

# THE GAY AND FESTIVE VARSITY-STUDENT.

## How the Time is Used up by the Residence Man.

He Decorates His Room With Pictures of Imprudent Goodness, Hires a Piano, and Does a Little "Outside Reading."

"Paul Pangloss," in the *Empire*, gives the following interesting sketch of life at the Toronto University:—If some sunny summer day you should stroll across the Varsity campus, coming to that exquisitely carved doorway, you would see looting on the steps, or stretched upon the emerald terrace, in the laziest of attitudes, a dozen or more male creatures, unshaven, a dozen slipshod, slouch-hatted, clad in the most tattered of gowns and the seediest of cloisters, and all puffing vigorously at the sturdiest and strongest of pipes containing the rankest of tobacco. You must not think for an instant that a gang of convicts, having fled the Central prison, are now in possession of the provincial Parnassus. These unkempt, ragged creatures are young gentlemen from Residence, taking their afternoon siesta where all the world may see. There they sit, laughing, talking, showing their white teeth as they ogle the pretty girls, or staring stolidly across the way at that glaring red brick incongruity which the School of Practical Science, or further on to that other architectural miscellany, the Technical School, once Wycheff College. But silent, smiling, or supercilious, these young gentlemen persevere in sending upward to the blue sky a steady mist of smoke, wearing one and all an expression as who should say "Look at me. Observe how tough I am, and what supreme disregard I have for the conveniences. Mark my disreputable attire and my blasé air. I am a perfect devil of a fellow. I sit here and smoke and talk and flirt, and don't care who knows it."

### SOCIETY AT VARSITY.

No, dear reader, these young gentlemen represent easily in the University, as you may easily ascertain by looking at the invitation cards disposed on their mantelpieces or scattered over their tables in Residence. Residence men have always cultivated "sassiness," and, paradoxical as their attire about college may seem, they have the most profound respect for the fashion plates. Younder youth, who saunters brazenly into lecture halls and parades the campus in garments that would put a hod-carrier to the blush, will not stir outside of college bounds, no, not so far as the Caer Howell for his harmless, necessary Collins, without consulting at least two amorous looking-glasses, undergoing the cleanest of shaves, and coming forth finally clad in purple and fine linen, in the boxiest of top coats, the shiniest of patent leathers, the pride and joy of his accommodating tailor and credulous boot-maker, the pink of perfection, a living type of the latest mode, armed in the most fashionable cap-a-pie, and irreproachable from head to toe. With the Residence man the body is certainly not more than raiment. Having been a somewhat dishevelled cabbage all day, he blossoms forth at 4 p. m. a gorgeous sunflower, and does the promenade on King with the rest of the beau monde.

### HE HAS REGARD FOR THE WORLD.

Yes, these young gentlemen do care for what the world says about them, whatever else they would have you believe. They have as many suits in their wardrobes as the unseparated sprig of English nobility who comes to the colonies to learn to farm. Not content with entertaining a score of tailors—strictly on credit, be it known—in Toronto, they have been known to send their measure to a fashionable west end tailor in London, England, and import their garments therefrom. This, however, is not a measure of reckless extravagance, for good clothes are cheap there, don't you know.

### THE RESIDENCE MAN'S ROOM.

Ostensibly a rough diamond, the Residence man has yet a proper regard for his setting. He is luxurious in his habits and to the student taste his room is absolutely Sybaritic. It is papered aesthetically with dado and border, half at the undergraduate expense and half at that of the college. On the floor is a pretty carpet. In one corner is a little sofa, in another a little cabinet containing the young man's 5 o'clock tea service—5 o'clock tea is a modern refinement—near the fireplace is an easy chair in morocco leather. The students' mortar-board has the name of honor over the mantelpiece. On the walls are a few engravings of those imprudent ancient goddesses who wore no other ornaments than a little atmosphere. Such subjects are generally known as French art, and, as they are taken mostly from the classics, they are evidences of the cultured taste of the owner. The photographs of all the pretty girls whom his studentship has met occupy a prominent place. There is perhaps a picture of the members of the gallant K company, and next to it an array of Amazons from the corps du ballet. If the young man is musical he has a rented piano, but in olden times Residence discouraged such extravagance by feeding the instrument with superfluous beer and mutilated biscuits. The piano ultimately became too full for utterance, and in that state of repletion was sent to the manufactory for repairs. The bed and toilet furniture, together with mirrors, cologne bottles and other Persicos apparatus, are hidden in a curtained alcove.

### WOOLS MILE NICOTINE.

at with rugs and damask curtains, bric-a-brac and a student's lamp—your Residence man must have that if it gives an industrious air—the room is quite cosy, not to say luxurious. We must not forget the young man's smoking jacket thrown carelessly over a chair, his red velvet smoking cap perched on the chandelier, and his fancy slippers toasting by the fireplace, all tokens that he is cherished by the ladies! As for pipes, there the student taste runs riot. Is it not the privilege of every student, every philosopher, to woo My Lady Nicotine? Is it not soothing, thought-conducting? Is not the true jolly collegian always depicted with a larger beer before him and a "churchwarden" depending from his mouth? So the Residence man gives reins to his fancy in the implements for his pleasant little vice. Pipes are there in every state of

distortion, from Hollander to Nookah, long, straight stemmed churchwarden and crooked hubble-bubble. But the favorite is that general utility, not at all ornamental, one called the "bull-dog." It is not entirely appropriated to collegiate use and is, indeed, the pipe most popular in Toronto, being light and easily held.

### AS TO "OUTSIDE READING."

They study in Residence now, and openly at that. It is no wonder then that the student goes in for rare editions of his favorite authors. In any Residence room you will find French novels with yellow covers and dalluring frontispieces. The young man terms this euphemistically "outside reading," "general culture," or something else equally sonorous and ambiguous. He explains that he is cultivating a pure prose style, and so has sought it at the fountain head, the brilliant French writers of the nineteenth century. Strange to say, however, the fiction is nearly all in translation. Even under the old dispensation, when it was considered infra dig to study, there were those irrational undergraduates who squandered their money on books, not on the flame-colored volumes of extensive culture above alluded to, but on the authors prescribed in the curriculum. They purchased rare editions, editions de luxe. They even went so far as to have them imported from England. They sent them to the book-binder's and had them rebound magnificently. They disposed them neatly in bookcases, dusted them religiously, never looked inside of them, but were never tired of looking at them. This was termed "forming a library." And so year by year the bibliophile went on accumulating treasures, delighting not in their contents, but in the mere sense of possession and the realistic air of scholarship which their presence imparted.

### ALL JOURNALISTS.

The Residence man has always taken a dilettante interest in journalism, and has invested in stock in *The Varsity*, a paper which has never paid a dividend, and, it is likely, never will. But as a stock-holder in a real live paper he feels an exoteric enthusiasm and considers himself as much a Bohemian as if his hair were long and his finger nails dirty.

He must belong to the Rugby club, follow it and back it in its orts. He must go in for cricket, that good old slow English game, you know. He must take part in all athletic associations, in order to strike a happy mean between biceps and books. He must join the Literary Society. Who knows but that Sir Oliver has his eyes on the every young orator and is aching to get some of their eloquence in his Cabinet? The young man in Verdant Green was ruined not by one fad, but by many. Who dances must pay the piper. If the Residence man is unfortunate enough to have so many fine tastes, he must get head over ears in debt. Champagne tastes and a beer income are incompatible. What with adorning one's mind and body too, the collectors are likely to become importunate. So it happens that inside rooms abutting on the verandah roof at a premium. It is easy when you hear the obnoxious footsteps to see through the window and into the next "house."

### A TALE UNFOLDED.

There was once an extravagant, Mr. Blank who had his room in the attic, far above the verandah and so assailable by debtors. He had a room-mate named Mr. Brown, who was seldom in. Mr. Blank was always in during the day, his night habits rendering necessary. He had a little bill, a tailor's bill, long outstanding. The tailor's collector was not a shrewd man, and knew not Mr. Blank. One day he found the young gentleman smoking in his room. "Is Mr. Blank in?" he asked. "Just gone out," responded the ready-witted Blank.

The collector came again and again enquiring of Mr. Blank for Mr. Blank, who was always out.

Finally he caught Blank and Brown together.

"Ha," said he to Mr. Brown, "I have you now. Will you settle the little bill?"

"Not just now," said Mr. Brown, "this is Mr. Blank's bill," and he handed it over to his ill-fated room-mate. Further history sayeth not.

### HOW HE RAISES THE WIND.

Not being the son of a Croesus, the Residence undergraduate must become a young Napoleon of finance. Let him tell you some day, when he is in a confidential mood, how dexterously he can "cook" accounts, persuading his unsuspecting father that he needs a new Bible, that he has hired a pew in church, that he has joined a thousand and one missionary and charitable societies, and that the volume of classics spelt in Greek letters last month is not the same which in English characters must be bought this month.

Really, I think that the Residence conscience is too elastic. The prayers recited by the dean in Latin are too much for the ordinary pass man, who thus derives no spiritual benefit therefrom. The English devotions in the east end lecture room are held every morning at 10 o'clock. All those who have no conscientious scruples are invited to attend. Strange that so many stay away?

### Sources of Ivory.

The chief source of ivory is that obtained from the elephants of Africa and Asia. Ivory so obtained may be distinguished, owing to the African, when first cut, exhibiting hardly any grain, being first of a transparent tint, afterward becoming lighter in color. Asiatic, when first cut, is like African which has been cut for some time, but becomes yellow by exposure to light. The African has a closer texture, and is capable of being more highly polished than the Asiatic variety.

Besides elephant ivory, other substances have been largely used in the carving of the Middle Ages, notably walrus, narwhal, and hippopotamus ivory. It is interesting to note that King Othore of Norway visited King Alfred the Great in 890 A. D., after a walrus hunt in the North sea, one of the objects of which was the obtaining of walrus ivory. Another very important source of ivory is that obtained from the mammoth, the extinct *Elephas primigenius*.

Large quantities of this ivory have been found in the frozen soils of Siberia, it being said that nearly all the turned ivory work of Russia has been made from this so-called fossil ivory. These extinct elephants, from which it is obtained, have been immured in the frozen soil for countless centuries. In prehistoric times herds of these animals roamed over western Europe.

# IN LOBENGULA'S COUNTRY

## What Two English Pioneers Saw And Did in It.

he King a Ruffian With Sixty Wives—A Race of Big Men—Lots of Lions and Alligators.

Two English pioneers named Job, who went through Matabeleland some years ago and have since returned to the old country, have given an interesting account of their experiences. Thirteen years ago they were contracting in the Kimberley diamond fields, and the output of diamonds was so great that they thought diamond digging was being over-done—diamonds were then cheap and plentiful, but you cannot eat diamonds—and with two Americans determined that they would strike for the land of Ophir, that is, the land of the Queen of Sheba, who went up to Jerusalem to see Solomon. It has been said

### THE LAND OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

is in Mashonaland, which is south of the Zambezi, but it is not so. The ruins of the ancient city of the Queen of Sheba lies just immediately north of the Zambezi, and to reach that country the brothers Job had to pass through Matabeleland. They bought a wagon drawn by eighteen oxen, and hired "boys" i. e., African natives, and took a three years' supply of all sorts of provisions, including powder and rifles, and made tracks for the land of gold. said William Job:—"We were after gold. That journey months from Kimberley. It took us three months to go up and three months to come back; we passed through a portion of Mashonaland, and then up to Bulawayo. We lived nine months in 'Old Ben's kraal.' Old Ben is the name the Englishmen gave to Lobengula. Their description of the king is that he is a great giant among men, very tall and big, and weighing about 23 stone. Very strict and severe with his people, a bully, and a brute. He had 60 wives, and told us we could have as many wives as we liked, provided we did not touch his. The Matabele

### DO NOT WEAR CLOTHES

only a small apron of hide or linen. 'Old Ben' went about the kraal naked like the rest, but when he went out to the distant townships he dressed in trousers, jacket and hat, just like an Englishman. The clothes are of a dark cloth. On his expeditions he would have shoes, but for the most of the time would get one of his men to carry them tied up around his neck. These Africans are curious people. They would sometimes buy a cheap pair of trousers, and instead of wearing them on their legs, would put them up over their arms and button them up at the back of their neck. The country is very warm—the natives do not want clothes—but while warm the climate is really delightful in the where Englishmen are bound to have the fever, and along the rivers there are

### LOTS OF ALLIGATORS.

Some of the rivers have been filled with washings from the uplands, a very sandy soil, and are dry except during the rains; but there is always water to be found in the beds of the rivers by digging holes in the sand. The country is not particularly mountainous, but rather rolling, and there are some plains flat as the table, stretching for forty miles, which we crossed, and in places are very lofty trees, great groves of various woods, mostly pine. There are no hedges or enclosures. All the country is open and the roads are only tracks. The track we took was the principal one up through the country, and in places so bare and hot in the sunshine that we had to travel by night, as the sandy soil would burn up the feet of the cattle, it was so hot. We rested by day, and travelled from about eight to twelve and from three to seven in the morning, doing an average of about twenty miles per day. At one time we were two days without water, and when the cattle got down to the river they were nearly done up. So we determined on only moving that night about a couple of miles from the river.

### A NIGHT WITH LIONS.

By Jove, that was a night! The lions, which abound out there, went down to the river at night and crouched for their prey. The lion's food is chiefly ground fowls, much like our geese. These birds abound out there in flocks of tens of thousands, and go down at night time to the rivers to drink. That night when the lions were about us there was no sleep. We tethered the oxen to the wagon, lit fires around, and stood for the most of the time rifle to shoulder. The roar of those lions was something terrible in the still African desert, but they were afraid of the fires and did not attack. Snakes also abound in that country, but the natives are not half as much afraid of snakes as the English. They are very cute in breaking their back with a stick and catching them by the neck. A snake's back is easily broken with a stick, and then, of course, its power is gone.

The Matabele as a race are an offshoot from the Zulus, with whom they had a quarrel and trekked up into Matabeleland. They are the tallest and biggest race of men in Africa. I know of no bigger race of men in the world, and I have been in four continents. They are the

### LAZIEST SET OF RASCALS IN THE WORLD.

Except when they are out hunting or plundering the Mashonas they do nothing but sit down all day long feed, and drink beer. They brew their own beer from a small round grain very much like pearl barley. The women do all the work. It is beneath the dignity of a Matabele to do any work except hunt, or fight, or plunder. The women plough the land, cut down the trees for firewood, and even build the kraal. These huts are exactly in the form of a beehive, made of branches of trees and long reeds plastered inside and out with mud. There is no window or door, only an opening to get through, and an opening at the top for the smoke to escape.

### IT RAINS THERE ONLY TWICE A YEAR,

and lasts only about two days. But then it rains—indeed it does; comes down in sheets. It is astonishing to see how the rivers rise. One day the river seems dry, and you must dig into the sand for a drink. The next day it is five feet deep, and it may be in places as wide as the Thames, and the current so rapid and rising so fast as to make it impossible to cross it. The

rains and the rise of the rivers are the cause of White and his party's loss. Old Ben (Lobengula) would know that, and knowing also that the party was small, and impossible of relief, is just exactly the man to wipe them out.

### LOBENGULA IS A BRUTE AND A SAVAGE.

I have seen him take the ear of one of his men and wring it until the blood came, for some trivial offence, and if he should give orders for a particular thing to an Indiana they would not even venture to ask for an explanation, and if the orders were not properly carried out he would cut off their ears saying, "Ears are made to hear with; if you can't hear, ears are no good."

### These Matabele had

### THOUSANDS OF SLAVES,

mostly Mashonas. These Mashonas are not so powerful as the Matabele, and they are smaller men, and "Old Ben" would say that he must not allow the Mashonas to multiply, because if so they would probably try to take his country. And once or twice a year he would go raiding for their cattle and for slaves. These slaves would have to do all the drudgery and other things unmentionable. It is the law of the land that a Matabele must not plunder the white man. We knew that before we went into Matabele, and that is the reason we were not afraid. "Old Ben" was very kind to us. Told us where to go hunting and gave us an escort. But he would not allow us to search for gold, which we were after. We saw certain indications of a reef where there were small pits dug, but if we were to pick up a stone and examine it one of the "boys" would bolt away to the king, and it would not be very long before a messenger would be back summoning us to the kraal at Bulawayo to give us a warning.

### NOT TO SEARCH FOR GOLD.

We were sort of favorites with the old brute, and he told us that he did not so much object to us, but he knew that if we found gold we should write home to England to get brothers and cousins for them to come out, and they would multiply and take the country from him. This is the reason he would not allow us to search for gold, and he would fairly argue the point and say that he would not be allowed to bring over a great tribe and seize England. We learnt a portion of their language when contracting at Kimberley. The Mashonas understood their language, and we had between us more than a hundred boys working, and we managed to pick up the language through them, and they knew some English. We were never allowed to approach the Zambezi nearer than we could see it from the hills, as Old Ben said that he would not allow his country to be made a track for the land of Ophir, as he knew that we were after gold. The Zambezi is full of alligators, and only navigable with flat bottom boats, so we did not want to get into alligator's jaws. This is the way we were afraid to go around the coast and up the Zambezi. When we found we were not allowed to search for gold in Matabele, or allowed to cross the Zambezi, we made tracks for home, having spent £300, and lost eighteen months of wage-earning time.

### MARK OF A BLOODY THUMB.

It Was Enough to Trace, Convict and Hang an Ohio Murderer.

Cases in which a man has been convicted of crime on purely circumstantial evidence are of frequent occurrence, but in the majority of instances it would not be difficult to point to at least one weak link in the chain of guilt. The New York Recorder recalls a striking case in which a prisoner was found guilty on testimony that left no room for even the shadow of a doubt. One night an assassin entered a drover's house in Ohio, killed the inmates and secured a sealed package containing \$1,800 in bank notes. In order to conceal his crime, he set fire to the house before leaving it. The building burned slowly, and the neighbors were enabled to extinguish the flames and to discover the murderous work which had been done.

### THE ASSASSIN.

before leaping over the fence, had torn open the wrapper of the package and flung it on the ground. This was picked up by the police and marks of blood were found upon it. It was the only clew in their possession.

After twenty-four hours the murderer returned to the town. The police suspected him, because he had been mysteriously absent and was known to have been intimate with the drover. They did not arrest him, but constantly watched him for four months. He had been poor, but now seemed to have money. In the course of a week he married and went away on a wedding tour. Two detectives followed him. Whenever he paid a hotel bill or offered money for any purpose they secured the bank notes which had been in his possession. Subsequently he made several journeys with the detectives behind him, and finally went to Minnesota. There he paid out a \$20 bill with a red thumb mark on one corner. The police arrested him as soon as they examined it. On the trial the torn wrapper with its blood mark was identified as having been in the drover's possession. The bank notes, which had been traced to the assassin, were put in, with the last one paid out by him on top. The smudge of blood on the wrapper corresponded precisely with the marks of the bank notes underneath. The specialist's magnifying-glass revealed unerringly how the murderer's thumb, in tearing open the envelope, had touched the first bank note. It was circumstantial evidence conclusive of guilt. The murderer was convicted and hanged.

### Mortifying the Flesh.

Gladys—I'm in grave doubt whether I ought to observe Lent or not.

Ellen—Why?

Gladys—Because, you know, we ought to deny ourselves during the season, and I look too perfectly lovely in those sober Lenten gowns from my dressmaker.

### An Irish Bull.

The last speaker of the evening was an Irishman. Many were leaving the hall, when he shouted, at the top of his voice: "Hold on! I'll say only a few words if you will keep your seats; but if you keep on leaving, I may speak for an hour or two, and keep you here all night."

# STORY OF DIAMONDS.

## Told By a Denver Detective Last Night.

### The Alleged Thief a Denver Bank Cashier.

Seated in the Chicago sleeper of the C.P. R. train at Windsor the other evening were two gentlemen whose appearance would not attract any particular attention. They were quietly dressed and seemed to be enjoying each other's society immensely. The one was Arthur J. Holman, the alleged diamond thief; the other, Detective Patrick Malon, Denver.

Detective Malon, speaking to The Record, said he had to thank Detective Carpenter, Montreal, for having captured his man, who was arrested at Montreal on Wednesday and agreed to return without the formality of extradition.

The reporter stated that he was ignorant of the cause of arrest and asked the detective for some account of the crime. The officer stated that he did not care to speak of the matter in Mr. Holman's presence and for obvious reasons he could not leave his companion.

"Oh, tell him all you think you know, Malon," said the prisoner. "I have no objection. In order to facilitate matters I may say that until three years ago I was cashier of the Park National Bank, Denver. I had a disagreement with the management there, and left for Europe. I was on my way back to Denver when one of the Canadian officers met me and kindly offered to pay my fare back again. I gladly accepted his offer, and left Montreal this morning with my festive friend here, who is feeding me well, paying my fare and doing everything possible to make me comfortable. Now, go ahead, Malon, and tell your side of the story to that gentleman without regard to my presence. I am just as interested as he is in desiring to know the details."

### The officer then told the story as follows:—

"Under the Park National Bank of Denver is a safety vault in which prominent citizens deposit from time to time their valuables. For three or four years prior to the time Mr. Holman left Denver there were reports constantly made to the managers of this concern that their boxes had been robbed. The detectives were set to work; we would watch the place carefully for months at a time without result, but within a week of the time we would cease to watch another robbery would occur. Of course, the safe vault people would immediately make good the loss since if it became known to the public their business would be ruined. Several times during the year 1899 were the vaults robbed. Mr. Holman, as well as being cashier of the bank above, was a director of the vault company. He seemed very anxious that we should secure permission to remain in the bank at night, so that they might be able to hear any noises beneath. Mr. Holman granted the request and many evenings he remained with them in his office. Doing business with his bank was a rich miner, who, on January 8, 1891, returned from Europe with his wife. He visited the bank about noon that day and deposited several thousands of dollars. He told Mr. Holman that his wife had purchased about \$75,000 worth of diamonds while in Paris as an investment, and stated that he wished to place them in his safe for a few days. Mr. Holman told him that he could not assume the responsibility, but that his best plan was to deposit them with the vault company. The miner, whose name is William Hodgson, took his advice, and did deposit the diamonds as directed. Two weeks later there was a ball given in Denver in honor of a New York society belle and Mrs. Hodgson desired to wear some of her diamonds. She went with her husband to the vaults to pick out what she wanted. At the vault office they met Mr. Holman, who began chatting with them, and expressed a desire to see the diamonds. He went with them to the drawer and stood by while Mr. Hodgson turned the combination lock. Mrs. Hodgson took a necklace and a few rings out, and left the balance. She returned the next afternoon to replace them and found to her astonishment that all the others were missing. That day Mr. Holman was not at his office, having sent word that he was ill. He has never been at his office since. We found that some of the diamonds had been sold in London, England, by a man answering his description, and have continued on his trail ever since. He arrived at New York last week. I traced him as far as Montreal, but there lost sight of him. I then went to Detective Carpenter, a personal friend of my own, and placed the matter in his hands. Within 12 hours he brought Mr. Holman and me face to face, and here we are. That is all I know about the case."

"If that is all you know, Malon, you will have a nice job convicting me of the robbery of these diamonds," said Holman, as he shook hands with the reporter and the train moved off.

### BRITAIN IN THE EAST.

#### Needs More Men and Ships in That Far Region.

A Hong Kong special says:—Last year's tonnage of the trade engaged with Hong Kong was, in British bottoms, 7,700,000, and in foreign, 2,700,000. In junks and local vessels, 3,800,000 tons. The present British naval strength in eastern waters is nineteen war ships, 39,000 tons, carrying 175 large guns, including those of four-inch calibre, and 150 smaller guns. The total crews consist of 3,000 men against the combined French and Russian squadrons of twenty-one warships of equal tonnage, carrying 153 large guns and 153 smaller guns, 4,000 men, with sixteen torpedo boats and volunteer cruisers besides. This startling comparison proves that, with a few more men and ships here, Great Britain is exposing willfully her immense eastern interests to great danger.

A Calcutta despatch says:—Further details received here regarding the expedition against the Abors show that the taking of Dumbak was more difficult than had been anticipated, owing to the strength of the stockade. The breach effected was so small that the Abors were able to evacuate the place before much punishment could be inflicted.

### Red-hot shot were first employed at the last siege of Gibraltar by the English artillery.

# LORD ABERDEEN IN THE MODERN

## HE TALKS TO THE S

### Practical Remarks on the

#### Agricultural Coll

During his visit last week Ontario the Governor General Guelph Agricultural College, a luncheon by the authorities.

His Excellency was greeted of applause as he rose to speak. Mr. Principal, ladies and The Principal has just returned would probably be glad to have the opportunity of addressing a body of this part of the Dominion is ready stated elsewhere, of character, and certainly, of a visit to Guelph Agricultural College; it in that expression sense of the term. You can stand that Lady Aberdeen is ed forward with great interest forlike most tolerably well-in we have often heard of Guelph ally of Guelph College. (A

One cannot help feeling that the actual and practical benefits and others through you, d opportunities here afforded, cal scientific acquaintance pursuit of agriculture—on

to be gained in this respect, it will induce the public gen more to recognize the dignit useful and practical character profession of farming. (G

A gentleman in England writing in a railway train for distance, and one of his fel was a gentleman with whom conversation. He found well informed, and a man of ability; they conversed about and, after a time, the gentleman said to his companion, you what profession you believe have no profession," said the only a farmer." "Only a first gentleman," "Why, sir, full and honorable profession."

(Loud applause.) I had great deal of suggestions, and it may enable you to understand when I say that the in of such an institution as the value apart from its inn (Applause.) There is also an which will make itself felt. The science of farming is slowly before you in this college, a sort of misgiving, amounting suspicion, about scientific ming. (Laughter.) They have there is more theory than practice. They say, "How can these men teach us to know of (Renewed laughter.) I re

the moment I am about to re in this Dominion, but it is a from this, so no harm can be done about it. I had a long you about it. I had a long came to a little town where an agricultural show during going out of the inn for a sh a gentleman came up to me "Are you 'the northern'?" "Well," said I, "I come fr

share—(laughter)—which is and

I DO A LITTLE FARM

so perhaps I may be termed farmer." (Renewed laughter) is your objection to the not "Oh," he said, "I mean that who publishes a paper appa farmers their business." (Evidently the gentleman had at the advice given in some question. There is a say "that a hungry man is an acquaintance was evidently out shortly. (Laughter.) I dent showed me that there is a ad occasionally a tendency appreciation of the latest scientific methods of farming have met with often in the o the other hand I am aware Dominion there is a vast amition, not only on the part generation of agriculturists, of the latest developments, also that among the general there is a widespread appreciation of the advantages afforded the results of the experim

t this college, and in the mental farms throughout a (Applause.) I am glad to have in connection with this experimental department a by Mr. Zavitz, of which advi by the farmers throughout country. (Applause.) But that experiments for that p the primary, but rather the of your institution. This ille, and its fundamental otional. (Applause.)

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES DO

As to the other aspect all the advantage taken of the Dominion Experimental Farm and those at Brandon, In Agrassiz, in British Columbia is an indication of the intelli dian farmers, that as a whi ase of the opportunities the taining instruction and getti results of the scientific oper ed at these farms. (Applaus great credit on the Governm tion that no expense has getting good men to put a these farms, and a good exp work. (Hear, hear.) I know men, and I can say from p ence that the Government al are to be congratulated on their services. (Applause.)

I wish further on the remark which this headquarters of research and learning has exly, especially in the remarka illustrious success, of Canada, of the Province of Ontario, of the agricultural exhibits at G (Applause.) Now, of course the subject of retiring and satisfi out the Dominion; but it is