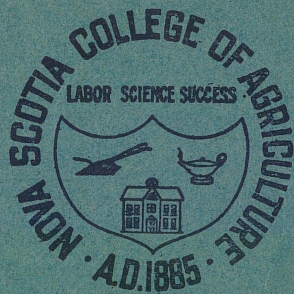


The
Agricultural College



“GATEWAY”

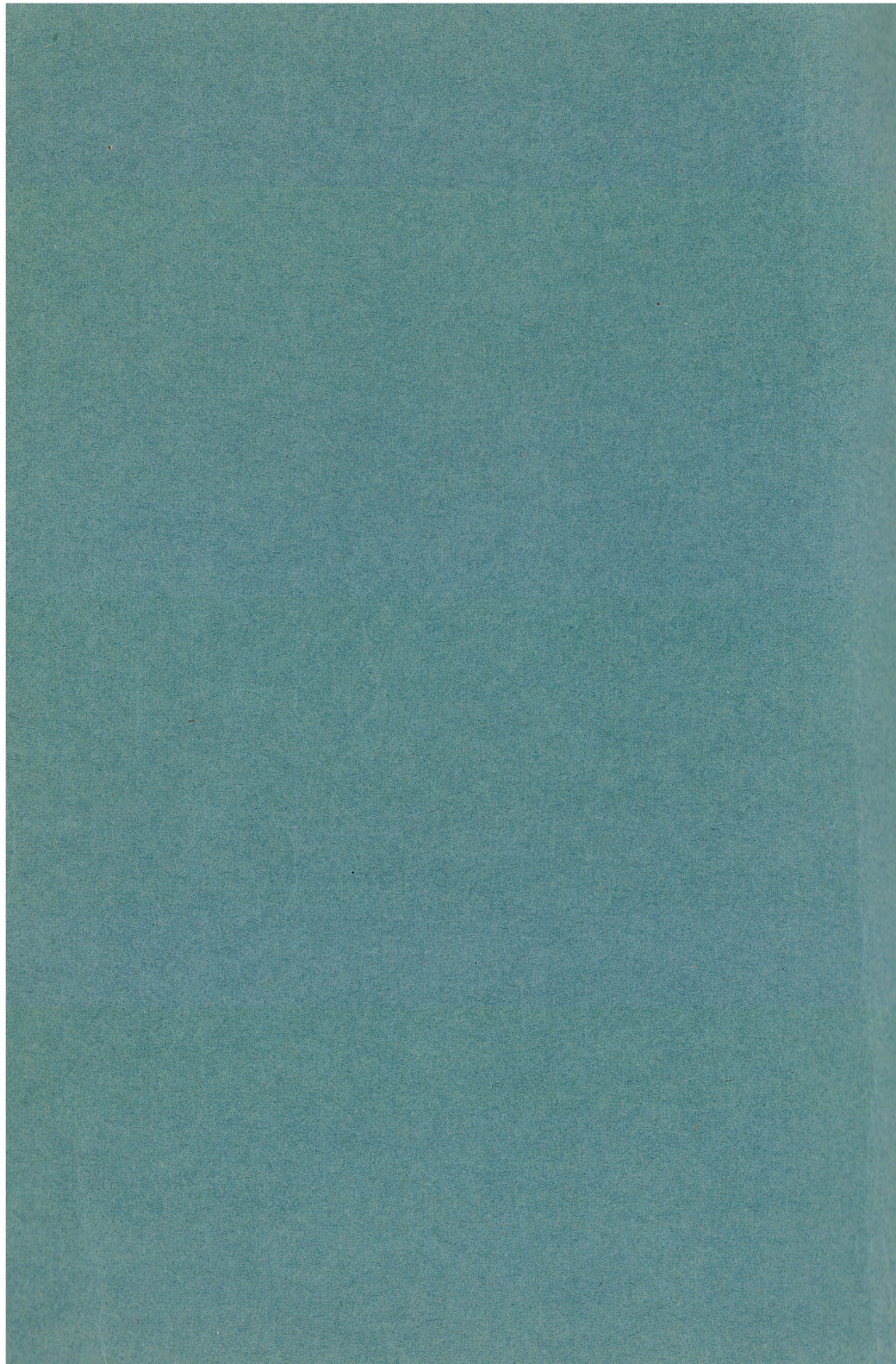
Vol. xxvi.

APRIL, 1935

No. 1

GRADUATION
ISSUE

Nova Scotia Agricultural
College



Agricultural College

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

The courses are as follows:

1. Two year course in general agriculture. This course is designed for young men who plan to live in the country and work on farms. It is inspirational as well as practical, and helps to make young men enthusiastic for country life.

2. First two years of a four year course leading to the degree of B.S.A. This course may be finished at Macdonald College, Que., or at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.

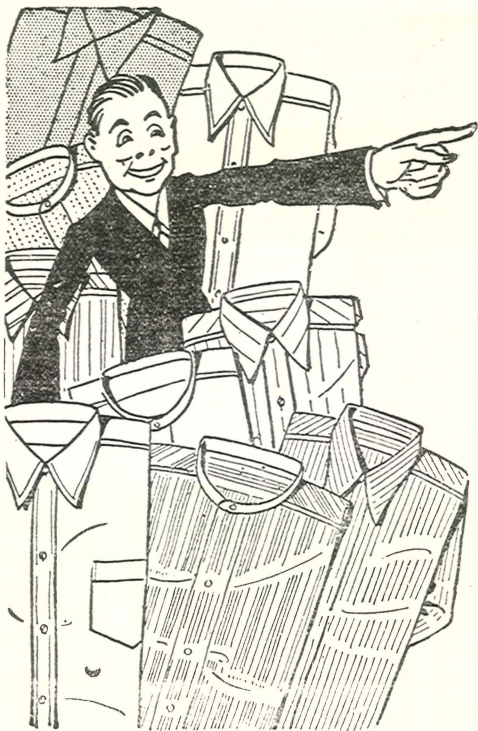
3. Three weeks course for young women in Home Economics.

4. Correspondence Courses in Home Economics.

5. Home Study Courses in agricultural subjects as follows:

- a. Soils, Fertilizers and Lime.
- b. Field crops.
- c. Animal Husbandry.
- d. Poultry Husbandry.
- e. Cooperative Marketing.
- f. Apiculture.

For further information write to the Principal, Agricultural College, Truro, N. S.



●

NO WILT
NO WRINKLE
NO CURL
NO SHRINK
NO STARCH
NO STUDS
NO STIFFNESS
NO STAYS

●

“Right Hot Off The Press”

These shirts with “Everneat” Collars. Looks like a stiff collar but feels like a soft one. Will not wilt or crumble.

All leading men’s wear stores are ordering a supply of these shirts and we are doing our utmost to ship them before Easter.

Do you want a neat appearance?—If so, order an “EVER—NEAT” shirt to-day.

Eastern Shirts Limited

TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA

A decorative border consisting of a series of small, repeating geometric patterns (possibly crosses or squares) arranged in a rectangular frame around the title.

FOREWORD

By Hon. J. A. MacDonald, Minister of Agriculture.

It is with pleasure that I accede to the request of the Editor of "The Gateway" for a foreword for the graduation issue of that magazine.

Anyone who visited the agricultural college during the present term could not fail to be impressed with the group of young students attending the institution. Personally, I was pleased to note a marked increase in numbers over the preceding year and hope this is but the beginning of a growing attendance in succeeding years.

Sometimes I wonder if the average college student realizes to the fullest his good fortune in being able to attend an educational institution. It has been my observation that the value is most appreciated by the older students who have had considerable experience in the ways of life before going to college and that, on the other hand, the younger students, who have enjoyed school and college facilities all their lives, often fail to realize the value of that privilege. At least, I know of few such who have not regretted in after years their failure to take full advantage of the opportunities which were offered during their college course.

There may be room for difference of opinion but, personally, I am satisfied that a move in the right direction has been made in giving more prominence to the practical aspects of education at the agricultural college that, I am advised, has been the case during the past few years. In stating my own conviction I know I am on vulnerable ground, for who is capable of differentiating between that which is practical and that which is theoretical, when it is considered that theory, though often scoffed at, has been the bridge by which our scientists have crossed from their present conditions to new discoveries of the most practical value.

I would, however, say that theory has been largely the tool of investigators. Its value, in their hands, is difficult to over-estimate. But the investigator is rare. The great mass have neither the aptitude nor the facilities for investigation. For them, what is popularly called the practical will give the biggest returns in life.

Perhaps there may be a justification in molding the college course to the needs of the investigator but, so far as I am concerned, I am strongly of the opinion that the college should offer that which will be of value to the greatest number of its students. I would, therefore, have the majority of the classes tinged highly with the practical and I would constantly remind the students that their success in life will depend largely upon their ability to be practical. For the student who has the urge for research I would offer special classes which would not be obligatory to the mass of the student body.

This, I understand, is just what is now being done at the Agricultural College at Truro. Nor do I think there is much occasion to defend the policy. Rather, I suspect there are those who would call for something still more practical. I for one take no issue with them and, if this article were being written for the eyes of the members of the staff, I would urge this view upon them very strongly.

As Minister of the Department under which the Agricultural College functions, I wish to convey my best wishes for success to every student at the college. I conclude by urging every one to try to apply his educational training to his everyday activities of life and, above all, to strive to be practical.



: EDUCATION :

By Dr. J. M. Trueman

What is your purpose in securing an education? To one it may be the desire to make more money. As a rule in the past, the educated man has been better paid for his work than the average uneducated workman. Therefore the belief that education will help you to be successful financially is well founded.

To another getting an education may be the satisfaction of a desire to "know". To one who has an active mind and who realizes something of the vast amount of knowledge that has been accumulated during the past ages the opportunity to share in that knowledge, to get some of it as a personal possession, to feel more or less at home with the thinkers of the world, opens up an entrancing vista.

To still another an education opens the way to leadership. When the ambition to lead is coupled with the desire to be of real use in the world this is the highest ideal a student can have. The world is full of people who can only follow. Leaders with trained minds, stored with the records of the experience of the past and filled with a desire to use their knowledge and skill to help the "other fellow" will always be needed and will always find work to do.

All three ambitions mentioned above are commendable. The man who wants to make money, who desires to be independent, to be able to maintain a family in comfort is on the right track; but that is not enough. The man who wants to know for the sake of knowing is also right, but that is not enough. The man who seeks knowledge in order to use it to his own and other peoples advantage has the complete ideal. In other words, all these should be combined. Technical skill in order to do things with the hands, a broad knowledge in order to form right judgments, and a sympathetic concern for the great numbers who need help and cannot go to college should be the aim of the college student. Only this combination will give real and permanent satisfaction to a man as his life is lived in his community.

: EDITORIAL :

Spring is here! That it has been received coldly will not be disputed, but like all seasonal friends we hope our acquaintance will be warmer. Nevertheless, spring is in the air announcing a resurrection from another winter's dormancy. A resurrection it is true—new life with new hopes.

'Tis thus we come to the close of our college year and to those of us who go forth from the portals of this institution, it seems a fit season. The beauty of nature has from time immemorial inspired the heart of man. Wordsworth, inspired by the beauty of an April morning, gave voice to his emotions

—and yet the voice
Of waters which the winter had supplied
Was softened down into a vernal tone
And hopes and wishes from all living things
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.

Our studies whether they be practical or theoretical, have been and are closely allied to nature. No matter what our careers may be, Nature is mother to all industry; it should therefore behove us to be well versed in her ways.

Since the last publication of *The Gateway* we have welcomed to the faculty—Mr. MacKenzie as professor in Agronomy, Mr. Roland who succeeds Mr. Leefe as professor in Botany, and Mr. Smith, assistant chemist and successor to Mr. Marshall. All three gentlemen have already distinguished themselves, and by now are quite at home among us.

A question open to debate is that of extending the period of the degree course here by at least, say, three weeks. A frequent complaint among the degree students is that the first two years taken at A. C. are too hurried, actually the thorough work of seven months is hurriedly covered within a bare six months. We know there are always two sides to a story but this side is certainly worth considering.



EDITORIAL STAFF, N. S. A. C. "GATEWAY" 1934-35.

Backrow: L.C. Callbeck (Asst. advt. mgr.), N.F. Hoare (Circul. Mgr.), G.W. Hope (Alumnae), H.A. Blenkhorn (Asst. Circul. Mgr.), A.B. Baker (Asst. bus. mgr.) Front row: E.C. Bain, (Advt. Mgr.), R.M. Sparkes (sub. Editor), R. J. Baylis (Editor), Prof. H. J. Fraser (Advisor), T. B. Thompson (Bus. (Mgr.).

Of the graduating class going forth on their various paths we wish them success and all that goes with it. That small body of dignitaries (?) have enjoyed to the fullest their associations with the college and its surroundings, and they take with them many pleasant, if not tender, memories touched with Blue and Gold.

These young men are but entering into the adventures of learning. It has been said that education suffers from calendaritis. Diplomas and degrees carry the subtle suggestion that a man's education is finished at a certain age and that he can then stop learning and begin living.

But when all is said and done, learning is a life job. Education is endless. A true education registers men at the cradle and graduates them at the grave.

R. J. B.

THE FARMER'S LIBRARY

When we think of a farmer's possessions the library very rarely if ever is included. This is mostly because we think of the tiller of the soil as anything but a literary student or because of the fact that farmers in the past have never taken much interest in literature. If we ever think of the farmer's library we immediately imagine stacks of books on Pedigree, methods of breeding, feeds and feeding, fertilizers and such and never do we think of literature by Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer and other great writers. Our general thought has been that farmers are men who year in and year out have their minds confined absolutely to the land, barns and other possessions and have little or no interest in the vast world of philosophy and drama. We cease to become farmers very often because we think of the occupation as one of hard physical labor and with no time for good reading which is so dear to a great number of us.

It has been stated that Agriculture is an Art, a Science and a business and we all agree with this statement.

The success of any farmer is largely dependent on his knowledge of the above mentioned and his ability to put it into practise, but in order for a farmer to be of greatest

benefit to himself and to others he must have a good literary taste and do plenty of reading. Many farmers have neglected this side of life and as a result they have lived with their minds almost completely within the bounds of their estates and their lives in a great many cases have been monotonous and uninteresting.

The farmer as we all know is one of those unfortunate people who have very little time for travel even if he could well afford it. His work takes him through the complete year in almost every case and even if he did not have to work continuously he could not very well leave his property for any length of time. He can travel nevertheless and at very little cost. He can visit any part of the earth for a dollar, or even less. Every evening after his day's work he can take his book and travel from one end of the earth to the other. He can view the great architecture of the Greeks and Romans and very often get better sights than those who see those magnificent structures in reality. He can walk along the beautiful Boulevards of Paris, or roam through the crowded streets of Canton. Yes, the farmer can travel if he had his library supplied with books which describe the interesting places of the earth. By his library he can save the expense of travel, the monotony of crossing the Atlantic or Pacific and the dread of not being able to speak Japanese, or Italian.

The farmer by his library can be a greater person in Society than he has ever been in the past. He can by reading books relating to subjects of common interest broaden his mind so that when he has occasion to attend some social gathering he will not be confined to the subject of farming. He will be able to interest his friends by talking of farming if they are interested in such, or he will be able to interest them by talking of the progress of science if their minds lead them in that direction. The farmer has been considered to a certain extent to belong to one of the common classes of society, but this need not be if he has broadened his intelligence by reading good literature. So his library should be equipped with literature dealing with the problems of today and relating to a variety of occupations and classes. The farmer can be more popular in social circles by his change of habits and this can be accomplished by good reading. Good literature not only has the characteristic which elevates the

minds of men and helps them in conversation, but it transforms the appearances, the manners and many other internal and external factors. We can readily imagine the advantage of a farmers transformed qualities in business life as well as social life.

Many of our farmers are so located that during winter especially they are more or less isolated. During those periods of isolation every farmer should have his library to visit where he can bury himself in a volume of interesting literature. Many dreary nights of winter can be made pleasant by spending some time in reading a good novel. Just think for a moment of a cosy house many miles out in the country whose occupants are forced to stay indoors because of weather conditions. Think of a well equipped library, a bright hardwood fire glowing in the grate and the family sitting around—silent—reading—one a good novel—one a descriptive story, another a story of adventure. Think also of the conditions where there is no library—no interesting books.

The reading of good literature is one of the best ways of cultivating the mind, and every farmer has the opportunity of obtaining this valuable education. By reading literature along economical lines he can solve most of his own financial problems and dispense with those who would very readily take advantage of his ignorance. The great trouble with farmers today and in the past is that they have not had sufficient education and therefore they have not been capable of seeing through the many problems with which they are so frequently confronted.

The writer has been surprised to no small extent to hear (at this age) a man anticipating farming ask why he had to take English at an Agricultural College. The College of Agriculture is the place to cultivate a taste for literature if it has not been cultivated already, and the sooner we all realize the necessity of good literature and come to the place where reading will be our hobby, the better hope we shall have of happiness in the future. We have the opportunity to learn how to think and to read right here; that is why we should be here. The College is not a place for information only, but a place to train us so that we shall be fitted to know how to seek information and to understand it when it

has been obtained. Those of us who have taken no interest in literature in the past would do wisely to begin now, and keep at it until Ruskin becomes our closest friend and Carlyle our crankiest neighbour (?).

If the farmers of the future are going to be more self-reliant and happier than they have been in the past it will be done by including good literature among their other treasures. After all "life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment."

Let us who are looking forward to farming as an occupation, or to being leaders of others in that vast and all-important field of labour, cultivate the habit of reading and make friends with the greatest writers of all time, for therein lies the path to our future library and the solution to many of our coming problems.

R. M. S.

FAIRS AND EXHIBITIONS

In order to get a clear conception of our Fairs and Exhibitions as they exist today, it is interesting to study a few historical facts in regard to the early development of these institutions: One of the earliest records of a show which must have been in some measure like our exhibitions is found in the first chapter of the Book of Esther, where it is told how at Shushan, King Ahasuerus showed in a great display the riches of his kingdom. This show lasted an hundred and fourscore days. In the Encyclopedia Britannica are to be found the names of many fairs and exhibitions of early days. It is mentioned that in Britain a Roman commander authorized a fair as early as 207 A. D., that William I chartered the fair at St. Giles, that King John taxed one fair for the benefit of an hospital for lepers and that Cromwell suppressed some of the amusements at fairs. These records carry the history of the fair in Britain over a long period of years. These were chiefly markets with some amusement and display features and most of them had a period of three days as set by William I. The first record of a national exhibition in historic times appears to be that of the exhibition held in Venice in 1268. Others were held in London in 1758 and 1761 and one in Paris in 1797, followed by others

under the patronage of Napoleon. No records of fairs during the French period of Canadian history have as yet been seen.

In Canada the earliest exhibition of the English period seems to have been that held at Windsor, Nova Scotia, in 1765 and described in Trueman's History of Agriculture in the Atlantic Provinces. Bailey's Encyclopedia of Agriculture mentions that in the United States an agricultural Society was formed at Philadelphia in 1785 with Geo. Washington and Benjamin Franklin as members, also that in 1796 Washington urged the establishment of fairs in the states. The first one was held at the city of Washington in 1804 and repeated in the following year.

The following extract is taken from page 25 Volume 1 of "Eighty Years Progress": "A quarter of a century, however, effected some change, and in 1816 the Massachusetts society held its first exhibition at Brighton, at which a list of premiums was offered, and a ploughing match instituted, not so much with the object of improving the plough, as to try the strength and docility of the oxen. But the ploughmaker happened to be there, and to have his eyes open; and since that day, an amount of knowledge has been brought to bear upon this implement sufficient to bring it very near perfection. The first national society established with this specific object in view, is believed to have been the Columbian Agricultural Society for the Promotion of Rural and Domestic Economy, organized at a convention held in Georgetown, D. C. on the 28th November 1809; and the first agricultural exhibition in this country was, probably, one held by that society in Georgetown on the 10th of May, 1810, when large premiums were offered for the encouragement of sheep raising, etc. In the October following, in the same year, Elkanah Watson exhibited three merino sheep under the great elm tree in Pittsfield, Mass., which was the germ of the Berkshire County Agricultural Society, whose regular exhibitions began the year following, and are believed to have been the first county exhibitions ever instituted in this country."

J. Lockie Wiloson at opening session of thirty-first annual convention of the Ontario Association of Fairs and Exhibitions made the following statement: "Much water

has tumbled over Niagara in the years that have intervened between 1791 and 1931. One hundred and forty years have been ushered in and numbered with the annals of the past since Ontario's old pioneers held their first agricultural fair at Neward, now Niagara-on-the-Lake, and laid the corner-stone of the great structure that now almost reached the skyline; each succeeding generation holding high the torch. My hope and prayer is that our movement shall ever be forward."

The following extracts are from "Early Agriculture in the Atlantic Provinces" by Howard Trueman: "An advertisement in the Nova Scotia Gazette of 1773, of races to take place at the Windsor Fair on June 15th and 16th offered one plate of twenty pounds and one of ten pounds in prizes for native bred horses. This Windsor Fair had been one of the institutions of the place for some years, as the following resolution passed at a public meeting would go to show; "Whereas it is thought that the establishing of a Fair at Windsor will be of great utility to the province, a number of the gentlemen of Halifax being desirous of promoting every measure that can conduce to the public good have entered into a subscription for premiums and rewards and will cause the following to be given on Tuesday, the 21st of May, 1765, the first day of the Fair."

"For a person who would bring the greatest number of cattle the award was three yards of English blue superfine broad cloth and a silver medal. For horses the prize was a saddle, a bridle and a medal. For sheep a pair of shears and a medal. Other prizes were a churn and a medal for the best cow, a whip and a pair of spurs for the best horse and six yards of ribbon and a medal for the best twelve pounds of butter or cheese. The best wrestler was offered a lace hat and a pair of spurs, while the next best got a pair of shoes and buckles and the third a pair of buckskin gloves. Although the prizes at this early day were not in money, they were good value and probably were quite as highly appreciated by the successful competitors as the premiums given at the present time."

In Nova Scotia today we have a Provincial Exhibition held at Halifax, the Maritime Winter Fair held in conjunc-

tion with the provinces of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and 12 county and district exhibitions held throughout the province. Seventy-two school fairs were held last year and also a number of local community fairs where live stock and other products were shown.

The objects of exhibitions may be divided into two main divisions—educational and entertaining. From the standpoint of education, exhibits are brought out and the standard set for the different products of industry in its many branches. Standards are set for size, quality, uniformity and other market qualifications. New varieties are demonstrated, and the exhibitions used as an advertising medium for encouraging the use of these products. The youth of the country is also trained by the many lessons which are to be learned from exhibiting at school fairs and the larger shows. From the standpoint of entertainment, the exhibition acts as a grand holiday for the whole community. Much emphasis is being laid at the present time at county shows on local programs with various type of pageants, competitions, etc. Horse racing, vaudeville and midways add to the enjoyment. The exhibition when properly conducted should act not only as a community gathering where standards are set and a holiday is celebrated, but it should also act as a show window of the industry of the district, and as an impetus for general improvement in the whole economic and social life of the community.

C. E. B. '13.

The writer wishes to acknowledge with thanks the assistance of Mr. R. P. Gorham, Entomological Branch, Fredericton, N. B. and of Dr. J. M. Trueman in securing the above historical material.

TO AN OAK

Long live, thou ancient monarch of the wilds,
Thou gallant statue of long ages past,
And send thou forth the odours that will please,
And sights which spirits never leave till last.
Send forth the green along each vale and hill,
Let not the vigor of thy past be still,
For summer's green and autumn's masquerade
Must never end, their glory never fade.

Stand forth, and tell us stories of thy days,
Of crude equipments carried to the wars,
Relate the tales of romance which have gone,
And acts against the country's holy laws,
Tell us of kings and nobles, how they fell
From honour to their lowly seats in hell.
Speak up, feel not the burden of thy age,
But read us secrets from thy ancient page.

Live on great oak, we cannot stay with thee,
We cannot rest beneath thy boughs for long,
But we must go before thee to the earth,
When some shall weep while others join in song.
Our children shall look up in praise to thee,
With questioning eyes like those you now can see,
Spread out thy beauty and thy splendor fair,
So they like thee may virtue's glories share.

R. M. S. '36.



GRADUATION CLASS N. S. A. C. 1935

Back row: R. J. Baylis, G. W. Hope, D. D. Dolan, T. B. Thompson, R. S. Thompson, R. M. Murray. Centre: D. B. Ross, E. C. Bain (pres.) Dr. J. M. Trueman (principal), A. F. McKay, W. J. Dyer. Front Row: W. S. Hoare, A. J. Neish, N. F. Hoare, A. J. Sutherland, A. R. Ross.

LIST OF GRADUATES

Desmond Daniel Dolan

“Oh happy child
Thou art so exquisitely wild
I think of thee with many fears.”

Desmond, commonly known as Dizzy, the humorist of the graduating class, came fresh from Harkins High School, Newcastle, N. B., to N. S. A. C. with a scholarship under his arm. He was born and brought up on a farm; Nov. 19, 1916, was the lucky day for Nelson, N. B., the place of his birth.

Since coming to A. C. in 1933, Dizzy has been a good student; having a tendency for wit, he has given the professors, as well as the students, many a good laugh. We wonder if Dolan was fed up with Chemistry the day he dropped the cent in Prof. Harlow's polariscope.

Dizzy was never strongly addicted to sports or to the Normal College but he took the odd fling at both. He is a good dancer and has regularly attended the College dances. During the past year he has taken an interest in badminton and has done much with his combination Volley Ball. He has shown great ability as a debater and can generally give a sound argument on any subject. He has been on the inter-class debating team both years. We always know he is present when we hear a loud, “Oh My Gee Boys!”

Dolan plans to go to Macdonald, if fish is not on the menu oftener than twice a week. We wish you good luck, Dizzy, and hope you will continue to do the good work you have begun here.

Alexander Robert Ross

“True beauty dwells in deep retreats
Whose veil is unremoved.”

Alex first saw the light of day on April 27th, 1914, at West Branch, Pictou County. He is his father's only son. When twelve months old Alex went West; of course he took his mother with him, but six months later returned to his native heath. He received his early education at West Branch school; he then spent a year at Pictou Academy and received his Grade XI certificate in the spring of '33.

It was while attending Pictou Academy that Alex decided to take the degree course at the N. S. A. C. He intends to continue his degree work at Macdonald College, majoring in Animal Husbandry. When through college he is going to return home to help his father run a farm of a thousand acres, which will some day be his own. “Lime, Crop Rotations and Balanced Rations” will be his motto. As a leader in his community he has the chance of first place and may the best of luck be his in making his own community an even better farming area.

Edwin Christopher Bain

“Though vanquished he could argue still.”

Ted was born at New Aberdeen on the lonely, storm-beaten shore of Cape Breton. He received his early education in Groves Point, and hearing the call to agriculture, found himself enrolled in the Farm Class of '32. Being so well impressed by the College and its surroundings, he returned to the Degree Class in the fall of '33.

His familiarity with the College immediately placed him in the ranks of leadership, and he was elected to the office of president of the Class, an office which he has capably filled.

He is an industrious student and is active in all sport; besides being a prominent player on the Basket Ball team, he is also manager and “Stone Wall Bain” of the defence in the Hockey team.

Ted took a prominent part in social activities, especially the Saturday night dances, always being present to greet the Normal girls on their arrival.

The Senior Class of '35 would not be complete without the smiling countenance of Bain, and his melodious voice ringing through the rooms and corridors.

His class mates and many friends wish him success in his chosen field. Who knows but that we may view him as Premier some day!

Good luck, Bain, and keep up the good work!

Arthur Ferguson McKay

“I have not known the kiss of love,
Or maiden's hand in mine.”

Mrs. McKay's little ray of sunshine was first heard from some years ago in Truro and on good authority we learn that his advent into the world was a howling success.

Years passed and Arthur toddled off to school. Growing tired of that one he tried several of the others in Truro and finally found himself in Birmingham, Mass. After two years he returned to the Hub for his junior and senior final high school training. Next, he enrolled at the A. C. where he has completed two years of outstanding performance in the intellectual field.

He is secretary of the Students Council and active in College activities—no prom being complete without him. A continual source of wonder to his classmates is how he manages to find a different partner for each of these latter.

He plans to continue at Macdonald College, specializing in chemistry, and according to Professor Harlow, hopes to revise all the chemistry books ever printed. He has, however, all the earmarks of a successful chemist and we wish him the best of luck.

Robert Stewart Thompson

“Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.”

A product of the fair village of Elmsdale, N. S., where Bob grew up and received his early schooling. Thinking that his education was not complete, the fall of 1931 found him attending the Colchester County Academy where he was a successful student.

When the class of '35 was called to order at the A. C., Bob was one of the lucky members. While here he has proven himself a good sport and a valuable and enthusiastic member of both our Softball and Volley Ball team.

Bob is a well liked student, taking an interesting part in all social activities, especially the Saturday night dances.

He has one pardonable weakness for stenographers and it is not unusual to see him driving away from the College with five or six in his big car.

In leaving us, Bob, we wish you the best of luck in whatever line of work you may follow, and when the roll is called at Macdonald, we hope to hear you answer “here.”

Gerald William Hope

“His powers shed round him, in the common strife,
Or mild concern of ordinary life
A constant influence, a peculiar grace.”

Gerald was born among the hills of Halifax. He obtained his high school training at St. Pats. Mr. Hope studied at St. Michael's College, Toronto, intending to become an engineer. However, he found this profession too crowded and decided to supplement his education at the Agricultural College.

Mr. Hope's popularity with his fellow students is evidenced by the position he holds in their activities. He is a member of the debating team and the magazine staff and also chairman of the debating club during the latter

term. We feel sure that if Mr. Hope continues in the future, as he has done in the past, he will remain in the foremost ranks.

Perhaps we may suggest the secret of Gerald's success as due to his faithful attitude towards his "Daley" exercises; however, we wish him the best of luck-in everything.

Robert James Hayden Baylis

"A life, a presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without call."

A little bit English, a wee bit Scotch, Bob was born September 1915. Both his parents are English. His birthplace is not very far from Shakespeare's. Perhaps his arrival into that atmosphere accounts for his outstanding ability in English. He was brought up in Glasgow, Scotland, where his father is an engineer for a large concern. He received both lower and high school education at the Shawlands Secondary School of that city.

After several trips to a certain farm near Glasgow Bob decided "that's the life for me." He persuaded his parents to let him go to Canada and thus in 1931 he arrived in Nova Scotia and he is now closely associated with a farm at Grand Pré.

Braving the dangers of this wild country for two years he enrolled at old A. C. in the fall of '33. He has made quite a reputation here for his printing also for manufacturing the felt monograms. He is the go getter of the class, and is editor of the "Gateway." Some of the notices he puts up in order to solicit contributions show him to have extraordinary powers of argumentation.

He, unlike his father, is not mathematically inclined but plans to go to MacDonal College next fall and eventually major in Plant Pathology. All his classmates join in wishing him success in his work.

Arthur Charles Neish

“His mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs.”

Arthur made his debut in 1916 at Granville Ferry, Annapolis County.

As a minister's son, Arthur followed in his father's footsteps which took him to various parts of the province including Petite Riviere, New Waterford and Kensington, P. E. I. In the fifteenth year of his life he came to rest among the rocks at Port Dufferin, Halifax County, where he has since resided.

With a desire for greater knowledge Arthur joined us in the fall of '33 and has since proved himself an outstanding scholar. Unlike the traditional "minister's son" he is of a quiet disposition, but for action one needs but observe his trail in the Basketball and Hockey games. As captain of the Basketball team for the past year he has contributed much towards its success.

With Plant Pathology in mind and a yearning for the open life, Arthur looks forward to the next two years at Macdonald College, Que.

An all round student, Arthur carries with him the best wishes of all who know him.

Norman Foster Hoare

“A face with gladness overspread
Soft smiles by human kindness bred.”

Norman was born in Truro, April 1916. His early days were spent in the vicinity of East Mountain, Col. Co. In 1930 the Hub was again favoured with the presence of this "gingery" rascal, then enlisted at the Colchester County Academy. Not content with his "A" and "B" certificates the fall of '33 saw him enrolled among the "dignitaries" of N. S. A. C.

His previous training climbing Bible Hill, has greatly aided his ability at athletics. Displaying a streak of red he flashes among the Basketball and Hockey teams. Again at the dances Norman is frequently found tripping the light fantastic erstwhile beaming over somebody else's shoulder, commonly that of those abnormal Normalites.

As circulating manager of the magazine staff he has capably assisted in the progress of our "Gateway."

Norman has not yet decided on his future occupation, but knowing his ability, we predict success in whatever he may undertake and join in wishing him 'all the best.'

Angus Johnston Sutherland

"For on thy face
Smiles are, beginning, like the beams of dawn,
To shoot and circulate."

Angus was born in Seafoam, Pictou County, on March 16, 1915. He is the youngest in a family of eight.

Angus received his early education at the Toney River school and after completing his tenth grade, entered Pictou Academy in the fall of '31, where he received his A certificate in the spring of '33.

That summer he spent some time visiting friends in Augusta, Maine, but returned in the fall in time to enter the A. C. and thus swell the class of '35. As secretary of the Debating Club for 1934-35, he is very much interested in its progress.

Angus' chief ambition is to become a chemist and he plans to major in Chemistry at Macdonald College next year.

His class mates at the A. C. wish him the best of luck and hope that his troubles, if any, will be little ones.

Donald Brenton Ross

“Be of good cheer, we both may live
To see a better day.”

Donald was born in the summer of 1915 at Inverness, N. S. Reared among the rocks of Cape Breton Island, Donald matured the desire to bring forth the fruits of the earth from between the said rocks. Thus in the fall of '33 the ranks of the “gor almighty” class of '35 were swelled by his presence. While here, he has proven himself a worthy student, a quiet but diligent worker.

Donald, rather than the Saturday night hops, prefers to gambol to the tune of that elusive Badminton bird, and indeed he is quite an adept at this pleasing sport.

Macdonald College is our friend's goal next year where he plans to continue his search for greater knowledge; in which we all join in wishing him the best of success.

William John Dyer

“For knowledge is delight and such delight breeds love.”

William has the honour of being branded a “special student” among our ranks. This curly headed individual is usually found enveloped among the obnoxious fumes, utensils and whirligigs of the official chemistry laboratory. It has been observed of late, that peculiar reminiscent twinkle creeps into his eye, as with a shaking hand he concocts another of those Normal solutions.

William it has been said is a special student, joining the class of '35 last fall. As a special event he was born at Antigonish, N. S., where he attended the Williamson Point school and later matriculated at St. F. X. college. Returning to St. F. X. at a later date, 1933 saw him emerge from that institution with the degree of B. Sc. in engineering.

However, chemistry, William has decided, holds more in store for him than engineering and he plans to continue with us next year at Macdonald College. Let's go—Bill!

Walter Scott Hoar

“What hast thou to do with sorrow
Or the injuries of tomorrow.”

Born in Albert County, New Brunswick, in 1915, Walter moved with his family to the United States at a tender age, where he received his early education. Returning to his native heath in 1927, he continued his elementary education, later attending Aberdeen High School, Moncton, from which he graduated in 1933. Feeling the call for greater knowledge along agricultural lines, we find him in the fall of '33 joining the ranks at the N. S. A. C. True to traditions, Walter has upheld the reputation established by the N. B. students at this College. Here by his jovial disposition and cheery attitude he endeared himself to all. He was adept at athletics as well as a keen student and on every team we find his familiar figure. As captain of the hockey team and manager of the basketball team he performed his duties very capably and through his efforts these teams have enjoyed a successful season.

He has the distinction of being the only benedict in class which accounts for his indifferent attitude towards the female sex and his absence at the Saturday evening entertainments.

Walter plans to continue his studies at O.A.C. next year in Animal Husbandry. We are confident that in whatever field he may follow, he will be successful and we join in wishing him a brilliant future.

Au revoir, Walter.

Terrence Bernard Thompson

“Do thou thy part, I will do mine.”

Born in Cloverville, Antigonish County, N. S., in 1912, Terrence received his early education at his home school, later attending Morrison school and St. Francis Xavier College, from which he received his matriculation. Having however, obtained employment with the Maritime Telephone & Telegraph, he worked with this company for over two years. After this he entered St. F. X. College for one year, during which he distinguished himself in various branches of sport. In the fall of '33, Terrence enrolled with the class of '35 at N. S. A. C.

"Terry" as he is familiarly known was quickly taken into the heart of the College circle because of his pleasant disposition and his keen interest in sports. In the fall we may find Terry playing softball with the College team and during the winter months we see his big blond figure playing centre on the basketball team. He was also a keen supporter of the volleyball team and took a keen interest in hockey.

Besides being in sports we find Terry as a member of the magazine staff and the social committee, and in both of these his presence has proved a great asset. He gives the girls a break, so they think, by his presence on the dance floor.

Ill luck has followed Terry's footsteps during the last year. In the spring of '34, we find him under the surgeon's knife and on March 15th of this year, his mother's sudden death came as a great shock. We extend to him our heartfelt sympathy in this great loss. But whatever field of work he chooses we all wish him the best of luck in the future.

Robert McCulloch Murray

"What joy to hear thee and to see."

Bob, known to the boys as "Sarge," came to earth on Mount Stewart, Prince Edward Island on the twenty-sixth day of April of the year 1915. Being the son of a minister he was born to roam. When he was three years old his family moved to Economy in Colchester County. He remained there until 1927 when he again moved; this time to New Annan, Colchester County. Here he remained until he came to N.S.A.C. in 1933.

Since that time he has taken a big part in College activities and social functions, especially the dances. He is quite an athlete. According to Professors Barteaux and Harlow, he has been jumping at conclusions for two years and is steadily improving. Science advances by leaps and bounds but Bob shuffles along just a hair's breadth behind.

Through his ever resourceful good humor and his pleasing companionship he has won the liking of all the boys and the heart of many a fair damsel. He will always bring pleasant memories to the Class of '35.

Good luck, Bob!

While using ether in the lab
I drifted off to Mars,
On landing on that arid spot
Saw Dolan counting stars.

I asked him whatever took him here
And why he was so busy,
He said, "Go easy, I'll lose my count,"
Just like the same old Dizzy.

He says, "By darn it ain't so hot,
But its safer here than Earth,
They've revolutionized the whole shebang
Till a child is man at birth.

Remember the boys that were in our class
Each name he began to mention
And as he wandered over the list,
Had Bain, Director of Extension.

Donald and Alex Ross do the work
Though Bain takes all the credit
But that is just between ourselves
Don't tell him that I said it.

I had a line from Jerry Hope
He has ten kids already
And engaged in growing apple trees
Jerry was always steady.

Neish and Baylis are still so thick
They run their jobs together
But Bob has yet that distant look
When thinking of the heather.

Remember Murray how he talked
Of things he had no knowledge
They say he's studying dairying
At old Macdonald College.

Bob Thompson drives his limousine
And has the same contented spirit
But rumors have it now and then
He uses one hand to steer it.

Of Angus Sutherland I've heard a lot
But he was always clever
They want him now for Harlow's job
But he said, no! no never!

He said McKay will fill that spot
But admits he's rather worried.
For Art refutes what's in the books
And his experiments are hurried.

He still has that weakness for the dames
That you remember well
When handling dynamite he may slip
And blow us all to H---

Walter and Norman Hoare got lost
While hunting in the jungle
I've always liked those boys a lot
And never thought they'd bungle.

It's a pity, too, they had success
In shooting lions and tigers
Their daring nerve had terrorized
All the Afric' niggers.

So that's the lot and I don't wish
To wander back again
Call me yellow if you like
But I'll not suffer Payne.

Now, Terry you sure picked a job
As planet to planet pilot
Just wait a little longer son
And I will have the skylit.

If you see McKay when you get back
Tell him to stop this minute."
Then through it all, I heard a yell
"Say Thompson! it's 4 p. m. — Let's skipit!"

EVEN GHOSTS PLAY THEM

It was as black as ink and the rain fell in dense driving sheets. The lights from the car penetrated but a short distance into the darkness and Peter had to drive slowly to keep from skidding into the ditch. Periodic flashes and loud rumblings in the sky added to the awfulness of the night, and made Carol sit as closely to him as she could without interfering with his struggle to prevent the machine from leaving the road.

"Five more miles through this mud and we shall be at the Pines," said Peter. "What a delightful week-end we are going to have there if this weather lasts! I certainly didn't expect anything like this when we left the city. You can never bank on the weather on this section of the coast, you know; we have the craziest weather here."

The car lurched dangerously and almost skidded into the bank.

"Dammit!" muttered Peter between his teeth.

Carol smiled at him. She was pretty, blond, and twenty, irresistible in a little pancake chit that tilted saucily over one eye. He had met her only a short month before at a party at Mrs. Avery's, a lovable old society matron. Until then Peter had never believed in love at first sight, in fact he had hardly believed in love at all. But from the night of the party he had been seeing a lot of Carol Rogers, and now he was taking her down to the family's summer place for the week-end.

"I hope your mother will like me," she said.

"Like you? Why of course she—My God, look out!"

A vivid flash showed a tree toppling over by the force of the wind and rain right in front of the car. Peter could do nothing. The car swerved to one side, then skidded right under the falling timber. With a crash the heavy branches struck the rear of the hood, tearing through it and holding the car fast. Peter and Carol were deluged with water and shattered glass.

"Are you hurt, Honey!" he cried.

"No, the tree had a poor shot. Better luck next time."

Peter laughed. The rain poured in through vents in the hood and was beating in through the broken windows.

"We can't remain here," he said, "and, as the car is jammed between the bank and the tree we shall have to abandon the old ship and walk. There is absolutely no chance of our being picked up either because this is more or less of a private road—it's blocked now anyway. Are you afraid of ghosts?"

"Ghosts!"

"Sure, ghosts, ghouls, apparitions, or whatever you choose to call them. You know, those silent white creatures that sneak up behind you in the dark and grit their teeth in your ear."

"Well, I have never met any except, of course, in books, so I really don't know how I should react if I were to actually meet one. But why all this silly talk about ghosts and vampires, do you keep them for pets at The Pines?"

Just then a flash of lightning lit up the countryside.

"Did you see that house on the hill just ahead of us?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is where we are going to spend the night. And it has the reputation of being haunted. It seems—well, never mind now, let's get there as quickly as we can."

He took the girl by the arm and hurried—or rather tried to hurry up the hill. It was terribly rough and muddy and they carried heavy loads of mud on their feet. Once Carol almost fell but Peter caught her just in time. Panting, they reached the house.

It was a large, debilitated, old-fashioned house with shutters, some of them banging in the gale, on the windows. It must have belonged to wealthy people at one time, for, even in its present decrepit and dilapidated state it still retained some of its ancient grandeur and nobility.

They ran up the steps and stood in the shelter of the doorway. Peter seized the knob and shook the door but it refused to open.

"Must be servants' night out," he laughed, turning to Carol.

"Look Peter, it is opening itself!"

Peter spun around, and, sure enough the door was standing ajar. He put out his hand for the knob but a gust of wind blew it open and it thundered back against the wall with a great crash that echoed through the vacant rooms. A fork of lightning and a loud reverberation drove them into the hall. He closed the heavy door against the wind with difficulty.

Peter drew a flashlight from the pocket of his top-coat and explored the passage. There were three doors—one on either side and one at the far end. A wide staircase led to the floor above. He opened the door on his left and peered in. Rats scudded away in the darkness. The light revealed a large room barren of furniture with the exception of a Broken-down settee, some nondescript lumber in one corner, and a wide open fireplace with a spacious mantel and a cobwebbed picture of a whiskered gentleman over it.

"Accomodation and warmth," said Carol, pointing to the fireplace and the crazy settee.

"Oui, Mademoiselle. Shall we dine with the common rabble or have a tête-à-tête luncheon here in our suite?"

"What do you think?"

Peter grinned. He quickly had some wood burning in the fireplace, the ascending flames flickering on the darkened walls and cobwebs, and giving a decidedly cheerful aspect to the room. He drew the lame settee in front of the fire, kicked some of the dust out of it, jacked up the short leg with some of the lumber, and spread his top-coat over it. They sat down to dry themselves.

The thunder continued its ominous grumblings, the

lightning lit up the windows regularly, and the driving wind and rain shook the panes convulsively. The old mansion creaked and groaned, bricks fell from the chimneys and thudded down the roof, doors banged and the noise went echoing down the long halls. Peter lit a cigarette.

Presently Carol said: "did you hear that strange sound just now? It was a sort of wail, plaintive and weird. I noticed it several times when you were making the fire."

"No, I haven't heard anything but the usual racket of thunder and rain."

"There! hear it!"

"Nothing but the wind in the chimneys," Peter suggested, scraping mud from his shoes.

"Listen! There it is again. A dismal wail like someone in distress. Oh, Peter! maybe a dog got in the house and is shut in one of the rooms. There it is again, louder and eerier than before. Maybe—"

"Forget it, kid; your imagination is running away with you. It's only the wind."

Suddenly the weird, unearthly sound reached them again. Peter started.

"That is strange. I'm going to find out what it is." He started to the door flashlight in hand.

"Peter, don't leave me alone. I'm going with you," she cried, running after him. She put her arm in his and together they walked into the hall.

"It is upstairs, Peter."

They ascended the old stair, which creaked under them, and began to explore the hall above. There were several doors on either side, some of them banging with the wind. They looked cautiously in every room but found no solution to the mystery. Then the wail began again much louder than it had been on the first floor.

"It must be in the attic," exclaimed Peter, "but how do we get there?"

"That door around the corner from the stairs is probably the one leading up to the attic. Let's look."

Peter strided over to the door and jerked it open. The wail put the thunder to shame.

"Carol, haven't you heard that sort of a racket before? It's a—well, never mind. Come on."

They tip-toed up the stair and peeped carefully into the garret. There, sitting by a stove, with a lantern to shed light on a sheet of music, was a young man madly blowing into a saxophone.

Suddenly Carol sneezed. He spun around like a startled deer. "Who are you? How did you get in here?" He shrieked the words at them.

"Nothing to get excited about, my dear fellow. We had an accident down the road and came in here for shelter. Your practising sounded strangely unearthly and disturbed the young lady so much that we decided to investigate. If you will pardon my saying so we thought a dog was locked in and howling to get out."

"That is what my neighbors said."

"I get it. And so you practise here."

"Exactly. The neighbors raised such a storm of protest when I bought this sax that I had to discover some secluded place to practise. This does admirably. Have you people made any arrangements for your comfort? You are welcome to share the warmth of my fire if you like. I hope my musical efforts won't annoy you too terribly."

"Thanks, but we have a fire in a grate below and a comfortable sofa to rest on we can pass the night very well there."

"Pleasant night," he said, as he abruptly turned his back on them and blew several more wails from his instrument.

Peter and Carol went down the steps.

"Crazy and a saxophone player," said Peter.

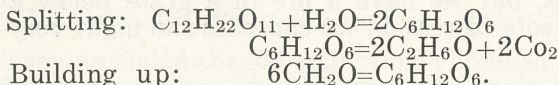
"I think the terms are synonymous," Carol laughed.

L. C. C. '36.

ENZYMES

The universe consists of two essential parts, i. e., the organic and inorganic. Organic things are again divided into classes; those which exhibit the phenomenon of life and those which do not. Organic compounds such as alcohols, sugars, fats and proteins belong to the latter class. Those things which exhibit life are called organisms. Organisms are classed as being plants and animals. They consist essentially of protoplasm. Protoplasm is made up of organic compounds, in a colloidal state, dispersed in aqueous solutions of inorganic salts. This protoplasm is in the form of units called cells. Thus each individual plant or animal is a mass of protoplasm, differentiated into cells, together with certain products of protoplasm.

Protoplasm is very sensitive to changes in its environment and changes in the protoplasm are constantly taking place. Compounds are constantly being built up and broken down again in order for the organism to grow and to supply energy for locomotion and other bodily activities. Plants utilize the energy of sunlight and build up protoplasm from simple compounds (water, carbon, dioxide, and inorganic salts). Animals are dependent on plants for their food. They take the foods built up by plants and break it down into simpler compounds, in a process known as digestion. Then the simpler compounds are absorbed into the body and built up into protoplasm. Thus it can be seen that the chief forms of chemical action taking place in protoplasm are "splitting" and "building up" reactions.

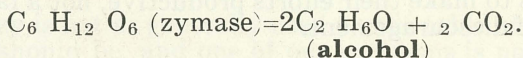


In order for these reactions to take place it is necessary to have a suitable catalyst present.

Glucose ($C_6H_{12}O_6$) will stand for years in a dry bottle without decomposing. Formaldehyde (CH_2O) will not "build up" as shown, unless there is a suitable catalyst present. For every one of the hundreds of reactions of this type that take place in protoplasm, a catalyst is produced by the protoplasm.

These catalysts are called enzymes. Enzymes are produced in all cells and, in animals, gland cells produce conspicuous amounts of specific enzymes. Enzymes are complex colloids, i. e., they exist as very small particles of complex compounds dispersed with the rest of protoplasm. It is thought they consist of two parts. One part is inactive and forms a coating over the colloidal particles of the carrier. The carrier resembles proteins in composition. Nothing is known of the composition of the active parts.

Enzymes are very specific. Each one has a certain reaction to catalyze and it will not catalyze any other reaction. In the digestion of proteins, by animals, it takes no less than three enzymes to break down proteins into their structural units—the amino acids. Each enzyme catalyzes a different stage of the reaction. Thus it can be seen that there are hundreds of enzymes. They still retain their catalyzing capacity when freed from cells. The fermentation of glucose by the enzyme zymose is a good example of enzyme action.



This is the last stage in the making of wine, etc. Zymose is obtained by adding yeast to the solution of glucose. The yeast cells produce zymose which catalyzes this reaction. If zymase is extracted from the yeast cells (by crushing) the action will be the same. In this case the yeast plant would be called an organized ferment and zymase an unorganized ferment. This serves to distinguish between the organism which produces the enzyme, and the enzyme which does the work.

No attempt will be made here to name any other enzymes and give the reactions which they catalyze. Their importance can be realized when one stops to think that all life is dependent on the enzymes that catalyze the building up of foods in the leaves of green plants, from the simple compounds found in the soil and atmosphere.

A. C. Neish '35.

BEE KEEPING

Interest in beekeeping and honey production has always been more or less attractive to the human race, as is indicated by the very earliest possible history of any people on the earth, which shows a close association with the keeping of bees for their products of honey and wax. We find this interest especially keen during periods of reconstruction, such as the one we are now passing through. Many people are out of employment, also many other forms of employment have been made unprofitable, and it is only natural for these individuals to look for a sources of income which may be profitable, and perhaps eventually open up a new profession to them, with the result that many people are becoming interested in honey production, either as a hobby, a side line, or as a commercial proposition.

The concern which we have for those who are becoming interested in the work is that they should start right; know the pitfalls in the beginning, and should be kept on the right track so as to make their efforts productive, not a failure and a matter of discouragement.

One of the chief concerns which is held for the industry in addition to the increased number of beekeepers is an increased efficiency of production. In other words, it is the desire that every colony of bees in the Province should be so managed and operated as to yield a maximum return for the producer. A program of increased efficiency is very simple. It includes the item of a better race of bees, (in many cases), better swarm control methods, better wintering of the bees, better equipment for handling the crop, and lastly, better marketing operations.

The real factor in getting across such a program, and bringing about the desire for increased efficiency, is Education. Too many are of the opinion that since beekeeping operations can be started through catching a stray swarm of bees as it comes over the field, that there need be no particular mental ability for the production of good honey, and since bees will work for themselves to the extent of providing enough honey for their needs, there is a tendency on the part of a good many to feel that the bees should store enough surplus honey to be profitable to the owner, even though they

be housed in a soap box, or any other container that happened to be handy at the time of capture.

There are several factors of education available to anyone who is interested in making a start with bees for profitable honey production, such as the Extension Service, Agricultural College, Correspondence Course, and the reading of literature relative to the industry.

There are some who feel that the entire profit of keeping bees goes to the honey producer, but such overlook the fact bees are beneficial for pollination of fruits and legumes, particularly the clovers; thus bees are worth as much to agriculture in general as they are to the beekeeper in particular.

Honey production today is a part of a good many small farms, and back lot owners in towns and villages, as a side line, and wherever these bees are kept in accordance with recognized principles, the production is highly efficient and profitable.

Honey is not as generally used on the table of this country as it should be, and one of our problems is not so much a matter of overproduction, as under-consumption of the production. Honey represents Nature's own sweet, and the most healthful sweetness that can be consumed without the dangers involved in the over-consumption of some of the other sweets—thus honey has a claim to be regularly used in every home.

H. G. PAYNE.

Ross, A.R.: "What are you writing?"

Sutherland: "A joke."

Ross: "Well, give her my best regards."

* * * * *

Morrison: "Doctor, if I take this castor oil, do you think I will be well enough to get up in the morning?"

Dr. Sims: "Long before that."

* * * * *

Men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than men who do nothing and succeed.

THE FUTURE OF AGRICULTURE

The serious condition of the farmer today is due to the working out of one fundamental limiting factor in the progress of agriculture—the tendency to overproduction because of unlimited competition. This may be obscured at times by unfavorable climatic conditions or by widening markets, but always the end-point has turned out to be the same.

That overproduction actually has been, and is, a limiting factor in agriculture is evident when one considers that the farmer's profit has rarely ever given him a good living standard; that many of the younger workers have been driven from the rural districts into the cities because harder longer work was necessary upon the farm to gain a livelihood; and that the number of farm labourers has dropped to a very small percentage of the total population because the farmer could not afford them a living wage.

Let us glance at some of the factors that affect the supply and demand of agricultural products, since there are a number of factors that cause or tend to increase this unyielding competition that is strangling the farmer.

First, new land is constantly being added to the present cultivated areas; and new and hardier varieties of plants are being developed that can withstand the cold of the sub-arctic regions or the drouth of the semi-arid plains. Even in the settled areas unproductive land is constantly being abandoned in favor of richer fields, and ever in the background lies the great quantity of sub-marginal land that can be brought into use whenever a raise in the price of agricultural goods justifies such a use.

To this potential increase in acreage may be added a great potential increase in yield. There is no doubt that up to the present, farming has been more extensive than intensive, and that the present yields could be doubled or even trebled by proper management. If a wider market was available, proper cultivation, fertilizers, feeds, disease and insect control could revolutionize our farm practises; and continually the spread of information through the agricultural colleges, farms, and extension workers, are all helping the farmer to realise these greater yields and to raise the quality of his products.

This potential increase in yield is being partly realised by the tendency towards industrialisation upon the farm. Modern machinery has made it possible for one man to sow and harvest a greater crop than ever before, and tractors, combines, and corn-huskers are but examples of the way in which machines are displacing human labor. Specialisation is also becoming marked because of the better transportation; and the different regions are being used solely for the production of the crops to which they are best suited, with a consequent greater efficiency of labor, larger use of machinery and higher yields per acre.

To this great potential increase in the acreage and the yield of agricultural crops there is always a surplus rural population to be disposed of, because of the high birth-rate in the country, and the decrease in the percentage of the population requires to raise enough food for the market available. The rural increase has proven more than ample to provide men for all the opportunities open in the country and in addition the government has continually fostered back-to-the-land movements and encouraged immigrants to settle upon the farm.

When we look at the demand on the other hand we find that it is relatively constant and increases slowly only by an increase in the population. In general we say that the demand for industrial goods is unlimited; but agricultural goods, on the other hand, have a quite inelastic demand, a demand limited not by man's capacity to enjoy but by his need to consume. Thus while overproduction may be said to be impossible in the industrial world, it is possible, if not ever menacing in the agricultural. The limitation of the volume of the demand gives a direct relation between the different products, and makes the sale of every product dependent upon the sale of every other, quite apart from the buying power of the consumer.

This limitation of the market is being felt very keenly due to the development of transportation and the use of storage facilities. Formerly each part of the world had its own market, and prices and costs might vary locally without too much fear of competition; but now perishable products can be kept indefinitely, the marketing period extended over

the whole year, and products from one part of globe compete with the same product ten thousand miles away—with the price determined, not by local conditions, but by world conditions and the lowered costs of transportation. A vast competition has grown up between nations with tariffs, bonuses, quotas, and exchange quotations all combining to form one kaleidoscopic picture.

And out of this vast competitive entanglement has arisen slowly and inevitably, in proportion to the advance in competition, a trend towards economic nationalism. As each country strives to become internally organized import quotas will become more apparent. Products that can be supplied cheaply and adequately at home will not be allowed to come into the country to destroy or demoralise the markets. Such a tendency towards self-sufficiency in agricultural products is already becoming well marked; and in the future, import quotas and trade agreements will determine the markets as never before. And moreover since the outlook does not look promising for a resumption of the great export trade in raw materials, the producers in the exporting countries will bear much of the burden of the readjustment, for they will find that they will have to curtail their production because of the loss of a great many of their markets.

The farmer, lost in this maze of possibilities and limitations of the market, must do his best to regulate his production according to the price that he receives. Even here a contrary tendency is present since he is tempted to increase his production during a time of falling farm-prices in order to maintain a stable income that will ensure him a certain standard of living with some amount of leisure; and the resultant further lowering of the prices finally results in a total disorganization of the market.

So we find the farmer with a limited market, increasing competition from all parts of the world, and with a great incentive to increase his production with overproduction, low prices, and lowered standards of living as an inevitable result.

I can but briefly indicate the solution here. To raise the level of agriculture—and this is the only solution to the problem—we must raise the lower level where readjustment

occurs above the subsistence level; and this can be done only by the earlier migration of the marginal producers to industry—not forced by the necessity of earning a livelihood, but drawn by the prospect of a better living in the town. Since the personal element makes this adjustment occur slowly, and it is still delayed because of the opportunities offered in the country for individual effort and the outdoor work, we will find that the level of the farmer will always tend to be lower than the level of the urban worker.

Moreover the danger is that this readjustment will continually be characterized by a rural population trying to live up to the standards set by the urban income; with the consequent financial distress and dissatisfaction. The high number of bankruptcies in the United States and the recent unrest among the English farmers are indications of this growing tendency.

This country is gradually changing from an agricultural to an industrial nation. The duty of the agricultural worker is to bring about this transition with as little friction and as little distress as possible.

A. E. ROLAND.

Miss Bentley: "What sort of food do you advise me to eat for the first few days of the voyage?"

Brutal Baylis: "Milk, it doesn't scratch when it comes back."

* * * * *

Everyone enjoys a joke now and then. But there are good jokes and poor ones. We think its a poor joke—

When some woman blushes.

When it is based on a rumor or untruth.

When it must be told in an undertone.

When some heart carries away an ache.

When something sacred is made to appear common.

When it causes hard feelings.

When a man's weakness provides the cause for laughter.

When it is provoked by malice or hatred.

When profanity is required to make it funny.

When everyone can't join in the laughter.

(Exchange)

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

HOCKEY

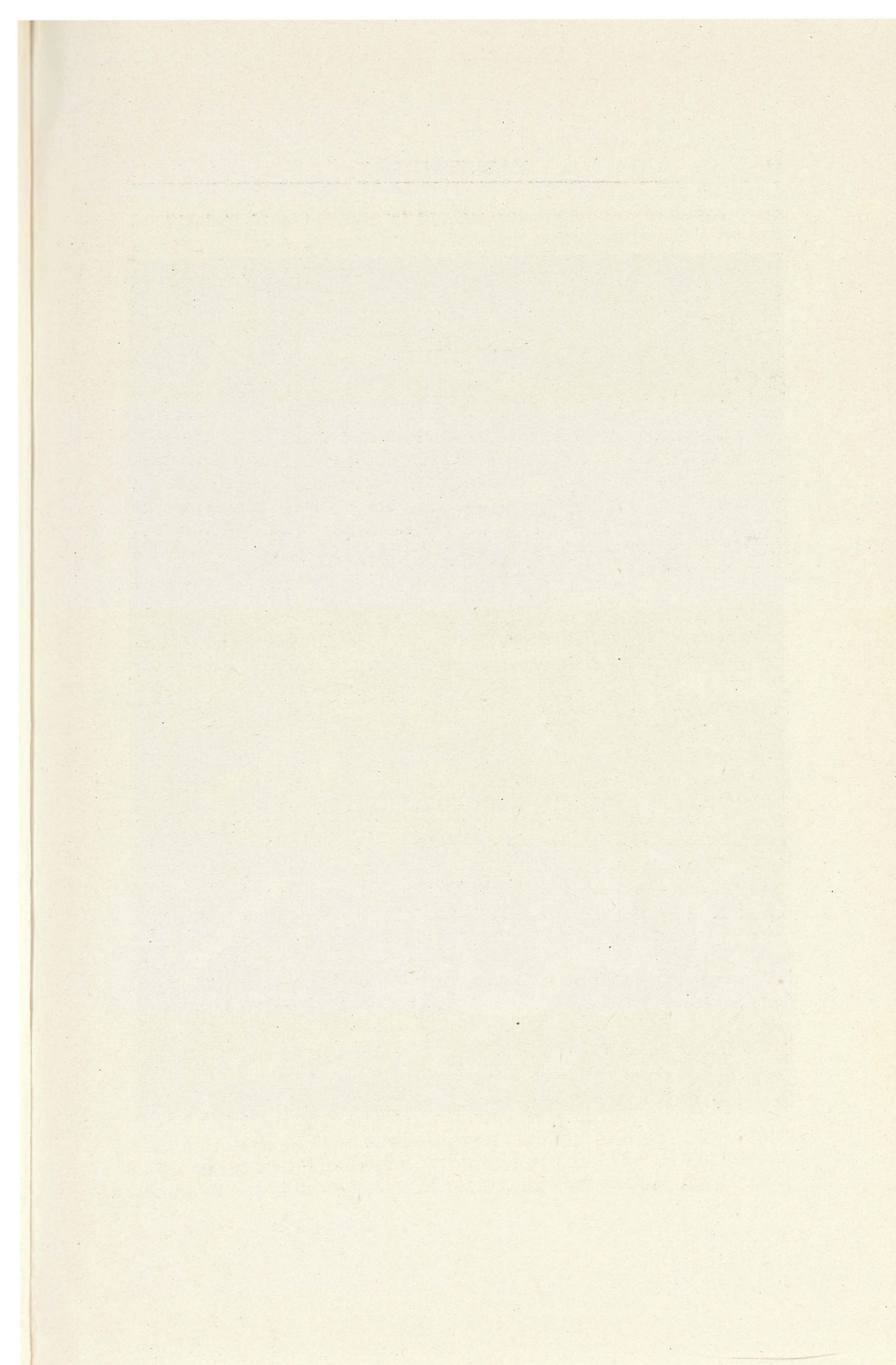
Hockey has never been a major sport at this College due to lack of time for practice. Basketball seems to take the lead and as most of the boys on the basketball teams played hockey they did not feel as though they could take the time to practice. Volleyball, as another sport, interfered with hockey, two nights a week after classes being set aside for this. One may see that volleyball, hockey, basketball and badminton gives a fellow a good chance for exercise if he is but interested in these sports.

More interest was taken in hockey this year, however, as we now have a rink built on the College grounds. The rink is of a good size and has boards four feet high surrounding it on all sides. A stove was set up in one of the rooms adjacent to the rink. Many a hand and foot has been kept above its freezing point by means of this stove.

Keen competition between the Juniors and Seniors was felt this year. Although the Seniors were small in numbers, they were beaten but once; and that by only a margin of one goal in the first game. The Seniors felt it necessary to give the Juniors some encouragement! I think the Juniors could have done better if there had been a little more cooperation on their part to turn out for practice as the old saying goes, "Practice makes perfect."

The usual game was not played with the district representatives for some unknown reason and the team representing the faculty also failed to make their appearance, but the senior team players have their own suspicions as to why this was so.

Games were played with the Rangers and the Normal College. The former team we were not able to beat, but four games were played with the Normal boys. The next game naturally called for the A. C. boys to beat the Normals





N. S. A. C. BASKET BALL TEAM 1934-35

Back row: E. C. Bain (G), B. C. Knight (G), D. F. Stewart, (centre), T. B. Thompson (center). Front row: N. F. Hoare (F), A. C. Neish (F) (Capt.), W. S. Hoar (Mgr.), W. R. Childers (F), back centre: Prof. A. W. McKenzie (coach).

by a score of at least one point, but more would have been better. This was not to be for the game ended 3-2 in our favour. It just seemed that the boys could not get more than 3 goals by the Normal goalie.

Having tied up the series with a 5-5 count the only logical thing to do was to play another game, but this game ended in a score of 2-2. So there we were with the same problem after the game as we had had before it.

Still another game was played, this time the score was 1-1. The A.C. boys got a one goal lead in the middle of the third period, but with about a minute to go, the Normals drove the puck by our goalie. Ten minutes overtime was played, but to no advantage. A longer period could not be procured at the time. It is hoped that next year the boys will get away to an early start and enjoy a good season.

WALTER S. HOAR '35
Captain

BASKETBALL

Once more we come to the end of a basketball season and once more a team breaks up. Five of the eight members of the team leave this year. It is to be hoped that the students, next year, will show some spirit and, under the able coaching of Professor MacKenzie, try to make the best team yet.

This year's team was well up to the standard. Out of the 12 games played only 2 were lost. Both of these were lost to Tech. The first was dropped in our own gym by a margin of 2 points, the score being 21-19. This was as the score indicated, a hard fought game. The second was lost in the Tech. gym by a margin of 17 points. At the end of the first period the score was 25-5 in favor of Tech. The boys rallied in the second period and lessened the lead by 3 points. The game ended 35-18. While in Halifax we stayed at the Pine Hill residence and played the second game of a two game series with the Pine Hill team. We won 20-12. Pine Hill had lost the first game to us in our gym (25-12). All members of the team enjoyed the trip and were favorably impressed with the friendly manner of the Pine Hill students. Some of them have hopes of returning there some day.

All other games were played in the home gym. Four were played with Bible Hill, one with the normals, two with the Y.M.C.A. and one with the Agricultural Representatives and Faculty. All these games were won by a fairly wide margin.

The interclass games concluded the season. Two games were played this year. The Senior team won over the Junior team to the tune of 26-8 in the first game. The Juniors came back strongly in the second game and held the Seniors to a tie. This gave the Seniors the coveted Harlow cup. Don't feel downhearted, Juniors, you'll have another chance to win it next year.

A. C. NEISH (Capt.) '35.

VOLLEY BALL

The volley ball season ended amid the lusty cheers of the lordly Seniors who had just won the trophy. Five teams competed for the cup this year. The Junior degree class had two teams; the Faculty, General Class and Seniors each had one team.

Both the Faculty and Seniors had a year's experience to their credit and keen competition was felt between them. For awhile it looked as if the Faculty was going to come out on top but the Seniors rallied and won three straight games, thereby eliminating the three highest teams and winning the cup.

The lusty "razzing" of the other teams, by the Seniors was a big factor in their success. At a crucial moment in a game a loud "Watch him miss it" from somewhere on the Senior side of the net would cause their opponent to slam the ball against the ceiling or into the net.

The members of the Senior team wish the Faculty the best of luck next year. They'll need it.

A C NEISH, '35

SOFTBALL

The fall of 1934 saw the softball start with a "bang." With several of the players from the previous year and recruits from the freshmen, we had no trouble in putting a team on the Diamond, worthy of carrying the blue and gold.

With but two practices we took on a successful game with the Normal squad. Encouraged, we then met the boys of the town team in two games in both of which we were victorious.

Unfortunately our activities in this sport were curtailed due to the lateness of the season and once again we had to resort to indoor games.

E. C. BAIN (Capt.) '35.

THE DEBATING CLUB

Another successful year has passed for the College Debating Club. Having a larger number of students this year each debate was largely attended.

The Debating Club is the only branch of the college activities in which all students take part. Mr Baylis was selected chairman of the meetings for the first term and Mr. Hope during the second term.

Because of the large number of students in the Junior Classes this year, and the small body of Senior Class members, the teams were chosen in such a way that one student from the senior class with two junior class members constituted a team. This method was followed until all seniors had participated the remaining teams were then made up of students from the junior classes.

Many interesting and amusing subjects came under discussion varying in resolutions from such as "Resolved the modern girl makes a better wife than the old fashioned" to that of "Resolved, Dictatorship is superior to Democracy in Government."

Interclass debates were held between the different classes near the close of the season. The first debate was between the General and Junior degree classes. Representing the General class were Messrs. Earle, Rose and Spaarkes. Representing the Junior degree, Messrs. Pat Murray, Campbell and MacNeil. The subject discussed was "Resolved—World Peace is an impossibility." The General class team upheld the Affirmative, and after a lively discussion, the judges awarded the decision in their favor.

The winning team then met the Senior degree class represented by Messrs. McKay, Dolan and Hope. The subject—"Resolved—the present generation is happier than that of 50 years ago," provided another amusing and well presented argument. However, the General class team was again victorious and are to be congratulated on their powers of argumentation!

Many interesting and instructive evenings were spent at the weekly meetings of the debating club. We wish to express our sincere appreciation to Professor Fraser for his work with us in this club during the past year.

A.J.S.'35 (Secy.)



: : EXCHANGES : :

Judging from a review of the current college publications received during the past year, a predicament obviously common to all, is the difficulty to obtain sufficient student material for such magazines. Unfortunately the N.S.A.C. is included in this category and due to our comparatively smaller student body we have been obliged to confine our magazine to but one issue this year.

In a recent issue of the Tech Flash we notice a few sentiments concerning the disappearance of the "rah rah" boy from college life. It is also true that scholarship is the preminent feature in the college life of today; however, should this mean we are losing our so called "college spirit"—we hope not. Should we not regard it as our privilege to contribute towards the support and success of the publications representative of ourselves and our College.

The Acadia Athenaeum although also under the above mentioned difficulties maintains a high standard in literary talent and presents an interesting and readable periodical.

Included in the Exchange quotations of the February Tech Flash is an interesting note which we take pleasure in reprinting. Recently three leading men spoke at a meeting on the subject "Things I wish I had known before I was twenty-one."

Here they are. I wish I had known:

What I was going to do for a living—what my life work would be.

That my health after 30 depended in a large degree on what I put into my stomach before I was twenty-one.

How to take care of my money.

The commercial asset of being neatly and sensibly dressed.

That a man's habits are mighty hard to change after he is twenty-one.

That things worth while require time, patience and work.
 That you cannot get something for nothing.
 That the world would give me just about what I de-
 served.

We gratefully acknowledge the following publications:

Argosy Weekly
 King's College Record
 Voice of Y C A
 Faint Ye Times
 O A C Review
 Acadia Athenaeum
 Tech Flash

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Where Rees goes between classes.
 Why McNeil giggles on the phone.
 If Powell passed his medical examination.
 If Kellier got the fish and chips.
 How Roland got Miss Downey's Botany.
 If Morrison's plank and sledge are a cure for choking.
 Why Galloway Roy is not here today.

* * * * *

THINGS WE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER

Bacterium Pullorum.
 Calbeck's "Legg".
 Walsh's anger.
 The open forum.
 The famous cow—Pearl.
 The point in Chemistry.
 Don't forget your Algebra.
 Morrison's waddles.
 Leo's moustache.
 Frank's "guarantee yer".
 The night Pat Murray got kicked out of a residence on
 Walker St.
 Smith's "Rolls—Rough."
 The Jessie Strawberry in Yarmouth.
 Nix Vomica.
 McNeil's lacking vitamin.
 Where Rube got his Spark-e.
 The lost lady.

N. S. A. C. ALUMNI NOTES

Walter G. Oulton, Class '11 is farming near Windsor. He has a general farm with fruit growing as a major project and in spite of the fact that he has one of the best orchards and general farms in the district, he finds time to be vice-president of the Nova Scotia Fruit Growers' Association, secretary of the Hants County Farmers' Association, etc

Carl M. Dickie—Class '12—He is an occasional visitor at Truro. He is District Representative of the International Harvester Company with headquarters at Kentville. Carl is just as tall as when he went to College.

We notice that *R. D. L. Bligh—'13*, Assistant in Horticulture at the Experimental Station, Kentville, has just been reappointed as Secretary of the Kings County Horticultural Society.

"Vegetable Insects and Their Control" is the title of a bulletin published by the Dominion Entomology Branch and it is written by *Alan G. Dustan—'13*. We are informed that between times "Dusty" has found time to build a very comfortable home in Ottawa and has joined the ranks of the benedicts.

Wesley Graves '13 is now employed as a Live Stock Representative for the Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture with headquarters at Aylesford, Kings County. Wesley says, "Cow Testing Pays."

James Bremner—'14, Secretary of the Canadian Cattle Club has, we understand, changed his headquarters from Fredericton, N. B. to Toronto, Ontario. We know Jim will still uphold the principles of Maritime rights.

Dan MacInnis—'14, is still employed at the Poultry Plant at the N.S.A.C. and although a busy man, still finds time to reminisce with the members of the Alumni who visit the institution.

Frank Tinney—'18, the Assistant Superintendent of the Experimental Farm at Charlottetown is specializing in Plant Breeding and his brother Reagh, also of Class '18 is located at Summerside, where he is devoting his interests to the Fox Industry.

Harold Clay—'20—is located at Charlottetown, acting as Hog Grader for the Dominion Live Stock Branch.

James A. MacGregor—'21 is employed with the Dominion Fruit Branch, his headquarters being at Summerside, P.E.I.

George W. Dewar—'22, is successfully operating a large fruit farm in the vicinity of Charlottetown.

W. G. Foster—Class '24, who was formerly employed with the Dominion Seed Branch, is now operating his own farm successfully at York, P.E.I.

George MacMillan—'32, is now operating the home farm at Charlottetown. His father Mr. Gordon MacMillan of the Dominion Seed Branch, was a recent visitor at the college and addressed the students on Seed Cleaning problems.

We notice from the press reports that *Phillip E. Donat '14* of the Experimental Station, at Kentville has been featured in a motion picture taken in the Annapolis Valley last season. His brother, a well known motion picture actor, took one of the leading parts in the recent production of Henry VIII.

Dr. Walter DeLong—Class '16, of the Department of Chemistry of Acadia University, passed through Truro recently on a trip to the capital city, Ottawa.

Hartley L. Hutchinson—Class '24, Morristown, Kings County, was a recent visitor at the College. He was in Truro supporting the Hockey team from Berwick. Apparently he still has some of his old pep left.

Norman I. Clarke—'15—The operator of Lone Fine Farm, Berwick, made several calls at the College this season while on Flock Inspection tours for the Department of Agriculture.

Herb. MacCharles '21 has been up and doing lately judging from press clippings. He delivered an address to the Progressive Club in Halifax on "Traditions Down in Nova Scotia."

Again a Truro paper notes, "On Wednesday Herb MacCharles 'skipping' in a scrub match had the honour of counting every stone, something that has not happened on Truro ice for eleven years; and the 'eight' was made against the pilot of the Dickie Cup holders, on which rink Herb is mate."

A. B. Banks '34 was honoured on his departure from Lorneville by being presented with a club bag by the Farmers Club and Junior Club members. The officers of the Cumberland Highlanders, in which regiment Banks held the rank of lieutenant, presented him with an electric clock. The Odd-fellows and Masons held a joint farewell and presented him with a ring engraved with the emblems of the two orders.

A. W. MacKenzie '21 has been elected manager of the Maritime Winter Fair for 1935. He is also secretary of the Maritime Stock Breeders Association.

J. R. Sweeney Toronto '20 has been appointed Dairy Commissioner for the province of Alberta. Mr. Sweeney is a native of Melrose, N. B. and a graduate of the N.S.A.C. He has had practical experience in managing dairies in Nova Scotia and Manitoba and has been Dominion Dairy Produce Grader for Manitoba since 1927. He is well known as a judge of butter at the Royal Winter Fair and other exhibitions.

R. J. MacSween '23 formerly Agricultural Representative at Antigonish, has been transferred to the Marketing Division of the N. S. Department of Agriculture, taking charge of organization work among fishermen.

A. B. Banks '24 formerly Agricultural Rep. at Amherst, N. S., has moved to Newfoundland to take over the position of Director of Agriculture in the Department of Natural Resources, St. John's, now administering the affairs of Newfoundland.

D. E. MacPhee '29 formerly Agricultural Rep. at Canso has been transferred to Amherst as Rep. for Cumberland County.

A. W. MacKenzie '21 formerly Superintendent of Agriculture and Colonization with the C.N.R. at Moncton, has been appointed Professor of Field Husbandry at the N.S.A.C.

N. I. Clark '25, Berwick, was out on flock inspection work for the Provincial Department of Agriculture during the fall and early winter months. Norman is also the proud possessor of a daughter who, no doubt, will add to the peeps of the chicks which are so numerous on the home farm.

When it comes to girls, though, Norman is beaten by *H. F. MacIntyre '26* Agricultural Rep. for Sydney, who is the proud possessor of three. It is rumored that they all arrived inside of two years time, too. Page, Mr. Dionne.

Dr. C. B. Sims '10 Paradise, is teaching Vet. at the A.C. Dr. Sims is very active in connection with the fox ranches of Western Nova Scotia and has for some time been in charge of inspection work covering a considerable area.

M. D. MacCharles '13 Agricultural Rep., Pictou, is president of the Nova Scotia Local C.S.T.A. this year, having been elected at the annual meeting January 7th.

W. A. Flemming '16 Truro, is on the Nova Scotia Farm Marketing Board. One of the members of this board is Kent Loughead, Old Barns; Kent Jr. better known as a member of the Junior Degree class.

Miss Janie Matheson '30 left on Feb. 10th for Sydney. I usually see her on Saturday nights. What shall we do in the future? I usually see her in the village where she will act as assistant in the school during the coming months. I'm a worried Senior.

And another good member of the board is *Stoohart '30* was recently elected.

(signed) Dorothy Dix.

F. D. Crosby '33 * * * * *
 "ably he liked the sanatorium is a cell composed of?"
 dances. bars and a cement floor."

Irate father: "What do you mean by bringing my daughter home at this hour of the morning?"

Black: "Sorry, sir, but I've got to go to school now."
* * * * *

Blenkhorn: "I've never seen such dreamy eyes."

Marge: "You've never stayed so late before."
* * * * *

Miss Macdougall: (At Graduation banquet) Will you have some more dessert Mr. Neish?"

Arthur: "Just a mouthful please."

Miss Macdougall: "Waitress, fill Mr. Neish's plate."
* * * * *

Earle (dramatically): "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

Pat Murray: "How will a donkey do?"

Earle: "Fine, come right down."
* * * * *

Rose: "Isn't it wonderful how women improve their looks with paint?"

Knight: "Yes, even an old barn looks better when painted."
* * * * *

About the only thing that comes into our lives without work is trouble.
* * * * *

Prof. Harlow: "Why don't you answer me?"

Martel: "I did, sir, I shook my head."

Prof. Harlow: "Do you expect me to hear it rattle away up here?"
* * * * *

My text for today is, "Make hay while the sun shines." It is taken from the second chapter of Timothy.
* * * * *

K. Cann: "Your cough seems to be better today."

H. McLellan: "It ought to be, I've been practicing all night."
* * * * *

Archibald: "When I was a boy I was hit over the head with a baseball bat, I've been deaf and dumb ever since."

Sparks: "Why don't you consult a doctor, he might be able to help your deafness."
* * * * *

R. Galloway: "I m going to speak my mind."

Prof. Fraser: "Ah! Silence at last."

College—the land of the midnight sons!

* * * * *

J. Galloway: “Pop, did you go to Sunday School when you were a boy?”

Father: “Never missed a Sunday.”

J. Galloway: “I’ll bet it won’t do me any good either.”

* * * * *

* * * * *

Nurse: “Congratulations, sir, its quadruplets.”

Walter: “Four crying out loud!”

* * * * *

McKay: “You are the only girl I’ve ever loved.”

She: “That’s O.K., I don’t mind beginners.”

* * * * *

Martel: “May I kiss your hand Miss——

Frances: “What’s the matter? Is my face dirty?”

* * * * *

Dizzy had returned from College.

Mother says: “Desmond, bring me in a stick of wood.”

Dizzy says: “Mother the grammatical portion of your education has been sadly neglected; you should have said, Desmond, my son, transport from that recumbent collection of combustible material on the threshold of this edifice one of the curtailed excrescences of a defunct log.”

* * * * *

“You look ill,” said the wife of the College principal one morning, “what is wrong, dear?”

“I had a horrible nightmare last night,” replied the eminent educator. “I dreamed that—that——” and he could go no further.

“That what, dear?” she asked consolingly.

“——that the board of trustees required me to pass the freshman examination for admission.”

* * * * *

Morrison—So Powell is going on a trip this summer.

Dolan—Where is he going?

Morrison—Oh, he’s going to Hav-ana.

* * * * *

The dignified professor giving a report on certain students under his care stated: “I saw one of our young men with a lady sitting on his knee and it would not be so bad if he wasn’t a Newfoundlander.”

Student—“Not a Newfoundlander sir—a Laplander.”

Harnet—Your pants knees are almost worn through.

Sparkes (seriously): "That's from praying.

Harnet (from behind): I suppose the seat is worn from back sliding.

* * * * *

KIN YUH 'MAGINE

Everett Cann winning a marathon.

Morrison asking a sane question.

A bullet wiffing by your ear.

No Saturday night dances.

Prof. Landry with laryngitis.

Lloyd Hawbolt making 100 in Agronomy.

Prof. Barteaux forgetting his Physics and Algebra—and his way home at night.

Those term papers next year.

Martell not being bawled out in Chem. Class.

McNeil with his own cigarette.

Thorne, Galloway and McLean not discussing women.

Murray getting the worst of an argument.

* * * * *

The N.S.A.C. is certainly trying to put on practical courses. Recently there has been an importation of certain parasites which for the most part have been kept in the stenographers' office. These parasites apparently are of a biting nature and must be handled with the utmost diplomacy.

* * * * *

FOR SALE

A standard-bred mare. Very fine specimen for the shape she is in. Has *only* 36 unsoundnesses.

C. Eric Boulden.

* * * * *

The Plymouth is a good car but will not stand everything. Recently a Plymouth making the trip to the College with a *heavy load of heavy people* blew out the oil pump.

**SENSATIONAL PRODUCTS
PATENTED AFTER YEARS OF PATIENT RESEARCH**

Trueman's New Noiseless Chewing Gum—made by a new process.

Guaranteed not to crackle. Contains a lubricant which allows a free side to side movement of the jaw. Especially recommended for dances and classrooms. It has been scientifically proven that it increases a student's mental efficiency 1%.

“The Elasticity Lasts”

Harlow's Sanitary Smokeless Cigars for Sane Smokers.

The latest thing in smooth smokes. Guaranteed not to irritate the throat. Free from nicotine and other injurious substances. The amazing thing about these is that they do not raise any smoke. Made from the best Canadian asbestos. A series of tests have proven that students using these cigars chew up 80% less pencils than students using other brands.

“Good for a Life Time.”

Bird's Reducing Pills

The most effective pills on the market. They take effect immediately after being swallowed and one is quite sufficient for any person. The patient not only begins to lose weight rapidly, but his worries are reduced by 100%. Chief constituent— HgCl_2 .

“Guaranteed effective or money back.”

Landry's Throat Pastilles for Particular People

Amazing results follow the use of these tablets. A woman writes, “Three months ago I could hardly speak above a whisper. After using three boxes of Landry's Throat Pastilles my voice improved to such an extent that my husband bought the radio I have wished for so long.” These are excellent for people using dictaphones. In some cases they have been known to increase the strength of the voice 25%. Recommended for cheer leaders.

“The Flavor Lasts”

Payne's Perfect Port

The last thing in alcoholic beverages. Made from the purest buckwheat honey by a new patented process. Minimum amount of alcohol 16%. It is predigested, and tests have proven that one pint will revive an exhausted man to such an extent that he will want to beat up a cop. It contains traces of iodine and has been found effective in relieving goiter. Recommended for Irishmen and pregnant sows.

“Good to the last drop”

\$2,000.00 CELEBRITIES CONTEST

All you have to do to win the \$2,000 price is name the celebrities who use the phrases printed below. Your answers should be written in the “classified ad” column of today's “Truro Evening Citizen News” and should reach us not later than the first mail tomorrow morning. Entries must be accompanied by wrapper from “Trueman's Silent Chewing Gum” or facsimile of same.

N. B.—Employees of N.S.A.C. are debarred from entering this competition.

“Note this——!”

“The hen is a machine.”

“I'll look that point up.”

“Not so hot.”

“Don't forget your mathematics.”

“Is there anyone who doesn't understand this?”

“The fact is——”

“How about it Murray?”

“Who d'you think you are?——you're only Sophomores.

“What do you think Mr. Cooper?”

“What class have you next?”

“I haven't anything to say but——”

“It looks good on paper——”

“We all know——”

OUR MUSICAL SENIORS

- G. W. H.—“Congratulate me.”
 R. Mc. M.—“Tell me I’m wrong.”
 D. B. R.—“I never had a chance.”
 A. R. R.—“Every little dog has his day.”
 W. S. H.—“Mr. & Mrs. is the name.”
 N. F. H.—“One night of love.”
 A. F. McK.—“Flirtation walk.”
 R. S. T.—“Get out and get under the moon.”
 T. B. T.—“I’m alone because I love you.”
 A. J. S.—“Stay as sweet as you are.”
 W. J. D.—“Love in bloom.”
 E. C. B.—“Try to see it my way.”
 R. J. B.—“Nobody’s sweetheart now.”
 A. C. N.—“I won’t dance.”
 D. D. D.—“You ought to be arrested.”

LIMERICKS

There was a young man called “Sarge”
 Who paid a visit to Marge
 When he got there
 Hope had the chair
 So “Sarge” decided to barge.

There was a fair youth named Art,
 Who decided to make a new start
 To give up his femme
 And study his chem
 But Art and his femme could not part.

Through the polariscope Harlow did quiz
 Inspiration came to young Diz
 With evil intent
 He dropped in a cent
 Now Diz minds his own biz.

A stout little fellow named Walter
 On a mysterious trip did falter
 He came through all right—
 But kept very tight,
 Re. his matrimonial halter.

PATTER

Flattery is soft soap and soft soap is 90% lye.

The higher I get in the evening, the lower I feel in the morning.—College Humor.

The churches of the land are sprinkled all over with bald headed old sinners whose hair has been worn off by the friction of countless sermons that have been aimed at them and have glanced off and hit the man in the pew behind.—Henry Ward Beecher.

It's a great kindness to trust people with a secret. They feel so important while telling it.—Robert Quillen.

The filling station men have improved the manners and courtesy of the American public more than all the colleges in the country —Robert A. Millikan, eminent-physicist.

No wonder there is a lot of knowledge in the colleges—freshmen always bring a little in, and the seniors never take any away—Abbot Lawrence Towell—Howard University.

Be familiar with your books, mark them, pencil them, and in 50 years time you will turn over the leaves and read those notes with pleasure. Marginalia are the foot-prints of the thoughts of the reader—Frances L. Patten, Princeton University, 1888—1902.

You can't rise with the lark if you've been on one the night before—Ring Lardner.

A bride should make sacrifices for her husband but not in the form of burnt offerings.

And that divorce, as Ed Wynn says, is hash made of domestic scraps.

GENERAL CLASS HOROSCOPE

Name	Appearance	Chief Weakness	Where Found	Sole Ambition
Archibald	Rushing	To rope her	Munroe St.	To be a Poultry Teacher.
Rose	Uncertain	I wonder	On the Chesterfield	To teach Sunday School
Knight	So Sweet	Women	Studying Chem.	To get married.
K. Cann	Bye and bye	Growing Clover	Chemistry Lab.	To dance
Powell	Charming	Fish and Chips	At the Phone	To pass in Biol.
Harnett	Scholarly	Movie Stars	In bed	To be a Minister of Agr.
Sparkes	Fatherly	Halifax	Hog Pen	To have a "Freak"
Earle	Gigantic	Debates	In the dining room	To be a Dictator
Bethune	Loving	Poultry	In Library	To grow a moustache
Thorne	Formerly	Shooting the bull	Barber Shop	To master Botany
R. Galloway	Effeminate	Studying	In the Sheep pen	To be a farmer
J. Galloway	Masculine	Ella	Wood St.	To be a conductor
Rees	Keen	Hens	Who knows	To be a movie star
McLellan	Sleepy	Pool	At Cox's	To grow Peanuts

AT

MACDONALD COLLEGE

McGill University Offers The Following Courses in Agriculture

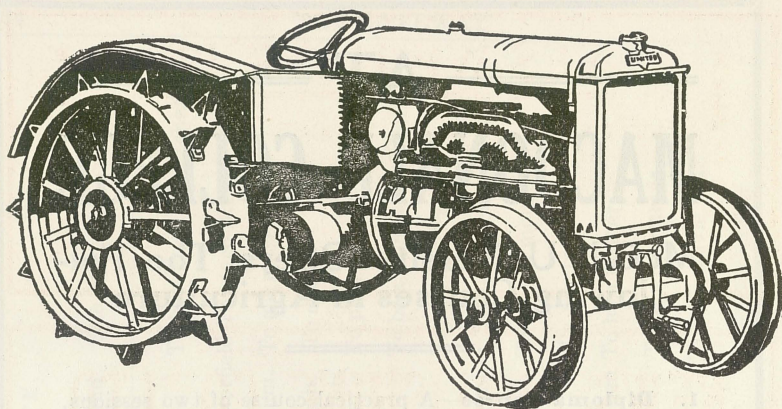
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