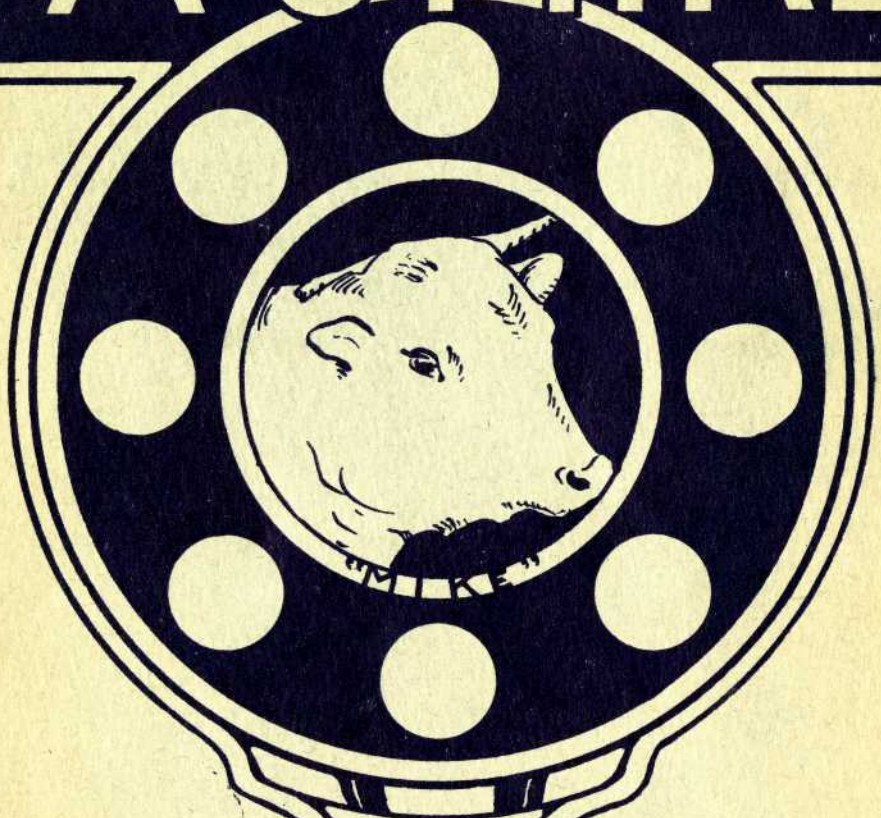
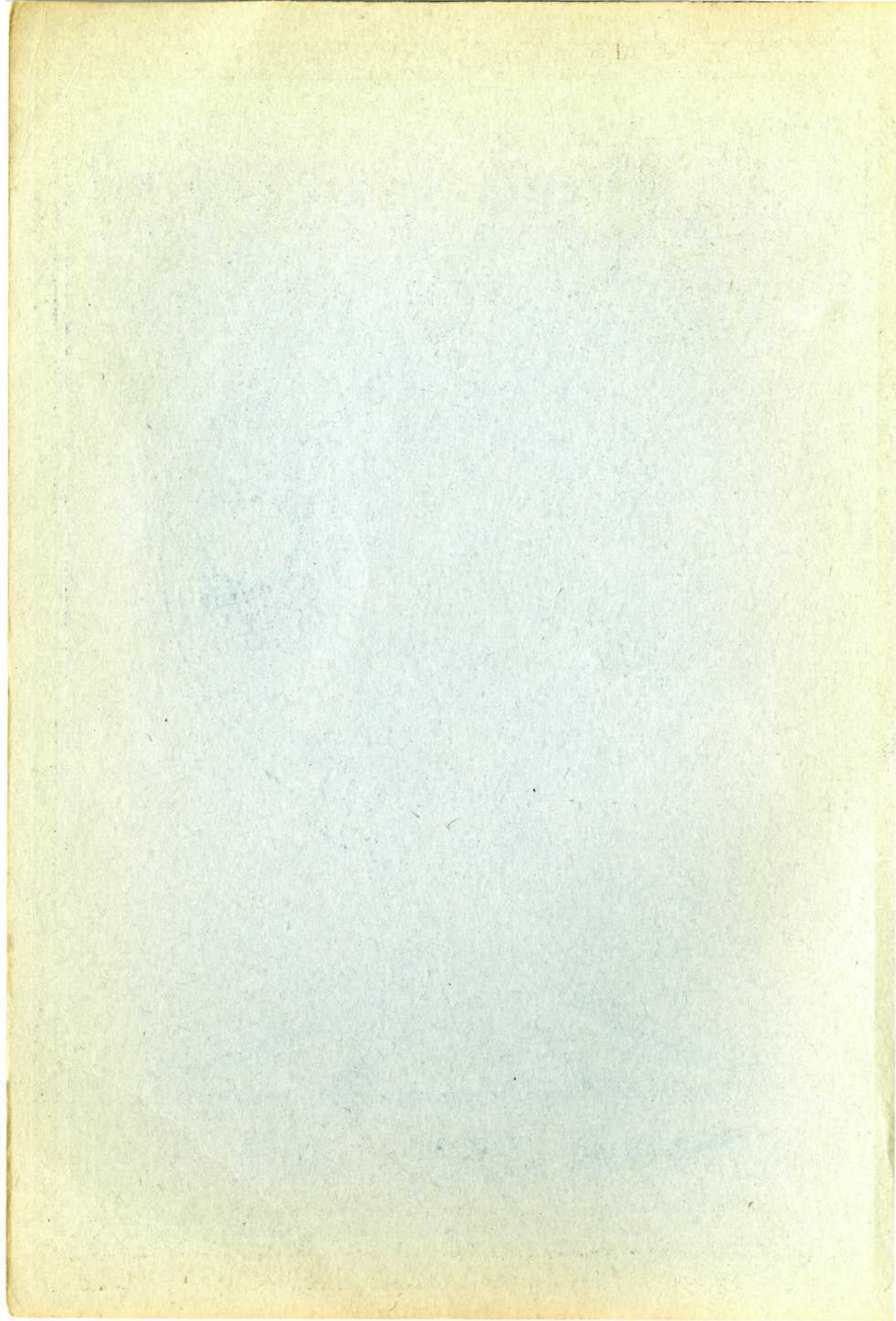


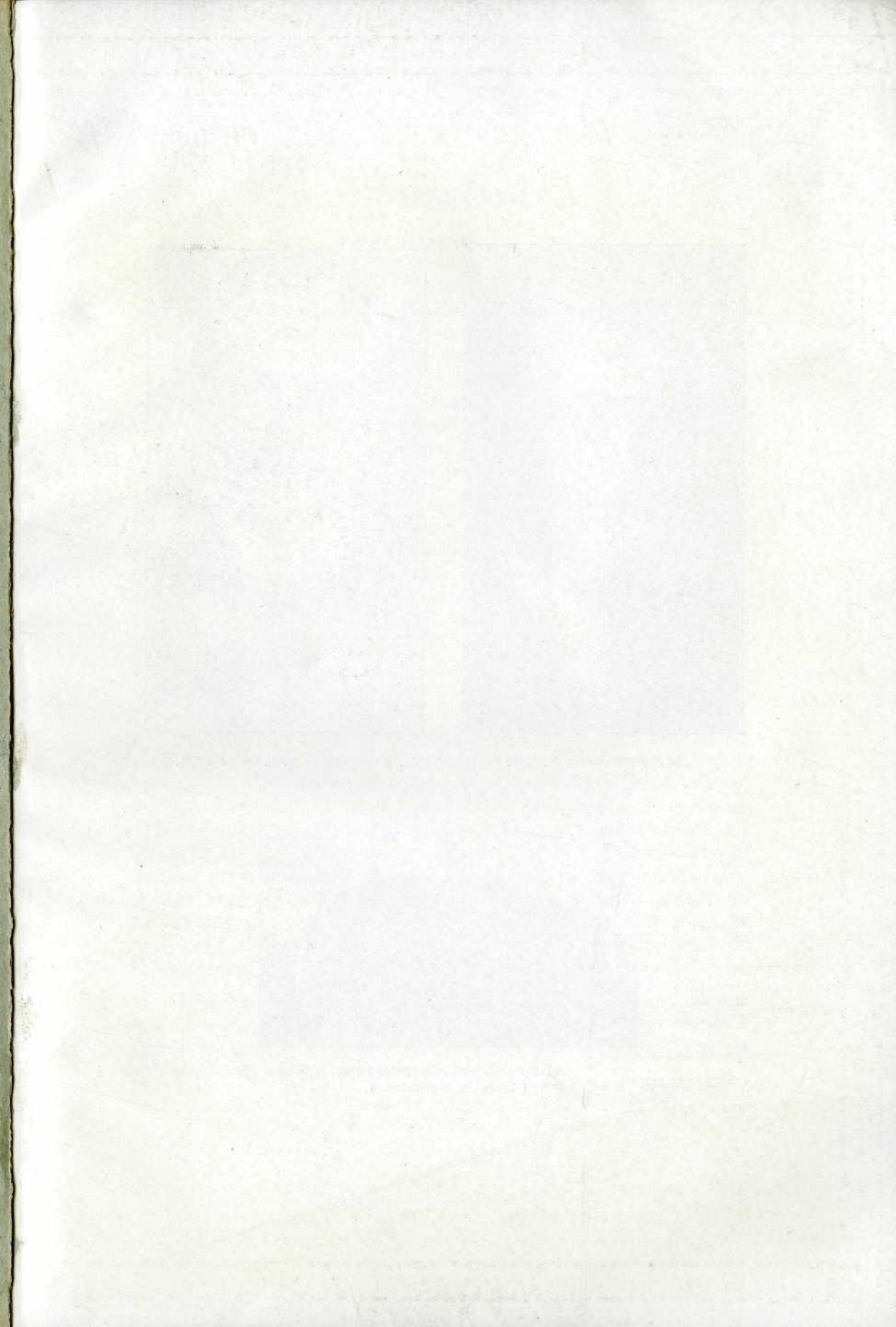
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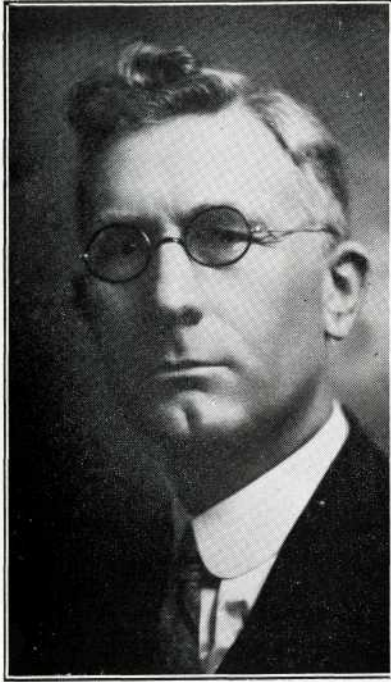
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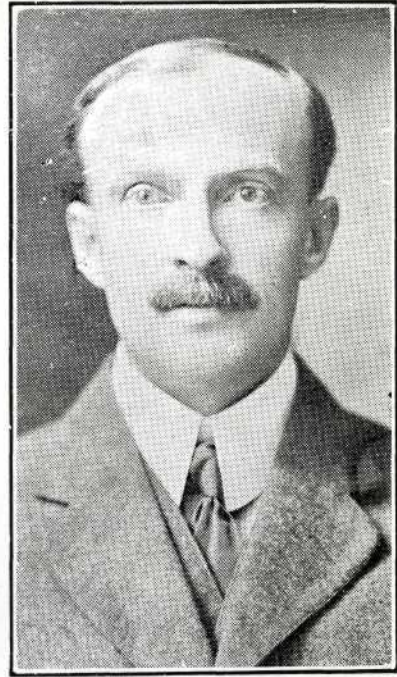
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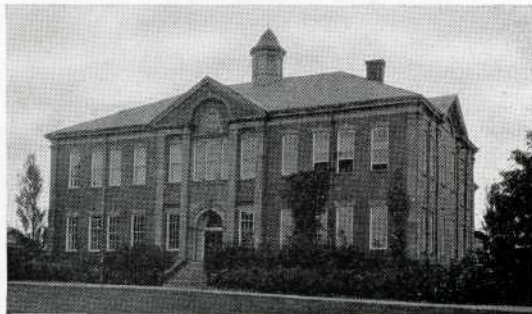




J. M. TRUEMAN, B. S. A.,
(Principal)



M. CUMMING, B. A., B. S. A. LL. D.,
(Ex-Principal)



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING
(College of Agriculture)

FOREWORD

Agriculture, the oldest occupation of civilized man, is today receiving more attention than ever before. The constant increase in population and the taking up by settlers of all available, easily cultivated land, makes the problem of feeding and clothing the people of this world, one of increasing difficulty. In Nova Scotia the old system of each farmer working independently, is slowly giving way to community projects, greater mass production of certain readily marketable crops and systematic inspection to insure that only best quality goods shall go to market. This system of working together, pooling the crops, grading and marketing in mass is the only way to overcome the handicap of small farms.

In order to fit into this scheme much educational work must be done. We have Extension Departments that are taking the best methods directly to the various communities. Agricultural Representatives located in strategic centres are demonstrating, organizing and teaching. Under the direction of a trained director they take to each community the lessons learned in other centres and seek to encourage and inspire the farmers that heretofore have been largely out of touch with modern methods. In this extension work is the great hope for the quick development of improved agriculture.

Education of the mind or training in the work of thinking out problems is of vital importance if agriculture is to continue to advance. Nova Scotia, in its College of Agriculture, provides a place and a means whereby young men may get this training in thinking. The material world is of value to man only as he is able to think out methods of putting it to use. All the things which we have in modern civilization are of value to us only because minds have thought out ways in which they can be used. Thus in agriculture we shall advance only so fast as we develop thinkers, who can take observed facts and build them up into systems of procedure that are of ever increasing utility.

Thus we see that farmer, extension worker, student and teacher are all working at the same problem and that although methods cannot be changed overnight, honest effort will insure that progress will be steady and constant.

J. M. TRUEMAN.
Principal.

FOREWORD

The purpose of this book is to provide a comprehensive survey of the history and development of the various methods of instruction in agriculture. It is intended for use by teachers and students in agricultural schools and colleges. The book is divided into two main parts: the first part deals with the history and development of the various methods of instruction, and the second part deals with the various methods of instruction in agriculture.

The first part of the book is devoted to a study of the history and development of the various methods of instruction. It begins with a study of the history of agriculture, and then proceeds to a study of the history of the various methods of instruction. The second part of the book is devoted to a study of the various methods of instruction in agriculture. It begins with a study of the various methods of instruction in agriculture, and then proceeds to a study of the various methods of instruction in agriculture.

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J. M. TRUBMAN
Principal

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The A. C. Mike

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COLLEGE SPIRIT

College Spirit is something impossible to define. It is as real as college life itself and yet as vague as those imaginary meridians of longitude are to the average school boy. It wraps itself in an invisible cloak about every college and pervades every nook and corner of them. Its influence is tremendous in the lives of those vitally concerned in the college, and that influence is usually always for the best.

College Spirit is a spirit, a tradition, a shadow of the men and women who have passed through the halls of some gloomy old pile of wood and stone, softening and mellowing them until they stand for stateliness and grandeur, and something more than the work of human hands in the hearts of those they shelter. It is the outcrop of the human tendency to reverence something, ingrained in our nature since the days of the clan and patriarch. It comes out in the attitude of college boys and girls in their every activity. Belonging partly to traditions established by their predecessors, any menace to the routine of games and activities of all sorts meets the instant opposition of the students. This is only natural, for that routine, humdrum though it may often seem to be, is the only tangible evidence of that deep sentiment known only to college students. It is to be expected that this evidence should be jealously guarded, and a parallel is seen in the religious ceremonies of savage tribes. They have fallen into the worship of idols, which were once the symbols of something else, and have come to regard these inanimate objects as the real essence of their religion, just as your college man regards his privileges and customs as the very heart of his life.

But, while anyone may advance definitions as to just what College Spirit is and may hazard all sorts of conjectures, no one who has not felt the wave of lonesomeness sweeping over him on leaving college can really understand. The same spirit which spurs the athlete on to victory for his college, which moves the old grad., having become wealthy, to found a library or a scholarship, and which encourages the rank and file to keep plodding on in their work and studies, is that fine, clean, manly something, College Spirit.

GEO. MCLEOD '28

EDUCATION—DOES IT PAY IN AGRICULTURE?

by

Prof W. V. Longley**Director of Extension Service**

Denmark is often held up as an example of what cooperation will do for Agriculture. Little, however, is said as to what is back of the cooperation movement in that country. The educational system of the country is the foundation on which the cooperative marketing system rests and it is to this system that we must look for at least a measure of the success attended by Danish farmers in their ability to compete successfully with Canada as well as other countries on the British Market.

That more training is necessary to successfully farm today as compared with a generation ago is often not recognized. There is still abroad the idea that a farmer does not need an education. Again it is said that the farmer needs practical experience—not a college or high school training. Let us look at such facts as are available. In a survey made in New York State of 573 farms it was found that the labor income of those who had attended the district schools was \$318.00, while the labor income of those who had attended high school was \$622.00 and the labor income of those who had attended more than high school was \$847.00. It should be said that this survey was made previous to 1914, so that the price level is pre-war. This means that a high school training is worth more than an investment of \$6,000.00 in five per cent bonds. This does not mean that all who attend high school, or even that attend Agricultural College, will make successful farmers. It does mean though, as summed up by Dr. G. F. Warren, that "The chances of success are much better with a good education." He further adds that "Every boy who proposes to farm should study in some Agricultural School. He should at least take a three months' winter course, if he cannot take a longer course". This is the situation as summed up by one of the leading Agricultural Economists in America—a man who stands high with the farmers not only of the State which he serves, but with farmers throughout the United States.

A survey in Missouri brings out the same relationship as the study in New York, namely, that a high school or even a college training pays, and pays well in actual returns to the farmer. True,

this may not apply to every farmer, but it does apply taking any large group of farmers where it is possible to get averages and not just individual instances, such as are sometimes quoted by would-be critics of our colleges and high schools.

A more recent study in Minnesota by Dr. John D. Black and Dr. Carl C. Zimmerman brings out the attitudes of successful farmers to high school and college education. Of the farmers who had cash receipts of less than \$1500.00, there were 35 percent who favored high school education and 28 percent who favored college education. Of the group with cash receipts from \$3500.00 to \$5000.00, there were 58 percent who favored high school education and 54 percent who favored college education. That is, the more successful farmers appreciated the value of education in the farming business; they realized the benefits to be derived from a trained mind in the conduct of their own business.

Industry is competing and competing successfully for many of our best and brainiest young people who have been raised on the farms. It is able so to compete because of the organization of industry, because of the specialization in industry; because of the mass production made possible through organization and specialization. If Agriculture is to progress, Agriculture must organize itself so that it can compete with industry, not only for its young people, but for its proportionate share of the national income; it can only do so as it adopts such methods as have proved so successful in industry. This does not necessarily mean the industrialization of Agriculture. It does mean however, the absolute necessity of the coordination of our agricultural interests; it does mean cooperation in its fullest sense, not only in communities, but between communities; it does mean trained leaders; it does mean trained farmers. The foundation of the future prosperity of Agriculture of this Province as well as of Canada or of any other country lies in the proper preparation of our young people through a proper educational system.

SPRING IN TRURO

I.

Everything has been done to make spring as wretched as possible and with the aid of a little bad weather and the usual quota of wet feet, it is confidently expected that the opening sneezes will be echoed in every corner of the town. And every public-minded citizen of the "Hub" enters into the spirit of the thing, accompanied with aches, groans and pains.

Lately, to me at least, has come a growing realization that colds in the head are not what they used to be. When I was a boy on the farm, a cold was something quite simple. My mother would say, "You poor boy," put me to bed and send for Dr. Webster. Dr. Webster would come and say, "H'm" and give me some pills. These pills were always quite effective and in a few days I would be well. But that is changed now. Perhaps it was the war; perhaps it is I. Anyway, last Monday I woke up feeling terrible. "I feel awful," I said to my wife. "So do I," she replied, "It must have been that lamb." After carefully thinking that over, I said, "No, this seems to be more like a cold." She closed her right eye and opened her left, and asked, "Did you eat any of the lamb?" I nodded. "It's the lamb," she said and closed both eyes. "I don't quite see," I mused, "how the lamb could have gotten up into my lungs."

This brought forth no response, so I blew my nose three or four times and groaned. The right eye opened rather unsympathetically. "It might interest you to know that I am trying to get some sleep!" she remarked. "I think I caught a cold," I insisted. "Where?" she asked, "How do I know?" I replied, "Onslow, Brookfield, Princeport—". "I mean, where do you feel worst?" she said. "Oh, why—all over. My joints ache and my head hurts—and my lungs seem to be all stopped up—and—and—", I replied. But I was interrupted by a lady-like snore, and I got slowly and resentfully out of bed. "You'll be sorry", I thought, "Supposing I should die—."

II.

It was cold in the bathroom and I shivered. Then I opened the door of the medicine chest and began to search for medicine, unsuccessfully. "Melba Complexion Cream" I read and put the jar back. "Cutex Nail Polish—". The next shelf was no better.

"Pond's Vanishing Cream," "T. Eaton's Eyebrow Ointment—" and then, trying to see what was behind "T. Eaton's Aid to Beauticulture" I knocked over a bottle of "Hinds Honey and Almond" and there was a crash.

"What are you looking for?" came from the bed-room. "I'm sick," I replied, "and I'm looking for medicine." "What kind?" "Any kind," I said, "that isn't for my skin, pores or eyebrows." After a moment's silence, the next question was, "Is it a very bad cold?" "I don't know," I replied, "I've only just got it." "How soon do you think you'll know?" she asked next. This I refused to answer. "My father never had a doctor in his life," was my wife's next remark. "Well, darn it, I'm not your father," I replied, "and, furthermore, I'm awfully sick," and with that, went back to bed and reached for the phone.

The first doctor on our list was Dr. Brown. "Is this Dr. Brown?" I asked. "This is Dr. Brown's office," was the reply. "Well, I've got a cold, and—" I began. "Just a moment," said the voice, "Who is this? Name and address, please?" I did so. "And do you wish an appointment?" asked the voice. "No," I groaned, "I've got a very bad cold, I'm sick and I want Dr. Brown to come up here right away." There was a pause. "It may be pneumonia or diphtheria," I added. Finally, "Dr. Brown can see you Friday afternoon at 2.30" said the voice. "Never mind," I gasped, "I'll probably be buried by then," and hung up.

Dr. Smith was out of town. Dr. Strong was in bed with a bad cold. In desperation I thought of the new doctor I heard was staying at the Stanley House, Dr. D. A. MacIsaac. I was desperate. My fever was mounting.

"This is Dr. MacIsaac speaking," said a pleasant voice. "Listen, Doctor," I began, "I don't want you Friday or even on Thursday, I want you right now—it's serious." "Quite all right" was the amazing reply, and, partially dazed, I gave him my address and hung up before he had time to change his mind.

III.

"What a lovely day," remarked my wife, emerging from the bathroom. "Look at the sun." I moaned and thought of my darling mother. "Hurry up, dear," she continued, "I want to make up this room." "When the doctor comes," I said, "show him right in."

"Oh Lord," she gasped, "Is the doctor coming in here, and the room in such a mess! What did you want to go and do that for?" "Some day, my dear" I said, "you may be sick, awfully sick. I hope you won't," and I groaned, "but some day it may be you and not me—and if that day comes, I hope there will be a Dr. MacIsaac—".

She stopped combing her hair and looked at me in amazement, "Doctor who?" "Dr. MacIsaac," I replied, "Dr. D. A. MacIsaac." Her only answer was to laugh, long and loudly.

"Now, my dear, listen," I said, peeved, "This may be funny to you, but—".

We were interrupted by the sound of the door bell and my wife left the room and I heard her say, "This way, doctor." "Dr. MacIsaac?" I asked, and he bowed. Real dignity in that bow. Dignity and confidence. I felt sure he would know what to do—my troubles were over.

"It's a cold, I think, doctor," I began, "my lungs are congested and my back—". The doctor looked at me, at my wife and then out of the window. "And I've got a fever—", I insisted, the doctor paying no attention to me, but seemingly attracted by the view from my bed-room window. I was slightly annoyed at his lack of interest.

"Shall I cough for you?" I asked, hopefully. "No" he said, "please don't, I'd rather you wouldn't." "Would you like to look at my chest?" He shook his head, "No, it isn't necessary." "My tongue, my throat—".

He wasn't even listening! He was walking towards the door. I coughed desperately. At the door he turned, bowed to my wife and looked at me and said "Good-bye."

He was gone! Suddenly it dawned on me—Horrors! It was too late!

"Dearest," I whispered to my wife, "Is there—is there no hope—must I die?"

"Don't you really know who he is?" gasped my wife, who wasn't crying, as I thought, but laughing. "Who, Dr. MacIsaac?" "Yes, Dr. MacIsaac," she replied. "No". "Dr. MacIsaac," explained my wife, "is one of Nova Scotia's best Vets and instructs at the Agricultural College."

H. D. MacLeod.

BEE KEEPING IN NOVA SCOTIA

by

H. G. Payne**Provincial Apiarist**

The saying "the resources of Nova Scotia are inexhaustible" is true of no food product more than of honey. We have an abundance of nectar-secreting flowers, with a good average of favorable weather for the production and ingathering of nectar, making Nova Scotia an excellent country for beekeeping. Yet in spite of these facts, Nova Scotia imports annually quantities of honey from Ontario and elsewhere, when we should be not only producing sufficient honey for our own consumption, but a surplus for outside markets.

Bees have been kept from time almost immemorial. References to bees and "honey in the comb" appear all through ancient history. Honey, aside from the sugar in fruit, was the only sweet then known, and bees were kept in caves, earthen jars, old logs, straw baskets, skeps, etc., and when man contrived the art of making boards out of trees he constructed rude boxes for the housing of bees, which were called gums or box hives. But today things are very different. We have the modern Langstroth Hive with its movable frames and foundation, the honey extractor, etc., all of which make the production of honey a pleasant and profitable occupation.

It is an unfortunate fact, that, notwithstanding the modern methods, and modern equipment of today, nearly one-fourth of the bees of this Province are kept in the old-fashioned box hives, with little or no care. At some time a colony or two of bees have been bought, or a stray swarm captured, a place generally assigned to them in an out-of-the-way corner, and there, with little or no attention from the owner, they are permitted to dwell in peace. Occasionally the hive is opened and a small amount of honey removed, without a passing thought given to the possibilities of increased production through systematic attention and the application of modern methods. Some of these neglected colonies are in the very choicest locations, rich with flowers, clover and the blossoms of trees. Even though only a few colonies are kept they could, with proper management, be made to yield a honey crop not only sufficient to meet the demands of the owner and his family, but could contribute a share towards supplying the demand of nearby markets.

Old-fashioned beekeeping won't pay today any better than it did fifty or one hundred years ago, but beekeeping in the right way, with the right kind of equipment and supplies, will produce profitable results. There is all the difference in the world between the man who lets his bees keep themselves and the man who makes his bees help keep him.

The reason why beekeeping does not pay under the old method, where the owner simply furnishes a place for the hives to stand and leaves them entirely to their own resources, is without doubt because they have never come to realize the true worth of their bees as a business proposition, the value of honey as a food product and the importance of this most delicious of all natural sweets, whose health-giving value is enthusiastically endorsed by the most eminent men in the medical profession.

To succeed with bees one must learn all they can about them, must keep the best kind of bees in modern hives, and must operate the apiary with up-to-date equipment. Understand, however, that this does not mean that the bees we have now must be destroyed or that we must immediately make a clean sweep of the hives we are now using. Step by step we can improve our stock just as the grade of live stock is improved, and by degrees the bees we have in box hives can be transferred into modern hives with movable frames, (for, remember, that movable frames with drawn comb is one of the greatest assets a beekeeper can have). If this was done with the large number of colonies of bees in this Province today that just exist from year to year without producing a single pound of surplus honey, we would increase the annual production for the Province by thousands of pounds.

It might be mentioned here that some beekeepers house their bees in modern hives, but fail to furnish them with movable frames and foundation. This is very poor practice for, in reality, these colonies are of no more value as producers than bees kept in the old type of hive.

The modern beehive consists of two principal chambers or compartments. The first, or lower, is called the brood-chamber, which is a standard size box without top or bottom and which rests upon a separate board, called a bottom-board, and holds a series of movable frames called brood-frames, each of which, when the bees are established and at work, encloses a comb. The second, or upper chamber, is called a super containing eight or ten (as the case may be) extracting frames, and during the honey flow there may be

several supers on the hive at one time. Above the super comes the cover, a telescoping lid topped over with metal for greater protection.

No doubt there are some people who might become imbued with the fear that if they and other beekeepers who are now keeping bees in an indifferent way were to change over to modern methods and equipment, as herein suggested, and practise intensive bee culture, there would soon be an over-supply of honey on the market. It is true that there is no longer a sale for "chunk" honey, the product of the old box hive, but there is a sale for graded honey put up in neat containers and often, when well displayed, it sells itself. Honey is no longer regarded as a luxury to be eaten on special occasions. That it is not on the bill of fare of every table is because the price is up to a figure that so many persons feel they cannot well afford to pay—it is not because they do not want it. Further, honey is being used more extensively today by large baking concerns in the manufacture of their cakes and biscuits. It is often used to sweeten ice cream and in canning fruits. It is used in compounding medicines and for innumerable other purposes where no other sweet can well be substituted.

In conclusion, let us profit by the example set by some of the Western Provinces, such as Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. A comparatively few years ago these Provinces imported large quantities of honey, but today they are producing honey by the carload, and what these Provinces are doing we should be able to do.

"DIRECTION FIRST—THEN DISTANCE"**The Road to Successful Marketing of Farm Products**

by

M. Cumming**Ex-Principal Nova Scotia Agric. College, Director of
Marketing, Province of N. S.**

Those who know the game of golf can quickly grasp the significance of "Direction first—then Distance" as a maxim for the producers and marketers of Maritime Province Farm products. For those who do not, we would briefly say that the essence of the game consists in trying to drive a little gutta-percha ball in the fewest possible strokes from a starting place called a "tee", until it is dropped into a "hole" on a green which may be any distance up to 600 yards or more from the tee. The player who can do this in five strokes, beats the player who takes six strokes.

Almost without exception, the new player, trying to win the game, aims to hit the ball as far as he can. If he gets it straight, he is all right. But it is one of the cantankerous features of the game that the ball seldom goes straight, but rather "slices" or "pulls" into rough ground or out of bounds, and the player loses a stroke or more and generally the game.

In despair, sometimes very deep, he goes to a teacher who tells him "Forget about distance for a while and learn to keep the ball straight." "After that try for distance." "Direction first—then distance."

The illustration, if grasped, applies so aptly to the marketing of farm products, that we have taken some pains to explain it. A review of the development of marketing operations of almost any farm product in any part of the world will, we are satisfied, convince any student of its application. In order, however, to make ourselves as clear as possible, we are selecting some illustrations from the Province of Nova Scotia with the explanation that just as effective illustrations might have been selected from Prince Edward Island or New Brunswick or any other province of Canada, or in fact, any country of the world.

Twenty-five years ago, Nova Scotia farmers met all kinds of trouble in trying to sell their butter at a price approximating that at which the leading butter making countries were disposing of

theirs. Practically all the butter was being made on individual farms and was of such a variety of texture and flavour that much of it had to go to the poorest markets, and the price of all was depressed. In an attempt to improve conditions, the Government sent out travelling dairies. They put many "onto their game" but still, so many others continued "slicing and pulling", that little progress was made. Then came the Scotsburn players with their organized cream gathering creamery who "holed out" so regularly that other centres copied their play, and gradually the Province was covered with a network of creameries that have largely solved the butter marketing problem. They have got "direction" by so standardizing the butter that the trade buys every pound they produce at the highest prevailing world prices. All that remains is to get "distance", for, with all their work, we are short some 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 pounds of supplying our home market and still have the world markets beyond.

Long after our dairymen had learned how to hold their "direction" by standardizing their product, our egg producers were continually getting "out of bounds". No one wanted to buy their surplus June and July production except at sacrifice prices, and the lack of a market became such an obsession that no progress was being made. Then came egg grading, egg circles and the Maritime Egg Exchange, and with these a standardized product. Result, the bogey of lack of markets is disappearing and the poultry producers are beginning to get "distance."

Later still, the hog producers began to fall in line. Their standardized bacon hog has attracted carload buyers and they too are "driving" further and further.

Our apple men have been getting "distance" for years, but no one knows better than they that the consumer is complaining of their "direction." As a result, others are getting into their markets—even players from as far as distant British Columbia. But it is to be remembered that, when Nova Scotia apple men began to play the game, "direction" was not so important as now. There were few rivals and for a time they won while paying heed to little but "distance." Now, however, new growers have got into the game and many of these are impressed with the importance of keeping "direction" by marketing nothing but quality. There is only one thing to do and that is to also aim at quality.

Many's the golfer that has got "off his game" and has had to go back and get "direction first—then distance."

The recent development of the seed and domestic potato trade, as well as the Egg Exchange, in Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick along "direction" lines, has assumed such proportions as to dwarf some of our Nova Scotia illustrations. But all are evidences of the underlying principle that success depends upon "direction first—then distance".

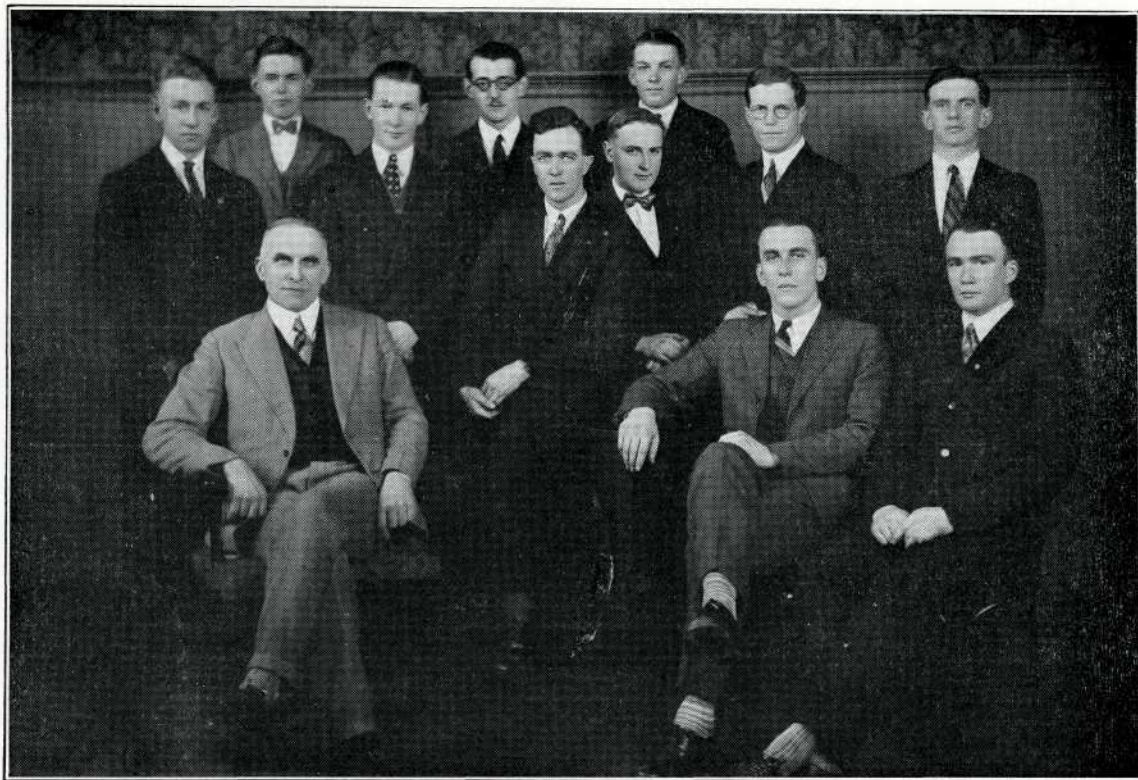
This brings the writer to the direct application of this article to the soon-to-be farmer who may now be a student at the N. S. A. C., or for that matter any young man who is trying to lay a foundation for successful farming. No matter where he may go, he will find quality the key word to the market situation.

Now quality, as it affects the market is, to a large extent, a matter of appearance—the appeal of the product to the eye. Only today we had a letter from a New York friend who said that he had just witnessed the sale of a well washed lot of carrots at 15 cents per bunch in contrast to the sale of an equally good unwashed lot at 5 cents per bunch, which gave the producer of the attractive lot more profit on the simple operation of making his product appear attractive than all his efforts in sowing, cultivating, harvesting and storing his crop. The illustration is extreme and the youthful enthusiast could easily press it too far, for, as rule, our local markets do not make such a substantial discrimination in favor of appearance. None the less each year witnesses the adoption on our local markets of the same features that are characteristic of the larger markets, and the wise farmer is the one who recognises the trend.

Just as we are writing, a telephone call brought us in touch with a United States buyer who offered 45 cents per bushel f. o. b. Truro for a car of turnips, provided an inspector would pronounce the car up to quality. After accepting the offer on behalf of a farmer near Truro, we proceeded to tell about a lot that were pretty good but not up to the standard of those that had just been sold. "Don't want them" was the buyer's reply.

And so one can easily understand one farmer who produces and sells quality goods well satisfied with market conditions, and a neighbour who is careless and indifferent to market demands, equally dissatisfied. For the one the market is good; for the other the market is poor.

Writing for a group of students we need not continue to elaborate the subject. We will be satisfied if, from a new angle, we have helped to impress the necessity of aiming at quality first and then larger production. "Direction first—then distance."



MAGAZINE STAFF '28

Standing (left to right) D. A. Burrell, Bus. Mgr. McB. Cameron, Asst. Ed. K. Fraser, Advt. Mgr. H. D. McLeod, Adviser.
J. E. C. Smith, Cl. Ed. D. J. Gillis, Cl. Ed. R. McVicar, Cl. Ed.
Sitting H. J. Fraser, Adviser. A. J. Cameron, Cl. Ed. D. B. Cann, Sub. Mgr. M. P. Harrison, Ed.-in-Chief
F. G. McLeod, Cl. Ed.

The A. C. Mike

Vol. XX No. 1

Truro, N. S.

April, 1928.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	-	-	-	M. P. Harrison
Assistant Editor	-	-	-	McB. Cameron
Class Editors				
R. McVicar '28				D. A. Burrell '28—Bus. Mgr.
F. G. McLeod '28				D. Blair '29,—Alumni and exchange.
F. T. Lucas '29				K. Fraser '29,—Adv. Mgr.
D. J. Gillis '28				B. Cann '28,—Sub. Mgr.
A. J. Cameron '29.				
				H. J. Fraser,—Adviser
				H. D. MacLeod,—Adviser.

EDITORIAL

"The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land".—Emerson.

The official magazine of the students of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, formerly known as "The Maritime Students' Agriculturist" is being issued this year under a new name, "The A. C. Mike".

Our "mag." is no longer garbed in a name befitting a scientific Farm Journal, but rather as a publication issued by a College.

We hope that those who receive the programme broadcast through the "Mike" will agree with us that the reception was fine, and that the static came in at exactly the right places to add to the general harmonious effect of the paper.

* * * * *

It was with real regret that the students of the two Senior Classes returned to the College this year, knowing that Dr. Cumming was no longer with them. During the Summer of 1927, after having spent twenty-two years as principal of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, he was transferred to Halifax as Director of Marketing for Nova Scotia. His long service here gave him an unparalleled chance of studying the Agricultural Problems of the Maritimes and how to overcome them.

But both new and old students came to the College last Autumn with a feeling that Dr. Cumming's position was ably filled by Prof.

J. M. Trueman, who had been a member of the Faculty and Superintendent of the College Farm from 1913 to 1926. Although not connected with our College as long as his predecessor, yet he has had a vast experience in Agricultural matters that will enable him to "carry on" in the furthering of the interests of the N. S. A. C. and Scientific Agriculture in the Maritimes.

* * * * *

On reading the Dalhousie Gazette of March 9th, we were attracted by an article or letter from the pen of one P. L. H. Muschamp. Now, our purpose is not to censor the papers and magazines of our contemporaries, rather our purpose is to attempt to gain fair recognition from Maritime Colleges.

It seems to us that Mr. Muschamp could have chosen some other subject rather than Agriculture to write on. To our mind he knows absolutely nothing about it. Ignorance of the courses and work of our Maritime institutions is hardly becoming in a College man and we would advise Mr. Muschamp to become a little more familiar with his subject before beginning agitation for a faculty of agriculture at Dalhousie.

He suggests that the otherwise second rate graduates might well be trained to become agricultural experts and so lend dignity, as it were, to the agricultural profession. At the same time he points out that agriculture requires the best brains in the country to be a success. Might we remark that this is not very sound reasoning, but probably is a fair indication of P. L. H.'s gray matter.

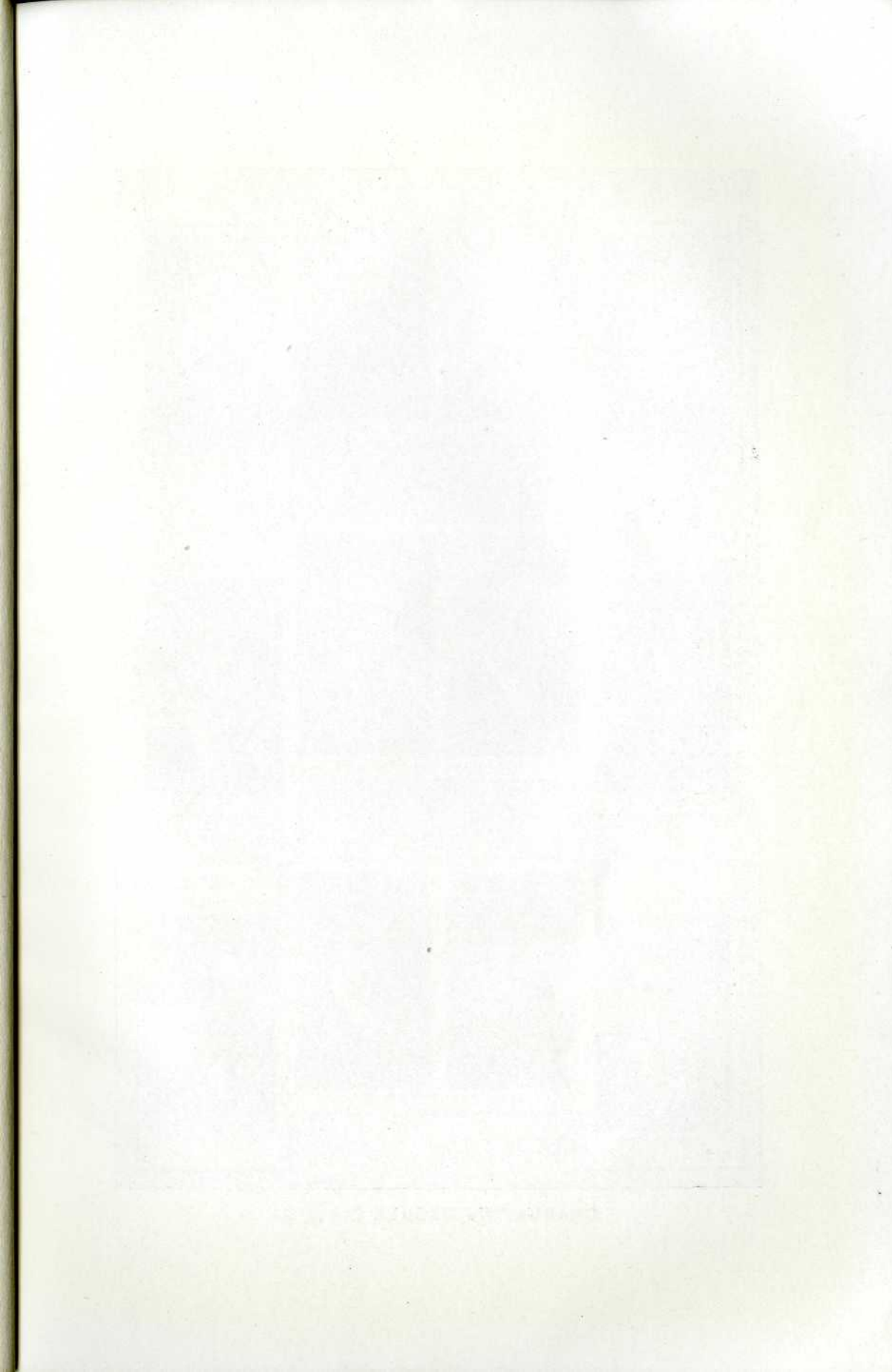
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We would advise the students to read the article contained in our magazine on College Spirit. It would be well for us to take it to heart and in the years to come remember that College Spirit is the foundation of all College life. We would suggest that the Class of '29 endeavor to duly impress upon the incoming junior classes the fact that they are a part of the College, and to set them an example of true College Spirit.

The Senior class will shortly be going from their Alma Mater to join the ranks of the Alumni that have already passed from these halls. Let us not forget her but let us give her undertakings our whole-hearted support.

* * * * *

We extend a hearty welcome to Professor W. V. Longley, Professor W. A. Middleton, Mr. C. V. Marshall, and Mr. W. J. Bird.





GRADUATING DEGREE CLASS, '28

BIOGRAPHIES

The Graduating Degree Class

Graduation Day! The culmination of our two long years of work is here. As a class we will cease to exist and not one of us but regrets that the time is near when we will miss the familiar faces of our friends and classmates. To preserve the memories of each one of us as we were in our college days, the following paragraphs have been written and we hope that they may supply a needed shock to our dignities when our children discover them and ask for explanations. It is our regret that we cannot honor our professors in the same way, which fact we hope they will appreciate. We have set down the homely truths of ourselves with neither fear nor hope of reward. Little did our class realize that in their most trivial deeds, they were furnishing material for the following histories. If our readers and especially those to whom the class is well and favorably known, express surprise and doubt at some of these anecdotes we would remind them of the old proverb that truth is stranger than fiction.

Daniel A. Burrell

"With brawny arms and brimming health."

Burrell is solid. That just about describes him as his opponents on the basket-ball floor have so often found out. Besides being one of our dependable defence men, he is an all round athlete and keeps his hundred and eighty pounds of bone and muscle as hard as nails. His gentle embraces remind one of a playful grizzly bear, but we have reason to believe that he tones them down considerably, on his frequent excursions to the Normal College. His faculty of never letting his visits to that seat of learning interfere with his studies, and vice versa, is the envy of his classmates. Altogether, Dan is a splendid advertisement for his community, and while she can produce men of his ability for work and play, Yarmouth may sit pretty for all U. S. tariffs on her Guernsey cream.

McBain Cameron

"But innocence, sedate, serene, erect."

This cocky "Goo-goo" of the graduating degree class is one

of the most energetic members of our class. He is at present associate editor of the "Mike" and we know he will fill the position capably. His aptness for solving Prof. Barteaux's Math. and Physics questions make him sort of a "freak," however. It must be an hereditary quality, because in the association with his class-mates it could never be acquired. But "Bainie's" weakness must be mentioned also. His main one seems to be his aversion of the ladies. In the eyes of his fellows this is next to a crime and seems to increase his abnormality in their eyes. For all his faults though, we consider "Bainie" as a valuable friend.

A. Cuyler Chisholm

"Delights us by engaging our respect."

Chisholm is one of those chaps to whom the gushing Normalites say—"I just adore the strong, silent type of man". However in these conversations as well as in class, Cuyler can be eloquent when he wants to. His imperturbable coolness stands him in good stead whether it be in turning aside an otherwise certain shot in basket-ball or an embarrassing question in Economics. In basketball he is one of our best defence men, but his favorite pastime is the gentle art of pulling on a tug-of-war team. His fellow students regret his sickness which prevented him from attending classes for almost a month, and kept his classmates busy answering the enquiries of the anxious Normalites. We wish him the best of luck in his future work and prize our association with him as one of the best memories of our life at N. S. A. C.

Maynard P. Harrison

"Let us view him in some instances of more familiar life."

This big studious looking New Brunswicker is probably the most prepossessing member of our graduating class. If a hard job is to be done or some tricky problem is to be solved we troop to Harrison, and sitting round his knee, or on his head, as the case may be, amass much wisdom. His activities at the A. C. have been many and varied but some how he finds time and energy to enter into them all. He is especially active in social service giving several impressive lectures on the follies of the younger generation, during the term. Coming to the conclusion that before one could

speak freely on the subject, more experience was required, he succeeded in being a party to a demonstration in the art of petting, unwittingly given before several of his classmates. Needless to say, they enjoyed it almost as much as the participants themselves. It is by deeds like these, as well as his more prosaic accomplishments that we remember and esteem M. P. Harrison.

Raymond Jamieson

"Fresh and blooming and blond and fair."

This impetuous, fiery-eyed, sorrel-topped, native of Truro is the joy and worry of his classmates. Always ready with some pert suggestion or other means of provocation he makes our classes into regular battle fields at times. "Ted" as he is commonly called, succumbs very readily to the leap year advances of the "wimmin". It is probably the exercise that he gets from walking in this work that enables him to go so far in his athletic endeavours. Everything considered—"Ted" is a man's man, and because of this our association with him has been delightful, and may it continue to be so.

Vaughn S. Logan

"He ties up all his hearers in suspense."

This boy with his pink and white complexion and that adorable dimple in his left cheek, comes closer to being the answer to a Normalite's dream than anything else to be found at the A. C. His slow smile and easy drawl win him friends wherever he goes. He has distinguished himself by inventing and perfecting a new fox-trot in which he shows his natural grace of movement. We believe that the inspiration for this achievement came from listening to the rhythmic pulsations of a De Laval Milker. While among us he has distinguished himself by his live stock work and by his fleetness of foot in 100 yard dashes, at our track meets. He has one serious fault, but we try to hold it against him as lightly as possible. He wears spats!

Robert Longley

"Serene in his unconquerable might."

Longley's accomplishments while at the A. C. are too num-

erous to mention here, and a good many of them are of too personal a nature for publication. He excels in his studies, leading the class last year and gaining especial honor in his poultry work. For recreation he occupies the position of centre on the basket ball team and has taken up dancing since coming to Truro. He is especially useful in reaching things down from high shelves, for which his early training in apple-picking has fitted him. Coming from one of the famous valley fruit farms he has an exceptional knowledge of the practical side of Agriculture and if he keeps on acquiring the scientific side at the rate he has started, will soon become one of our leading agricultural men. We regret his recent illness which gave him a month's unwelcome vacation during the term. Tonsillitis, which affected his heart, was ostensibly the trouble, and rumor has it that a similar case developed at the Normal College. While we absolutely refuse to listen to gossip, our knowledge of Bob makes it very difficult to doubt the statement. Our only comment would be one of surprise that the complaint was not more general.

F. G. McLeod

"Lay hold of the subject and the words will follow."

New Brunswick has turned out many men who have been valuable along all kinds of work, but she has turned out only one like George McLeod, and that is George.

George has his full share of grey matter, and he takes exceptional care of it. This was evidenced day after day throughout the winter by the nicety with which he adjusted the straps of his eye-shade over the vulnerable parts of his cranium before going out into zero weather.

It never seems to be necessary for him to hurry, yet he always has ample time for everything; in fact, everything he has seems to be ample, especially what he has at dances.

We wish him good luck and we rest assured that the star that shone so brightly at the A. C. will still be bright in years to come.

W. J. McLeod

"Hail to thee, blythe spirit"

"Sandy" is a Scotchman, born in Cape Breton, living in New Brunswick and at present pursuing the delightful tenor of his way at

N. S. A. C. With the mournful expression of a Puritan church-deacon and the heart of Huckleberry Finn, "Sandy" keeps the class alive with his antics. He makes himself thoroughly at home in the chemistry lab. and his class-mates sigh with relief as each period ends without his blowing himself or some one else to atoms. He also is a basket ball star and track man but finds it hard to refrain from breaking training, especially if the stenographers have any fudge in their pockets. It would be hard to imagine a class without "Sandy" and we bless the luck that brought him to us to turn otherwise dreary hours into pleasant periods of instruction.

John G. MacNeil

"I have some friends, some worthy friends."

John G. resembles his beloved birth place, Cape Breton. Big, rugged and physically as hard as the crags of his homeland, he also possesses that quality known as Scotch hard-headedness. Like all true Scots, he masks his feelings under a cast-iron exterior, but give him a swinging Gaelic song or the skirl of the pipes, and his eyes will shine and his pulses leap with the best of his race. While among us he has paid strict attention to his studies, and because he has so well resisted the attractions of the fair sex while in Truro, we almost suspect that he has left his heart in some Cape Breton lassie's keeping. John is one of our budding agricultural reps. and we are assured that his qualities of industry, integrity and thoroughness will make him a valuable man in his chosen line of work as they have endeared him to his classmates.

Roddie McVicar

"For we have agreed together that we can never agree."

The red-haired, energetic Roddie is one of our most individualistic members. If you know him, you also know of his appetite which resembles that of Pharaoh's seven lean kine. The greatest trouble he has in attending class is in staving off starvation for the necessary three or four hours. Although handicapped by this he is one of our best students, excelling in all literary work. In his junior year he held the post of editor-in-chief and his work on the magazine was of such a nature that he was appointed this year, as critic of its material (criticism being another of his gifts). Roddie is one of our speedy forwards in basket-ball as well as being a

accomplished dancer. In fact, he can accomplish more in five minutes of his brand of dancing than anyone else can in half an hour. Despite his liking for hard work, even in his dancing, Roddie's winning way makes him a prime favourite at the Agricultural College, and everywhere else he may go.

S. S. Munro

"Isn't it funny what a funny feeling you get when you feel funny."

Munro is the class sheik and does he act the part? Oh girls! We'll say so. At the various social functions his popularity with the fair sex is the envy of his classmates. We suspect that part of the reason for this popularity is that dinky little moustache of his, but observe with suspicion that of late it is becoming sadly frayed at the edges. Munro was the man responsible for the decorations at the "At Home" dance and certainly outdid himself in that capacity, displaying both taste and originality in his difficult task. Besides being an outstanding social leader he is one of our keenest thinkers in class and the delight he takes in pouncing upon a doubtful statement is a never ending source of amusement to the rest of us. Another playful pastime of his is that of teasing Chinese waiters in the various cafes about town. They will sadly miss him, as will his college friends, altho with different feelings, when the time comes for him to leave N. S. A. C.

Exit Degree '28

Our Senior Degree Class is soon to leave the halls of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College. We have been in close fellowship for the past two years, our weaknesses and our most intimate relationships have been common knowledge among ourselves, sometimes causing a good deal of suffering on the part of the unlucky chap who was to furnish entertainment for the time. But such a relationship must inevitably bring about a spirit of comradeship and as we face the prospect of each one of us going his own particular way, it is small wonder that we will say farewell to our Truro friends with a suspicion of huskiness in our throats. We are going out from our college to our various destinies. We will enter widely divergent fields of activity, but every one of us will carry with him the pleasant recollection of his sojourn here and a sense of his duty of upholding the honor of his college in his future career.

THE POLISHING EFFECT OF TRAVEL

That travel broadens and polishes and smoothes down the rough edges of one's nature and manners, has long been known. Never was it better illustrated than on the A. C.'s recent trip to Pine Hill. The value to us of mingling with the Theologs and having the corners nicely rounded, is inestimable. We hope that the sponsor of this excursion will continue to recognize the value of this sort of contact, and will be able to persuade the Theologs to go on acting as a sort of emery powder or "Panshine" on the rough diamonds from the Agricultural College.

Our recent trip was taken for the purposes already mentioned, and also to give Pine Hill an exhibition of basket-ball. The A. C. Team, although rated by an expert as rather second-class, nevertheless forced their opponents to work hard for their five point win.

The most encouraging feature of the day was the spirit shown by the boys. Some of them had but recently been initiated into the joys of college life, but in their conduct and support of the team, they behaved like old stagers. With Cameron as the snappy little cheer leader, and our red-haired chaperone as general organizer, their yells and cheers left nothing to be desired, except throat lozenges. The secret of the whole thing was that every man was a booster and the knockers and wet blankets were conspicuously absent, which state of affairs we earnestly hope will continue.

SAW STARS

A dandy fair with curly hair,
 Set out in all his glory;
 The slippery street beneath his feet
 He sees not, says the story.
 Up went his tile, in grandest style,
 To greet his heart's affection—
 His lordly heel trod on a peel,
 Alas! for gravitation.
 A thud! a whack! down on his back!
 The rest ————— imagination.

BIOGRAPHIES

THE GRADUATING FARM CLASS OF '28

We're the Class of '28,
We work and study, dance and skate—
We pull together—oh, just great—
The Senior Farm of '28.

The first week of January in '27 saw thirty-six young farmers assembling for the Farm Course. Our men were representatives of The Maritimes and Newfoundland farming districts. Some did not fit in, some were indisposed and so when the class returned in '28, the number was reduced to a lucky "thirteen."

Now in extending our farewell, which we do with sadness in our hearts, we must say that we will always have pleasant memories of the two years spent here. We have enjoyed the friendships that have been formed and hope we have upheld Farm Class Tradition.

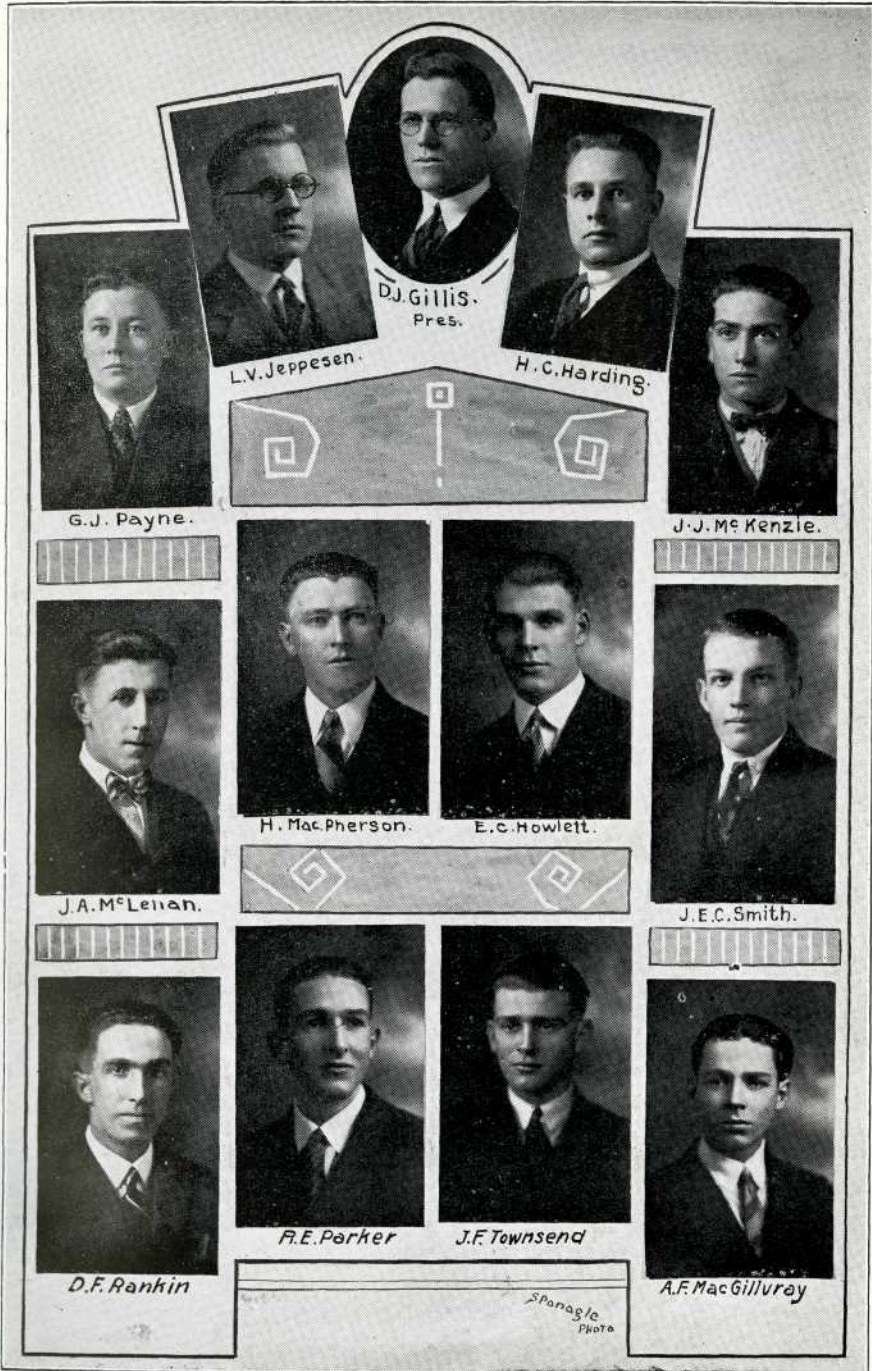
And now, in closing, might we ask the Classes that will follow us to remember that loyalty to one's College is something to be cherished.

Roland E. Parker, Newport, N. S.

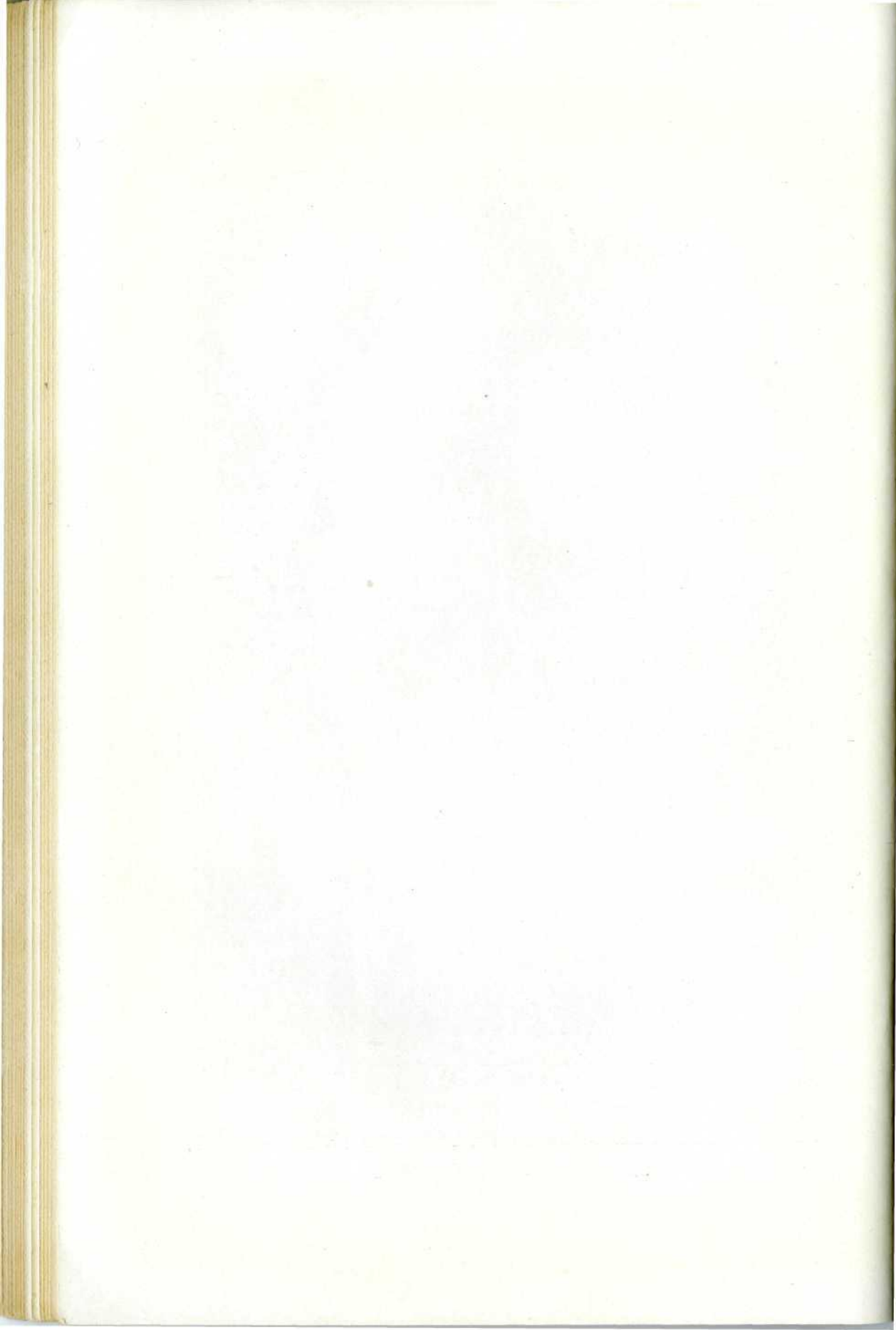
Roland is as serious as a deacon. His idea of a good time is— to sit down on a dictionary, prop his feet up against a chemistry book, lean his head against Brittain's "Insects of Nova Scotia", and then, with all his other books arranged about him as near as possible, study as though studying were the pleasantest thing in the world.

He is of a very romantic temperament, and with that tall figure, ultra-graceful carriage, and "that school-girl complexion" of his, he is the despair of all the Domestic Science girls. Of course they did not tell us this, but we are assuming that it must be so.

But with all these frivolities which so intrigue most of us, he bothers himself not at all, and we know his painstaking endeavor will put him at the top of the ladder.



GRADUATING FARM CLASS, '28



John Archie McLellan, Glenville, Inverness Co.

No one would think of saying that John Archie is not all there. When he arrives at all he is present to the extent of six foot two of husky Cape Breton.

His voice is of a most extraordinary quality, and indeed his singing frequently moves his listeners to tears, although one man in the class betrayed his poor bringing up by saying "That if McLellan was singing for him he could stop any time".

He proved invaluable to his class in their tug-of-war, where his great size and strength made him an anchor to depend on in any breeze that might blow.

In class he is a good student and every bit of instruction he receives is masticated thoroughly in the same process with his eternal chewing gum.

We know that he is destined for great things.

John Joe McKenzie, Rear Christmas Island, C. B.

John Joe first got into the limelight by singing Gaelic songs in a lusty voice at some of the College entertainments. Everyone seems to know him and take him for granted. In fact, we maintain that he stands out like a bright star, although with regard to greatness, there are some crabs who say that he stands out like a sore thumb.

He always gets around in time for at least half of the first class and never fails to wake up in time to go home to dinner.

On sports day he leisurely strolled out on the floor with his hands in his pockets and won the kick for his class by toeing the bar a good three inches above anyone else.

We wish him prosperity on the Island where Santa Claus lives.

Daniel J. Gillis, The Highlands, Nfd.

Gillis is a sweet faced Newfoundlander who has the faculty of making life miserable for anyone he pleases and doing it in such a manner that they never suspect what he is about. Like the famous Pied Piper, he uses his talent on "Creatures that do people harm", such as our Professors and various Chinese waiters about town. He has the reputation of being a dashing young heart-breaker as well, which is borne out by the thrills which his proximity produces, in even the most sophisticated Normalites.

At the College he has distinguished himself by his excellent class work, his prowess at our Annual Track Meet and his graceful and energetic dancing.

We have observed him wearing a pair of very eloquent tan oxfords of late and our parting advice to him is to avoid the "Acre" on dark nights, lest some covetous, colored sheik waylay him and send him home sock-footed.

J. F. Townsend, Rollo Bay, P. E. I.

Jack is our ladies' man. We expect him to uphold the honor of the Class in this respect, and indeed he has never failed us. The smooth way he has of mingling with a strange bevy of girls, quite over-awes us, his less accomplished and more countrified fellows.

He makes it a rule never to be more than an hour late for the first class, which lasts forty-five minutes, but as we all know, there are exceptions to every rule.

This genial Islander did his part well in brightening up our class periods, and we are all very glad to have had him with us.

E. C. Howlett, New Denmark, Vict. Co., N. B.

Holwett comes from the prosperous community of New Denmark and is noted there, as well as here, as being a pleasant, studious, hard-working chap. We like to hear his slow, humorous drawl, which is always pitched in the lowest possible bass.

He is forgiven for his lack of interest in the College sports because of the efficient way in which he filled his position on the entertainment committee and his faithful attendance at the Palliser.

The occupation in which he is most interested is the growing of potatoes, and he plans to be one of the biggest growers in his community.

Hugh McPherson, Arisaig, N. S.

If you notice a bulging of Hugh's coat just above the shoulder blades, don't jump to the conclusion that he is in any way deformed; that bulging merely indicates the position of a pair of white wings which he is rapidly growing.

We can't think of a single vice which he has and we fear very greatly that we must let him by without being able to blemish his character in any way. He pays strict attention to his studies, even

the exotic charms of fair Normalites being insufficient to lure him away from them. We can only explain the last mentioned fact by assuming that there is a padlock on his heart, and that a dainty hand in Arisaig holds the key.

Judging by the way he is studying, we feel sure that his name will be very near the top when our final ratings are posted on the Bulletin Board.

Verner L. Jeppesen, New Denmark, N. B.

Jepp is a spud, and he tells the world about it. He can talk potatoes in every shape and form, and he is seriously considering taking up French and Latin so that he may be able to say potato in two more different ways.

He is heavy-set and built quite close to the ground, yet high enough up to prevent his having any claims against the contractor who built the streets.

He is so sarcastic that he can laugh in his own face, and withal he is a genial fellow, who has proved himself with his droll wit, and is indispensable to the Class.

David F. Rankine, Experimental Farm, Fredericton

Dave is one of those energetic souls who seem never to be satisfied unless they are furthering some languishing scheme. He makes up whatever the class lacks in College spirit and is so popular with us that we vie with each other for his winning smiles.

That smile, by the way, is something to remember. It is achieved by a gradual upheaval of the entire facial region and arrangements of the parts into an expression which only he could consummate. Its effect on certain Normalites is disastrous and we are convinced that one at least, is haunted by the memory of it.

He is our pride on the basket-ball floor, and is indeed quite an athlete.

In class he astutely refrains from getting himself into places that are difficult to get out of, or at least we have never yet seen him in a corner which he was unable to get out of unaided. We all like him immensely and will always cherish him as a friend.

Henry Harding, R. R. No. 2, Fredericton, N. B.

Henry has grown fat and lazy among us; at least he has grown

fat; we are in doubt about the lazy part of it ever since the tug-of-war.

For a considerable time after his coming here he displayed a marked interest in the woolen industry, and kept strict account of the six o'clock output of the Stanfield Mills, but the latest developments seem to indicate that he will not go in for sheep exclusively.

He is short, compact and active, and although very quick tempered, he is well qualified to take his place in the circle which makes our class a happy family.

Angus F. McGillivray, St. Andrews, N. S.

Angus is quite a husky boy, and as we remember it, our first impression of him was that he bore a resemblance to Jack Dempsey.

He loves the woods and the wild game it shelters, and the sweetest of his dreams seems to be a certain 30 - 30 rifle. Notwithstanding this, he realized the necessity of being able to shake an ankle in a modern way and accordingly began taking dancing lessons. He was doing famously until the teachers were indiscreet enough to let loose a flock of rapacious and indescribable females in the class, and thereby shooed him away, as well as his associates.

He imbibes whatever knowledge there is to be gathered without terrific exertion and while he never wastes words he has something about him that places him high in the estimation of his classmates.

Clinton J. Payne, West Bathurst, N. B.

When we say "Clinton" we usually form a picture of a large, dimpled smile. Not that this smile constitutes his entire stock-in-trade. On the contrary his accomplishments are various and unique. For instance, he can flick an apple seed in your eye, and at the same time maintain the most cherubic expression that one could imagine. He has worked on us to such an extent that we get to like him more and more the oftener he worries us at our studies, and we are getting so that we can't get along without the ridiculous remarks with which he insists on interrupting our most sacred conversations.

On the whole, he is one of the most satisfied little persons that we have ever seen and we are sure that he will ever hold a special

niche in the pleasant memories of his classmates and his room mates.

John E. C. Smith, Lower Shinimicas, N. S.

John is so practical minded that you can fairly hear the mechanism of his brain working. He is a stickler for thoroughness and detail, in fact notoriously so in the telling of a yarn, or on any of those occasions when the gang fore-gathers. By questioning the fellows who board with him, we find that his unpardonable sin is his hobby for radio. They say they are just as careful not to mention radio in his presence as they would be not to mention a recently deceased wife to the bereaved husband. A word carelessly spoken - and who knows how long a conversation may result?

He is a shrewd judge of livestock and has taken some prizes in this line at some of the Winter Fairs.

He intends to specialize in Hog Raising and we know he can always be depended upon to "bring home the bacon."

A. C. PRAYER

I often say this little prayer:

 "Dear Lord, so good, give me my share,
Of this world's good things, nice and sweet,
 In varied forms of things to eat.

Work on my relatives each day,
 Cause them to think of me, I pray;
Giving their arms a gentle nudge,
 Whisper to them, "Send him some fudge."



College Activities



Debating Activities

A new departure in the arrangement of classes was made this year in the placing of Public Speaking under the Department of English with Mr. H. J. Fraser as instructor.

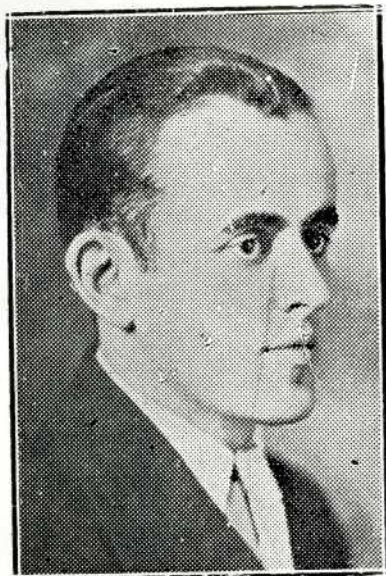
During this season a program of class and interclass debates was carried through, the boys taking up the work with exceptionally keen interest. The final selection of a first team was made on the strength of an inter-class debate on "Capital Punishment", the men selected being M. P. Harrison, F. G. McLeod and Ray G. Webber.

For the first time the College made a claim to the rank of Junior University classes by challenging the first and second year men of Acadia University to debate. The challenge was taken up heartily by Acadia, and on March 23rd, the debate took place in the N. S. A. C. Hall.

The proposition submitted was: "Resolved that the Completion of the Project of the Proposed St. Lawrence - Great Lakes Waterway for Ocean Going Vessels is in the Economic Interest of Canada". The Agriculturists had the affirmative and won the verdict by a narrow margin. The debate was of a very high order, both teams presenting their cases with enthusiasm and close reasoning.

Another team, composed of Messrs. Lucas, Murphy and Cameron, met a Normal College Team on March 30th in the Normal College Hall. The budding teachers made a good case for prohibition and won over the A. C. boys, who supported government control. The Winning Team was made up of Misses Swim, Wood and McLellan.

A three cornered debating league, taking in the Agricultural College and the under-class men of Dalhousie and Acadia, with the Normal College as a fourth possibility, is now being arranged.



R. G. WEBBER

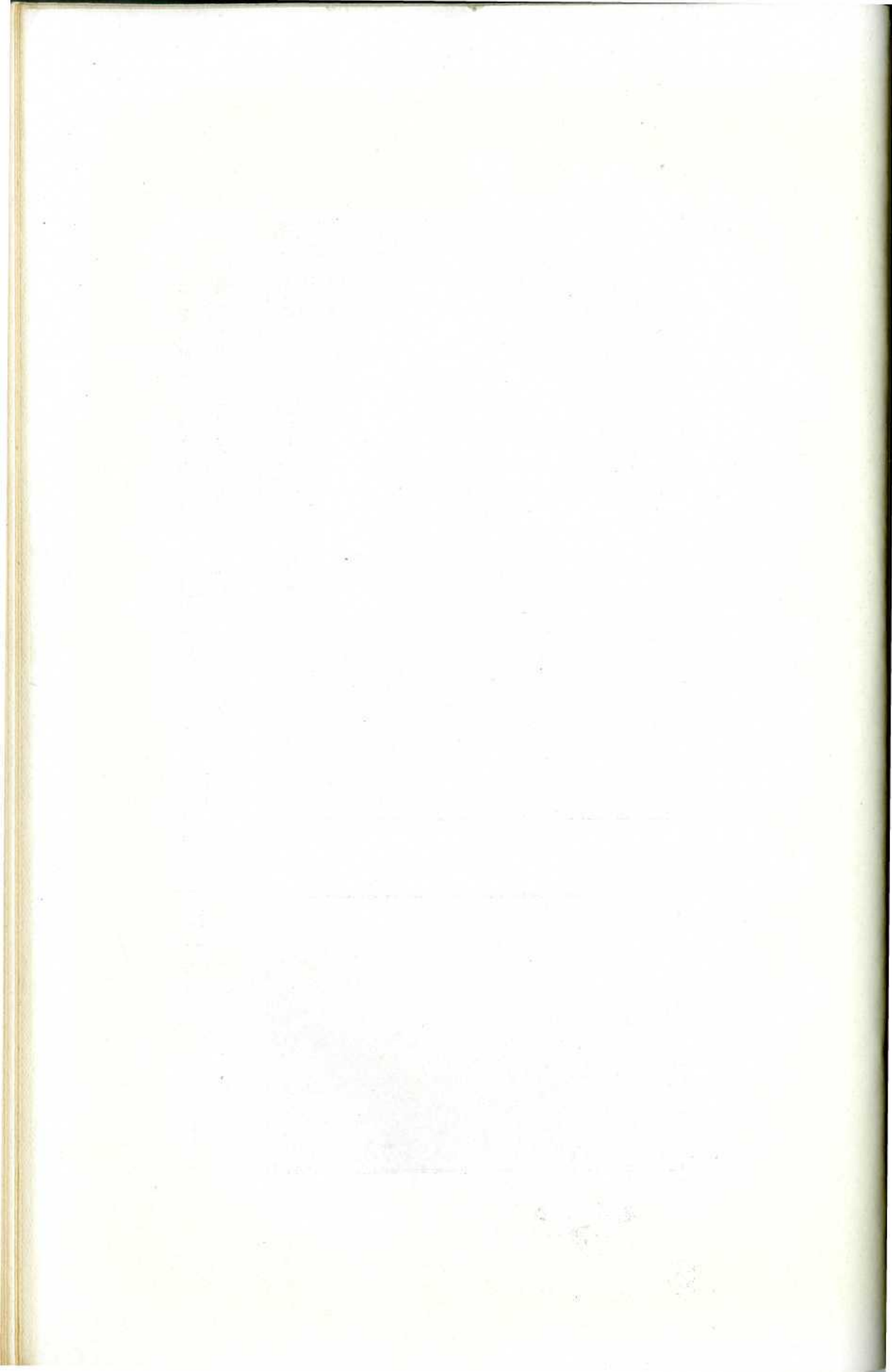


F. G. McLEOD



M. P. HARRISON (Leader)

The Debating Team of N. S. A. C. that defeated the Acadia Underclass men debating Team, March 23rd, 1923



Athletics

The college athletics have been very well represented this year. Some good material was at hand, and although rather handicapped, made a satisfactory showing in their undertakings. Next year we all assured that more gym, apparatus will be available and we feel sure that with the filling of this want, better progress will be made.

The first attempt of the season made by the students to gain honors, was in a tug-o'-war pull for the championship of Colchester County. They succeeded in reaching the semi-finals, which was quite a creditable showing considering that the boys had only a week's training.

Two Track Meets were held, one outdoor and one indoor. These were very successful and much hidden ability came to light. The Senior Degree class accumulated the largest aggregate of points at both meets.

The Basketball team seemed to have a hoodoo tied to them in many of their games, several being lost by one point. Everything considered, though, the team did well, winning many hard fought games. They were strong contenders for the Town League honors but lost out during the last of the season.

Three games were played with outside teams, two with new Glasgow and one with Pine Hill. In Truro the New Glasgow team was outpointed, but at New Glasgow the "Aggies" were defeated. The trip to New Glasgow was much enjoyed, however, and made up for the defeat.

The game at Pine Hill was hotly contested, and only the fact that the A. C. boys were playing in an unfamiliar gym. saved the Theologs from defeat. The Halifax trip, however, stirred up a real team following and spirit that was good to watch, and no more fitting ending could be found for our College activities than this excursion.

A College "mag." is a great invention,
The staff gets all the fame
The printer gets the money
And the Editor gets the blame.

PALLISER

Down at the good old Palliser, we all collected 'round,
 A gayer bunch of cockerels I'll bet could not be found;
 On dancing we'd decided by unanimous consent,
 So we twisted up the phonograph, and into it we went.

The floor was fairly good we thought, though 'twas not glassy clear,
 But this would save an amateur from sliding on his ear;
 We circled 'round that central post, in one continuous whirl,
 Each clinging with a fancied grace, to some unlucky girl.

There were steps of every shape and form, in all degrees of speed,
 Some stepped upon their ladies' toes for no apparent need;
 As all the lookers-on maintained, though p'rhaps they were in error.
 That some girls nearly broke their necks with looking in the mirror.

The Doc was always fearful, lest our merriment should fail,
 It wasn't his intention that the party should grow stale,
 So he started out according in a series of buck-jumps,
 With the plan of giving each and all, some playful shoves and bumps.

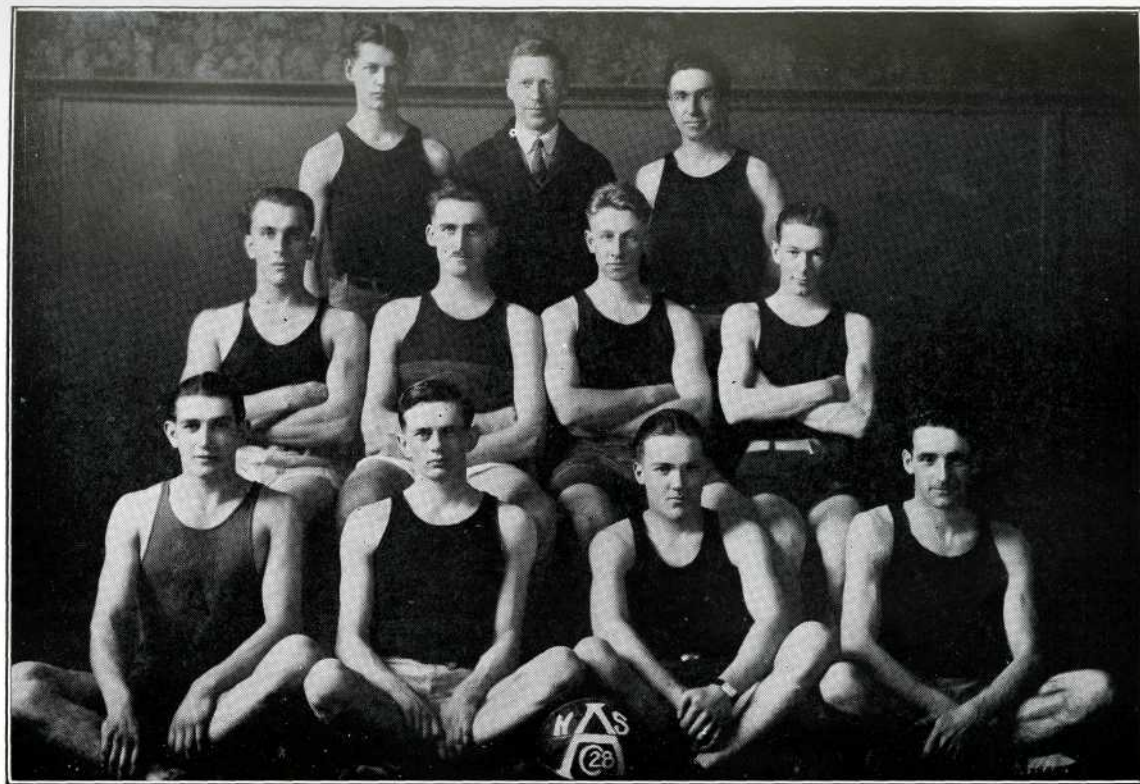
Reprisals followed thick and fast, on this audacious move,
 Each frisky lad was nothing loathe his bumping powers to prove;
 When Gillis caused his dory to collide with Doctor's scow,
 The result was that he has to do without his glasses now.

We ate our lunch and danced again, until the midnight hour,
 And then we gave our lady friends to their landladies sour;
 Then sometime later, more or less we, found our cozy beds,
 'Twas only late for church next day, we raised our weary heads.

D. J. GILLIS '28

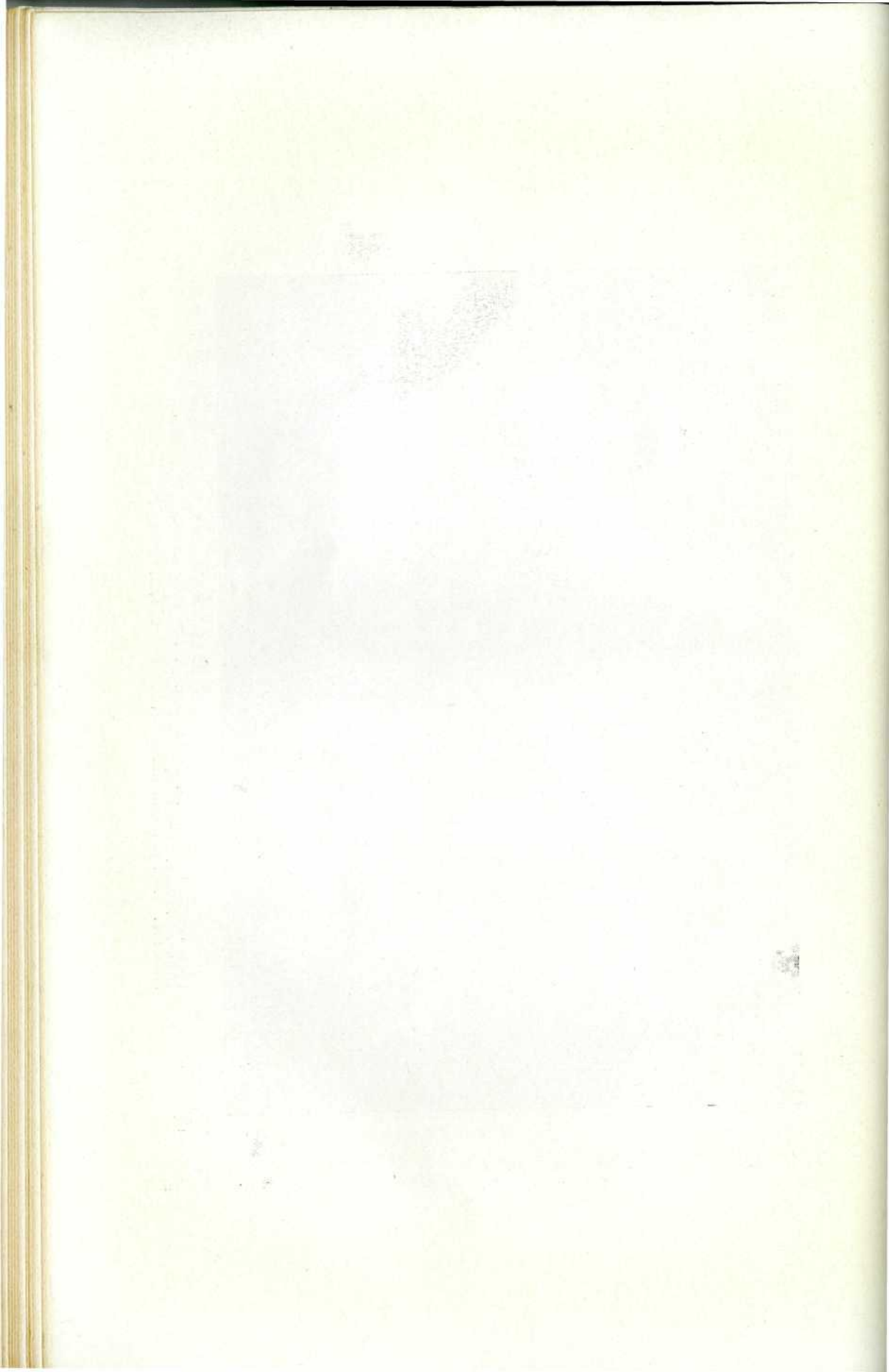
SOCIAL

The social season for the winter of '27—'28 was opened by a reception given to the incoming Junior Class and the returning Senior Class by the Faculty. On November 3rd this function was held in the Science Building and the staff, headed by our new Principal, gave us a very enjoyable evening. The first dance was held on November 26th and was mainly attended by our friends, the Normalites. On December 20th an entertainment was put on by the



N. S. A. C. BASKET BALL TEAM, '28

Upper row (left to right) W. J. McLeod (Mgr.) J. J. Creighton (Capt.) D. F. Rankine.
Middle row. M. P. Harrison. R. P. Longley (Capt.). D. A. Burrell. K. Fraser.
Front row. J. M. Torrie. R. McVicar, J. R. Jamieson, A. C. Chisholm.



students consisting of a short but humorous play and an excellent programme. The College Trio (Messrs. Harrison, Webber and Chisholm) proved very popular and the play seemed to "go over" well. After the entertainment, the Principal, his wife and daughter were "at home" to the students and their lady friends and the evening was "topped off" in rare style at the Trueman residence.

On January 4th the Farm Classes arrived and the various committees settled down to hard work—the first fruit of which was a small but enjoyable dance on January 19th.

On February 12th the annual "Mid-Year" was held and the gym. was transformed into a toss-up between an Agricultural Exhibition and the ball-room at Versailles. The effect was original and pleasing and credit is due Mr. Munro for his work in planning the decorations. The music was rendered by the Peerless Entertainers of New Glasgow (assisted by a couple of Prof. Landry's roosters) and a very pleasant evening was concluded at 2:30 A. M.

Another small dance was held on March 26th, which resulted in a good time being enjoyed by all present.

On March 27th the A. C. students assembled in the Science Building at 3:30 to attend the Closing Exercises of the Domestic Science Course. We feel that such an afternoon can only be for the benefit of all concerned as a little closer co-operation between the Domestic and Agricultural Departments of the average Nova Scotia farm would be to the advantage of both.

UNITED STUDENTS COUNCIL

The U. S. C. has had a successful year. Under the safe guidance of F. George MacLeod, as president, and a very able executive, the various College activities progressed satisfactorily. One of the most encouraging features was the financial report brought in by the treasurer, showing a very appreciable balance. At the last meeting of the year the following officers were elected to guide the affairs of the '28-'29 term:

President.....	R. G. Webber
Secretary-Treasurer	Don Blair
Editor	D. J. Gillis
Business Manager	D. E. McPhee

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Sue Chase '18 — We note with interest the marriage of Miss Sue Chase '18. We are sorry to hear that Nova Scotia is to lose the President of its Fruit Growers' Association, but we are sure that no matter how far away Sue goes, she will still remember Nova Scotia.

Eric Boulden '13 — is now District Representative for Hants County. He is also on the Staff of the Short Course at the College.

E. C. Spicer '14 — is District Representative for Yarmouth County.

James Bremner '14 — was recently appointed Jersey Field man for Eastern Canada.

Bob Parent '21 — is in charge of Illustration Work in P. E. I.

Lee Payne '20 — is now taking post graduate work in Plant Pathology at Cornell.

Ken Harrison '22 — is Assistant Plant Pathologist at Kentville.

Max Ells '21 — is farming at Upper Canard.

R. S. Smith '18 — South Brookfield, Queens County, is one of the strong men in the North Queens Agricultural Association. He is also President of the Local Live Stock Shipping Association.

Allison Marshall '25 — was married to Miss Eva Van Buskirk, Melvern Square, Annapolis County, in November.

H. R. Brown '08 — is on the home farm at Pugwash. He specializes in Jersey Cattle, Oxford Sheep and White Wyandottes. He is also Secretary of the Nova Scotia Farmers' Association.

C. A. Crooker '12 — is Secretary of the North Queens Live Stock Shipping Association and Manager of the North Queens Fruit Packing Company.

Wm. Waters '21 — is Superintendent of the Poultry Department at the St. John Exhibition and is also managing the home farm at Carter's Point.

R. M. Sanford '14 — is Assistant Farm Superintendent at the Shawbridge Industrial School for boys at Shawbridge, P. Q.

Arthur Illingworth '14 — is farming at Kingsclear, N. B.

Norman Lawrence '14 — is farming at Prince William, N. B.

A. C. Taylor '14 — is farming at Salisbury and is also Manager of the United Farmer's Warehouse at that place.

John McKenzie '15 — is Assistant Superintendent at Fredericton.

Harold Ervine '14 — is now with the Steel Business in Philadelphia.

Harold Brown '14 — is still on the Fields Farm at Brockton, Mass.

W. K. McCullough '16 — is at present Potato Inspector in the Dominion Department of Agriculture for Nova Scotia, with headquarters at Kentville.

H. C. Weaver '22 — is now in business with his father in Kentville. Hal has not deserted Agriculture altogether as he has established a small chicken farm near his home.

Carleton Taylor '25 — has been one of the Potato Inspectors in Nova Scotia.

Don White '27 — is farming in Berwick.

Don McLeod '27 — is farming in Dunvegan, C. B.

A. MacIntyre '27 — is farming in Ironville, Vict. Co., C. B.

Colin Rowe '27 — is farming with his brother, Ernest, at Falmouth, Hants County.

Charlie Marshall '26 — is again employed as Assistant Chemist at the N. S. A. C. Between that and getting married, Charlie seems to have his hands full.

F. Waldo Walsh '17 — has been appointed to the Colonization Department of the C. N. R. We are very glad to see Waldo get this advancement.

Fred Kinsman '13 — is employed as Supervisor of Illustration Stations in Nova Scotia.

Bob Chase '25 — has just returned from the Farmers' Marketing Tour to England and the continent.

Art Harrison '26 — is specializing in Botany at Guelph.

Don Ells '24 — Since the last issue of the Magazine Don has taken unto himself a wife and has also embarked on commercial chicken farming at Port Williams. Congratulations! Old man.

Don Putman '24 — has been on spray inspection work in the Valley.

Dave McCuish '24 — has been inspecting potatoes in Nova Scotia.

A. M. Purdy '27 — spent last summer farming with Harry Jones '27, in P. E. I.

The four Wood Brothers, Carter's Point, N. B. are actively engaged in agriculture, Leslie '15 as Provincial Poultry Supt., Robert

'17 and George '20, poultry farming at home and Stan '18 as Agricultural Rep. in the St. Stephen district.

O. C. Hicks '13 — is still Supt. of Soils and Crops for N. B.

E. M. Taylor '15 — is Assistant Superintendent at the Experimental Farm at Fredericton.

N. A. Patterson '23 — is doing good work with the Entomological Branch at Annapolis Royal.

W. H. Porter '09 — has been elected President of the O. A. C. Alumni Association.

Miss Ceneth Thomas '22 Smith's Cove — new president of the Alumni Association, has given up her hobby of "doing" tourists at Smith's Cove and is doing Extension Work throughout the Province as Agricultural Assistant to Miss Helen Macdougall. She is making a specialty of home gardens.

W. R. Kinsman '18 — Yarmouth, is another alumnus recently elected to a Presidency in the Province, namely, the N. S. Dairymen's Association.

Roscoe Elliot '24 — is busily engaged in practical farming at Mount Hanley, Anna. County.

Philip Bishop '19 — Greenwich, Kings County, reports a fairly good year in the bee business. Phil started in a small way and has gradually extended his apiary until it is now one of the largest in the Province.

Alex. Palmer '19 — is stoutly maintaining the honor of the College on his farm at Berwick. He still finds time to read and agree on Farm Economics.

MODERN INVENTION

In former years we have thought of a pitman only in connection with a mowing machine, but recently we have been interested to notice certain enterprising Normalites with a Pitman Attachment. At present we are unable to say if this appliance is going to prove practical, but we do know that while the Pitman of a Normalite is just as easily broken as that of a mowing machine, it is far more easily repaired, nor does its efficiency seem to be lessened by long use. Further than this, it seems to fit practically every model, although it was originally designed for the heavier type.

DOTTED LINES

Our young and natty friend, Munro,
 Goes nightly plodding through the snow
 To that sweet place where firelight cheers,
 And warms his light - o'- love, Miss

No matter what the time of day,
 Whether he's home, or he's away,
 The 'phone rings — Mrs. H. appears —
 "Munro is wanted by Miss"

Nightly his room-mates have to wait
 To get the 'phone to make a date;
 Munro looks round at them and sneers —
 "Go 'way, I'm talking to Miss"

But then there came a leap-year dance;
 And on him C-s-y did advance;
 Then fate, which each one's footsteps steers,
 Leads him away from sweet Miss

This caused the storm-clouds dark to brew,
 It may have caused a tear or two;
 But tactful guile the prospect clears,
 And reconciles him to Miss

D. J. GILLIS '28.

Tuco says:—

Some of these stout elderly ladies are merely flappers gone to waist.

A fool and his money are soon petted.

Teachers pet. Of course they do. Look at the Normalites.

I can remember the time, when, if a girl had neuritis in her knee, she would have wanted a woman doctor.

Static—Wave Length 1928

The gospel-sharp says we should love one another.
LeBlanc interprets this: Love one, then another.

P. N. C.: "I bobbed my hair to show my independence".
A. C.: "Well what did you bob your skirts for?"

Dot: "My A. C. boy friend wants my picture to wear next his heart."

Her Chum: "Look out, dearie, before he begins wearing it on the back of his slicker."

Prof. Trueman: "What is evolution?"
Munro '28: "A lot of monkey business."

Dr. Soloan: "Miss F——o, decline the verb 'kiss'"
She; "I never decline them sir."

We Want to Know

If Carlisle got his freckles sitting in the shade of a screen door?
Whether Miss F——o had any reason for calling To——ie a Paw-Knee Indian?

What the boss said when Sandy told him the flies in the creamery were butterflies?

Why Harrison blushes when you mention a screen?

Why Lucas only takes his girl out on Sunday?
(Ed. Note, Which one?)

Who appropriated Torrie's beer?

Why Harding lost interest in the afternoon output of Stanfield's Mills?

What makes Payne so thin?

Why McLellan insists on torturing the class by his singing?

How Rankine cultivated his sweet smile.

What Townsehend expects to get out of his Domestic Science Course?

J. Boyle: "You see, I am growing a moustache. Do you think it is becoming?"

B. Pitman: "Well, it may be coming, but it certainly hasn't arrived yet."

First A. C.: "Where are you going?"

Second A. C.: "Down to the Normal to see the girls wearing their new desk hosiery."

First A. C.: "What do you mean, desk hosiery?"

Second A. C.: "Roll tops."

About 1930 A. D.

"There's a limit to all things" says Webber '29. "I don't mind feeding the cat, I don't mind mending my own clothes, but I'll be damned if I'll wear pink ribbons in my night shirt to fool the baby."

Normal Student: "Don't you love the ocean, Jim dear? Its so romantic, so reckless, so relentless."

Torrie '29: "Well, the ocean is just like your boarding mistress."

She: "Because she is so romantic?"

Torrie: "No, they both make me sick."

Cann '29: "Boyle's growing his moustache on the instalment plan."

Blair '29: "How do you make that out?"

Cann: "A little down every week."

Prof. Prince: "What did you find out about salivary glands, Webber?"

Webber: "Not a thing, professor. They're so darn secretive."

Doc. MacLeod: "I kissed Annie just before I left last night."

Pitman: "Did you get away with it?"

Doc. MacLeod: "I couldn't get away without it."

What is the excitement? Crowds gathered in the halls; people running up and downstairs; everybody dazed; something must be wrong!

Oh, no! Only Munro has agreed with the Professor.

Normalette: "Do you care for dancing?"

Logan '28: "No."

Normalette: "Why."

Logan: "Its merely hugging, set to music."

Normalette: "Well, what is there about it that you don't like?"

Logan '28: "The music."

L-g-n: "What is a grass widow?"

M-n-o: "A married woman that has left her husband."

L-g-n: "I know a woman who has been married six times and left her husband."

M-n-o: "She must be a bale of hay."

"Recent Howlers"

1. Succulence—the period during which the young pigs are nursed by the sow.

2. A new breed of Dairy Cattle—Whole Stains. (Ed. note Usually stained black and white).

3. A "Thick Smooth"—is a fat cow with a soft hide.

T. B. Stenog.: "Frank, don't you think my new hat is nice?"

F. W. T. Lucas: (Absently) Yes, but there's a run in one of them.

Benny: "Never having tasted vegetables, I cannot say."

Lucas: "Go to H-ll!!!! (And they laughed).

Burrell: "Why do blushes creep over girls faces?"

Longley: "If they ran they would kick up too much dust."

Smith: "Where did golf originate?"

Logan: "In Scotland."

Payne: "Must be a tight game, then."

Cameron: "Why is Munro studying the Morse code?"

McVicar: "So that he can make better dashes after Dot."

EXCHANGES

The Dalhousie Gazette

The Dalhousie Gazette being a weekly paper it would require too much space to review all numbers. We cannot pass over this paper however, without mentioning two or three Departments that have pleased us. The first to be congratulated is "Letters to the Editor." Might we say that we have enjoyed the students views on most of the subjects brought up. One of the most interesting discussions was the criticism that "L. E. C.'s," "What Price Gore" stirred up. Without taking sides, we admire the writer for the courage of his convictions. One of the most delightful Departments is "With Scissors and Paste Pot." This may sound unkind as the contents are taken from other College Magazines. However, it is by way of complimenting the Gazette's Exchange. The write-ups on the Glee Club are also good as are those on Sport.

The Acadia Atheneum

One of the best. We cannot say how much we enjoyed "Northward Ho" by C. H. S. Your stories are excellent and would do justice to the "Saturday Evening Post." "Thoughts on Voracious Insects" was a treat. We thought we were in for a discussion on Zoology. To say the least we were agreeable surprised. May we say that the sense of humor of one W. H. L. appeals to us. The old fight for dancing at Acadia is brought up again in the Editorial Department. Good stuff, Mr. Editor, go to it and if you need any help—ask the Farmers.

The Argosy Weekly

One of the most noteworthy things in this paper is the prominence of the college spirit. Also we were glad to note that the old students are not forgotten. This Department is more difficult to keep up in a weekly paper. However, Mt. A. seems to have the knack.

The Brunswickian

The most noteworthy Department of this Magazine is the Editorials. They are good. We noted a very interesting article on

Intercollegiate Debating. Such things as that are a help and should be encouraged. Probably the most interesting Department in the Magazine is the joke section. This Department is not set apart in the Magazine but run all through, interspersing the more prosy and heavier articles.

Kings College Record

We are glad to see "The Kings College Record" again adorning our reading-room table. Always a welcome arrival, we are pleased with the latest issue in that it deals very nicely with a subject that has recently been prominently in the public eye, to wit—Thomas Hardy.

Our choice falls on "Thomas Hardy"—The Shorter Poems' and "Epitaphs" as the leading articles, although "Geography in Ancient Times" is decidedly interesting.



**A Message from Dr. M. Cumming, Ex-Principi to the 1928
N. S. A. C. Students**

As ex-Principal of the N. S. Agricultural College, I am gratified to have the opportunity of sending a message through the columns of the College Magazine to the students now in attendance at the College.

Twenty-two years of principalship at the N. S. A. C. brought me in contact with hundreds of students in the various courses, whose lives were in the making and whose subsequent careers it has been a rare privilege to follow.

The chief impression that remains with me, as I review the achievements of these students, is that industry more than brilliance has been the key to success. For some the college course only stirred ambition and opened up visions, and it was not until, inspired by these motives, they were gripped with the necessity of and joy in work. But mainly, as I recall, the industry was apparent while the boys were still pursuing their studies at Truro.

Whether, therefore, my student reader, you have applied yourself diligently up to the present time or not, the lesson I see written upon the pages of the history of former N. S. A. C. students is that success will elude those who are looking for an easy approach to its precincts, but is within the grasp of all those who will apply themselves diligently to work.

M. CUMMING

Ex-Principal Nova Scotia Agricultural College
Director of Marketing, Province of Nova Scotia.

Appreciations

Through the columns of the "Mike" the U. S. C. wish to extend thanks to Mr. Creighton and Mr. Marshall for their efforts in the promotion of sport.

The Magazine Staff also wish to thank Doc. MacLeod and Prof. Fraser for their advice and criticism in connection with the "Mike" and all those who have contributed of their time and material towards making the Magazine a success. In this connection special thanks are due to the Office Staff.

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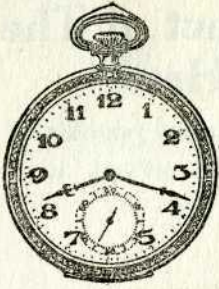


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President

A. M. PORTER, B.S.A.
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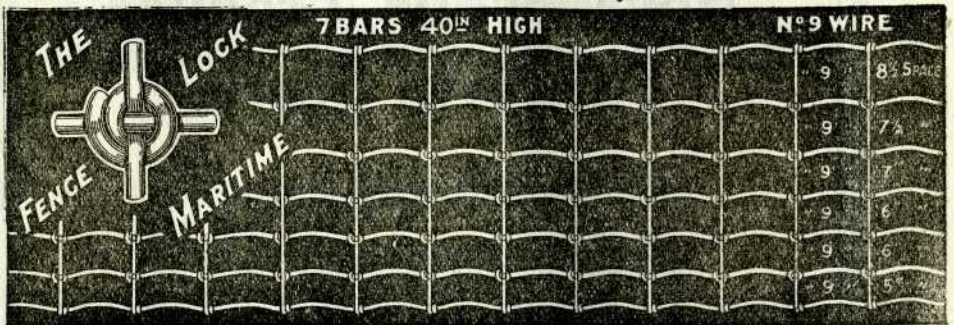
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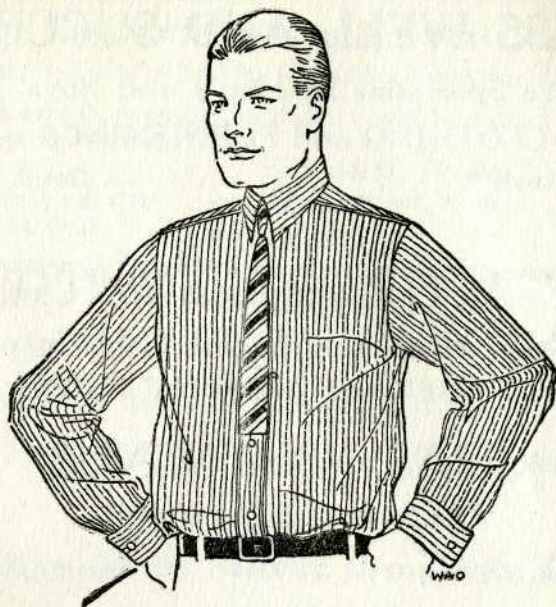
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