Vitamine Bees that we serve with each and every order."

* * * * *

Prof. Leefe: Dolan, are you laughing at me?"

Dolan: "Oh, no, sir."

Prof. Leefe: "Well, what else is there to laugh at?"

The census taker approached a little tumbled down shanty on the outskirts of Savannah and pushed his way through a bunch of little pickaninnies who were playing in front of the door. He knocked. The door was opened by a large lady of color. After the usual preliminary questions the statistics gatherer asked—

“What is your husband’s occupation, Liza?”

“He ain’t got no occupashun. He’s daid. He done passed away fo-teen yeahs ago, suh,” replied the negress.

“Then who do all these little children belong to?”

“Days mine, suh.”

“Why, I thought you said your husband was dead.”

“He is, but ah ain’t.”—Jack-O-Lantern.

* * * * *

Dr. Longley: “How many geese have you on your farm?”

Miss Smiley: “We have two hundred big geese but no little ones.”

Dr. Longley: “I guess you haven’t the propaganda (proper gander).”

* * * * *

Prof. Harlow: “Miss Smiley, give me the formula for water.”

Miss Smiley: “H, I. J. K. L, M, O.”

Prof. Harlow: “Why-What! What do you mean?”

Miss Smiley: “Didn’t you say it was H to O (H₂O)?”

* * * * *

Doctor to Jean Cribb: “What you need is a little sun and air.”

Jean: “How dare you! I’m not even married.”

* * * * *

Jean: “Oh, Doctor, you didn’t look to see if my tongue was coated.”

Dr.: “You never find grass on a race track.”

* * * * *

Bain: “What caused the explosion at the poultry plant?”

W. Hoar: “Prof. Landry fed a chicken some lay or bust feed and it turned out to be a rooster.”

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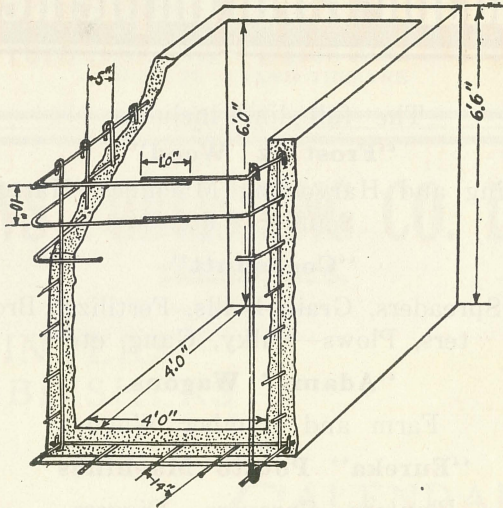
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