

Maritime Students' Agriculturist



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the Students
of the
Nova Scotia
Agricultural College

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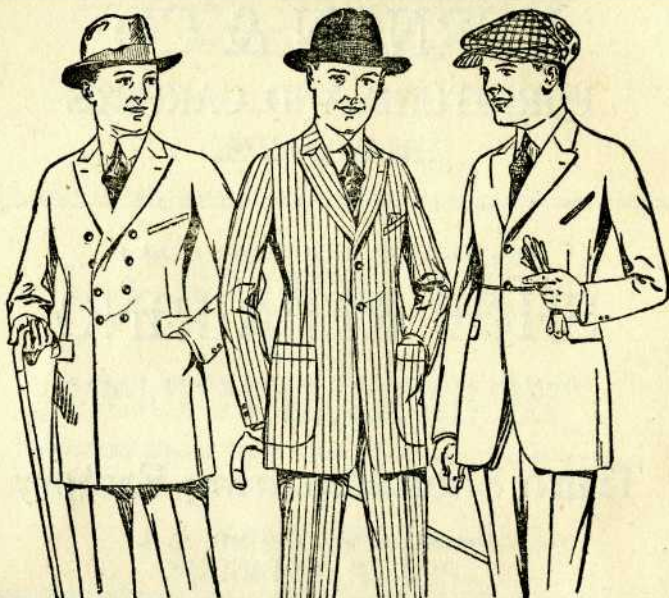
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THE EDITOR'S PLATFORM.

We will speak out, we will be heard,
Though all earth's systems crack,
We will not bate a single word,
Nor take a letter back.
We speak the truth, and what care we
For hissing and for scorn,
While some faint gleamings we can see
Of freedom's coming morn?
Let liars fear, let cowards shrink,
Let traitors turn away;
Whatever we have dared to think
That dare we also say.

FROM THE EDITOR'S PEN.

We are entering upon a new era. The old order of conditions is passing away, but not without exerting itself to maintain its hold on existence. Meanwhile, the new order is straining and breaking the shackles which have kept it in infancy for ages. Thus we have two mighty forces; each with this objective: to seize every advantage, and grant no concessions.

In the midst of such a conflict, we find ourselves drifting into a pessimistic state of mind, caused by our shortsightedness in viewing the present, without seeking a precedent. We must grant that this unrest has caused society to lose its equilibrium for a time, but this cannot continue indefinitely, and when we consider that it is the advance of democracy that tips the social scales, why should we, the atoms of society, be discontented.

Social upheavals, as a rule, have not been injurious to the nation, as proven repeatedly by history. Biblical chronicles contain numerous instances illustrating the beneficial effects of social unrest. A more recent example of the veracity of this statement, is afforded by the French Revolution, during which, law and order were extinct, and terror ruled the land. Yet thru the agency of this seeming curse, the masses of France attained their rightful position.

Still later we find the United States torn by civil strife, which threatened to ruin the country by self destruction. Yet out of the chaos of that stupendous conflict, rose a new nation, which is one of the most democratic in the world.

The signs of the times point to the fact that men are shaking off the yoke of prejudice, and taking a deeper personal interest in the demands for equal rights. This should afford cause for hope in all patriotic citizens. It is the one and only thing that will destroy the system of Government of the masses, by the few, and for the few.

Until recently, the farmers of our country were content to turn the stone, and refresh their souls and bodies, with the flattery of corpulent politicians and financiers, while the latter ground their axes. A few blue bloods, with an offer of cam-

paign assistance, could make our statesmen believe that black was white. But ten thousand farmers' delegates, might demand the most reasonable reforms, and our Government would still snore.

As a result of this atrocious state of affairs, the worm has turned, and we find labor and agriculture uniting, to demand and protect their rights. Strikes have, as a general rule ended in failure, and therefore the farmers have turned to legislation as a final resort, and because they have done so, our financiers and dyed-in -the-wool politicians cry, "all is lost."

The old ship of party politics is among the breakers, but the new full-rigged craft of anti-special privileges is already launched, and sailing steadily towards a port of social amelioration.

The latter, which is called the United Farmer's Party, has been accused of planning class legislation. Such an accusation, coming from the lips of those who have ridden the horse of "Class rule," until it has died from abuse, is altogether out of keeping with all ideas of unprejudiced thinking. Who, after becoming familiar with the platform of the above party, can show one plank, by which the democratic government can be endangered?

It is an old and much abused idea, that a statesman must be of the learned professions. A certain percentage of such men, are perhaps necessary in every government, but is it has been shown by past blunders, intentional or otherwise, that such men are in a great measure, ignorant of the economic needs of the country as a whole. Our industries may have been encouraged, but agriculture, wherein lies the mainspring of our resources, has been allowed to drift and dodge the blows of circumstance as best it may. The result is, that Canada, a country of unlimited resources is struggling with the problem of stagnation in her food supply.

The average city man apparently cannot see where our agricultural population has been misused. They must admit however, that labor and capital flow toward the point of highest enumeration; and as labor and capital are flowing away from agricultural pursuits: therefore agricultural labor-

ers or farmers must be receiving less for their labor than the city man. It must be remembered that all the income of the farmer does not consist of wages for his labor. If the interest on the capital invested were deducted from his income, it would in the majority of cases, become a scale of wages that would cause many a newsboy to look for another job.

The increased expenditures caused by protective tariffs, and taxation according to assessment, has been an "Old man of the sea," upon the backs of the farmers.

The farmer spends large sums on farm machinery and implements, thus paying to protect the manufacturer, while the average city man's chief investment is a pair of overalls, and a dinner pail.

Again the farmer pays his taxes on the value of his land, and the more he improves it, the more he is compelled to pay: while the land speculator, usually a city man, holds large tracts of land, paying little or no taxes, until its value is increased by an influx of farmers into that district. Then he sells at his own figures, thus the farmer pays the fiddler, while the other classes dance.

Thus socially, Canada has been infested with parasites and vermin, with the natural result that she is beginning to squirm under the irritation; and nothing but a thoro scrubbing with the emulsion of "Equal rights, and special privileges to none," will put her in a healthy condition.

The United Farmers Party are applying this emulsion, or threaten to apply it, and we can already hear the "Party Pets" squeal.

What is the objective of our institution, or of any such institution? Is it to encourage the student to withdraw himself from society and become a book devouring hermit, or is it to train the individual to become a leading pillar under the structure of citizenship? The former purpose seems to be in keeping with the ambitions and ideas of the average student.

In what we term the "model student," we see one whose chief purpose is to lead in his classes by giving his studies his

whole and undivided attention, and thereby neglecting to participate in any social or athletic functions carried on by his institution. Even the student who has not the ambition to excel in his studies, usually neglects these opportunities to cultivate a power of leadership within himself. Thus we see one of the greatest and most worthy purposes which all educational institutions should have, being partially if not wholly overlooked, with the natural result, that when the student graduates, he takes less interest in the welfare of society, than if he had never been in attendance. For this reason we repeatedly hear the remark that there is more social ignorance in our colleges than in our factories. Seemingly as an argument in support of this statement we find what we term the uneducated classes, demanding and striving for social reforms, the necessity of which, the educated reformers refuse to admit.

A perfect education should give the student the additional qualifications of leadership, which perhaps he would not otherwise possess. It should give him the power to spring into the breaches which occur in our civilization! The fact that our education of today does not fulfil this purpose is clearly shown when we look at our first rank citizens, who cultivated the powers of leadership while students, rather than scholarship. In all our colleges a premium is placed on high averages in the various subjects, by the offering of numerous prizes, etc., while the student who is interested in developing his physique, and who grasps every opportunity to cultivate a good citizenship, is looked upon as wasting his time.

Just a word in regard to our own institution. Why are a number of our Junior students acting the hermit in connection with our social functions, and isolating themselves from all athletic sports? Why are they not taking a greater interest in our magazine; in our hockey and basket ball games? What we want and must have is more college spirit and life.

Let us hope that we will arise and shake off our lethargy, showing that our college life is a pleasant preparation for future usefulness, rather than a period of book devouring drudgery.

OURSELVES AS MARTIANS SEE US.**Being an Excerpt From the Great Martian Journal,
"Tlavatlitan Canalite."**

(Preliminary note: The world has been startled recently by the information that strange and unaccountable signals have been registered by wireless stations the world over, and discussion is now rife as to whether the planet Mars may not be trying to communicate with her celestial sister, our earth. The M.S.A. is highly gratified to be the bearer of a great and portentous revelation—one that will set at rest all this discussion as to whether or not Mars is inhabited—a revelation truly epoch-making in the history of our globe—a revelation which proves beyond the shadow of all possible doubt that the planet Mars is truly inhabited by beings of an infinitely higher order than we poor grovelling worms in the dust can ever even hope to attain. The following sensational article was read and copied down verbatim from a Martian newspaper by an occultist in our midst—one of our very own—who has the power (which he tells us anyone can develop) of reading clairvoyantly in all languages—even those spoken as far off as Mars. It is with a sense of the highest gratification that we give this marvellous revelation to the world.)

Know ye, fellow Martians, who abide together by the side of the great canals of our planet, little dreaming that there are other worlds besides ours which are inhabited by creatures who, if not of the high order and lofty intelligence which we have attained, are yet of interest on account of their curious ways and foolish notions—know ye then that I, Gark, son of Skagslog and high priest in the temple of the gentle deity Slugmagug, was granted the power by the gods to leave this mortal body of mine for a time and visit with my astral vehicles our nearest neighbor in space. "There," said Slugmagug, "You will gain many an object lesson on morals and conduct, by beholding the silly ways of the people of that benighted earth." And lo! I soared into space and travelled swiftly to this other world, hitting it with a

thud that knocked me senseless for a while. When I finally regained consciousness, I found myself by the side of a sort of canal, though, unlike ours, it had a heavy current and was crooked in places and also much narrower. At my left was a long sloping hill, which I soon learned by intuition, was a sacred or holy mountain—at least so the name, derived from a book very much revered on the earth, would seem to indicate. Wishing to explore, I groped my way up the hill (for it was dark) slipping over the smooth and translucent coating of the earth, which is entirely different from that of ours, and very cold to the touch. At length I came to what must have been the shrine at the top of the hill, a place with many windows and brilliantly illuminated. Hearing sounds which struck me as being anything but reverent and religious, I decided to enter, so passed through the walls (my etherial form enabled me to do this) into a large square room with a highly polished floor, upon which several colored lights threw a sickly glare. And there beheld I a sight which defies description.

In the centre of the room were a group of what I took to be the human inhabitants of the earth, beings frightful in their ugliness, possessing eyes, ears, and noses and walking on two feet instead of three. Their faces were not of the beautiful shade of green characteristic of us Maritans, but a ghastly white, horrible to behold. But most incomprehensible were their actions and motions, grotesque to the last degree, and striking one dumb with horror and astonishment. These creatures were arranged in couples and kept hopping, jumping and skipping about, whilst a portly gentleman beat strenuously against one side of a large box, whereat the box sent forth a stream of blood-curdling noises. Some of the couples looked as if they were trying to throttle one another, others as though each was striving strenuously to trip the other up. One individual, of a softer and less savage appearance than her partner, seemed as though about to take a bite out of his shoulder. Truly awe-inspiring was it to watch the gyrations of many of these pairs: some went spinning around like tops, with arms flying like windmills; others had more difficulty, one individual evidently propelling the weaker end of the firm and

showing marked signs of exhaustion. A few looked greatly troubled over something; evidently they must have been the workers; while their drone companions seemed to soar in wrapt bliss, oblivious to physical surroundings. Frequently these last were brought to their senses by collisions between the couples; the wonder is that they did not knock each other down like nine-pins. While there seemed to be a general uniformity of motion, some reared and pranced like our martion glagionamoklunks without regard to how their fellows went through the motions. A few needs must also complete the rhythm(?) of their bodies by an addedrhythm(?) of their jaws, thus solving the problems of perpetual motion and perpetual eating at the same time. It is astounding but none the less true that these beings have found a way to eat continuously for hours, without being satisfied or reaching satiety. Not all the creatures present were going through the above antics, however. At one end of the room reposed a group of he-creatures who sat still, apparently doing nothing to justify their presence in that place. Occasionally one would awaken from his apathy to make some remark to his neighbor. I did not understand much of what they said, but gathered, especially from what one tall and particularly ungainly creature said, that there is great amusement and fascination for the earth people in watching their fellows conduct themselves in what to us is an absolutely incomprehensible and amazing fashion such as I have described above. At all events this particular person mentioned that "One sees some funny sights." A few of these inactive people gathered around a small table and began to toy with some flat disc like objects with spots on them. What the excitement was all about I could not see; but at any rate it was not for the possession of the cards (as I heard them called) for at regular intervals these were restored to the original pile. They seemed to be as infatuated in their folly as their hopping brethren. There were also forlorn looking she-creatures sitting around, but I saw nothing remarkable about their appearance whatever, except perhaps in the conduct of two or three who sat near the door, and who took each by the

hand as he came in. This conduct, also, I was at a loss to explain.

Numbed in brain and lacerated in heart I hastily forsook that wretched place. Just as I was about to ascend unto Mars my eye glimpsed an old man, a young girl, and a child whirling down the steep surface of the mountain on a board. Materializing I hailed them as they slowed up at the foot of the hill and asked them in distress what they were doing. "Coasting" the old man replied. I learned that coasting was at once an enjoyable amusement and at the same time a healthy form of exercise. I could see that that was true by the flush of health and joyous expressions of their countenances. "Then what are those creatures doing at the shrine on the top of the hill?" said I "Shrine! said he, "that's not a shrines thats' the———, and those people are dancing." Just then we came to a part of the road that was lighted, when, seeing with whom they were talking the three inhabitants of the earth fainted with fright. After I had resurrected them by holding their head down in the canal for half an hour, I carefully explained that I was from Mars and wanted to know in the worst possible way why the beings of the —— —— "danced" to use the earth man's name for these antics. The old man sputtered for awhile and finally said "They're just having a good time."

Ye Martian deities, and above all most august Thugmagug! When the youth of any planet will congregate together in hordes in order to go through hideous contortions "just to have a good time," leaving healthy and natural exercise to old men and girls?! Gangoshag hocack mnopook!! (untranslatable phrase) denoting great anguish.

I had had enough. The lesson of Thugmagug had gone home. Not seeking to explain the unexplainable, nor fathom the unfathomable mysteries of such conduct, I sorrowfully winged my way back to my beloved Mars, where the canals are ever straight and the people sane and circumspect in their conduct.

"IF."

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting;
Or being lied about don't deal in lies;
Or being hated don't give way to hating;
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breath a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them, "Hold on;"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch?;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

—Rudyard Kipling in the *American Magazine*.

NOVA SCOTIA. WHAT ABOUT IT?

By E. L. E. '18.

"Are you Nova Scotian or English?" came the question from a fellow traveller one day last summer.

"Oh," I replied, "I'm a Bluenose. Why do you ask?"

"Well," said my acquaintance, "When you used the words 'grass,' 'path' and a few others I thought you must be English because of the long soft 'a' you gave them. But other parts of your conversation did not sound English, so of course I put you down as a Maritime man."

Although I had myself observed the difference it caused me a little surprise to be recognized so readily by a comparative stranger. But since this occasion I have noticed again and again how easy it is to make the distinction.

This little habit of speech is an ear mark, so to speak; a something which those who have been born in other provinces or in the neighboring republic cannot easily immitate. And while it is sometimes made the butt of jokes we are proud of it. We would not part with the right to call ourselves Bluenoses, nor the ability to substantiate the claim by our pronunciation, for a birthplace anywhere else on the globe.

Then too, Nova Scotia has a reputation in many different directions. So if we are to be recognized as Nova Scotians by those with whom we come in contact it is for us to make certain that nothing but credit and commendation shall be reflected upon the province of which we are so justly proud.

It is reputed that one of the greatest benefits Nova Scotia has conferred upon the world at large is in the particularly capable men she has turned out. And undoubtedly the facts go far to bear out the truth of the assertion. The statement is further made that as many Nova Scotians are living in the United States as in Nova Scotia. Whether or not this be true, certain it is that a very large proportion of our young people have gone there in the past. But would it not be quite as much credit and certainly a great deal more benefit to the pro-

vince if her sons and daughters were to remain in the home province?

Nearly half a century ago Hon. Joseph Howe interpreted his vision of the future in the words, "I believe that the day will come when Nova Scotia will support half a million men upon the sea." One can readily imagine him fortelling a similar expansion of the agricultural industry or the manufacturing industry, if latent possibilities were any indication. But in none of these has the maximum been reached. Nova Scotia has work for her children and stands in need of their assistance they alone hold the keys to the future. Will they allow false ideals of immediate gain to interfere with the development of the great heritage which is rightfully theirs?

Nova Scotians have a reputation for political bitterness as well. That is one of the things said about us which we would like to deny if we could. But after considering the matter for a few moments must we not agree that there is a large measure of truth in the statement? We can all remember times when we gloated over a friend because some political shibboleth had acquired a temporary triumph. Or more difficult still to forget, some occasion when the shoe was on the other foot. And after all what was the use? What good did it ever do to go the polls and spoil the vote of Neighbor Jones simply because our fathers or grandfathers differed in their opinions on some matter of policy three or four decades ago? Surely when all is said and done our interests are very closely bound up with those of Neighbor Jones, Neighbor Smith, and the other farmers of the locality. So why not work together for a while instead of pairing off and neutralizing the effects of each others endeavors? Let us remember the new slogan, "Co-operation not Competition is the life of a trade." That spells success economically, socially and politically. Shall we demonstrate our ability to think and act as intelligent citizens, or shall we turn back again to blindly follow the leadership of some professional demagogue?

A PRINTER'S ESSAY.

Buffalo News.

An S A now I mean to write,
 2 U sweet K T J,
 The girl without a ==
 The belle of U T K.

I lder if you got the 1
 I wrote to U B 4,
 I sailed in the R K D A.
 & sent by L N Moore.

My M T head will scarce conceive
 1 calm I D A bright;
 And 8 T miles from you I haste
 Embrace this chance to write.

& first, should N E N V U,
 B E Z, mind it not:
 If any friendship show, B sure
 They shall not be forgot.

But friends and foes alike D K,
 And you may plainly C,
 In every funeral R A,
 Our Uncle's L E G.

From virtue never D V 8,
 Her influence B 9
 Alike induces 10 derness,
 & 40 tude divine.

& if you cannot cut a—
 Or cause an !
 I hope U'll put a.
 2 1 ?

R U for an X action 2
 My cousin, heart and hand

He offers in a paragraph
A section broad of land.

He says he loves you to X S
E'er virtuous & Y's.
In X L N C U X L
All others in his I's.

This S A until U I see,
I pray U 2 X Q's;
& not to burn in F I G
My quaint and wayward muse.

Now fare U well, dear K T J,
I trust that U R true;
When this U see, then can U say
An S A I O U?

LABOUR UNREST.

What are to be the next developments in the direction of democratic control in this country? To those possessed of the gift of reading the signs of the times an unparalleled opportunity offers for its exercise, for a truly extraordinary state of affairs prevails. An alignment of social and economic forces is in operation which should under any combination of circumstances have been remarkable and inexplicable, but as following upon a devastating and impoverishing war, is simply bewildering.

It is futile to fulminate upon the unreasonableness of labour. In so far as that charge is justified, it is but another aspect of the problem to be dealt with, or a different way of stating the question that demands an answer. Men in masses do not become unreasonable except under the influence of anger or indignation. *Why are they angry*, is the question that should engage the attention of the philosophic mind; not the means

they employ—mild or explosive—to express that anger. One of the lessons that experience should have taught us is that when men make unreasonable demands it is because some reasonable thing has been denied them; and that when they attempt the impossible it is because the possible has been artificially made difficult or unattainable.

The riddle is after all not hard to read. A slight acquaintance with the stream of thought that pervades the labour movement is all that is required to reveal the fact that the fierce indignation that underlies the prevailing unrest has its root in the unearned incomes of the privileged classes—the royalty-owners and the land-owners. Labour is becoming observant. It sees with its own eyes that a toll is being levied on the production of the country by those who give no service in return. It knows that to pay this levy a deduction has always been made from the natural reward of industry, and it is determined that this condition of things will endure no longer. It seems fairly clear that the rebellion of the wage-earners is due to an up-rush of feeling caused by their having caught a glimpse of the knot that threatens to strangle them. They see all around them families in which graceful idling and parasitic living have become traditions. The vast ducal estates and game-hunting preserves, the city ground-rents and mining royalties that are constantly being paid to the present representatives of the titled aristocracy—are facts, the significance of which is steadily filtering into their minds. In short, the contrast between what Carlyle called “the dandies and the drudges” has assumed in these days a more dramatic form than it ever wore. The dandiacal body have acquired through generations of leisured culture the utmost degree of refinement in speech and manners. The drudges have been defrauded by ages of toil and the constant companionship of poverty, of the remotest chance of cultivating those physical, intellectual, and spiritual graces of the value of which they are doubtless as acutely conscious, as their more privileged brethren can be. Is it surprising then that a sub-conscious revulsion with the life-conditions that have produced their own unsatisfactory selves should bring forth a violent protest couched in the only language known to

his dumb and inarticulate "sect," the language of noise, upheaval and revolution?

If the British nation were as wise as we wish it to be, it would do one thing and do it quickly. It would at once let the sect of the drudges know, not by words but by actions, that the special privileges hitherto enjoyed by the dandiacal body at the expense of the said sect of the drudges, is to come with all possible speed to an end. For here we believe we have hunted down the particular microbe or bacterium that has caused the social fever which manifests itself in so many and various ways. A sense of injustice, like a poisonous germ in the blood, may produce not only fever-heat, but delirium, hallucination, madness. To kill the enemy-germ, or, to speak without metaphor, to remove the sense of injustice, is in the long run the only way to allay the fever and all its manifestations and symptoms.

MIKE HAS A NOSE OF BRASS BUT HE SHOULD WORRY.

It is being demonstrated to the folks of Mt. Healthy, Ohio, by old Mike the faithful horse of the street cleaning department that a real nose is quite a superfluous thing.

Now if Mike had relied on his own natural nose he would have been dead long ere this.

When Mike's nose ceased to work properly some five years ago, it seemed that Mike would die of suffocation. Joe Stoppel, his owner, said it would be a shame to let a horse like Mike go to the dogs merely because he can't use his nose.

So Stoppel consulted a horse doctor who told him to stop grieving because he, the doctor, would give Mike a new nose by way of his neck.

The doctor made a hole in Mike's neck, opened the windpipe and put a tube into it. At the outer end of the tube he fastened a brass disk.

All the air Mike breathes goes through the disk and up the tube and down Mike's windpipe. On cold days Mike's brass nose even emits steam.

And he's better'n ever now says Stoppel. Gidap Mike.

AIN'T IT STRANGE.

You'll find the same old twisted ways
Where ever mankind flocks;
We hand the dead all the bouquets
And all the live the knocks.

FIFTY-SEVEN MILES AN HOUR IN A FORD.

Any owner of an automobile with a detachable head motor—such as a Ford has—may increase the speed of his car from fifty to sixty per cent by means of a sixteen-valve-in-the-head cylinder attachment. As much as fifty miles an hour have been reached with a Ford.

Just how efficient such an attachment is, is not stated. Probably it is chiefly of use on racing cars. Usuaually where gases are shot in and out of cylinders so rapidly a waste ensues. Wear on parts is greater.

Imagine a little Ford scrambling down a race track, this new attachment on its engine! From under its hood comes a roar, the wheels whirr, the fenders clatter, sundry parts threaten to leave themselves along the right of way. "Too much is enough" groans the Ford.

U. B. J. '20

I would flee from the city's rule and law,
From its form and fashion cut loose,
And go where the strawberry stands on its straw,
And the gooseberry grows on its goose.

Oh, let me drink from a moss-grown pump
That was hewn from a pumpkin tree;
Eat mush and milk from a rural stump
(From form and fashion free);

New gathered mush from a mushroom vine,
 And milk from a milk-weed sweet,
 With luscious pine-apple from the pine
 (Such food as the gods might eat).

And then to the white-washed dairy I'd turn,
 Where the dairy maid hastening hies,
 Her ruddy and golden butter to churn
 From the milk of her butter-flies;

And I'll rise at morn with the early bird,
 To the fragrant barnyard pass,
 As the farmer turns his beautiful herd
 Of grasshoppers out to grass.

NINETEEN-TWENTY.

The world faces 1920 with a black eye—two of them, in fact, for the highcost of living has closed one and the threat of universal Bolshevism the other. But black eyes are always the sign of fighting blood. The human race has never been a molycoddle in its struggles with the giant jinxes that cross its path in its upward climb—and if you don't believe that it is climbing upward in spite of its present battered old mug you are in a worse way yourself than the glorious old Human Race!

Nineteen-nineteen was some year; it has more scars than medals; more rags than decorations on its breast; more humbug than wisdom to its credit.

It might be called the submarine among the years that came near sinking the Lusitania of civilization. But we beat the machinations of his Satanic Majesty, the Von Tirpitz of the world, and we are ready for another supreme tussel with him in 1920.

So cheer up and strengthen the knuckles in your old backbone, for the worst is probably yet to come!

We have a hunch straight from our own private ouija

board that 1920 is going to be the year of the Big Dawn—no millennium or anything as dull as that, but a year in which we shall begin to build the great symphony of the future. From jazz we may go into melody. Coming down to brass tacks we mean that Bunk will get it in the neck all along the line and the human race will recover its breath.

Throw away that grouch! Iron out your wrinkles and laugh with the gods; They are not worried; why should you be?

POINTERS SUGGESTED TO ENTOMOLOGISTS ACCORDING TO THE RECENT EXAMINATIONS IN ENTOMOLOGY AND ZOOLOGY.

Bordeaux mixture is prepared by adding 4 lbs. arsenate of lead, and 4 lbs. arsenate of lime to 40 gallons of water.

The insects that make the leaves curl on the apple shoots in the spring are: Appoe bug Moth, Codling Moth, Tussock Moth, Green Fruit Worm, Army Worm, Tent Caterpillar and Brown Tail Moth.

The canker worm lays eggs in mass formation on the twigs.

Bordeaux mixture acts more quickly on insects than other arsenical poisons.

The apple maggot causes corky patches on pears and apples, it burrows into the apple in the spring and it also burrows into the buds in the spring.

The adult of the bud moth is a four winged fly.

The currant worm can be controlled by the use of lime sulphur or Black Leaf 40.

The Oyster Shell Scale lay their eggs in rows on the twigs.

The adult of the green apple bug is a small moth that spins a silken cocoon.

The female adult of the tussock moth is wingless and legless.

The adult of the currant worm is a moth with an F mark on the wings.

After hatching the currant worms feed socially for a short time and then migrate to the apple.

The larva of the green apple bug is a hairy caterpillar. It may be controlled by spraying with arsenate of lead. The insect belongs to the Lepidoptera.

Spray with lead arsenate for aphids. The eggs are laid in a mass in the fall.

To kill the tent caterpillar, spray with Bordeaux mixture.

The green apple bug eats deep holes into the side of the fruit. It is a moth that stores up enough food in the summer months to carry it through the winter.

The strength of arsenate of lime is tested with a barometer.

To control the bud moth, destroy the winter cases.

To control the aphids, spray with arsenate of lead, or pick them as you see them in the leaves. The green apple aphid spends from 6 to 9 years in the larval stage.

By the presence of stiff hairs or bristles on the tongue of the cat, it acts as a brush to wash the various parts of the body.

In the buccal cavity of the mouth of the cat, the food is ground up to a more or less fine powder.

Blood is composed of red corpuscles, white corpuscles and leucocytes.

Lymph neutralizes the acidity of the chyme and aids putrefaction.

Steapsin acts on the carbohydrates and starch, changing them to glycerine.

The bile arrests peristalsis.

THE LIFE BOVINE,

Chew, chew, chew—

On thy cool, green cud, O cow!

With never a thought of the whither or whence,

Or the why or the when or the how.

Ah, well for the innocent calf,

As he skips by his mother at play,

Untroubled by worry, unconscious of care,

Sustained by the succulent hay.

Chew, chew, chew—
In the midst of thy daisies, O cow!
Let the wicked old world and its worries go wild,
There's grass within reach of you now.

B. K., in Vox Wesleyana.

LET US UNITE.

The political outlook in Canada, in the present time of transition, is a matter of keen interest and concern throughout the whole country. The life of the Canadian people as well as that of other peoples in the world is breaking away from the past. A new reorganization of the National life is plainly on the way.

The records of the two old political parties have made Canadian history but now fifty years after Canadian federation, formidable new parties rise to challenge the older ones. One of the newest and strongest being the United Farmers.

The Farmer from a shrinking rural worker who formerly took no interest in public affairs and who considered himself more or less a sloven, has changed to a self-respecting citizen, determined that Canadian public affairs should be conducted on a higher plane, and that special class privileges cease to exist, according to their ideas the government must be in the hand of those who place country before self. To secure better and more just government they intend to co-operate and by the power of the individual vote secure for their country a better class of government and has already been produced.

In the past the farmer has permitted others to do his thinking. Education is changing this, and the old political charmer is fast losing his power. The farmer's saving grace is his caution and generally his common sense. He is no wreck or for he has too much at stake his calling forbids it, he must produce or the world would starve.

Every man who works in this country is connected with one of the four sources of production, either with her mines, fisheries, forests or farms. These resources are what we draw on

for every bodily need of the nation. The majority are chiefly interested with the last mentioned. Consequently our country's future is largely in the hands of the farmers, and everything that can be said to impress upon them the importance and responsibility of their calling, should be said and repeated until all have come to realize it.

The future of Canada depends upon production. We produce that we may exchange our production for the other necessities and luxuries of life, and the more we have of this means of exchange the more we get in return and the fuller more progressive life we have the opportunity of living.

The farmer may have been slow in starting, but like the Scotch stone cutter when criticised about the slowness and deliberateness of his work said "I am building slow nae but mind ye when I get throught she'll stand for a thousand years." It is this spirit of doing things right, and with all one's might that induces the farmer to go forward and to continue the good progressive work already under way of making Canada country of equal advantage to all, that future generations of Canadians may profit by the labor of those who are the primary factors in her prosperity and production.

J. A. F.

The editor who was full of hard cider, got a sale bill and a marriage ceremony slightly mixed. It ran as follows:

Wm. Smith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith was disposed of by public auction to Lucy Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Saul Anderson on my farm, one mile east of his place in the presence of seventy guests including the following to wit: Two mules, 12 head of cattle. Rev. C. W. Jackson tied the nuptial knot, averaging 1200 lbs. to the hoof. The beautiful home of the bride was tastefully decorated with 25 cream cans, 1 sulky rake, 1 feed grinder, 1 set double harness nearly new, and just as the ceremony was pronounced Mendelsohn's inspiring Wedding March was softly played by 1 cow 5 years old, 1 Jersey cow carrying a bunch of flowers in her hand and looked charming in a gown of 1 light spring wagon,

5 boxes of apples, two stacks of hay, one grindstone mousline de soile trimmed with 100 bus. of potatoes.

The groom is a well known and popular young man and has always stood well in society circles and Berkshire hogs, while the bride is an accomplished teacher of splendid land Chinas—pedigrees furnished if desired. Among the beautiful gifts were 2 sets of silver knives and forks, 1 spring harrow, 1 wheelbarrow and other articles too numerous to mention.

The bridal party left yesterday for an extended trip, 12 months on approved joint lien notes, otherwise cash. Lunch will be served after the sale, after which Mr. and Mrs. Smith will go housekeeping in a cozy home at the corner of Main and Duke St. Dr. W. R. Jones, Auctioneer.—Anonymous.

Your graceful movements stir in me emotions grave and deep.
Your fairy face still haunts me in the evening as I sleep.
Your gay small hands and music sweet are like unto a dream.
Your jewels clear as Heaven, how they sparkle, how they gleam
And the silver, gold and diamonds that are molded in your
charm
Will never suffer insult from a foolish ruffian's arm.

I can see your beaming countenance, it reminds me through the
day,
Of the balmy air of springtime and the clear, cool morns of May.
You're the idol of my dreams, you're my fairest baby doll.
You're the subject of this lyric: "You're My Dollar Ingersoll.

STUDENT Y. M. C. A.

The organized Y. M. C. A. class which formerly existed at this College has been somewhat changed this year instead of it being a separate body it has united with the various other colleges throughout the town, and thus forming a united student body. This change was brought about chiefly through the exertions of the Student Y.M.C.A. secretary, Mr. L. S. Albright of Halifax, who came up here early in November 1919. He addressed a union meeting of the students from the Normal College, Business College and the Agricultural College. As a result of this meeting the present class was organized and the following officers duly elected.

Hon. Pres.—Dr. M. Cumming

Pres.—L. N. Vickerson (N.S.A.C)

1st Vice Pres.—Mr. Bryson (B. College)

2nd Vice Pres.—H. V. Trevoy (P.N.C.)

Sec. Treas.—D. L. Giddings (N.S.A.C.)

besides the various other committees.

At the first meeting the class had the honor of electing Capt. Ross, who has recently returned from overseas, as mentor and leader. Our Bible Class as well as our Rural citizenship class are now being well attended, but there is still room for more. We hope that before the term is over every student will avail themselves of this splendid opportunity.

PRES.

ALUMINI NOTES.

(Continued from last issue.)

'14.

H. A. Butler is taking his 4th year at Macdonald College.
Rudolph Schafheitlin is farming at his home in Canning,
N. S.

H. Kesteven-Belshaw is studying Chemical Engineering
at the University of Toronto.

Arthur McCuhn is farming at his home in River John.

W. R. Shaw is with the P. E. Island Department of Agri-
culture, with headquarters at Charlottetown.

Everett Hogan is engaged in tomato growing near Mexico
City., Mexico.

James Bremmer is a District Representative of the De-
partment of Agriculture for New Brunswick, with headquar-
ters at Chatham.

J. M. McIntosh is a District Representative of the On-
tario Department of Agriculture, with headquarters at New
Liskeard, Ont.

R. M. Lewis is taking 4th year at O. A. C.

L. G. Saunders is taking 4th year at Macdonald College.

E. C. Spicer is with the Soldier Settlement Board at Hali-
fax.

W. E. Whitehead is an assistant in the Entomological
Department, N.S.A.C.

'15.

Roland Doane is farming at Flatbush, Alberta.

E. M. Taylor is Assistant Superintendent at the Experi-
mental Farm, Fredericton, N.B.

Don Machum is in the Assurance business, with head-
quarters at St. John.

J. W. Landels is with the Soldier Settlement Board at
Halifax. Jimmie was recently married to Miss Anderson of
Dartmouth. The M.S.A. extends congratulations.

H. H. Congdon is also with the Soldier Settlement Board, Halifax.

J. H. Hoyt is a District Representative for the N. B. Department of Agriculture, with headquarters at Woodstock.

J. R. Sweeney, H. L. Trueman and Leslie Wood are all at O.A.C.; the first mentioned in 4th year, the other two in 3rd year.

'16.

A. B. MacDonald, Lyman Chapman, Walter DeLong and W. A. Flemming are all at O.A.C. Bill was recently married to Miss Helen K. Dunlap of Lower Truro. The M.S.A extends congratulations.

R. K. Dewar is studying at Edinburgh University, Edinburgh, Scotland.

W. N. Byers is taking 3rd year in Arts at Kings College, Windsor.

Byron Robinson is completing his course at the Agricultural College in Edmonton, Alberta.

W. K. McCullough is potato inspector for the Dominion Department of Agriculture, with headquarters at Truro. The most of Mr. McCullough's work, however, has been on P. E. Island for some time past.

Cyrus Poirier is with the Live Stock Branch of the P. E. Island Department of Agriculture, with headquarters at Charlottetown.

'17.

S. H. Morrison, E. F. Pineau and J. R. Sutherland are all taking 3rd year at O.A.C.

Roland Goudge is attending college in Halifax. He writes that it is his intention to study for the ministry.

T. C. Munn has recently gone to Detroit to engage in machine shop work with his brother. Up to the time of his departure, Munn was District Representative in Cape Breton County.

Waldo Walsh is Assistant in Live Stock Department at the Experimental Farm, Fredericton.

R. M. Wood is farming at his home, Carter's Point, N.B.

'18.

R. R. Hurst, B. F. Tinney, L. M. Ogilvie, D. D. Arsenault and J. A. Semple are all at O. A. C. The last three mentioned are taking 3rd year, the other two, 4th year.

Oliver Smith, is farming at his home in South Brookfield, Kings Co.

Dennie Robicheau is a District Representative of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, with headquarters at Sudbury, Ont.

P. M. Simmonds is taking his 4th year at Macdonald College.

Gordon Parker is manager of the Government Creamery at Baddeck, C.B.

Miss Sue Chase is managing her fathers farm this winter in the absence of her parents, who are taking a much needed rest in the Southern States.

Miss Mary B. MacAloney, we regret to learn has been forced by ill health to abandon her studies at Macdonald College, and is recuperating at her home in Fairview.

Stanley Wood is teaching school in his home section, Carter's Point, N.B.

Aime LeBlanc is District Representative of the New Brunswick Department of Agriculture, with headquarters at Moncton.

'19.

W. T. Perry is taking 3rd year at Macdonald College.

Fred L. Johnson is studying engineering at Acadia University, Wolfville.

F. C. Wasson is taking 3rd year at O.A.C.

Earl Weir is working in the Creamery at Little Bass River, Colchester County, N.S.

Philip Bishop who has been engaged in bee-keeping work in Ontario has returned to his home in Greenwich, N.S., for the winter.

Harold Colpitts is Principal of the Sackville High School.

Sylvio Martin is with the New Brunswick Department of Agriculture, Chatham.

Donald Rogers is working at the Experimental Farm, Fredericton, N.B.

Walter Wright, Louis Stoddart, Alex Palmer and Robert Bishop are on their own farms.

ATHLETICS.

As N.S.A.C. in former years was ably and credibly represented in the field of Athletics, she has, this year according to custom, promoted the Athletic spirit and is represented in the Hockey and Basket Ball Leagues.

With the return of the students after the Christmas holidays the work began in moulding a Hockey team from the student body. A. Laidlaw was appointed coach and under his management and direction a creditable team was secured to represent N.S.A.C. on the ice.

N.S.A.C. 6—T.B.C. 3

The opening game of the season was played at the Metropolitan Rink, January 12th when our team lined up against Truro Business College. The game was fast and the brand of hockey furnished clean and sportsmanlike.

The first period of the game was marked by fast and exciting plays. Both teams succeeding in scoring twice in this period and gong sounded with score 2—2.

The second period opened with a rush and our boys succeeded in scoring twice before our opponents realized it. The Business men made repeated attacks on our nets but Campbell and Anderson as defence proved to be strong men and saved the situation many times. Towards the last of the period the Business men scored and so it ended 4—3.

In the third period the superior staying power of our team was demonstrated. The boys of the Yellow and Blue held the rubber in our opponents end of the rink the whole period and succeeded in meeting two goals despite the efforts of Baker the Business College goal.

The game ended with our boys beseiging our opponents nets, the score standing at 6—3.

Line Up.

N.S.A.C.			T.B.C.	
G. Waller	Goal		R. Baker	
A. W. Anderson	Point		G. Talbot	
O. W. Campbell	Cover		H. Gazely	
A. Laidlaw	Centre		M. Smith	
C. Collins	R. Wing		W. McDonald	
J. Selvage	L. Wing		L. Evans	
Spares				
	H. Bates		C. Henderson	
	H. Arsenault		P. Power	
	R. Simpson		T. Spencer	

N.S.A.C. 6—STANFIELDS 3

The College boys won their second consecutive victory Friday Jan. 16th when they defeated Stanfields by score 6—3.

The teams were evenly matched and a fast and exciting game was witnessed by the "fans."

In the first period the College boys pushed things and succeeded in scoring three goals to their opponents one.

In the second period Stanfields showed considerable more energy and succeeded in netting two goals to our one. The period ended with score 4—3.

The last period opened with a rush Stanfields striving to tie the score and our boys trying to increase it. After considerable zig-zag play Laidlaw, Collin and Selvege scored after some nice combination work. This goal was followed immediately by another which was netted by Campbell. After insuring their lead our boys took it easier and the gong sounded with score 6—3.

Line up as follows.

G. P. Walker	Goal	J Gragan
A. W. Anderson	Point	L Hardacre
A. W. Campbell	Cover	A. J. Hanaway
A. Laidlaw	Centre	G. Foster
C. Collins	R. Wing	W. Hill
F. Smith	L. Wing	E. Wright
Spares—N S A C Bates, Arsenault, Simpson.		

Game was refereed to satisfaction of all by Rev. W. C. Ross.

CANUCKS 13—N.S.A.C. 3

Monday, Jan. 26 our boys found for the first time the undefeated champions of the League, the Canucks.

The game was fast and clean but very few penalties being imposed.

In the first period our boys were somewhat backward. The Canucks played the rubber fast and bombarded our goal continually. Despite the goal work of our Goal—Walker they succeeded in netting ten scores. The period ended 10—0.

In the second period our boys bucked up considerably. The defence became stronger and despite the lost efforts our defence remained impregnable and the period ended without a score by either side.

In the third period our fellows took heart after their experience in the second period and held the rubber to the Canucks end of the rink the whole period. By ideal team work they succeeded in scoring three goals and game ended 13—3.

Had our boys shown the brand of hockey in the first period as they did in the last, the score might have been higher.

For our side all the players played a good game with Laidlaw, Selvage and Campbell starring. For the Canucks Fraser, Armstrong and Hallisey proved a power of strength.

The line up was as follows:

Canucks		Agricultural College
Guinan	Goal	Walker
Hutchinson	Point	Anderson
Armstrong	Cover	Campbell
Archibald	Rt. Wing	Selvage
Fraser	L. Wing	McLeod
Hallisey	Centre	Cutten

G. Y. Thomas refereed to satisfaction of both sides.

JOKES.

What did Lyle ask Ben Smith when they met on the street one Sunday afternoon?

Who was the lady that MacKenzie tried to entertain by going to sleep?

What did Peacock use to prop up the bed?

Does Carde listen to the sermon or make eyes at a chicken in the pews?

Does G. C. Walker know that if he does not stop going to Amherst he will find the gates of Ch-town closed when he returns?

Dot—"Cecil, I want you to forget that I told you I didn't mean what I said about not taking back my refusal to changed my mind. I've been thinking it over and I've decided that I was wrong in the first place."

Cecil—"For heaven's sake! You don't really mean all that do you, Dolly?"

Smith—"Reeves spends all his spare time perfecting perpetual motion, doesn't he?"

Bowers—"Yes, but he is planning something new, now. He is going to cross airopplanes so they will lay eggs."

Thompson—"Where is that hay seed coming from that is flying out of that window?"

Guiou—"The Juniors are in there combing their Shropshire ram, I suppose."

"Say Art, I just found out what a 'rube' is."

"That so Bate, What is it?"

"Why it's one o' them forty-one-hour, ninety-five-dollar a week guys that thinks a farmer is going to sell him food cheap."

Kate—"I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered your lips just now."

"(X) it was only a piece of spit in my mouth."

What brand of face cream does Selfridge use?

Who was the Normal lady that landed an uppercut on Nickles's jaw?

What kind of oil does Lyle use on his tongue?

Is it true that Inch NEARLY captured a Wolfe after rink one night?

Would Guiou's mustache curl up or down if it would grow longer?

Why does Ned Eaton like ducks?

Why is there an Irish twinkle in Laidlaw's eye lately?

Has Bate got a weak stomach?

How MacDonnell saw 30 per cent difference between two samples of wheat out of the same bag?

Did Thompson freeze his ears down at Robie Street?

Would Cecil make a good V. S?

Why does Redding like Spinach?

What does Inch do when he has two girls to escort home and wants only one?

Who was the junior student that was nearly shot with a water pistol?

ITEMS FOR THE EDITOR.

Practically anyone can be an editor. All the editor has to do is sit at a desk six days in the week, four weeks in the month and twelve months in the year and "edit" such raw material as this.

"A Junior on Logan St. let a can-opener slip last week and cut himself in the restaurant."

"Last Tuesday a mischievous senior threw a snowball and struck a 'Shorthorn' behind the judging pavilion."

"The janitor climbed up on the residence yesterday to shovel off the snow, and fell, striking himself on the back porch.

"While waiting for the College car on Saturday afternoon a student was attacked by a savage dog who bit him several times on the public square."

"Sam Wong, while harnessing his broncho last Saturday, was kicked in the morning near his laundry."

WHAT THE PREACHER SAID.

While the editor of a certain newspaper was away from home for awhile, he left the paper in charge of a minister of the gospel. During the minister's stay in the office the following letter came from a subscriber:

"I know very well that I paid my subscription to your paper the last time I was in your office. If I get any more letters from you as I received last week I will come in and maul h—l out of you." The minister answered the note like this: "I have been trying to get that out of the editor for ten years, and if you will come down and maul it out of him then, my dear sir, I have twenty members of my church I will let you operate on"—Exchange.

CHAFF.

Ain't That So?

A six-month-old calf that won't lead is, I claim,
The stubbornest critter a feller could name,
Especially when it is too big to push
And the barn lot is covered with slippery slush.
Yep, the critter that oftenest captures my goat
Is an obstinate calf that is too big to tote.

It'll look at you so with its sad eyes, you know,
As though you were foolish to think it could go;
And it wonders whatever got into your head
To induce you to think that a calf could be led;
And grieves at your fall when you slip up and sprawl
In the mud and the ooze at the door to the stall.
The stubbornest, pitifullest critter, by jack,
Is an obstinate calf with a hump in its back;
With its cloven hoofs planted in mud, and a gaze
Of reproach in its eyes at your curious ways;
A heartbroken, sorrowful, pitying gaze,
That leaves you ashamed of your curious ways.
Aint that so?

—Jay B. Iden.

A HOPELESS CASE.

A doctor came up to a patient in a lunatic asylum, slapped him on the back and said: "Well, old man you're all right. You can run along and write your folks that you'll be back home in two weeks as good as new."

The patient went off gaily to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but as he was about to affix the stamp the letter slipped through his fingers to the floor, alighted on the back of a cockroach that was passing and stuck. The patient hadn't seen the cockroach. What he did see was his escaped postage stamp zigzagging aimlessly across the floor and following a crooked trail up the wall and across the ceiling.

In depressed silence he tore up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor.

"Two weeks!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."—*London Tit-Bits.*



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TRURO, Nova Scotia

Offers **FREE TUITION** and an allowance of five cents per mile for travelling expenses to those preparing

To Teach in the Schools of Nova Scotia.

Courses leading to license in Kindergarten and to licenses in Mechanic and Domestic Science.

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Just now you're thinking about the BASKET BALL TEAM and don't forget they will need good "gym" shoes.

We're on the job with the regulation **Basket Ball Boots**, with **Special Prices** for the team.

CONNER'S SHOE STORE

DON'T FORGET

that the "Farmers" are in town and you will get a lot of trade by filling in this space with

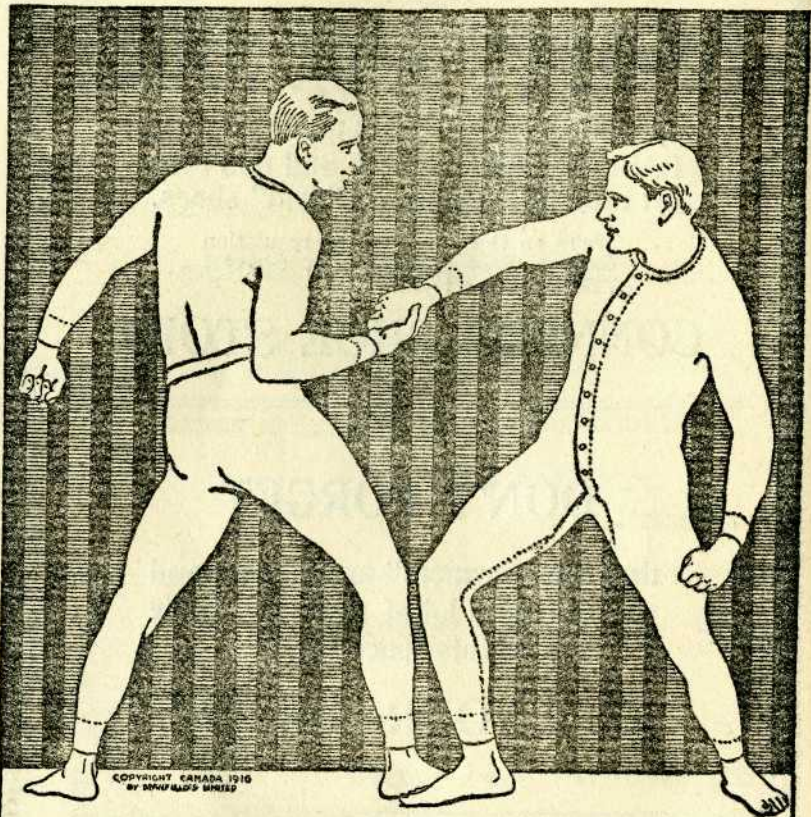
YOUR AD.

From the Hon. C. C. Drury to the "Kid down on the farm" there's not one but is a customer for the

GOOD CANDY STORE

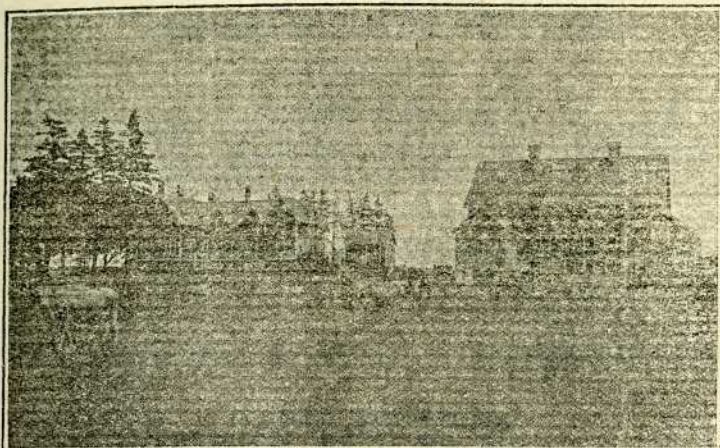
Will you be our customer?

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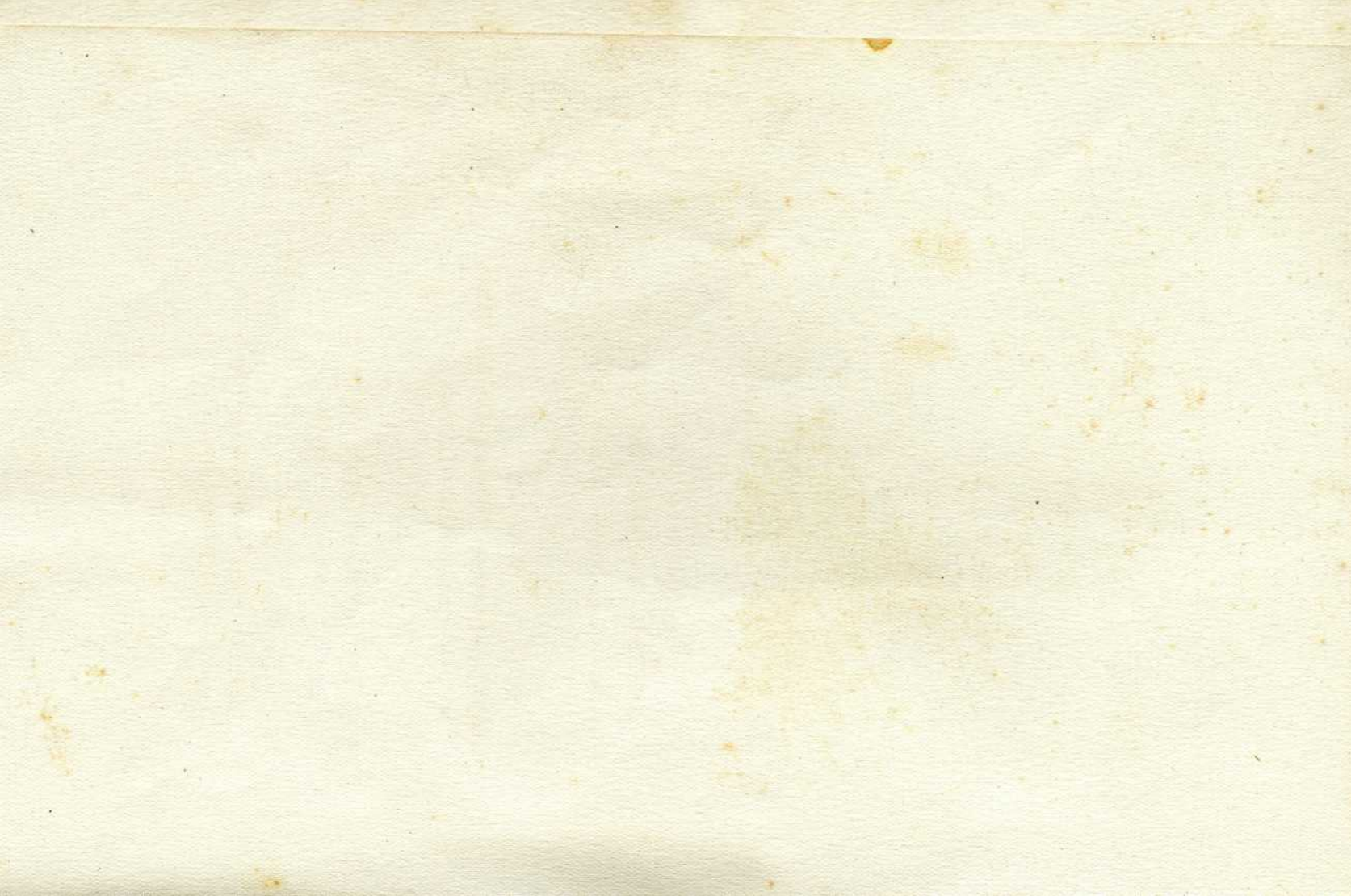
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