

servative people and hard to get acquainted with. And there is so little of them to get acquainted with anyway, that they are very unsatisfactory when you do know them. I was lonely and wanted to leave the city where the events I have narrated had happened but my completely unhampered freedom of choice made it difficult to decide where to go. People make a very foolish mistake when they select the most unpleasant and gruesome places as the possible abodes of ghosts. Do they think that we, who can have the interstellar spaces for our play-ground and the milky way for our promenade, have nothing better to do than to haunt forest paths and graveyards, frightening children out of their wits, blanching the faces and stilling the laughter of the peasant lads and lasses slouching homeward from the village dance? They give us credit for very little intelligence.

But although I had the choice of the universe, I couldn't make up my mind where to go first until one day the sight of those of old '99 whom I have just mentioned, walking up the street to settle for my funeral expenses, called up a flood of reminiscences of the days at Acadia and set me wondering what had become of the rest of the class. Many I had not heard from for years and though, while at college they had always insisted with great vehemence that they were "bound to shine," I had only heard vague rumors from time to time that would justify the idea that they had kept their promise. So at once I decided that for the time I could do nothing better than to look them all up for old sake's sake and see to my own satisfaction what had been the amount of their shining.

Naturally my mind reverted to the place where over twenty years before we had confidently sallied forth from the protecting shelter of our Alma Mater, and armed with our roll of parchment eagerly faced whatever of danger or difficulty that offered itself for vanquishment. Very formidable that weapon seemed to us then but somehow we lost confidence in it later on.

Hardly had the image of the place and the desire to see it arisen in my consciousness before I was there, in Wolfville, and as luck would have it, it was anniversary time. The sleepy little town, which had seemingly changed very little, had on its best spring costume in honor of the throng of visitors that filled it to overflowing. The air was heavy with the odor of apple blooms, the streets were filled with the flutter of gay femininity and the birds sang just as they did twenty years ago. Yet everything seemed strange and I looked in vain for the sight of a familiar face. On the hill too, everything was changed. The old college building still stood but it looked dwarfed and insignificant beside the great stone and brick structures flanking it at every side. Chip. Hall was gone; it fell to pieces I think and in its place stood a magnificently commodious lodge, holding several hundred students who always kept their rooms neat and clean and never by any chance forgot themselves so far as to drop a water pitcher out the window or down the stairs. As I said, things were somewhat changed.