

Maritime
Student's
Agriculturist



Published by the Students of the Nova Scotia
Agricultural College

MARCH, 1926

MacDONALD COLLEGE

(McGill University)

School of Agriculture

WINTER COURSE AGRICULTURE

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Candidates are required to read and write the English language acceptably, and to be efficient in the use of elementary mathematics.

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Application for admission to be made to the principal, MacDonald College, P. Q.

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—AT—

The Nova Scotia Agricultural College

Commences January 7, 1927

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Tuition is free to students of all the Maritime Provinces.

The cost of this course will be about half the cost of the regular course,

For particulars respecting this course or the regular degree course write

M. CUMMING, Principal,
Truro, N. S.

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POTATO GROWING

The potato is one of the most widely cultivated plants of North America, being grown very extensively in the Maritime Provinces for home use as well as for export.

Potatoes can be grown on a soil of almost any composition provided it is well drained, but a light, sandy soil is best. It produces potatoes of better table quality than those grown on low, wet or heavy clayey soils. New soil is most desirable. If old soil must be used, it is best to precede the potatoes with a crop of clover. Clover adds nitrogenous plant food and humus to the soil, and makes it more porous. Should fresh manure be applied it is a good

practice to apply it in the fall, this gives a good chance for decomposition.

Where clover precedes potatoes, a good time to apply the manure is after the first crop has been cut, or during the previous winter or spring. This gives the manure time for decomposition, and in the end gives good results. The following spring an application of a 4-8-10 fertilizer is used, which is applied broadcast. Soil, on which a scabby crop has been produced, should not be planted to potatoes again for a number of years.

The varieties of potatoes most commonly grown in the Maritime Provinces are, Green Mountains, Irish Cobbler and Early and Late Puritan. Under our conditions these varieties are grown very successfully especially in the northern parts of New Brunswick.

The tubers for planting should be sound and not sprouted, sprouting weakens the vitality. The eyes contain several buds, which, should be dormant when set out. Each piece of tuber cut for planting should possess at least one strong eye and be large enough to nourish the new growth until the plant is well established. The sets should not be cut too small, a good size, being about two ozs. to obtain the best results.

Cutting the seed by hand is the best plan where potatoes are grown on a small scale. In most cases where machine cutters are used a large number of sets are without eyes especially those varieties having few eyes.

The best method of selecting potatoes for seed is by individual hills, in the fall during digging time, when the content of each hill can be seen. Always

select from those hills producing the largest number of smooth well shaped tubers, which are true to type.

For Potato Scab, Rhizoctonioze or any other potato disease, soak the tubers before planting, either in corrosive sublimate or formilin, the last named has the advantage of being neither poisonous or corrosive, while corrosive sublimate is poison if taken internally. It also corrodes metals. The solution should therefore be made in wooden utensils.

In planting the best results can be obtained with the planter, but on the average farm where the horsehoe is used, good results can be obtained with this implement.

The most economical distance apart to plant the sets, so as to get the largest yields depends on the variety of potatoes, and the composition of the soil. In most parts of the province the sets are dropped from twelve to fourteen inches apart for early planting and covered to a depth of four to five inches.

When the young plants are beginning to grow, frequent cultivation is very important. The soil should be cultivated every week or ten days, depending on the weather, the object being to keep the surface soil loose and destroy weeds.

There are few insects that do serious injury to the potato in this section, the most important of these is the Potato Beetle. This insect may be controlled by frequent applications of a 4-4-40. Bordeaux mixture, containing an insecticide.

There are several diseases that attack the potato. The most common of these are known as the scab and the blight. The scab of potatoes is caused by a fungous plant working in the soil and can only be controlled readily by treating the tubers with Corro-

sive Sublimite or Formilin before planting. The blight of potatoes can be controlled quite readily by spraying the foliage with Bordeaux mixture. Spray should be applied at any time of blight development. This disease is most prevalent in moist, dark, warm weather.

In harvesting, the potatoes must be dug when the maximum crop can be secured for that season, and dug when tubers are free from rot, and other diseases. In some sections it is best to delay digging until cool autumn weather when the potatoes may be dug and stored directly in the cellar.

The potato should be stored in bins in a cool, dry, dark cellar, which is well ventilated. There is a great tendency for the potatoes to sprout the latter part of the winter, so it is very essential to have the bins well ventilated.

R. A. S. '26.

TRURO GUIDE 1926 EDITION

Royal Bank of Canada: This building possesses special characteristics which are of particular interest to visitors to the ancient city of Truro. From early morning until late at night it is a hive of ceaseless activity. Brilliant specimens of manhood are to be seen dashing about with extraordinary energy. If approached carefully along the lines of the "Pal-liser," ice-hockey, or girls, they show some signs of conversational interest; but if the visitor is rash enough to mention "finance" or any other subject connected with banking they will emit a startled

squawk, not unlike the last gasp of an exhausted pea-nut, and disappear.

At night the inhabitants use it as a kind of club and are to be seen from 11 p. m.-2 a. m., reclining at ease on the counters, discussing the eternal question of "artificial wave" or "hair-oil."

The Palliser: Excellent ice-cream parlour, situated nearly opposite the Normal College. Though rather far from the station the traveller will find that a visit to this delightfully old-world retreat will be well repaid even though he does miss his train. Noted especially for an antique gramophone, believed to be the only bit of household furniture saved from the destruction of Pompeii, and which plays records hewn from the original rock surface at King Solomon's mines. Try a milk-shape, only 10c, nicer to taste and more efficient in action than a glass of raw brandy. Chop suey, imported from Shanghai, 20 cents; hair from the Emperor's pig-tail 10 cents extra.

Flemming Arena: Rendezvous of the wealth and beauty of the city. It is here that the fair local Jamsels are to be seen at their best, wagging elusively their steel-shod boots as they race madly down the straight or gyrale unsteadily round the corners. Band in attendance every other night, will play anything from "Land of Hope and Glory" in B flat to "Yankee Doodle" in A sharp. Here also the "Bearcats", a thoroughly sound team of local celebrities, who play hockey for the game and not for the dollars, are to be seen occasionally giving their varied entertainment, all praise to them. Visitors are requested not to tease the beginners as they are very sensitive, especially when they sit down.

FOR BETTER APPLES

Probably, the greatest apple district in the Maritime Provinces, is the Annapolis Valley. From this district, which is only about ninety miles long and ten to fifteen miles wide, there was exported last year a total of 3,580,770 barrels and there is still a chance for a vast increase.

One of the greatest problems of the apple man is how to grow fruit that is free from spot, injuries by insects, or high color and uniform size.

For the control of spot, which is a fungus growth, materials are applied to the trees from time to time, in the form of dusts or sprays, to prevent the fungus first from growing on the leaves and then spreading to the fruit.

I will deal chiefly on sprays, with which I happen to be the most acquainted. Probably the greatest difference in a dust or spray is the method which it is applied. The dust is blown on when the trees are damp or wet while the spray is applied when the foliage is dry. Both methods, of course, have their advantages but for the average farm the spray has proved to be the cheaper and to give better control of fungus and insects, especially the insects.

The first and most important, spray is put on when the leaves are about the size of a mouse's ear. This spray a few years ago was not considered very important but today it is. For instance I know a man this last season who said "What is the use of spraying bare wood" and he didn't spray until the foliage was quite dense. But I noticed that in the

fall, after having sprayed four times, his apples were mostly Domestic and No. 3. This first spray is made up of 1 gal. lime-sulphur, $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 lbs. arsenate of lead to 40 gal. water and is applied with a pressure of 250-275 lbs.

The 2nd spray should be put on about the time the buds are showing pink. It is at this time that the green apple bug is the most active and if it is present in the orchard, Black Leaf-40 should be used at the rate of 1 pt.-100 gal. in place of the arsenate poison, still using 1 gal lime-sulphur as an fungicide. The Green Apple Bug, which is a sucking insect is not effected by the arsenate poisons, so a contact poison has to be used, such as Black-Leaf-40, for its control. This destroys both sucking and biting insects that it comes in contact with. On account of the elusive habits of the Green Apple Bug a high pressure of about 300 lbs. if possible should be used. This is the time above all others to have the spray gear in good running order. As a matter of fact do you think it ever pays to run a machine until it is ready to fall to pieces?

The time of the third spray is shortly after the blossoms have fallen. At this stage of growth the apples are covered with a fuzz which protects them somewhat, but it is a wise plan to reduce the L.-S. from 1 gal to $\frac{3}{4}$ gal. to 40 gal. water, still using the $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Arsenate of Lime.

The time of the fourth spray is about two weeks after the third spray. But if the weather is fine it may be detained for a period of a week or ten days. Should the weather be dull and muggy then look out for spot and hasten the time of spraying and apply a fifth and similar spray. By this time the

apples have lost their fuzz and are very tender, therefore it is a good plan to reduce the L.-S. from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ or 2-3 gal. per 40 gal. water, still using the $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Arsenate of lime. Apply this with a pressure of from 200-225 lbs.

You probably have noticed that the time between each spray is about 2 weeks, which is about right for average weather. But should the weather prove dull and wet it is a wise plan to work a spray in between. One of the most important factors to bear in mind is to keep the trees covered with spray material, for a fungicide is a preventative instead of a cure. The formulas that I have given are those advocated by Dr. Brittain through his experiments throughout the Valley as well as from my own experience.

The high color of fruit depends, of course, largely upon the variety but it is often improved by good practices. A good method is to keep the trees thinned to let in adequate sunlight. This not only helps to color the fruit, but also is a good help in the combat against the apple spot. But this may be carried too far as heavy pruning is not desirable in this climate. For heavy pruning not only lessens the yield by having too few branches but it makes an excessive supply of nitrates in the sap, which tend to form leaf buds instead of blossom buds.

The methods I have mentioned are quite simple and I hope they may offer a suggestion to someone for the improvement of the apple.

S V. N. '26.

THE BRONZE GOD

Strange things happen at sea; and perhaps all sailors will agree with me when I say that from the roaring, glittering North Atlantic to the sunny, oily, treacherous China seas, the strangest things of all have happened in the Bay of Bengal, in those stifling hot, Indian ports where white men go ashore, and sometimes never come back to their ship,—not because they have deserted, as might be the case on the Australian coast, in some gay, lively, openly wicked spot, like Sydney. But India is not gay, though its wickedness is profound and old.

Our ship, the weather-beaten old "Clan Mac-Tavish", had lain for a month in what, I suppose, is one of the hottest and most unhealthy places in the world, the Kiddapur Docks, in Calcutta. In spite of its stifling heat, the sun appeared through what seemed like a heavy white mist, and conspired with the medley of smells to make breathing itself a hardship. At night, after the gangs of coolie laborers had gone, chattering, ashore, and after the last weird cry from some unseen minaret calling devout Mohammedans to sunset prayer, the silence seemed to crowd in like some sinister power, relieved only by the faint hum of mosquitoes, and occasionally by an unearthly shriek, apparently from the dark, deserted wharf.

Four of us were gathered in the third mate's room. "Chips", the ship's carpenter, (and incidentally, philosopher), the third mate, Finlay, and the third engineer, had been ashore. I was the apprentice on duty that night, or I would have gone

too. They were discussing an object which the third mate had apparently just bought, when I came in; it was a little god, a model of a Hindu deity, worked rather roughly in bronze. The third mate was sitting on the settee, his topi (or white helmet) pushed back from his black hair; he held the thing in both hands, as if trying to solve a puzzle,—or, perhaps, wondering why he had bought it. The third engineer, Ferguson, an unusually fine-looking Scotsman of about thirty, sat next him, smoking a cheroot, and looking at the object with a twisted smile; he might have been amused, but his smile was always twisted, and his grey eyes never laughed, so his feelings were always difficult to guess at. "Chips", tall, fair, and burly, looked merely disgusted.

I was struck by their absorption in what looked to me like a very ordinary and unprepossessing curio. I said, "May I have a look?" and taking the thing in my hands, I turned it over and over in an attempt to find out exactly what was particularly interesting about it; I saw nothing in any way unusual. I had seen a score of other bronze gods apparently the same in every respect. When I looked up, I saw that they were all looking at me expectantly. "I do wish,—" I began, when Finlay jumped up, exclaimed "Here!", and snatched the god from me; "Sorry, man," he went on, "but that's just what you mustn't do when you're holding it." "Mustn't what?" I asked, still mystified, and a little ruffled. "Wish!" they all cried; and they told me that three men were each entitled to the fulfilment of one wish, by holding this god in their hands, and repeating their wish aloud.

To hear three sane, healthy men, and sailors withal, talking like this, was, to put it mildly, unsettling, and I laughed long and heartily,—and near-

ly was thrown out for doing so. I said, "Do I get a wish, sir?" "No, my lad," interrupted "Chips", "you don't,—not after that!" It was only after a good deal of persuasion, in fact, that I was allowed to be a spectator of the first act of what I thought then was a very diverting farce; it turned out to be tragedy,—of high comedy; I don't yet know which!

I shut the door of the cabin; and I shall never forget that strange scene in that little, brightly-lit, white cabin, the air tinged with the blue smoke of cheroots, and the three tall seafarers solemnly invoking a power that must surely have been non-existent.

The third mate, by right of purchase, was the first to wish. He was young, about twenty-five, I suppose, with rough, dark hair, and keen, brown eyes with a laugh in them. I remember him as a generous, impulsive man, a good shipmate, and a fine seaman; if he had a vice, it was, perhaps, that he tried to live up to a sailor's reputation of having a wife in every port. Still, he had often said that he wanted to marry and settle down,—and I believe he meant it. His next words showed that I was, in part, right.

"I wish," he said loudly, standing very straight, and holding the abominable object with both hands in front of him, "that I may marry the most beautiful girl in the world!" He suddenly shuddered, and sat down abruptly, looking a little sheepish; "how damned silly!" he muttered, "Go on, third,—your turn."

"You take it, "Chips", replied Ferguson, "I'll go after you". The carpenter lit his pipe, and took the god, and looking up, grinned; "I dunno," he mumbled, "Ye know, I don't like all this monkeyin'.

"Oo was it said there was more things in 'eaven an' earth—or somethin'?"

"Go ahead, "Chips", I cut in.

"Well,—it can't do no harm, I s'pose," he said doubtfully,—then "I know!" he cried, "I ain't no hypocrite. I wish for a thousand pounds,—within the year!" he laughed, and the god clattered to the floor.

"You fool!" I shouted, "Why didn't you make it a million?" He quickly picked it up, and repeated feverishly "I mean a million! I mean a million!"

"Too late now, 'Chips", broke in Finlay, with a laugh, "One wish each, the old boy said." 'Chips', smiling fatuously, handed the image to Ferguson, saying, "Well, I won't say no to a thousand if it turns up,—maybe I'll find it under my pillow when I turn in!"

Ferguson, with a faint, twisted smile on his tanned, lined face stood very still as he said in a quiet voice, "To my mind, there's only one thing really worth having," the steady grey eyes seemed to light up,—“I wish for real, lasting, happiness!"

For an instant there was silence. Then, through the open port-hole came a furious gust of unexpected wind, hot, dusty, scented; it scattered papers, charts, letters, everywhere, and swung crooked a picture on the opposite bulkhead before Finlay sprang up and shut it, with an oath. Wind suddenly possessed the ship, and banged doors, and howled through the shrouds; it was a foul, dust-laden outburst. At that moment, the lights of the ship went out, and I heard the third engineer swear for the first,—and the last, time in our acquaintance. "—! The—lights would fail just now!" he said, and groped for the door;

"shall I have to go below, and see what's the trouble".

So, besides the confusion of this ubbelievably immense wind, we were in the dark.

"Good thing we're not at sea!" said I to the darkness.

"Wish to Heaven we were:" growled Finlay's voice, "She'll probably break her cable at this rate, and then we'll have the devil of a fine time". As he spoke, the mate, stumbling along in oilskins, ordered us to get an extra cable out, for'ard. Of course it began to rain then,—and rain, like wind, in the tropics, is always on a big scale. However, it was only a matter of about ten minutes' hard hauling and straining, on the black, stormswept quay, and the job was done.

We ran up the gangway again, groping for our cabins, for the ship, to our surprise, was still in darkness. From the engineer's quarters on the starboard side of the ship, we heard voices, the chief and second engineers, speaking in agitated murmurs; instinctively, we began to move towards them. The chief's voice said distractedly, "God, man, but it's awfu!" Suddenly, the lights blazed on again all over the ship, and what we saw struck us dumb. Lying on the chief's camp-bed,—he always slept on deck, fair weather, or foul,—was the third engineer, ghastly pale, with eyes shut; a little blood oozed from between his lips.

Finlay gasped out, "What—what's happened, second?"

"Went down to fix the lights,—must have fallen down the ladder, and knocked his head on something!" replied the second engineer jerkily. The form on

the camp-bed stirred very slightly, the brows contracted, and then smoothed out, the eyelids fluttered faintly,—and then stopped, half-open, and the lips parted in a smile,—and the smile was not twisted this time; he looked like a man incredibly at peace, and lastingly happy.

The old 'Chief' quickly bent his ear to the man's chest, then clutched his pulse—a pause of perhaps half a minute, and he slowly straightened himself and said simply, "He's gone!....." 'Never wish to sail with a better engineer! "His voice was husky as he added: "or a finer man." And he walked quickly away, muttering as he went, "God, it's awfu'.

The carpenter and Finlay exchanged a look. There seemed nothing to say. Finlay broke the silence. "He looks so—happy", he said.

"Ay,—he got his wish", replied the carpenter.

"Don't, 'Chips'!" cried Finlay, sharply, "I wish I'd never seen the d——d god!" and turning on his heel, he went to his cabin; there was a dull splash from somewhere in the darkness on the other side of the ship. I knew that the little bronze god had found a permanent resting-place in the filthy, thick water of the docks.

* * * * *

It was about a year later. I had transferred to a ship on the South African run. One calm, golden, evening we steamed into Cape Town, and, running my glasses over the various craft in the harbour, I was overjoyed and very surprised, to see the old "Clan MacTavish" alongside the wharf; I thought my old ship was still on the Indian run, and it was like seeing a very intimate friend again. We tied up immediately astern of her, and you may be sure that, as soon as the day's work was over, I was on the wharf

and up the old, familiar gangway, and asking the Lascar quartermaster for the third mate.

I found him in the same, historic cabin. He was smoking a pipe, and reading a letter when I came up; I thought instantly the man looked years older. There were grim lines about his mouth, the vigor and enthusiasm seemed to have fled from his eyes, and I thought I saw a suspicion of grey at the sides of the black hair. He jumped up, and welcomed me warmly, "Hullo, my lad!" he cried; we talked for a little, as sailors will, about our respective ships, and of incidents of our trips, and of old shipmates.

"What's happened to Woodleigh?" I asked, "Did he get his thousand?"

Finlay rose, looked at me keenly for a minute, and said, "Yes!" very gravely; then he added, "Come ashore, and I'll tell you about that over a drink."

And over a stained table, in an atmosphere of beery mirth, and tobacco-smoke, I learnt how Woodleigh, late 'Chips' of the "Clan MacTavish" had had his wish.

It appeared there had been a fire in the coal-bunkers on her next trip out East; it had been a case of all hands having to work together to keep it under, for the ironwork of the bunker was adjacent to a hold stowed with highly inflammable cargo. They had effectively subdued the fire,—all that was left were the fumes,—and were all leaving the bunker, when, with a rumble and clash, coal thundered down, and blocked the exit. Of course, it was only the work of a few minutes to clear it away, for everyone had seen it happen. But when it was done, they found a dead Lascar under the pile of coal,—and 'Chips'. They thought he was dead, too. He

might as well have been; for besides a fractured spine, he had been badly 'gassed', and had lost his reason.

"They say," concluded Finlay, "he may get back his wits, but he can never walk, or do anything worth while again".

"And the thousand pounds?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I was coming to that. The Company gave him £500, by way of compensation, —and it appears he was insured under some accident policy, which netted him another £500 for 'total disability'!"

We drank again. After a pause, "What about your own wish?" I inquired, foolishly.

"We won't discuss that," he said abruptly. I noticed he drank far more heavily than he used to, and said less. For some reason I felt sorry for him. We parted late, and from that day to this, I have never seen him. I thought that I should never have the satisfaction of knowing if he had had his wish, that he should marry the "most beautiful girl in the world".

* * * * *

It happened that I was on seven days leave in London. I had been paid off, and had no one to spend my money with except my young "Sheik" of a brother, and my sister. Accordingly, we celebrated my first night at home for nine months, by a visit to the Coliseum; my brother, omniscient in the "latest things in Town", had said I must see Mlle. Ver-
aux, billed as "the most beautiful woman in the world." I pricked up my ears. "Oh—French, I suppose?" I said idly. "Oh, no!" answered my brother, "A Cockney, every inch of her. That's an

assumed name, of course. They say she was married to a seaman of sorts." "Really?" I said.

We saw her. She danced, and brought the wildest applause from a crowded house, not, I felt sure, for her dancing, which even I could see was not such a brilliant performance, but simply for her beauty. I shall not describe her. Suffice it to say that she did present an ideal of sheer beauty.

A fat voice behind me rasped out, "Lovely, ain't she? Used to be married to a sailor,—Finlay, his name was, I think."

Used to be married? I wondered what had happened. After the performance, I left my puzzled brother and sister, and going into the wings, gave an attendant a note for "Mlle. Veraux." I had written "Will you see a very old friend of Finlay's for a minute?"

The man to whom I had given the note was back in a moment: "She'll see you" he said laconically. I stepped, a little awed, into the resplendent woman's dressing-room.

She was sitting before a mirror, in the dress she had worn on the stage, smoking a cigarette; a glass of whiskey stood at her elbow. Yes, everything was perfect about her, her features, her hair, her figure, her skin,—everything, except the most important thing of all to my mind,—her expression, or more accurately, her lack of it. I had meant to be friendly, to ask her about Finlay, but before that cold, soulless stare, I hesitated.

"Well?" she said, "you knew Alec, did you? He was a funny boy,—hadn't much use for him, myself."

"Madam," I said, "I was shipmates with him for some time; he was a very fine fellow".

"Glad you think so", she replied.

"I—I thought I'd like to make the acquaintance of his—his—"

"Don't say 'wife'", she interrupted, "I'm not his, now".

"I see," I said, lamely.

"Satisfied with your inspection?" she asked, rudely.

"Perfectly," I answered, and turned to go. I heard a harsh laugh as the door closed behind me. "Get me another drink, Lizzie," said her voice.

So poor Finlay, too, had had his wish. Somehow, I was glad I had not wished, that night in Calcutta.

A. V. C. '27.

A DISEASE FREE AREA

Tuberculosis is a contagious disease attacking many animals, but perhaps is most common in cattle. It is caused by germs or bacteria that are always present in an animal suffering from this disease. The milk from diseased animals will affect not only domestic animals, but man, especially children under eight years of age.

In order to overcome this disease and to provide milk that is safe for human consumption the Federal Government has designed a plan known as the Restricted Area Plan. A certain area is set aside for this purpose and Veterinary Inspectors, supplied by the Dominion Government, are sent into such areas and all the cattle are subjected to the Tuberculin test. These tests are continued until the area is declared free of tuberculosis. Cattle reacting to the test are slaughtered, according to the provisions of the Animal Contagious Disease Act.

In order to establish a Disease Free Area, it is necessary to secure a two-thirds vote of the breeders in its favor. When this is done the Provincial Department of Agriculture makes application to Ottawa on behalf of the breeders. If the application is favorably considered, provisions are then made for the carrying out of the plan.

The breeder pays absolutely nothing for the testing of his cattle under this plan. The Dominion Government pays its own inspection costs. All the breeder is asked to do is to co-operate with the Inspectors.

The direct loss to the owner, having cattle that

re-act to the test, is very trifling, when the fact is considered that the animal slaughtered is a diseased animal. Two-thirds of the value placed on any animal will be paid the owner by the Federal Government and in addition the owner will be given the carcass, if infection is not general.

A Disease Free Area was established in Prince Edward Island last year, and when inspection was completed, the number of infected cattle was found to be only 559 out of 95,200, or less than one-half of one per cent. The time to clean up is when the percentage of infection is low, as it will be costlier and more difficult later on.

Every breeder of cattle should be behind this movement to clean out infected cattle and eliminate the possibility of human beings contracting this dread disease. In addition to this, the value of our live stock would increase greatly if we could guarantee that they are free from disease. Once, our cattle are pronounced clean, buyers will be attracted and the breeder will profit by the higher prices that follow an increased demand. In the sale of butter and cheese, if these dairy products were placed on the market carrying this guarantee, a greater value would undoubtedly be placed upon them.

H. McL. '26.

THE WINTER OF '98

It was the winter of 'ninety-eight, if I remember
right,
When four of us hit the Dawson trail one cold and
starlit night.
We'd just had a drink with the boys at the bar, and
a handshake all around,
For it wasn't simply an "Au revoir" when a man
was Northward bound.
We turned our backs on the gay saloon, and faced
the northern lights,
The stars that twinkled up above seemed to mock us
from the heights.
With hard-packed snow, and fifty below, By Heaven!
the going was good,
So we forced the pace and drove the dogs as hard as
ever we could;
And it wasn't long ere the ragtime song that some-
body sang in the bar
Was an echo faint and indistinct, that seemed to
come from afar,
And the only sound in the great alone was the swish
of our snow-shoed feet,
And the shuddering howl of the timber-wolf, half
starved and crazy for meat.
We pitched our camp and made our fire, then laid
the rugs on the snow,
And we fell to swapping yarns and jokes by the em-
bers' dying glow
And one would tell of the living hell in a liner's stoke-
hold crew;
With the glistening heat, and blinding light to the
throb of the threshing screw.

Another told of the sunny south, where the soft sea-
breezes blow,
And the peaches hang on the wall in spring, and no-
body thinks of snow.
Then the third man spoke, and he told a tale of a
- thing that occurred at sea,
And he spoke with many a laugh and jest, and his
language was mighty free,—
He told us how, in his earlier days, he had been a
liner's mate
In a ship that sailed from Liverpool, round the Horn
to the Golden Gate;
How on one trip he'd met a girl; she was going to be
married, he said,
To a man who was making a home in the West;—
the blood rushed to my head!
For I had once made a home for a wife, but she had
been lost at sea,
And that was five long years ago, in the summer of
'ninety-three.
He told, as if it were a jest, how, succumbing to her
charms,
One, hot, calm night on the after-deck, he had grasp-
ed her in his arms;
She had broken away with a strangled sob,—her
face was deathly pale,
And turning to flee from his clutching hands, had
tripped,—and gone over the rail!

And as he finished, a heavy cloud crept over the
starlit sky;
Above the wail of the rising wind came the wolves
unearthly cry.

Then the snow came down in a blinding swirl, shutting out sound and sight,
And a man couldn't see a yard away, either to right or left.

But with the dawn the blizzard passed, and each could clearly see—

That where there were four the night before, now there were only three!

* * * * *

What had happened that night I alone could have told,

And how the mate lost his life;

But the girl of the story he'd told that night

Should now have been my wife!

F. L '27.

ROBBERS OF OUR FORESTS

We all know the effects of insects, on the various farm and garden crops, and of the amount of time and money it takes to keep them under control.

Nearly every farmer owns a wood lot which supplies him with fuel, and lumber for the various buildings which need repairing occasionally, and for any new buildings that are required. The woodlot yields a very valuable crop, which would be much more valuable if properly handled. For instance, if the farmer knew as much about the insects that are at work in his lumber, as he does of those that infest his potatoes and orchards, he could save much that ordinarily goes to waste.

There are two insects which work cooperatively in the destruction of the evergreen trees; the "spruce

bud worm" and "monohamas" beetle. The "spruce-bud-worm" attacks the young green shoots of these trees in the spring of the year, and does so much damage to the foliage that the tree generally is unable to recover. The following spring "monohamas" starts work where the "bud worm" left off.

The adult beetle lays her eggs in the bark of the dead tree, the eggs hatch and the larvae commence work by feeding on the inner surface of the bark, between the bark and the wood. They feed here during the summer along toward fall they bore into the tree, the first summer they generally go only an inch or so; the next summer they bore on through the tree to within an inch or less of the bark, on the opposite side. Up to this stage the larva has been boring a hole oblong in shape and growing in size as the larva developed, the hole leading in no definite direction.

When the larva gets near the surface of the opposite side of the tree, it pupates and the following spring in the form of an adult bores a perfectly round hole to the surface.

Now with anywhere from four to twenty-four of these insects to every foot of the tree, you can imagine the damage that is done.

If the trees killed by the "spruce bud worm" and by other causes were cut within two years after dying, they would make just as good lumber as those cut while still green. Would the farmer but take the trouble to go through his wood lot each year or two and cut the lumber soon after it dies, he could save what is ordinarily destroyed by monohamas.

D. L. M. '26.

EDITORIAL

When this issue, reaches our readers, winter will be retreating and spring will be just around the corner. In a few weeks, some of our students will be leaving us after their winter's work. Some of those leaving will not return as students, but many will be back next year to take up their studies again. There has been a marked increase in attendance this winter and things have been rather lively about these classic halls.

* * * * *

No issue was published before Christmas because the number of students in attendance, then made this impossible. This issue is late in reaching the readers and we can only offer the usual excuses—the pressure of class-work, and a general tendency toward laziness. The winter climate of Nova Scotia certainly differs from that of the sunny, Spanish, south, yet still we often put off our duties until that ever-elastic “manana.”

Some of us will soon leave the College to take up work in the world outside. We should all realize that any institution is judged by its members. We shall continue to be members of this college or at least members of its alumni. It is the duty and privilege of all to so live and work that this College may be credited with helping to produce worth-while citizens of Canada.

This has been a successful year in athletics at the College, as a perusal of those columns will show. We hope that the students of next year will continue this and in addition acquit themselves well in the

literary activities of the college. At all events, we are through, they must "carry on."

Although your future may advance,
To untold conquest and romance.
The moment of your living chance,
Is now.

SOCIAL

The social events of this year, beside the social intercourse of class-room and hall, have consisted of four dances and one reception.

On Saturday, January 17th, the Faculty were at home to the students and to the girls attending the Home Maker's Course, in the Assembly Room of the Science Building.

A delightful programme of music and readings was provided and dainty refreshments were served. Cards and dancing were enjoyed and a pleasant evening of social enjoyment was spent by all at the close, the students thanked the Faculty and gave three cheers as demonstrative of their appreciation.

Two "Saturday night" dances were held before our student body was increased after the Christmas vacation.

On January 28th a very successful dance was held in honor of the girls attending the HomeMaker's Course.

The annual "At Home" was held on February 15th and was a splendid affair. The Assembly Hall was tastefully decorated in the college colors and music was furnished by Fraser's orchestra.

More than three hundred guests were present and all enjoyed themselves. Refreshments were served and the "Last Waltz" was played about 1.30. The chaperones were Mrs. Cumming, Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Trueman.

The students wish to thank the professor's wives, who have so kindly chaperoned the dances. We realize that it is not always easy to come and we appreciate the kindness. Especially do we thank Mrs. Cumming and Mrs. Trueman, who have loaned us chairs and games.

The dances this year have been under the efficient direction of the ever energetic Mr. Sadler.

PERSONALS

'For they were jolly good fellows.'

Among the students at O. A. C. this year are G. G. Dustan, Norman I. Clarke and A. D. Pickett of our last year Seniors, and Anthony Banks is taking his fourth year.

George MacLeod '25 is at his home at South Bar, Sydney.

Carlton Taylor, '25, who was working in the pathological department at Kentville, is at home this winter. Good luck Ichabod.

Lawrence Sharpe '25 and Charles Maxwell '25 are at their homes in N. B.

Donald Patterson '25 and his brother Nelson Patterson '24 are both at MacDonald.

George Cox '16 was elected Pres. of the N. S.

Farmer's Association for this year.

H. R. Brown '08 who has been promoter of the Dairy Industry for Nova Scotia and Cape Breton for the last 10 years has resigned and is farming at Pugwash. Brown is Secretary-Treasurer for the N. S. F. A.

E. R. Gourley and G. B. Pender both '25 went west on the harvest excursion last fall and stayed out.

Douglas Archibald '19 and James Byers are both studying hard at Pine Hill.

Charlie Benoit, '22 who had been at the poultry plant for some time past, qualified for and now has a splendid position at the Central Poultry Farm Ottawa.

The Annual Meeting and Banquet of the Alumni Association was held in Truro, Wednesday, January 27th. This meeting was a little better attended than in former years. The fact that it was held during the week of the Farmers Association and Dairymen's Association meetings, no doubt had a great deal to do with the increased attendance. The following attended:

E. C. Bouldon '13	W. R. Retson '15.
C. H. Weldon, '15	H. R. Brown '08
E. L. Eaton '18	Hawley Smith '25
A. S. Palmer '19	Allison Marshall '25
R. Chase '25	Roscoe Elliot '25
F. W. Walsh '17	J. L. Clark '20
Cenith Thomas '22	John Clark '21
S. Hilton '20	E. J. Vincent '21
K. Cox '21	C. C. Ells '24

I. C. F. MacDonald '22.

Bob Chase and Hawley Smith '25 spent a week end in Truro recently and took in the Annual At Home. Both these were at the Alumni Meeting and Banquet and spent the following week visiting friends and looking over farming operations around Sackville. They saw Carmen Fawcett, Sackville, '22 and Donald Harper '23 of Middle Sackville. Carmen is running the home farm on an extension scale specializing in potatoes, strawberries and beef cattle. Donald Harper is doing well in dairy cattle, Holsteins. Recently they built a large up-to-date barn and are farming in a scientific manner.

Floyd Wheaton '23 of Upper Sackville took two years in one. He is married, has a son and is doing extensive farming.

Bob Chase reports he recently saw Clifford Nichols '25 who is farming in Morrystown, Kings Co., and naturally specializes in apples.

Max Ells '21, Sheffield Mills, located at the home farm and is interested in apple growing and dairy cattle.

Verner V. DeLong '23 is at Acadia studying psychology with the view of following Agricultural Missionary work.

George Strudwick of '17 was in Truro the week of the Farmer's meetings. George is with the Halifax Creamery and is on the road considerable on dairy and feed work.

Dr. W. H. Brittain of the College staff has a year's leave of absence and is pursuing investigational work for the Cynamid of New York. He has carried on work in Spain, Egypt and is at present in India.

In Dr. Brittain's absence, the classes in Zoology and Entomology are carried on by Mr. W. Whitehead.

EXCHANGES

It is with great pleasure that we acknowledge the latest numbers of our contemporary magazines, and we would take this opportunity of remarking on the high standard not only of work, but of literary promise which the colleges throughout the Dominion are maintaining.

In offering our sincerest congratulations and thanks to the publications in question, we should like to depart from precedent to make special mention of the "Acadia Athenaeum", which, besides its excellent arrangement, contains several articles and stories of first-class literary merit.

Without exception, the publications are progressive and original.

The Brunswickan

The whole tone of the magazine is fresh and humorous; we feel, however, that a little more consideration might be given to literary talent, which would help to make the organ of more than local interest.

The Athletic columns are well-written-up, and the Rouge et Noir section provides good reading,—and laughing!

King's College Record

The features which pleased us most in this extremely well arranged Christmas Number, were the able and stimulating Editorial, and the articles on "Pauline Johnson", and "The Prairie."

Some of the poetry was good, "Free Verse" being specially entertaining.

Managra

The New Year Number of "Managra" as usual gave us much pleasure. "Pax Mundi," as a very interesting and comprehensive article on one of the greatest questions of the moment, was indicative of the high standard of thought and ability at the "M. A. C." "Locals" were exceptionally diverting, and the poem "Faces" showed an unusual turn of mind, besides a certain ability.

Acadia Athenaeum

We have already mentioned this magazine, and again we must take off our hats to the Editorial staff for having turned out such an admirable publication. The College News was interesting, the articles and plays thoughtful and spontaneous, and the Exchanges column was evidently the successful result of the expenditure of time and trouble. It's hard to beat, Acadia! Keep it up!

Dalhousie Gazette

Dalhousians have achieved a difficult task in arranging a great deal of news and literary talent into a small space. There is little in the latest issue of the "Gazette" that is not well worth reading. If a criticism may be offered, it is not unreasonable to suggest, perhaps, that some of the very interesting articles might profitably have been extended at the expense of some of the poetic talent, which did not always "come up to scratch".

Mount Allison Argosy

This is a very welcome visitor to our Reading Room, both, because of the literary merit of its articles and because its news columns interest our readers, especially those who know students at Mt. A.

The editorial "Collegiate" interested us very much, for we had often thought that a word of warning has been needed upon this subject.

SPORT REVIEW

Well, boys, we're away!

You can talk about studies but who can stand the tedious toil of learning if he has not a good physique.

That is the way we students of twenty-five and twenty-six look at it and so are running sport and studies together.

So far they are making a good combination, but let's forget the studies in this column.

Before the farm students arrived we found it very difficult to get together enough material to furnish a team for any branch of sport. We managed, however, to get a basketball team going and entered it in the town league.

In the league we succeeded in coming thru to the play-off where we were defeated by the Y. M. C. A.

We played many exhibition games and these will be found summarized in another column.

When the farm students arrived after Christmas we had enough men to place creditable teams on both the gymnasium floor and the ice.

A new league has been formed in basketball and we hope to not only enter the play-off but to emerge one better.

Our hockey team is certainly worth while seeing in action.

Action is the right word to use beyond a doubt.

We ended the first game with a riot and the final whistle found most of us on the ice with the goal keeper on top of us and over the goal keeper was the net, giving the situation the appearance of a cage of

wild animals.

Our goal pads, protectors and other equipment is at a low ebb but our spirits, plus a few magazines, a pillow or so, and some taped hockey sticks more than make up for the missing articles.

The only hard part we find about hockey is the ice and side boards.

Indoor baseball has been started and already several games have been played. The faculty are not to be outdone and have organised a team.

The student and faculty teams clashed with the inevitable result, youth victorious over maturity.

The sport this year is under the able management of Mr. Creighton who makes a very efficient coach.

The games are summarized as follows.

Basketball

- Nov. 28 N. S. A. C. defeated 1st Presbyterian Chur.
- Dec. 3 N. S. A. C. defeated St. Andrews.
- Dec. 9 N. S. A. C. defeated Y. M. C. A.
- Dec. 13 St. Andrew's defeated N. S. A. C.
- Dec. 16 N. S. A. C. defeated Normal College.
- Dec. 18 Y. M. C. A. defeated N. S. A. C.
- Jan. 15 N. S. A. C. defeated St. Andrews.
- Jan. 24 N. S. A. C. tied with C. C. A.
- Feb. 5 N. S. A. C. defeated C. C. A.
- Feb. 27 N. S. A. C. defeated Pine Hill, Halifax.

Hockey

- Jan. 26 N. S. A. C. defeated Farm Employees.
- Jan. 30 Farm classes defeated degree classes.
- Feb. 4 Business College defeated N. S. A. C.

Feb. 18 St. Andrews defeated N. S. A. C.

Feb. 20 N. S. A. C. defeated Normal College.

As above stated N. S. A. C. defeated Pine Hill at Halifax. About twenty-five students made the trip and all had a very jolly time. We went down on the early morning train and were very hospitably entertained at the Pine Hill residence.

The game was played at 12 o'clock and we were successful, winning by the score of 28-14. Hamilton was, without doubt, the best player on the floor.

After dinner at the Pine Hill residence, the crowd visited various places of interest about the city, such as the Technical College, the Parliament building. One group, headed by Mr. Creighton, went over to Dartmouth, but were allowed to return.

All except three or rather four students returned on the evening train. It was agreed by all that this was a most enjoyable trip.

HAYSEEDS

Normal Student's Father: Young man, can you support my daughter in the way to which she has been accustomed?

L-u-c-s '27. Well, I can start her on bread and milk, the same as you did.

There was a young student named Jones,
Whose voice had most wonderful tones,
He'd sing to the cows,
The horses and sows,
'Till they would join in on their "bones."

Mary. Joe, there are spooks in the house for I

felt the bedclothes moving and heard shoes travelling around.

MacD-n-ll (26) Were you scared, dear?

Mary. Yes, what will stop them?

Joe. Tie two nutmegs on a string and wear it around you.

When a hen cackles, is she lying or laying?
Perhaps Jack Johnstone could tell us.

Prof. Whitehead (to West): Did you ever see a Horse Fly?

West (thinking) No, I've seen a cow jump over a fence, but I never saw a horse fly.

C. Smith (at station). A return ticket, please.
Where to?

Smith: Back here, of course.

Betty: I wish I could arrange the alphabet.

Sadler '26. Why?

Betty: Because I like you and I close together.

Miss McL--n. '26. I don't want to see you to-night.

Longmoore: Alright, I'll turn out the light.

Jennie. You must marry me.

Thibeau ('27) I marry whom I please.

Jennie. Well, you surely please me.

A. E. Johnson (writing from Halifax).
Dear Mr. Creighton:

Truro. Please get me a one-way return ticket from Halifax to Truro.

The Alphabet

A, B, C, D. gold fish?
L, M, N, O, gold fish,
O, S, A, R.

Prof. Harlow (in Geology class.)
Mr. MacCuish, what is the largest diamond?
Dave (just awakening). Er, Oh, the ace, I think.

Jones (to Beale). Where is your note book.
Beale. Forgot it.
Jones. Forgot all you know, eh.

Willie Gillis: How can we promote poultry development in Nova Scotia?

Johnstone '26. I suggest that we cross the White Leghorn with a Jack Rabbit so as to get a woolly egg, that won't freeze up in Port Hood.

Three members of the Senior Class were reported eight months late for entomology.

Will they join the class of '27?

Sadler was drowsy in Chemistry.

Mr. Harlow: Longmoore, keep that bottle of chloroform away from Sadler or he will go to sleep altogether.

Miss MacL'n (in store). I want a hammock.

Clerk. Yes, miss, what kind.

Miss MacL'n. One big enough for one, but strong enough for two.

Prof. Landry. Yes, mites are injurious to the birds. When they get too thick it is better to move out.

(To McIntyre who was nodding). What do you think?

McIntyre. I'd turn the cats in and let them clear them up.

Scene: Botany lab. Sadler is staring vacantly about at the ceiling and lights.

Prof. Cun-n-ham. Sadler, how do you get along between moons?

Thibeau (26). Being back in town, I miss my young horse and the cat.

Effie. Oh, yes my dear, but you still have me.

Little Mary,
Box of paints
Licked her brush
Joined the saints.

Rowe '27. I was vaccinated straight from the calf.

Chadwick. Oh, yes, like to like.

Fontaine asleep in cafe.

Waiter. "Order, please, order.

Fontaine (amazed). I wasn't making any noise.

Betty: You were teaching that parrot bad language.

Hopper: No, I was just telling it what not to say.

Prof. (at end of long lecture) Boys any questions?

(Reid) '26—What time is it?

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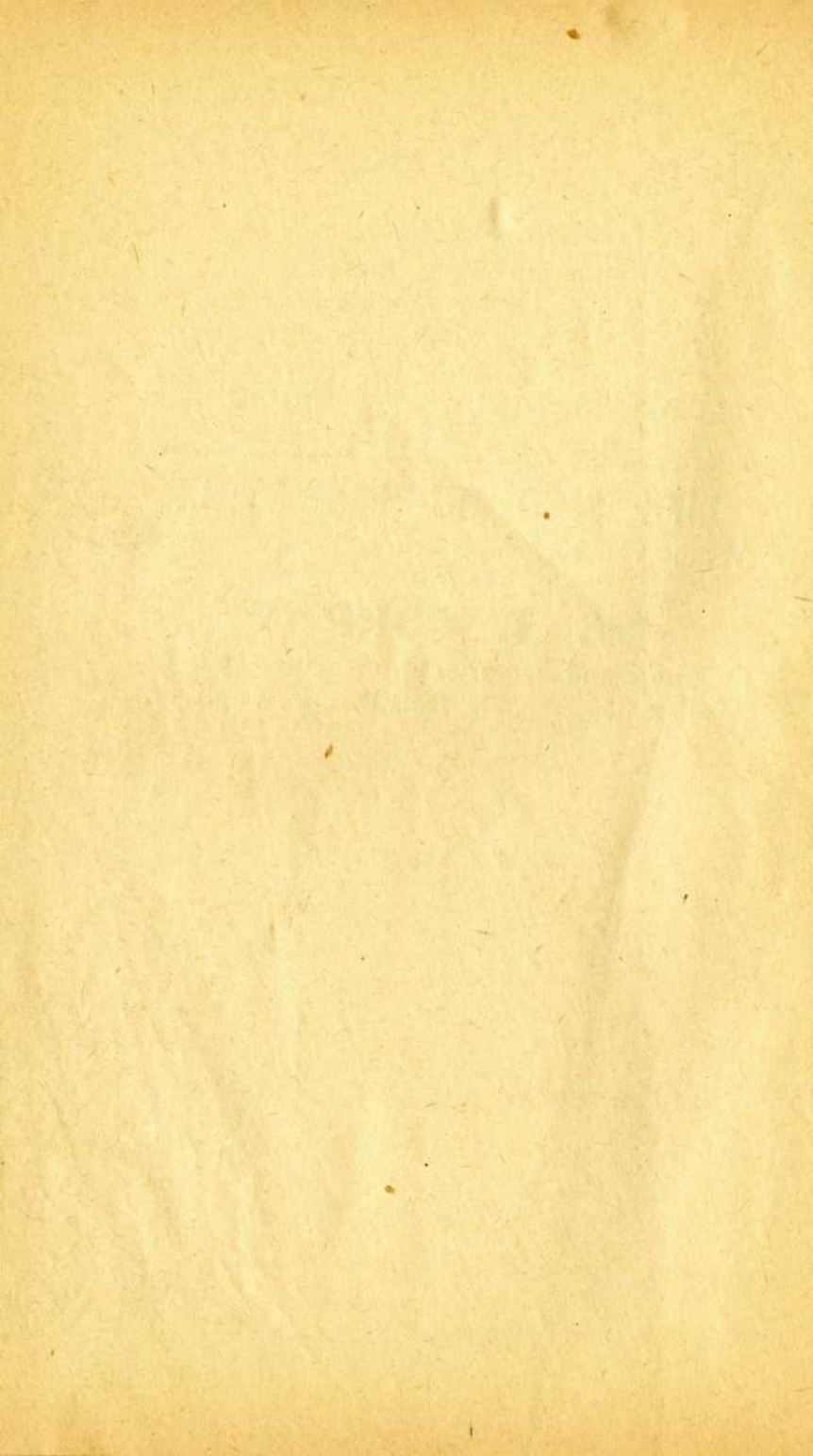
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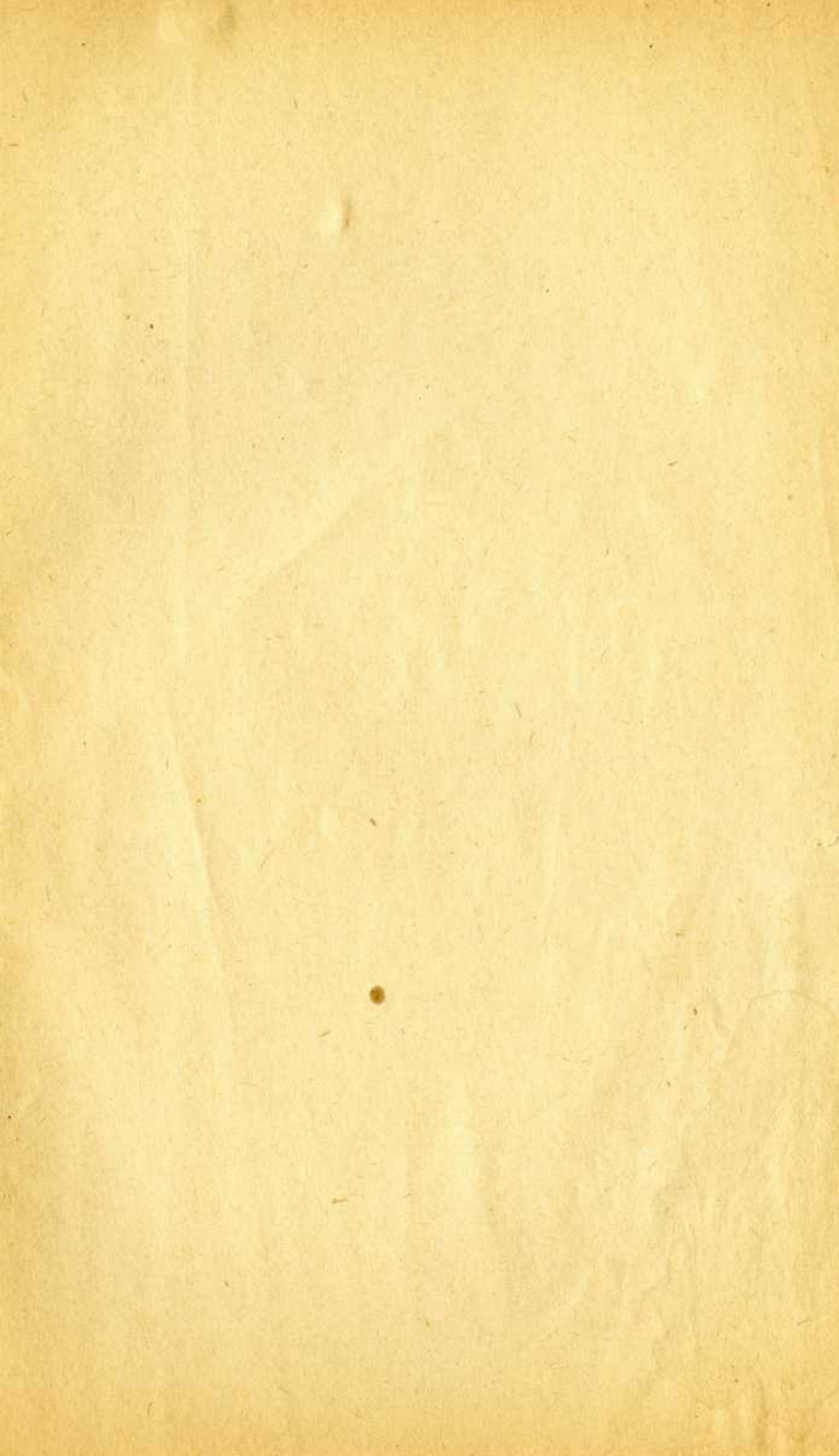
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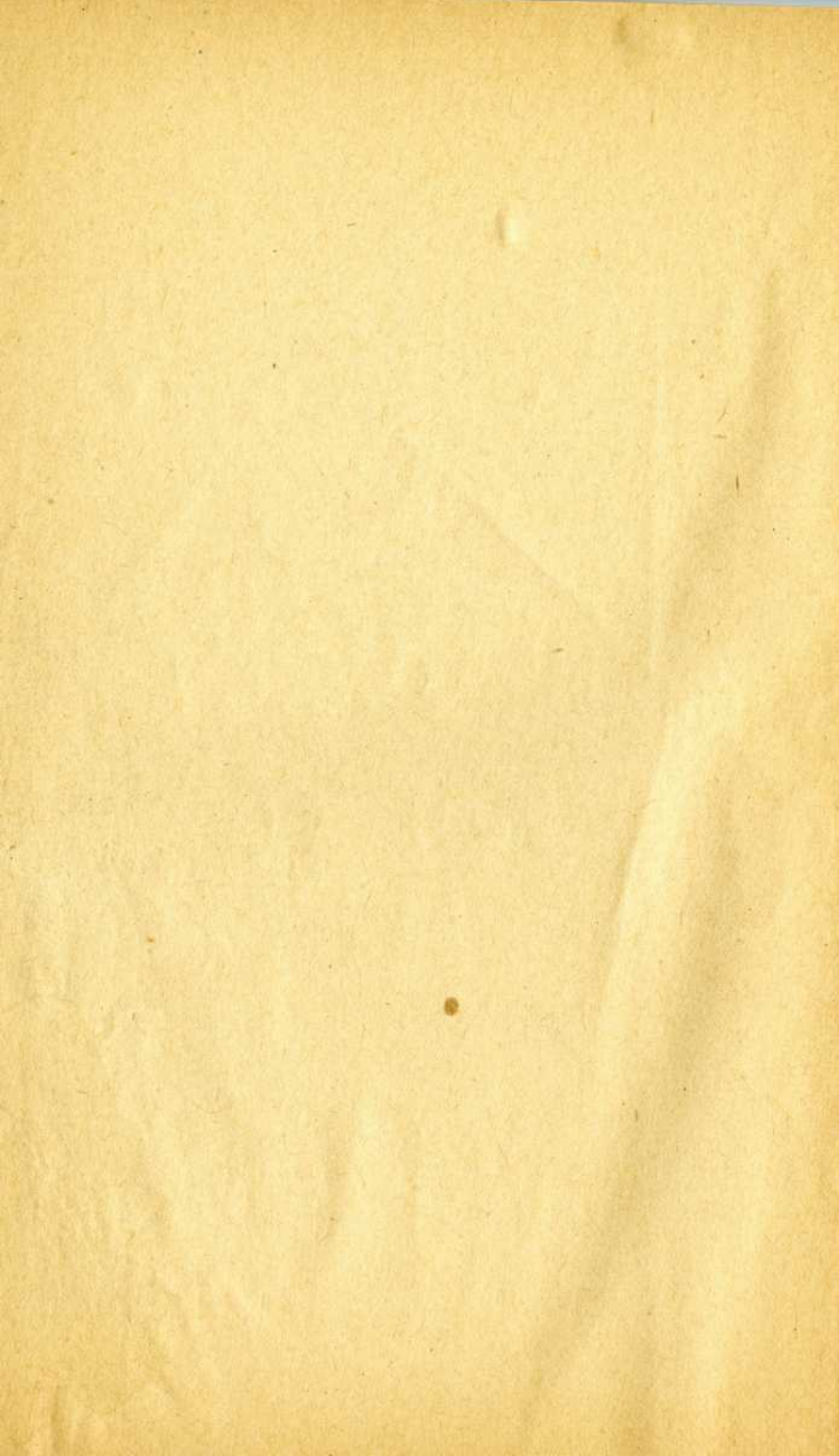
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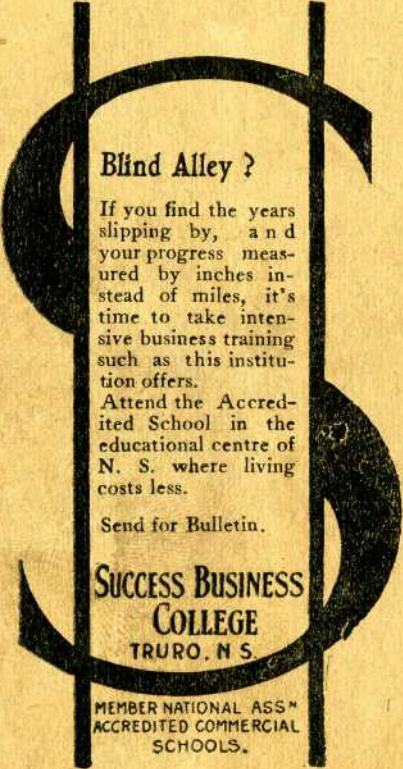
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