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I see that power is not in art,
Nor name nor place essential part
Of life's reality and glory ;
The strength of life is the health of the heart.

If man but lived the pure white truth,
As lives the lily tender ruth,
The earth were Paradise to-morrow,
The Christ, unveiled, would be here in sooth.

The worldly wise, he does not heed,—
What love sees true is true indeed !
Immortal blooms this hardy blossom,
And deathless fruits in a deathless creed.

Theodore H. Rand, '60, in 'Song Waves.'



The Northfield Conference

FROM the sweltering heat of Boston's crowded streets one unusually warm day in June, a B. and M. express bore me with a few companions on our way to Northfield. We had great anticipations of the convention which was the object of our coming, nor were we at all disappointed by the experiences of the next ten days. We reached our destination in the morning, while the air was still fresh and fragrant with the smell of hay newly mown, and got our first glimpse of the spot which will live in our minds while memory itself endures.

Northfield is situated in the Northern part of the State of Massachusetts, on the eastern side of the Connecticut River, just where the river enters the state, and hence on the borders of New Hampshire and Vermont. A wide level street with spacious residences, well kept lawns and meadows rich with grasses, is adorned on either side with a beautiful row of stately maples, then rejoicing in a profusion of foliage. Beyond the straggling village lie the beautiful grounds and stately building of Northfield Seminary, the spot made famous by the noble life of one of God's great workers—D. L. Moody. The place wears almost an air of seclusion, shut in, as it is, by hills and woods and river.

On entering the grounds we found white tents gleaming in the sunshine, and nestling on every little knoll and hillside wherever sufficient shade was found. How suggestive they were of odorous pines, of murmuring brooks, of cheering birdsong, of fleecy floating clouds, of dreamy hours of idleness and ease. They stood in rows beneath the lines of maples and birches, they appeared at every turn of the curving driveways, they seemed to be everywhere. But where was ours? Ah! there in a row near to Marquand Hall stood a line of tents where proudly floated the banners of McGill, Dalhousie, Mount Allison (U. N. B. had been assigned quarters elsewhere) and two other tents; surely these were reserved for the representatives of the fairest of all the fair, Acadia. From this veritable beehive of shining white tents what manner and number of persons shall we prepare to meet? To find the answer to this question come with me to Marquand Hall and dine.

At 12.30 the incessant ringing of a clamorous bell summoned everyone to the great dining hall. Then from Seminary buildings and from tents, from shady nooks and corners, came pouring forth a tide of student life, five hundred strong. (About two hundred more were dining in other quarters) We took our places during a continuation of the most glorious confusion of wild college yells that had ever greeted my ears,—five hundred men, each bent, not only on making himself heard, but on drowning out the other four hundred and ninety-nine. The Canadian delegations, of which McGill was the largest, occupied the centre of the room, and from this point of vantage we surveyed the rows of tables and the groups of shouting men. Our delegation numbered only eight *precious souls*, so that after an heroic effort to make the name of Acadia famous, we found ourselves looking into

each others open mouth from which no audible sound proceeded. We abandoned the attempt, at least in that particular manner of achieving fame. Then we amused ourselves by trying to decipher the various yells. One, which was shouted with great vigor by a large delegation in the rear of the room sounded something like this : Ha'vud, Ha'vud etc. with the *a* prolonged to infinity in its broadest sound, and followed by a succession of *rahs*, the whole being repeated until exhaustion ended it. It puzzled us greatly to account for the strange phenomenon, until one wiseacre, by a brilliant guess, declared during a lull in the storm that in plain English the sound meant Harvard. One other yell impressed us greatly. It came from the table next ours, where sat a score or more of dusky orientals chopping out in their quaint Eastern accent a yell that ended thus : *Hin-du-stan, Stan, Stan, Stan, Hin-du-stan*. Throughout the conference this yell and the group from the far-off eastern land, who uttered it, were a centre of interest and attention.

But even a student's ambition to honor his Alma Mater by the vigorous exercise of lungs and throat, must finally succumb before the temptation of a well cooked dinner, and the yells gradually subside into the clatter of knives and forks. We leave them to the tender mercies of the cooks while I proceed with my little tale.

Ten days of the most glorious summer weather, to be spent in the midst of ideal natural surroundings, and in the company of seven hundred student delegates representing one hundred and twenty colleges in Eastern United States and Canada ! How did we spend them ? It was neither one huge picnic, nor a succession of little picnics, for the men who planned the conference had another purpose in view ; but it was something much better than picnics, much more enduring. In order the more clearly to reveal what it was, let me try to describe a day at Northfield.

The rising bell rang out from Marquand Hall at 6.15 ; Northfield was no place for sleepy-heads. The first session of the day began at 8 o'clock. A greater number of delegates than at any previous conference had been enrolled in Bible Study classes. There were four different courses covering various portions of Scripture, each course being divided into several groups that met at convenient centres for prayer and discussion of the lesson. This lasted one hour. The second session from 9 to 10 was Mission Study hour. Here again there were

several optional courses on India, China, Japan and Home Problems in the cities, each conducted by men who had spent years in that particular locality and work, and were therefore able to present to us a vivid picture of the needs and attractions of the work. At the close of the Mission Study hour, the men seated themselves in companies upon the lawns beneath the trees, for practical talks on life work problems. There were groups for prospective Y. M. C. A. secretaries, for ministerials, for doctors, for newspaper men and men of science, in which various difficulties incident to the profession and the practical relation of each profession upon the work of uplifting humanity, were discussed.

Next came the platform address in the auditorium—the climax of the morning sessions. At mention of these addresses my mind goes wandering far afield amid a profusion of blossoms of eloquence and oratorical power, but it is recalled by the vicious snap of the Editor's scissors, and the expectation of a reminder that the ATHENÆUM is not a collection of six-months-old sermons. They are not old however but ever new and ever living in the lives they have influenced. Space permits me merely to mention names, but they are names that speak volumes. There were addresses by John R. Mott, President of the International Work, Rev. F. B. Meyer of England, Rev. W. W. Moore, D. D. of Union Theological Seminary, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Henry Sloan Coffin, D. D. and Robert E. Speer, on subjects such as : Alone with God, The Right Use of Passion, The Model of a Life Work, The Result of Prayer, The Religion of the Mind, and Victory by Faith. But let me hasten to explain that all this was not hurled upon us in one session, and now I pass on to finish my attempt to describe a day at Northfield

The afternoon of each day was given up to athletic sports, committee meetings, preparation for next day's classes, rambles in the woods and over the hills. The chief attraction was the sports. A natural terrace sloping suddenly down to a grassy field formed the grand stand, where the spectators sat and cheered on the sweltering base-ball players. Here the old grads lived over again the merry days of long ago, and cheered lustily for a good hit or run, or even threw aside their hat and in spite of the hot sun beaming down on doubly uncovered head, entered the pitcher's box once more, with the light of battle in their eyes.

So the afternoon passed. Then when supper was over—this was no unsubstantial part of the day's work—and the shadows began to grow longer, we gathered to the best-loved spot of all—dear old Round-top. Seats for all were provided by nature, on the sloping side of the knoll whose shape determined its name. Before us lay the grounds and buildings of the Northfield Seminary, beyond these the curves of the Connecticut winding by on its course to the ocean, and in the background, bounding the view rose the New Hampshire Hills.

The opening notes of a familiar hymn recall our eyes and our thoughts from the beauty of the surroundings to the sacred spot on which we are assembled—the spot made sacred by the noble life and deeds of him who chose it as his body's resting place, and whose influence still speaks to men. What wonder that with Moody's tomb beside us and his work before us, the messages of those who plead with men to consecrate themselves to the work of world wide evangelization, find a response in many lives! With the hush of the sunset hour upon us, we take our way again to the auditorium for the last address of the day. So much for a glimpse of a day at Northfield.

One day was very like another there, at least in outline, though varied in details, yet there were two notable exceptions, July 1st and 4th.

On July 1st every one of Canada's fifty loyal sons wore a maple leaf above his heart—on his coat of course—and when the occasion was fitting for such solemnities, sang God Save the King, and The Maple Leaf Forever. In the evening the McGill delegation invited all Canadians to a celebration by moonlight in front of their tent. Everyone joined in the yells of all the colleges, with a special yell for McGill who provided the refreshments, and then with the aid of cannon crackers that shook the tent, we tried to convince sleepy Uncle Sam that the Glorious Fourth had come before he knew it.

As for the Fourth, who does not know the wonders of that wonderful day! For several days, in a field near by, a huge something, whose top seemed destined to reach to heaven, had been growing higher and higher, for the sole purpose, as it afterwards appeared, of being burned down again, and giving everyone another opportunity of shouting themselves hoarse. That afternoon the sports reached a climax. The usual events and some unusual ones were contested. Who won and who lost I have forgotten long ago, for which my patient readers

iare devoutly thankful ; but one picture still lingers in my mind. It is the great two-mile race on an eighth mile track. A great crowd of runners entered, and as the race proceeded they began to draw apart until a long line trailed out over half the circuit of the course, the leaders gradually gaining on the slowest runners. Finally the foremost man finished on the heels of the last who was thus one lap behind. But with a perseverance bordering on the ridiculous, the last man, whose proportions seemed to indicate that some time had elapsed since last he broke training, kept pegging away half a lap behind them all, and on coming opposite the cheering spectators gallantly waved his hand and spurred out to the finish in fine style.

The evening session was given up to the usual oration, delivered on this occasion by a Canadian, Mr. McDonald, Editor of the Toronto Globe. The scene presented by the audience that confronted him was surely worthy of the pen of a Dickens or a Scott. In every conceivable and inconceivable variety of dress and manner of entering, each delegation strove to excell all others, and as for noise—it seemed as if that crowd of seven hundred students had never yelled before in real earnest. About the walls and galleries hung the banners of one hundred and twenty colleges, while from the arched ceiling and about the platform the flags of twenty four nations were suspended. The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes occupied the position of honor side by side. At the close of the meeting the chairman called for one verse of *My Country, 'Tis of Thee*, one of *God Save the King*, and one of *So Say We All of Us*. Then the bonfire shed its light over the crowd of celebrators, and fireworks and crackers proclaimed the freedom of the Glorious Fourth.

But there must of necessity be an end to all things, even to Shakespeare's plays, and so there must be to this article. I have said that the days were all alike at Northfield, and so they were, alike in general outline and in the number of conference sessions, yet as the days went by they were characterized by an ever-deepening seriousness, and an ever-heightening sense of the grandeur of that mystery of mysteries—life. What am I fit for? What ought I to be? How can I reach the goal to which a true ambition calls me? How can I live the true and noble life? These were the questions that breathed in the very atmosphere of the place ; they haunted men's minds, and drove them out upon the hill-sides, under the silent stars, and the

whispering trees, alone with God. These were the motives which led men to strive as never before to understand that most illusive creature,—self. These were the voices that demanded the elimination of the mean and the base, and the exaltation of the noble and the true. May the yearly increasing numbers of delegates from our Canadian Institutions ever strive to reflect in their lives the spirit of the Northfield Conference.

L. Ackland.



The Quarter-back.

THE game had been aggressively contended throughout the half with no score; back and forth the lines had surged, wavered, broke, then reformed; at first one, then another, team made the assault with desperate eagerness and stratagem: truly it was a battle royal. When, therefore, half-time was called, quarter-back John Brice, Hanover's captain welcomed the grateful respite as he threw himself on a lounge in the dressing room. Looking out upon the garnet banners of Hanover waving proudly from the grandstands, and the mighty throng of enthusiastic followers of the game, he smiled. But, on a sudden, the smile disappeared. Yes, there was Eugene Carroll, chatting with a certain girl on the bleachers, who seemed all-absorbed in his remarks—Carroll, the gay, handsome half-back of Hanover. Coming from a famous family, by nature versatile and vivacious, he enlivened any group he was in by his happy wit. Nor did he show to less advantage on the campus, where his dashing, brilliant playing provoked the admiration of every devotee of the sport.

In contrast to him was the sober, reserved John Brice, in whose features strength and determination were dominant, combined with a certain sternness of nature, inherited, no doubt, from generations of his Puritan ancestors, which made him rather dull and indifferent to social activities. On the other hand he was in his element on the field. Endowed with a combat-loving spirit, mingled with steady persistency, ever wary and cautious, he saved many a day for Hanover.

As he looked at the pair, a train of gloomy reflections fell upon him, and he thought of the recent Sigma Phi dance, where she had refused him the last waltz. And then, a moment later Carroll, with

dashing gaiety, had come up and successfully claimed that dance. To poor blunt Brice, who had come only because she was going to be there, the waltz had seemed endlessly long, as he had watched the two glide by, engaged in laughing repartee.

With such morbid reflections, rendered doubly so by his disposition, he viewed them intently for a moment and then with an effort, returned to a discussion of the plays for the next half.

The truce was ended, and once more both sides faced each other for the final struggle. A repetition of the first half followed. Towards the last, however, the superior weight of Chatham was telling. Veterans though old Hanover's men were, yet they could not continue to hold the opposing scrim. Now, the ball was on the twenty-five yard line. Cheering, proud and defiant, rose from Chatham's grandstands, and was answered right vigorously by Hanover's sons as they protested their loyalty to Alma Mater. Down formed the scrim; Hanover grim and determined met it, but all in vain. Gradually they were forced back; then the Chatham halves obtained the ball, and, crash! right, now left, they bucked for gains. The attack was chiefly directed against Brice's side, and required his utmost cunning to block. At first he had met their onslaught with precision, and with dogged persistence had held them, but now he was very weary, and in another moment the ball would be over. The demoralized and weakening scrim, that had so often carried and dribbled the ball out of danger thus far in the game, now seemed unable to even get it in their possession. The chances were desperate.

Suddenly, by some fluke, the ball came through the scrim and shot back nearly to the line. Brice almost groaned as he saw the well-nigh certain loss. In a second Carroll seized it and with a long low punt drove it past centre field. The Hanover grandstands, which in the anxiety of the moment had been silent, now burst forth in cheers.

The momentary relief steadied Hanover. Now or never they must win. Giving the number Brice passed in to Gardiner, the center, who made a slight gain. The scrim, although weary and exhausted, braced and stiffened for the supreme struggle, as they formed over the ball. Out it came, and Raymond, the big half, broke through the Chatham ranks for a good gain. As he fell he twisted his ankle, having to leave the field. In the brief delay Brice rapidly planned the next play. He detected signs of weakening in the opposing quarter. A

moment's indecision possessed him—this was the last game of his career, and what an honor it would be to make the touch-down. The line was but twenty yards away. A plunge might make it. But love for college rather than self won out. He was tired and might slip or make a false play.

As the ball went in the scrim he gave the signal E 11-33 for Carroll to take the pass and buck. For a moment the ball hovered uncertainly between the feet of the opposing forwards, then was out. He had the ball. Swerving swiftly he eluded the opposing quarter. Even now he might get through; but no. He quickly passed to Carroll. Not a second was lost and the brilliant half-back well merited the confidence. Now right, now left, he cut, swerved and dodged. With a straight arm he sent one back over, whom he could not dodge. There remained but the full-back. The back tackled; had him; no; with a mighty hurdle Carroll was over.

A delirium of joy swept the spectators. Carroll ! Carroll ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Cheer after cheer re-sounded. Just as the try was to be converted, the whistle blew. Over the field thronged the enthusiastic crowd and carried Carroll on their shoulders off the field in triumph.

Glad as he was of the well earned victory; yet it was a bitter moment for Brice. Almost unnoticed he slipped hastily through the crowd, not caring to meet anyone. He was dizzy with fatigue and the long, weary strain. How he had worked and the glory was another's—his rival. Looking back at the field he saw *her* foremost in the group of co-eds congratulating Carroll.

Moodily he dressed, and in deep dejection sat down stretching out in his favorite arm chair. There was one comfort left—his pipe; and now the training season was over he could at least enjoy it. Out of humor with everything he sat for a long time puffing rings of smoke and absently watching them curl, float gently upward quivering, and then finally dissolve away almost imperceptibly. Tonight there would be a dinner and dance. As captain he must be there and probably respond to a toast. He frowned. What foolishness it all was.

Brooding thus, he went to the window and looked out. Far in the west the sky was all ablaze with golden light, blending in myriad richness and variety of color, as the sun was nearing its rest. At any other time he would have enjoyed its beauty.

Just then someone knocked. He opened the door, and a footman

in livery handed him a note. Taking it rather curtly, he abruptly tore it open.

Immediately his whole manner was transformed, and his stern set features lit up with a happy smile as he read the brief note,—

Dear John,

Congratulations for *your* splendid victory. I hope that you will find time to call for a few minutes this evening.

Your friend,

Helen.

G. H. M., '09.



"After Death's Winter,"

THE Autumn wind moaned restlessly outside the lodge, hurling against the pane the dead leaves, now but ghosts of summer's beauty. Within, all was silent. The great logs had burned low, and their faint glow scarcely lit up the farther corners of the long hall, yet quite revealed a lady seated near the hearth. In her hand lay a silver casket, from whose secret depth she drew, slowly and half reluctantly, a portrait.

Long she looked upon the noble face, and a smile of rare sweetness lighted her own, as if a ray of glory from some celestial Presence shone upon it, and an unseen hand smoothed the care-furrowed brow. She had no thought now of the weary, toil-filled years since that day far back in her youth, when from a foreign port the cruel message "Lost with all on board," robbed her young life of all she held most dear. Never once in all the years had she removed the portrait from its secret place, lest the old sorrow awaken in her heart. But tonight she *must* look upon it though her heart break.

On the margin, in the old familiar hand, she read :—

"God does not send strange flowers every year,
When the spring breezes blow o'er pleasant places
The violet is here.

It all comes back,—odour, grace and hue,
No blank is left, no looking for is cheated,
It is the thing we knew.

So, after Death's winter,
God will not send strange things in Heavenly places,
The old love will look out from the old faces,
Dearest, I shall have *you*."

Then, across the space of years there seemed to echo in her soul—
"The old love,"—"The old faces"—"Dearest"—"you" and with the
sweet smile still upon her lips she cried, "O, spirit of my long lost love,
I come to you."

The surly wind still wrestled with the dead leaves. The pale light
of dying embers caressed the cold cheek resting upon the portrait.

It was "After Death's Winter."

Mildred W. Daniels.



The Awakened Deep.

The gloomy clouds o'er shade the spreading sky,
The East Wind rises with a mighty roar,
And rushing onward with e'er quickening pace,
Attempts to raise from their accustomed bed
The seething waters of the dusky sea;
But Mother Ocean in a furious rage
Foams at the mouth, then draw to her embrace
Her many progeny to fondle them
A moment at her breast, before again
She her wide bosom heaves and sends them forth,
With swelling surge to roll and ever roll,
Until they reach the far off rugged shore,
Curl up their crests and fall upon the strand
A whirling, raging mass of silver foam.

E. W. B., '10.

Theological Work at Acadia.

SOME courses in theological and biblical instruction have been given at Acadia since 1896 when Mr. G. P. Payzant of Windsor left to the college the generous bequest of \$100,000 as a special endowment for such instruction. Dr. A. C. Chute was soon after appointed G. P. Payzant Professor of Hebrew Language and Biblical Literature, and Dr. Thomas Trotter during his Presidency held the professorship in Apologetics, Homiletics and Pastoral Theology on the same foundation. For some ten years courses of instruction were given which were of incalculable value to our ministerial students and the churches which they served.

At the beginning of the present college year plans were made for enlarging and more fully systematizing this department of our work. It was announced that several courses would be offered. One of these is a course of study leading to the degree of B. Th. This bears much the same relation to the B. A. course as does the course of study leading to the degree of B. Sc. It extends over four years, has the chief cultural elements which mark the B. A. course, but at the same time allows the student to specialize in theology. In the first year it is the same as the Arts course, but includes also one hour a week in Homiletics and one hour in Pastoral Theology. In the second year Hebrew takes the place of Latin, and New Testament Greek is substituted for Classical Greek. And thus more and more of theological work is introduced throughout the four years.

An arrangement has been made with Newton Theological Seminary—and it is expected that the same arrangement will be made with the other large seminaries—by which a graduate of Acadia who has taken certain extras and electives in theology here may enter the middle year in the Seminary and so complete his course in two years, thus saving one year. Students who have the ministry in view may elect Hebrew and New Testament Greek in their senior year, and thus prepare themselves for such advanced standing. This is being done by several of the present senior class. Principal H. T. DeWolfe is teaching the New Testament Greek, and this is a guarantee that it will be thoroughly well done.

If the need should arise courses in English will be arranged for

older men who have had little opportunity for study in early life, but who have been called to the ministry. Acadia stands ready to supply the needs of every man, so that no one need go into the field without preparation.

Arrangements are also being made to offer reading courses to ministers and Christian workers who are not in a position to attend college. This matter has been discussed for several years at the Baptist Institute, and at last the way seems clear for the college to undertake the work under the direction of its theological department. It is expected that before the close of the year the plans will be completed and the reading courses offered to those who feel the need of such inspiration and guidance.

President W. B. Hutchinson.



The New Glasgow Convention

ON Thanksgiving Day, October 31st, the twenty-sixth convention of Maritime Y. M. C. A.'s met in United Church, New Glasgow. This convention had at least one unique feature, since it was the first Maritime gathering, at which delegates from the colleges met with representatives from other departments of Y. M. C. A. work. In all about 75 delegates were present, 45 of whom were students; the others represented General work in Cities, Railway Men, Boy's Work, and Women's Auxiliaries.

Just as the train bearing our delegation was entering the town, the tidings had gone out, that the Chairman of the Maritime Committee, Mr. Harvey Graham of New Glasgow, had passed into the great beyond. The nearness of this solemn visitation, and the loss to the work of an earnest and efficient worker, had a marked effect upon the whole tone of the convention. This solemnity was deepened by the public reading of a last message to the assembled delegates, written by the hand now stilled forever. It seemed like a message from the other world. His last uttered word was, "If this be death it is glorious." In honor of the dead, the banquet which had been planned for Friday evening was cancelled.

But the work must go on though the worker fall from the ranks.

Mr. Marshall, Maritime Secretary, took the vacant position and the added responsibility.

Besides participating in the general sessions of the morning and evening, the student delegates had their own meetings, presided over by Mr. Billings and Mr. Cooper of the International Staff of Bible Study Secretaries. The aim of the leaders was two-fold : by free discussion and comparison of ways and means used in our colleges to lead to more efficient organization, and by increasing the spiritual energy in the lives of those present, to exert a strong influence over the whole student body. The constant need for prayer and Bible Study was particularly emphasized.

Our connection with the general conference not only gave us a broader view of the organization of which we form a part, but permitted us to hear some prominent speakers, who are engaged in other phases of the work. Among these were : Hon. H. B. Ames of Montreal who spoke on The Contribution of the Y. M. C. A. to Higher Citizenship ; Mr. W. J. Southam, General Secretary for Religious Work ; Mr. J. M. Dudley, representing Railway men, and Rev. Dr. Tufts of Stellarton.

The Convention reached its height on Sunday afternoon, in the meeting for men, held in Empire Theatre. The audience was addressed by Dr. George Fisher, Physical Director of the International Work, on the subject, The Physical Basis of Religion or The Laws of God on Tables of Flesh. In a very clear and logical manner, the effect of which was much increased by the speaker's graceful and simple presentation, the truth was driven home to men's hearts, that nature enforces the decrees of God and punishes those who disobey. A call for volunteers to enter upon the life which conforms to the Laws of God and Nature met a public response from six young men.



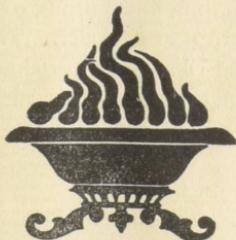
The Gymnasium

NOW as the cold weather approaches and the campus is no longer of use to our Athletic Teams, our thoughts naturally turn to the Gymnasium.—a building at one time well adapted to its purpose but of late allowed to fall into a delapidated state.

New apparatus is needed, mattresses and paraphernalia of a simple but useful kind—climbing ropes, punching bags, medicine balls, etc. At slight expense the building with the apparatus already there could be made effective in the physical development of the students. Again when the building was built the architect made provision for an overhead running track, the cross pieces are now in place but have never been planked over, we would suggest that this be done immediately. Not only would the running track with its banked ends be of great value to our track team but it would also be convenient as a gallery for the audiences at basket-ball matches.

Another matter which it would perhaps be well at this time to bring to the attention of the authorities, is this—Last year the different Basket-Ball Teams appropriated the Gymnasium hours almost exclusively, leaving but meagre time for those who wished to use the regular apparatus. It has been the custom to open the building only between the hours of four and six p. m. the first five days of the week and all day Saturday, with Tuesday and Thursday evenings for the College Ladies. Why could it not be arranged, if the forty students who play basket-ball must appropriate all the open hours, for the building to be open Monday and Wednesday evenings for the eighty or more students who desire to use the apparatus?

'08.



"Etchings."

Caught in the Act.

SIX YEAR OLD Mary Ann stood nervously twisting her pinafore into knots and contemplating the high board fence which separated her back yard from that of Mr. Brown, who was generally known to the children of the neighborhood as "the ole brown bear" because of the terror he always inspired in them.

Vegetation would not flourish in Mary Ann's back yard because too many children played there; but beyond that high board fence children never played; instead there grew a fine garden which was the delight of Mr. Brown.

When Mary Ann stood well back, as she was standing now, on tip-toes, she was able with a little stretching to see just the tops of the raspberry bushes which grew close to the other side of the fence. Today a fixed determination showed itself in the lines of her baby mouth. She would climb that fence somehow, and she would taste at least one of the tempting berries which nodded invitingly in the breeze. Her little forehead puckered as the scheme for scaling the heights took shape in mind. Suddenly the light of a brilliant thought flashed over her face and she darted for the shed : the problem was solved.

She dragged out Tom's little express cart and placed it close to the fence just opposite the raspberry branch which had nodded to her. Then with intermittent tugging and puffing over a large soap-box, she succeeded in placing it on top of the cart. Then, clumsily, she clambered up till her feet gained the summit of the box, from which elevation she could easily look over into the garden of the forbidden fruit. With two chubby little hands firmly clutching the top of the fence she laboriously pulled herself up until her little body was balanced, half on Mr. Brown's side and half on her own.

The longed-for moment had come. She was now at arms' length from the luscious fruit. With eyes sparkling and intent, she reached out, her body see-sawing perilously. Her little hand was just about to grasp a juicy berry, when suddenly it was seized by the big hand of Mr. Brown, who, working in the bushes, had stealthily crept out unnoticed by the child. She uttered one shrill cry of terror and slipped back in a

extended reputation as a naturalist. He had the true spirit of the nature-loving student, unostentatious and retiring, he preferred to devote his time to a patient and persistent study of the realm of Nature. He chose to understand her ways by intimate relationship rather than to accept the theories or results of other men. Botany was his forte, his range of study embracing not only the plants of New Brunswick but those of parts of Nova Scotia. For many years he devoted himself to the collection and study of mosses and fungi. So successful was he that he discovered nearly a dozen species of the former new to science, while his investigations in both groups have been of great value as bearing upon the flora of the provinces. When advancing years compelled him to give up teaching he retired to Salem, N. B., where he still carried on his favorite study. His death occurred at his home on June 16th, 1907, at the ripe old age of eighty-one.



De Alumnis

Carman Johnson, '05, has returned to the Royal College of Dental Surgeons in Toronto.

Jadoc Hawkins, '03, M.D., has purchased the practice in Ohio, Yarmouth Co., N.S., of W. Reginald Morse, '97. The latter is now practising medicine in Providence, R.I.

W. Everett McNeil, '00, is engaged as assistant in the English department at Harvard. Last year Mr. McNeil won a \$300 James Savage Scholarship in that University.

Miss Annie Clark, '00, is Principal of the Fanning School at Malpeque, Prince Edward Island.

H. G. Colpitts, '00, is now engaged as Pastor of the North Yarmouth Church.

W. Lorimer Hall, '98, was married in September to Miss Edith Hamm, of St. John.

A. C. Archibald, '97, is pastor of the church in Brockton, Mass.

Neil E. Herman, '95, has entered upon the work of pastor of the Baptist church in Windsor, N. S.

H. S. Davison, '94, is engaged as Professor in the Oriental department at Columbia University, N. Y. Dr. Davison is a genius as a

linguistic scholar having already acquired a knowledge of thirteen languages.

A. A. Shaw, '92, is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Winnipeg,

C. W. Jackson, '96, is engaged as pastor of the Baptist Church at Brandon. Beside being a minister, Mr. Jackson has always been a student, consequently his presence in Brandon is expected to be of valuable service to the college.

P. Clinton Reed, '02, is assistant to the Rev. T. Trotter in the First Baptist Church, Toledo, Ohio. During the summer Mr. Reed was married to Miss Nina Colwell of St. John.

Seldon McCurdy, '95, has returned as a missionary to Burmah, from which field he was obliged to resign, after three years, service on account of the health of his wife.

H. B. Killam, '04, after graduating from Colgate assumed the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Bellevue, N. Y.

Joseph E. Howe, '06, was married on November first to Miss Annie Chipman, daughter of Mr. Ross Chipman of Chipman Corner.

The engagement is announced of Moran A. Hemmeon, '92, to Miss Olive Owen, daughter of Judge Owen, Bridgewater.

Perry J. Stackhouse, '99, is now pastor of the Campbellton church. The vacancy that he leaves in the Tabernacle Church, St. John, is filled by J. W. Kierstead, '99.

John L. Masters, '91, has left the Steel Co. of Sydney to enter the service of another company in Gothan, Virginia. Mrs. Masters was formerly Miss Katie Hall, '91.



Exchanges.

BOTH the Acta Victoriana and the Queen's University Journal contain articles upon a man who is at present very prominent in the educational work of Canada, namely, President Falconer of the University of Toronto. The Acta introduces him as follows:—"The wise men came from the East. Thus it happened in days long ago and it seems to be so still; for when a leader in education is wanted, either by intuition or from habit men look to the East. For Canada the home

of the Magi has been found. From the small Scotch village of Pictou in the Acadian Valley, six, seven college principals have come with their gifts; the late Doctor Grant and Principal Gordon, of Queen's; Principal Macrae of Morrin; Sir William Dawson, of McGill; Principal Grant, of Trinidad, and President Forrest of Dalhousie. President Schurman, of Cornell, must have been intended for Pictou, but an unfavorable breeze wafted his spirit across the Strait into Prince Edward Island. By a happy coincidence this birthplace of college principals gives us our President, too."

The Journal gives as a summary of Dr. Falconer's inaugural address:—

(1) That the ideal of a University is "the attainment of that mental and moral efficiency which come through intellectual discipline and culture."

(2) That the "University-bred man should not be simply a case-man, quick to detect what he had seen before, apt at reproducing experiments, ready to imitate, moderately efficient until his information is exhausted."

(3) That the University should meet the requirements of modern life and keep in touch with the people.

(4) That the University through the trained men it sends out should ameliorate present social conditions; that students must carry broad, human interests into their professional careers.

(5) That the University should fit the student primarily for service in his own country.

(6) That the aim of education should be the production of the highest type of citizenship.

The October number of the Bates Student contains an article entitled "His Story," which took the first prize in their fiction contest. This deals with the self sacrifice of a man in order that his younger brother should have a better chance for success. It is written in an original and very pleasing style.

GRADUATION.

The youth, with eager step, with ardent soul,
Far up the mountain's rough and craggy side
Had struggled till he reached the longed-for goal,

And at his feet beheld the prospect wide, . . .
 A faint, far murmur breaks the stillness deep,
 The cry of human anguish, heard not when
 He sought the peak. . . Must he descend that steep
 Once more to common things and common men?
 In thought's high pathway eager to prevail,
 We strive for knowledge; abstract things we scan
 Until our souls are deaf to that sad wail
 Of woe by which the burdened heart of man
 Calls for our help. Comrades, let us be still,
 For in that cry of men we learn the Father's will.

Acta Victoriana.

Other Exchanges received are :—*McMaster University Monthly*,
The Argosy, *Xaverian*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *University Monthly*,
Harvard Monthly, *Yale Literary Magazine*, and *The Vermont Academy Life*.



Among the Colleges.

THE donation of \$50,000 from Mr. Cyrus A. Birge of Hamilton to Victoria University has made it possible for them to take advantage of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's offer of a like sum toward a new library, the erection of which is now ensured.

Mr. C. L. Fisher, B. A., of Winnipeg, has donated to Victoria an annuity of one hundred dollars which is to be divided into two scholarships for students of moderns of the first and second years.

Mount Allison has voted \$400 for a running track and the students have added \$350 to that sum. The track was expected to be built during the summer but was delayed because, of the two plans submitted, one would narrow the football field too much and the other would interfere with any future extension of the residence if such were desired. At present the plan is to change the direction of the football field. This will probably be carried out next summer.

McMaster University has opened their new Science Building which cost about \$53,000.

Queen's University is considering the advisability of changing the Journal from a fortnightly to a weekly.

Bates has decided to give more prominence to basketball and hockey. Basketball is to become an intercollegiate sport and though hockey will not be carried so far this year, they are to have a rink built.

The system of having monitors to record attendance at Chapel has been introduced at Bates.

Swathmore College has been placed in rather a peculiar situation. By the will of Miss Jeanes the college is to receive a bequest of three million dollars on condition that it gives up intercollegiate athletics. Almost to a man the students wish for the refusal of the gift, for their teams have always been an honor to the college and it is probable that the trustees will accede to their wishes on the ground that it is morally wrong to accept a bequest as a bribe.



The Month

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun !
 One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
 Ere o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
 Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.

—Bryant.

NOW that the campus is deserted and football is banished until next Autumn again calls out the devotees of the pig-skin, all athletic interest is centered around the gymnasium and in basket-ball. The Inter-class schedule has been drawn up and the captains are busy at work developing their teams. Even the girls have enthusiastically taken up the sport, and a series of games between classes is being talked of. Then there are debates, essays ; and last, but not least, as a certain few think, the Sem calls : all these serve to make the days pass all too quickly until the Yule-tide Holidays begin.

On Saturday evening, November 9th, in Open Athenæum the series of Interclass debates was opened by a debate of the following subject, "Resolved that the immigration of Japanese labor to Canada

should be prohibited." The Sophomores, represented by Messrs McIntyre, Warren and Steeves supported the resolution; while Messrs McLeod, Britten and Roy responded for the Freshmen. The debate was close throughout, and, although it showed lack of thorough preparation on both sides, nevertheless it proved interesting as being a question of much national importance at present. The Sophomores displayed a slight superiority in argument, but this was more than offset by the much better delivery of the Freshmen.

Represented by Dr. Hutchinson, who kept the rival classes in suspense while he made the inevitable lengthy speech that judges seem so fond of, the judges Dr. Tufts, Dr. Hutchinson and Dr. Archibald, awarded the decision to the Freshmen.

The rest of the programme consisted of a well-written synopsis by F. S. Goucher, '09, and a solo by T. Roy, '11.

The long delayed Formal Opening of the College for this Academic year took place on Wednesday evening, November 13th. Besides the usual collegiate gathering, the Board of Governors was present, with Colonel Vince as chairman of the proceedings. The chief event of the evening was the address by Dr. Hutchinson, our new President. His subject, "The Value of a College Education" was peculiarly of interest to undergraduates. The benefits from education he divided into three classes.

The first phase considered was that an education means larger usefulness. Financial prosperity is not success, although it may be incidental to it. But true success is usefulness to society. Then, again an education fits a man to do whatever he undertakes better than he would without a trained mind.

The second point was that an education means greater happiness. To one bred in an atmosphere of academic learning, life offers pleasures unknown to the uninitiated. The indefinable spirit of a college, the memories, customs and traditions of the past, as at Oxford and Cambridge, all these vastly enrich a man's life. Nor is Acadia lacking in this environment and beauty, for few colleges can boast of nobler and grander associations of both nature and tradition. But to all these, the intellectual pleasure that culture brings is the greatest. "Music and art, and literature, and a knowledge of nature sweeten many a bitter cup."

That higher ideals result from a College education was the last topic taken up. Dr. Hutchinson said in part, "Every college stands for certain ideals. From the standpoint of our own college I spoke of an Acadia spell ; there is also an Acadia spirit. Every true institution has a spirit, an ideal, working as a formative force. Our ideals determine our character. 'The glorious masterpiece of man is to live.' And how to live is the one thing which has been perfectly revealed, because it has been set forth in the life of a perfect man—Jesus of Nazareth. Hence culture without this highest ideal must lack the most important element."

The practical nature of the address as well as the scholarly presentation created a very favorable impression of our new executive Head.

The party given by the Rev. and Mrs. J. C. White to the Junior Class on Friday evening, November 15th, will long be remembered as one of the jolliest social affairs in the history of the Class of 1909. When all had gathered, the programme commenced. From shells, containing the names of old worthies of renown the Fates ordained partners for the first event—a ten minute topic. So occupied were some in each other, that, when having been separated in different rooms, written descriptions of partners were required, so engrossed had they been, that only one detail could they remember—the color of the eyes. Some of the descriptions, however, were decidedly interesting and amusing.

After a guessing contest and an exciting as well as novel game, in which several displayed great lung power, refreshments were served. With no light save that cast by the glimmering flames from the open hearth, around which all were seated Arab-fashion, the singing of college songs followed. Accompanied by the strains of the banjo, all joined in those old favorites that have charmed collegians of all ages. As it was drawing on towards midnight "Good Night Ladies" brought the merry evening to a close.

The annual game between Chip Hall and the Outsiders, on Saturday, November 16th, opened the Basket-ball season. The game was hard fought throughout, and when the second half ended stood a tie 5-5. In the play-off that followed the outsiders scored a basket

and thus won. Owing to the strict refereeing, the game was characterized by clean playing ; and we have every reason to believe that the Inter-class games will be exhibitions of good Basketball. Messinger (Capt), Geldart, DeBow, Morton and Price lined up for the Outsiders ; while Jost (Capt), Bates, Faulkner, Magner and Thomas played for the Hall. The officials were D. C. McKinnon, '09, referee and F. E. Mallory, '10, umpire.

Two of the Inter-class basket-ball games were played off on Saturday, November 23rd. The first, between the Juniors and Freshmen resulted in a victory for the latter—score 19-6. The Freshmen clearly had the game, and owing to their superior weight and size had the ball more often. The feature of the game was the clean playing.

The second game occasioned some surprise in basket-ball circles. The Sophomores defeated the Seniors, the winners of last year's league, by a score of 15-7. The game was fast through-out, and good basket-ball.



The Lyceum of Horton Academy

EDITORS : —A. A. Gates, J. B. Grant.

LIFE in the Academy this year is in every way flourishing. During the past complaints frequently arose concerning the need of a Reading Room in the Academy Home. Early this term the teachers and students united in efforts to obtain this much needed addition to our Academy life. Now we can look back upon our efforts with pleasure. In the Manual Training Building we have a completely furnished Reading Room, in which are to be found all the leading newspapers and magazines of the day, including, "The Halifax Herald," "St. John Telegraph," "Toronto Daily News," "Montreal Daily Star," "London Weekly Times," "Canadian Magazine," "Outlook," "Independent," etc.



Hallowe'en Party

That the grave and the gay can sometimes be agreeable companions was clearly demonstrated on Oct. 31st., when Thanksgiving Day and Hallowe'en came hand in hand. How did the Academy boys spend the double Red Letter Day? Did they remain in their rooms pining for "the days that are no more?" Most certainly not, Academy boys are made up of better stuff. Athletics was the order of the day till noon. Then all assembled in the dining-room, where the real Thanksgiving turkey dinner—as good as "the one that mother makes"—awaited the merry group. The cooks must have felt flattered, for the heartiness with which the boys engaged in the business of satisfying the inner man was remarkable.

But the evening's entertainment "capped the climax." The assembling of the boys in the Y. M. C. A. Hall at 7.30, was in response to Mrs. Mersereau's invitation to a Hallowe'en Party. This invitation was given at the tea-table and was received with long applause.

How cosy and home-like the Y. M. C. A. Hall looked with its bright lights, tables, books, crokinole, and checker boards! An abundance of fruit, candy and nuts added greatly to the enjoyment

of the several games, one of which was the time honored one of bobbing apples. Songs? Who ever heard of a Hallowe'en Party *without* songs? There's nothing wrong with the lungs of the Academy boys. No indeed!

Well, every evening has an end, and Hallowe'en was no exception to the rule. Three cheers for Mrs. Mersereau ended the interesting programme.



Athletics

Although not as successful as during last year the Academy presented a much better front in football than was expected at the beginning of the season. Mr. S. Allen deserves much credit for having been able to turn out a team from the raw material which he found on his election to the position of captain. Not one man of the first fifteen of 1906 had returned this fall, and the majority of the new boys had never played football before.

Our first game was against King's College on the afternoon of the 23rd of October at Wolfville. The teams were about evenly matched, and for a long time it was doubtful which side would score; but towards the end of the first half Anderson made a fast run past the visitor's halves and full back and scored a try for the Academy, which was not converted. In the second half several free kicks were called on both sides, but no score was made and the game ended 3-0 in favour of the Academy. Mr W. G. Kierstead refereed the game.

The Freshmen game was played a little earlier than usual this year, in order not to interfere with the regular practices. On the afternoon of the 26th October the opposing teams lined up, and though the weather was unpromising a large number of spectators was present. The Academy team was decidedly weaker than their opponents, nine of whose men had played on Acadia's first team. In spite of the odds the Academy put up a gallant defensive game in the first half, the ball being kept in their territory except for one or two dashes down the field. A quarter of an hour after the start Colburne scored a try for the Freshmen, which Faulkner converted. The Academy scrim tried a new formation during the second half. However, very soon after the start De Bow scored a try. The kick for

goal was not converted. For the next ten minutes the ball was kept nearer centre-field, but our scrim was forced back on the five yard line, and Roy made a dive through the scrim scoring another try for the Freshmen. Until the end of the game the ball remained in our territory. Five minutes before time Colburne made another try which he converted. Sweet and Black played well and Kent saved several scores by his pretty tackling. On the Freshman side De Bow was especially noticeable as his weight gave him a great advantage over any of our side, and he really walked through our men. Colburne also played a good game right through. The score ended 10-0 in favour of the Freshmen. The game was refereed by G. G. Hughes. The following was the line-up :

FRESHMEN		H. C. A.
G. Barss		Locke
Morton		North
Page		Dow
DeBow	Forwards	Davis
Price		Atkins
Robinson		S. Allen
C. Allen		Sharpe
Warner		Simms
Foshay	Quarters	Gray
Lounsbury		Camp
Roy		Anderson
Colburne		Sweet
Porter	Halves	Black
Harshman		Grant
Faulkner	Full	Kent

We played Kentville on their own grounds on the 15th of November. Soon after the game began we were awarded a free kick. Although it was nearly centre field, Sweet, by one of the neatest drop-kicks of the season, scored four points for us. Their team was considerably stronger than ours, but had a weak formation. The first half ended with the score 4-0 in our favour. In the second half Kentville scored a try, which was converted. The ball was kept in centre field for the greater part of the game and with the exception of several punts the game consisted of scrim work. Just before the whistle blew Kaiser made a splendid run and it appeared as if the

Academy might score again ; but he stumbled into one of the numerous holes and was tackled. Time was soon called leaving Kentville victor by one point.

The last match was played against 2nd Dalhousie at Wolfville on Wednesday the 20th November. The visiting team were the winners of the Halifax Junior League and had not been scored against this season. The black and yellow scrim outplayed the red and white in every way. Ten minutes after the start we were forced to touch for safety. After the drop out by some fine passing Thomas scored a try for Dalhousie, which was converted. The Dalhousie scrim soon dribbled the ball back to our five yard line after the kick off from centre, and before half-time was called Learmont made another try, which was not converted. In the second half, for a time it seemed as if we were going to force our opponents to defend their own territory, but it was not long before the superior scrim had forced the ball back into our ground. A free kick for Dalhousie was followed up and McKay scored a try. Not long after the drop-out Kaiser made a brilliant run down the field and eluded the Dalhousie full back, but was brought down by Learmont on their five yard line. Once more the ball was carried back to our territory and another try was scored by Thomas. When the whistle blew the score stood 14-0 in favour of Dalhousie. Principal H. T. DeWolfe refereed the game very satisfactorily.



The Pierian of Acadia Seminary.

EDITOR :—Louise Thompson, '08.

Editorial.

WHAT will the completion of the Second Forward Movement mean to Acadia Seminary ?

A word or two in answer to this query will be of interest. During many years, fifteen at least, Acadia Seminary has been burdened by a large debt. This was incurred by the construction of the east wing and the deficits of several years when the attendance at the Seminary was limited. This debt has meant the yearly payment of large amounts in interest. Thus from 1901 to 1907 the average yearly amount paid in interest was about \$1400. The removal of the debt by the completion of the Second Forward Movement will mean the cancellation of this entire debt. This means that Acadia Seminary, paying no interest, can more than meet the expenses of the school and declare a surplus yearly. This becomes evident when it is seen that during the years above referred to, not only was the Seminary able to pay current expenses but also to pay the annual interest, and after six years declare a surplus of more than \$400. If the Seminary can do this under such circumstances, it is certain that it can be done when the debt is paid. The surplus thus accruing may be disposed of in two ways.

1. Creating scholarships to be applied as aids to girls who would without such assistance be unable to come to the Seminary. Many such girls there are, and such assistance would be most acceptable. In this way the Seminary can serve the denomination in a much larger way.
2. The creating of a fund for the erection of a new Fine Arts Building. The Alumnae are already making every exertion to raise at least \$1000 to be applied to this purpose. If year by year this sum can be supplemented by at least \$500 from the probable surplus, then the amount of money soon resulting, increased as it will be inevitably by gifts from loyal Alumnae, will soon suffice for the erection of this new building. The building is much needed and the construction should begin within a very few years. What graduate or friend of the Seminary will help in this work ? We take occasion here to thank all who

have contributed time, money, work, articles, which will help to make the Alumnæ Fair a success. May the largest success crown our efforts.

The Curriculum of the Seminary has been further enlarged by the addition to the regular work in Physiology of a thorough course in Anatomy. This is designed to meet the needs of the pupils in the Elocution Course who plan to enter Emerson College. Miss Lucas is the teacher.



Current Happenings.

THANKSGIVING VACATION.

About half the girls were able to spend the three days' vacation with relatives or friends, and although the rest were not so fortunate they perhaps found the time passed more pleasant than they had expected. The preceding month was so rainy that we hardly dared to hope that the Thanksgiving holidays would be fine, and yet it seemed that we had some of Autumn's choicest days. It was ideal weather for taking long walks, and the vacation was gone almost before we realized it. When Monday came around again we resumed our studies with new zest after the short respite.

HALLOWE' EN.

One of the most pleasing evenings of the Thanksgiving vacation was Hallowe'en night. We had all day to prepare for the full enjoyment of such a festive occasion. We heard much whispering during the day about ghosts and witches, but in the full light of the sun we gave them no thought of fear. At eight o'clock, however, it seemed that all the girls had disappeared from the Seminary, and in their place had come a band of ghosts, witches and goblins. These took possession of the gymnasium and carried on their dark practices there. Apparently it was not very long since they had been flesh and blood, for they played games, told fortunes, and partook of refreshments with a zest decidedly human. The ghosts, frightened by the sound of the gong, fled an hour before midnight, and the Seminary was left in quietness and serene repose.

THE FOOT-BALL GAMES.

As usual the Seminary has been greatly interested in the result of the foot-ball games this season. We have rejoiced and sorrowed on due occasion. The Crescent and U. N. B. games afforded opportunities for the former, the Mt. Allison for the latter, and the St. Francis Xavier game perhaps for both. Nearly all the girls went to the U. N. B. game and although the mandate had gone forth that we must not lift up our voices we could not forbear to cheer at the most exciting moments.

On Tuesday evening, October 29th, Miss Chipman very pleasantly and profitably entertained the Art Class in Alumnae Hall by a lecture on Byzantine, Romanesque and Gothic Architecture. The lecture was illustrated by more than thirty slides recently purchased for the use of the Art Department. Mr. Walter V. Higgins kindly loaned his lantern for the purpose. We need a lantern very much. Who will give us one.

Acadia Seminary plans to issue a calendar for the year 1908. This calendar will consist of twelve pages, each representing some fine half-tone engraving, never before published, of persons and views taken from photographs for that purpose. The whole will be bound in covers artistically designed and printed. It will be a souvenir worth presenting, and will make a very *acceptable* Christmas gift.

The class of 1908 has taken for its motto a most appropriate one, viz., "*Per Angusta ad Augusta.*" This class already numbers twenty-three which, it hopes, will gain an appreciable increase after Christmas.

The Seminary Library has been greatly enriched by a set of the *Cyclopædia Americana*. We are desirous of receiving books relating to Canada. Any contributions will be gratefully acknowledged.

Miss Louise Paulsen, who has been secured to succeed Miss Roth in the violin department, arrived Monday, November 11.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 23rd, the Seniors and Juniors of the Seminary successfully entertained the Seniors and Juniors of the University

at a "hodge-podge" party. Alumnae Hall and the adjoining class-room were artistically decorated in the red and gray of '08, and the dark blue and white of '09. The guests were received by the Principal, the Vice Principal, and the class Presidents, Miss Hazel Chute, '08, and Miss Elsie Estabrooks, '09. At the progressive tables everyone entered fully into the spirit of the time. Peanut and potato races were run with as great zeal as were the Olympian games of old. Epicures indulged their tastes by eating as many crackers and drinking as much water as possible. Tense faces and fast moving lips betokened the earnestness with which beans were counted one by one from a large bowl into smaller ones. At the millinery table the young men displayed what had hitherto been a hidden talent for trimming hats, and turned out some creations rivalling any Parisian models.

The first prizes were won by Miss Vaughan and Mr. Spurr, the booby prizes by Miss McLatchey and Mr. Stailing. Refreshments were served and the National Anthem brought to a close a very pleasant social evening. The warm words of the departing guests showed their appreciation of Seminary methods of entertaining.



Personals

Miss Leora Webster, who was for three years our efficient teacher, of Stenography and Typewriting, was married last August to Mr. J. Cross. Mr. and Mrs. Cross reside in Kentville.

Mr. W. L. Wright, B. A., who graduated in Pianoforte in the year 1901, post graduate in 1903, who has through several years been pursuing his studies in Berlin, is the Director of Music in Brandon College, Manitoba.

Miss Eunice Haines, graduate in Pianoforte in 1906 and winner of the prize contest in Harmony, presenting the best original composition, is teacher of pianoforte in Okanagan College, Summerland, B. C., of which Prof. E. W. Sawyer is Principal. So does Acadia Seminary girdle the continent.

Miss Helen Skene, of the Class of 1904 was married August 7 to Mr. C. DeBlois Denton. They will make their home in the West.

Miss Mary Johnston, a former member of the class of 1906 is at

present a student in the Royal Victoria College, Montreal. Miss Johnston secured advanced standing in consequence of her work done at Acadia.

Miss Etta Wheelock, Class of 1903, is teaching Domestic Science in the Kentville and Windsor Schools. Miss Wheelock was graduated in Domestic Science from the Truro Normal School last June.

Miss Amy R. Kelley, 1908, is teaching in the new Academy at Glace Bay.



Much Ado About Nothing

Clerk in town grocery (to proprietor—turning from telephone) “Chip Hall wants to know how much her last butter weighed.”

Proprietor—“I don’t remember. Tell them to ask it, it’s of age.”

Prof. Archibald (looking earnestly at Sophettes in Math.) “Remember I have no desire to *rush* any of you.”

M-gn-r (to last new college girl at Reception) “Just think, you’ve been here three weeks and you haven’t met me till to-night.”

St- -l-ng (Dec. ’06)—“I tell you I’ll be glad when Christmas holidays come and we can get home again.”

(Dec. ’07)—“I don’t care if Christmas holidays never come.”

Prof. Chute (in Bible)—“What is your favorite among the tribes of Israel, Mr. Dy-s?”

Dy-s (coloring)—“I think, sir, *Benjamin*.”

1st Sem.—(after U. N.B. game) “I say, girls, what’s the score?”

2nd Sem.—“Why 6 to 3 of course.”

1st Sem.—“I don’t see how that is; there were only three men hurt altogether!”

McC-tch- -n—(in debate committee) “I tell you, fellows, our grandchildren will surely meet this same problem.”

G-ffr-y B-rss—(to Sem. at^o Recep.) "I presume I may call next Saturday."

Sem—"Yes, you do."

B-rss—"I do what?"

Sem—"You do presume."

D-v-s—I say, Simms, what made you bid the "Maritime Baptist" from me?

S-mms—"Sure I wanted to have it in my cash account for the folks to see."

Prof. Gray—(in Freshman English) "How would you, Mr. L-nsb-ry punctuate this phrase—Georgie going home from church?"

L-nsb-ry—"I think I'd make a dash after Georgie, sir."

M-ll-ry—[struggling to dissect a precious morsel of Chip Hall chicken(?)] "Boys, I'll bet this fowl was raised in an incubator."

Y-ng—"Why, Cy?"

M-ll-ry—"Because, they're too tough ever to have known a mother's love."

Dr. Jones—(in^o Fr. Latin) "What do we mean by an idiom, Mr. R-y?"

R-y—"An^o idiom, sir, is the work of an idiot."

McL-d—"The^o Japanese have been proven to be six tenths Mongolian, four tenths Malay, and one tenth Caucasian and—"

Her mother^o to Acadia came
 With B—to spend a week;
 Said Freddie,^o of notorious fame:
 "'Spose I must now lie meek."

But when, by special permit, *she*
 On Sunday left the Sem,
 Fred thought: "That's sure a hint for me]
 To go and]call on them."

He waited near the 'phone all morn,
And once he thought it rang.
He answered ! But his hopes were shorn,
For all the boys yelled "Stang !"

That afternoon down street he walked,
On seeing her intent,
But when he neared the house he balked,
His courage—it had went !

But ere the night began to fall,
Peace came to Freddie's soul,
For she went bravely to the Hall,
And took him for a stroll



Acknowledgments,

1907-08 : E. R. Neily, \$1.00; H. B. Shepherdson, \$2.00; Miss Una A. Layton, \$1.00; R. L. Davison, \$1.00; Roy Fash, \$2.00; J. E. Barss, .75; L. B. Hopkins, \$1.00; G. P. Bishop, \$1.00; Miss Louise Blair, \$1.00; W.S. Smith, \$1.00; Miss Slack, \$1.00; J. M. Shortliffe, \$1.00; H. S. Bagnall, \$1.00; R. D. Miller, .10; Dr. Hutchinson, 2.00! S. Weaver, .15; A. H. Chute, .15; J. D. McLeod, .30; J. H. Geldart, \$1.00; Joseph Howe, \$1.00; G. H. Oakes, \$7.00; Prof. Archibald, \$1.00; Mrs. J. Pineo, \$1.00; Dr. Allison, .20; H. G. Perry, \$4.00; Dr. R. V. Jones, .20; Prof. Wortman, .20.



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Only the best and purest of materials go into our Sodas, Ice Creams and College Ices.

College men, in common with others, will find here confections to suit the tastes of the most fastidious.

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