

# The Acadia Athenaeum

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No. 3

## Blomidon

Darkness and smoke, and a distant rumble,  
A sulphurous smell, and a grinding grumble,  
And the earth began to heave and tumble.

It heaved and tumbled, till, at the close,  
When after the tumult came repose,  
A mighty pile majestic rose.

Then through the ages nature wrought  
With cunning skill, and ever sought  
To shape the mountain to her thought.

The rain and frost both lent their aid ;  
A dress of pine and fir she made,  
With grassy slopes and rocks inlaid.

O Blomidon ! when wreathed in mist ;  
Or by Acadian sunsets kissed ;  
Or when the Storm-king's mighty fist

Descends with thunder on thy crest,  
And seas are dashed upon thy breast ;  
Or when all round is perfect rest——

A waveless sea, an azure sky,  
With dainty cloudlets floating by,  
Or snowy banks of cumuli ;

Of far-famed scenes the central part,  
Thou stand'st a masterpiece of art,  
Belov'd of nature's artist heart.

*B. F. Trotter.*

## A Tale of Acadie

OUTSIDE the rain fell in torrents. For days a ceaseless fall of water had come from the gray vault of heaven, bearing with it that feeling so suggestive of Autumn, bleak and cold. A dismal wind accompanied the unbroken patter of the raindrops, and, lashing the waters of the Basin of Minas till the waves roared and the surf beat high, further added to the already cheerless scene. Lingering traces of the dying summer, as seen in the bared trees, and shattered leaves floating in the rivulets which filled every hollow, completed a picture that helped to make one forget that life ever held a brighter prospect than this dreary November afternoon.

Within the old stone fort at Pezaquid, the scene was scarcely less gloomy. A strange foreboding seemed settled upon the handful of officers seated in the messroom, so strange and so foreboding, that even the afterdinner pipe was forgotten and the jocularity so usual at such times, had entirely given place to stern looks and still sterner thoughts. Their thoughts were not altogether upon the French and their tactics, for *these* were English officers. In fact there was little cause for fear from this source, for the French had attacked the fort a few days previous and only a small remnant had been left, scattered to the four winds of Heaven. Their anxiety was caused rather by their fear of the Indians, who were ever an enemy to those who seemed most likely to deprive them of home and hunting grounds and whose juncture with the French might, at this time, result disastrously to the fort and its occupants. Besides, provisions were low and in case of siege could last not longer than a few days. Weeks of anxious waiting, spent in such preparations to withstand an assault as could be made, weeks of sleepless nights, for at night of all times, were they to be on guard, had played sad havoc with their physical as well as mental constitutions. Attack after attack and skirmish after skirmish, had so weakened their forces, that, unless help came from some quarter, death from starvation and despair, if not at the hands of the enemy, was all they could expect.

At last a long silence was broken by an exclamation from one of the younger officers.

"Surely there can be little danger of an attack now! Send out a foraging party and let us eat, drink and be merry. This suspense

is maddening. Better seek the foe than die like rats in this hole."

"You speak like the youngster that you are," responded the Colonel, a more hardened veteran. "Know you not that these sly *dogs* come when we least expect them?"

An instant attention was fixed upon the speaker. From this fact alone, it could be seen that his word was law in the garrison. From youth, he had been trained in the service of His Majesty King George II. At the beginning of the Seven Years' War, he was sent to Canada in command of a regiment under General Braddock. Proving his bravery in the famous march through the Ohio Valley, he was given charge over Fort Williams and later had been transferred to Pezaquid, the chief seat of the war in Nova Scotia. His appearance was far from prepossessing. In one of the earlier engagements, he had suffered the loss of an eye and was still forced to carry his arm in a sling as a result of a later battle. Nevertheless his manner was so commanding and his appearance so soldierly, that not one of his men would have dared to resist his authority even under great provocation.

A daughter, his only child, had accompanied him to America, in spite of the perilous times with bloodshed on every hand. Up to the previous week she had been with him, his only comfort in the stress and worry that made the greatest part of his life. In the last battle, when his arm had been broken by a ball from a French musket, the noble girl had rushed from the fort under the full fire of the enemy, to give what assistance she could to her wounded father. She had hardly reached his side, when a French soldier, bearing swiftly down upon her, lifted her bodily to his horse and rapidly carried her to the camp of the Indians, where she was held—a prisoner.

Naturally, the daughter's capture had weighed heavily upon the father's mind and it is with little wonder that we find him, on the afternoon of our story, more bitter in his hatred toward the enemy and more eager in his plans for their annihilation.

"But," he resumed, seeing the anxious looks of those about him, "if I mistake not, we shall soon have the foe without seeking it."

"You mean not to say that any men, even Indians, would travel in such weather as this?" queried the officer who had first spoken.

"As I said before, at a time when we least expect them; and their cunning will tell them that this is one of the times. Then let us beware. See you that everything is ready in case of a surprise,

Nickerson. Let no man sleep this night. Perhaps on the morrow we shall not have cause to regret it. To your quarters men. Inspire what courage you can in the few who are yet with us, and remember,—*every man do his best* should we be attacked.”

A few miles distant from the fort, lay an Indian encampment, built in the hollow of a deep ravine and thus somewhat sheltered from the elements in their fierce battlings. This encampment had been attacked by a scouting party from the garrison some time before and consequently, had been abandoned. On the afternoon of the above scene at the fort, we find the village again inhabited by two or three hundred Indians. Their natural sagacity told them that the English would not venture far from the fort during such uncertain times and moreover, would not look for an enemy in a place they had already raided. Not only Indians were there, but some half hundred French, a few of those left from the last battle.

In one of the largest dwellings, half house, half wigwam, were gathered a score of chiefs and French leaders. It was evidently a council of war. Here were united natural sagacity and murderous instinct with treacherous design and revengeful desires,—a common enemy, plotting a midnight attack upon the fort, and a fearful massacre of its occupants, should the assault be successful.

In a room adjoining that in which the council was proceeding was a young English girl with ear closely held to the blanket that served as door. Her presence was unsuspected by those outside, for, knowing that more than usual preparations were going on and surmising the purport of the gathering, she had stolen here to learn the exact plans that were being made. With sinking heart she heard of what was to be done and realized what it might mean to the friends in the garrison. Her own helplessness seemed never greater, her fears never more acute. She had undergone capture and captivity at the hands of the enemy, without a feeling such as now possessed her. What could she do? Should she go to the fort and warn them? No, she could not yet elude the watchful eye of her captors. Should she cast herself on the mercy of these people and offer her life for those dear to her? Willingly she would have done this, but she knew too well the uselessness of trying to stir the emotions of the war-hardened savage in this way. Yet something must be done or could she ask

forgiveness if she did not at least try to make use of the knowledge she had this night gained?

Ah! A thought came to her. She remembered having heard of a strange belief common amongst this tribe.

Once upon a time, the daughter of a Great Chief had died. Her spirit, instead of seeking repose in the Kingdom of the Blessed, had come back to earth, to guide the wandering footsteps of her people. Rarely did she take a visible form, yet on certain occasions of great moment, the tribes testified to having seen her and heard her speak words of counsel to them.

The thought came to the maiden with overwhelming power. She would wait until the warriors had gone. Then she could easily pass from the village unhindered by the few old men and women left to guard her. Quickly she would go to the fort and by impersonating the dead daughter of the Great Chief, perhaps avert the dire calamity that hung over those of her kin. Once the plan was firmly fixed in her mind and all the courage she had ever possessed returned to her strengthened and with an heroism born only in such times of extreme danger, she eagerly awaited the departure of her enemy.

The storm had passed. A moon near to her full, shone upon an earth whose mirrored surface reflected the pale beauty of moon and stars. Nature was at rest and one could hardly think of this scene, as connected with the memories and actual realities of the great war that had shed the blood of three nations.

Without the fort, the pickets paced restlessly. The officers and men within still possessed the gloomy appearance of the afternoon. Women and children alone seemed oblivious to the danger that hung over them.

Suddenly from the silence without, came a warning call from the guards, who had been aroused by the approach of a body of men, who could not be other than enemies. Quickly following the pickets' call, came the *war-whoop*, piercing clear upon the quiet midnight air, telling the inhabitants of the fort the exact nature of the enemy and filling their hearts with dismay. Hope was almost abandoned, for the state of the fort, the supply of ammunition and above all, the condition of the men, would require little less than a miracle to prevent their capture and then,—a hideous death.

The enemy had approached within gunshot of the barracks and were preparing for the actual assault by dividing their forces into three groups, one to attack each of the three open sides of the fort.

Their operations were soon stopped, for upon the low hill to their left, appeared a phantom like figure moving with slow, ghostly motion down the steep. The eye of every Indian was fixed upon it. Their native superstition aroused their corresponding fears and something told them this was the Spirit of the Great Chief's daughter come to tell them of the evil they were about to do.

At last the phantom spoke.

"What are you here for my people? *These* are friends, not enemies."

As if to emphasize the words, one arm was slowly raised toward the fort.

With a wild rush, the frightened Indians made their way toward the ravine, followed by the astonished French.

And the fort was saved.

*W. R. Barss, '07.*



## Acadia During the 40"s.

Horton Academy has always formed a fitting introduction to Acadia College. At the time of which I write, over sixty years ago, it occupied in part the same buildings as the College. There were only two teachers, who held their classes in the same room and at the same time. There was no room given up wholly to classes, and in some of the more elementary subjects, as in Arithmetic, there were no classes. Mr. Blanchard, one of the teachers, taught Latin, Greek and Natural Philosophy, the last subject being taken up in the Conversational method. When we came to a subject like electricity we invariably turned back for review, so that we never had a chance of anticipating Edison, or any other of the scientific men of fame. The other teacher taught all the other subjects. Personally, this one was not a good governor of boys. One day the boys in Grammar class got around behind his swallow-tail coat, and with the help of a pen-knife lifted the dinner apple out of his pocket, cut it up and passed it around the class. He

was discussing Analysis at the time, not noticing the illustration the boys were giving.

There was no school in Wolfville in these days beside the Academy. The class books were very elementary. The three "R's" received most attention. Matriculation requirements for entrance into the college were not very severe.

The college occupied a very limited space, namely, the back end of the Academy and a few rooms of the boarding house. There were three professors and about nine students. There were more just before this time, but they had gone faster than they had come. Dr. Pryor occupied his old Academy room and was not bad off. Dr. Crawley had two rooms to which was attached a kitchen. Sometimes he had two boarders with him. Prof. Isaac Chipman occupied the Museum which was pretty well filled with school apparatus and geological specimens of his own collecting. His bedroom occupied a part of the space under the stairs. This was not a very desirable place for sleeping, as students were not always in at an early hour. After the college building was completed, accommodations for both professors and students were much improved. The old building was about abandoned. The Female Seminary domiciled for a time in an ell of the old Academy Boarding House, and after dodging from one locality to another this institution actually invaded College Hall, and well nigh captured it for themselves. (Thanks for the fire!) The building of the college was a time to be remembered. Dr. Crawley lectured upon the material in the forests, and the means of getting it where it could be used. The women knit socks, the students drove nails, and Prof. Chipman drove the team. The work went merrily until the building was finished.

The classes during the days before the new college went up were held very differently from what they are now. We had no science, no history, no French, no German, no psychology. The classes of different years were not kept separate. A class, say of this year, would unite with the class ahead, and next year go back to the class behind. It was a sort of lobster pace, but it came out about right in the end. Quite often the last half of the book was studied before the first half, but the book was finished in time. No definite length of time was given for classes. A class might be kept in anywhere from one-half hour to three hours. There was one room called the Lecture Room, par excellence; this was a misnomer, for there never was a lecture de-

livered in it after college style that I know of, unless it was a scolding given a delinquent student. The teachers used their text books freely in class, as teachers generally do who do not know their subject well, some of them putting up the appearance of faithful preparation, while the book was opened at will by the use of a lead pencil. When Prof. Stuart came all this was changed. He walked into the lecture room in all the majesty of his longitude without a book, and he knew his lesson too. It was an inspiration to me ever afterwards, and I suppose to many others. I have never paid any attention to the lectures of educational authorities about the importance of teachers knowing the lesson that is to be taught. I just remember Prof. Stuart, and especially the first time he strided across the room with no book to refer to either in hearing the lesson, or in assigning a new one.

This so-called lecture room was very plainly furnished. It had one long table, with benches around it for the students to sit on. The long table served chiefly for the professor's dog to disport on whilst we discharged our Latin or Greek. "Tip" was the most sympathetic of all the dogs, and often came to his master to be patted during the class hour. These dogs in a very patronizing way would sometimes be set on the students and thus paved the way for the advent of Wolfville's policeman.

There was a students' room, 7 x 9, that was used by the Professor of Logic. This room was furnished with a bed, some broken chairs, several stools, trunks and many boards. How the Professor managed to get his syllogisms straightened out amid such surroundings is significant of his strength as a teacher. This room was not all a lecture room; a picket fence ran across one end inside of which was the library. This fence permitted the students to look at the books on the shelves which by the way were not catalogued, and in some mysterious manner allowed the books to find their way to students' rooms, where they were read to one's heart content.

We had no history in these days, but this was not taken into consideration by the professor when he gave out "The Battle of the Plains of Abraham," as a subject for a graduation essay. The student on this occasion went to the map of Palestine to find the Plains of Abraham. After a diligent search he found that Abraham did not fight the battle nor own the plains upon which the battle was fought. There was intellect enough, however, about the college to locate the battle

field, and get some history of it, and the essay was pretty creditable, although it was chiefly an account of the battle, without any reference to the importance of the battle or its effect upon the life of Canada.

We had no Baccalaureate sermon in those days, no formal college opening. We had none of the "frills and flowers" of education. Very few games were played. Baseball satisfied us. I suppose we lost nothing by not being kicked to pieces in football.

The new college building I spoke about was built, and having wings it went up, and was rebuilt in a better style. I was on the ground a few years ago, and it seemed as if Aladdin with his lamp had really visited Acadia.

How time does move. I remember when there were no matches, when steamboats first plied Halifax harbor as ferry boats, when Halifax was first lit up with gas, when the railroad was built from that city to Windsor, when steel pens were unknown, when the Master mended the pens and pen-knives were indeed pen-knives.

Truly the world has moved, yet Acadia has moved with it. Many of the old graduates have passed away, and others are getting ready. But as long as life shall last, the old spirit of Acadia still thrills.

*John Moser, '48.*



## A Week in Venice

"**A** FIRST IMPRESSION," we said to each other, "counts more than all the later ones put together," and so we were glad that our first glimpse of Venice was in sunshine.

As we stood on the station platform, waiting for our porter to select a gondola from the long row drawn up to the steps, we could easily imagine that we had drifted back some seven or eight hundred years, and were living in a world of long ago.

Venice is old. We felt this most keenly when we were comfortably settled in our *dongola*, and on our way to our *pension*. Our gondolier guided us through horrid little canals, which, even on such a sunny day, suggested dark musty old cellars. We noticed that the foundations of the houses seemed rather shaky, and that the houses themselves were all crumbling to pieces. We began to discuss the

advisability of cutting our week down to one day, and leaving by the next train. "It cannot be safe," we said. However, we were continually meeting other people, some of them tourists too, in their gondolas, and we saw that they were happy and bright. We wondered how they could seem so carefree, when they were living, even for a week or so, in such dreadful places.

But though we found that all the houses in Venice were very, very old, some were better than others, and when we were really inside our own *pension* in St. Mark's Square we saw that it was perhaps more cosy and homelike than many we would find at home.

Venice is different from other cities in that it has no trees, no parks or public gardens, no horses or carriages, no electric cars, and the streets are canals. The city is intersected in all directions by 146 of them, and these are crossed by 306 bridges. These bridges being frequent and steep, are cut into easy steps. Only one of these crosses the Grand Canal, namely, "The Rialto," which is also the steepest of the whole number.

"The bridges of Venice," says Murray, "are so numerous and so well placed, that there is no part of the city, that is to say, no houses, which cannot be walked to; but many of the finest buildings, as on the Grand Canal, can only be seen from the water out of which they rise." The small canals, or *rii*, which are crossed by these multitudinous bridges, are the water streets of Venice; but there is no part of either of the two divisions to which you may not also go by land, through narrow passages called *calli*; and there are also several small squares, styled *campi*.

Every day we took a stroll in the Piazza di S. Marco. The first thing we noticed was the hum of English speaking voices in the air. Everyone, everyone, was speaking English. Of course this was partly accounted for by the numbers of English and American tourists. These we could readily distinguish from the others partly by their dress, and partly by the Baedekers they invariably carried under their arms. But apart from these, the Italians themselves, even to the shop girls and the urchins on the street, were using English nearly altogether. And such good English! So ashamed were we of the twenty-five or thirty words of Italian we knew, that not once did we attempt to air them.

Many of the Venetians dress as we do, but some of the girls wear

lace mantillas on their heads, and on their shoulders long fringed shawls.

There was always so much to see in this Piazza. When we were tired of watching the people, there were the pigeons to feed, and when we were tired of the pigeons, we would look in the shop windows, or visit the church of St. Mark.

A brief notice of this church would not be out of place here. It did not become the Cathedral of Venice until the beginning of the 19th century when the patriarchal seat was removed to it from San Pietro di Castello. Until that period it had been the ducal chapel, founded in the year 828, by the Doge Ginstiniani Partecipazio, for the purpose of receiving the relics of St. Mark, which had been recently brought from Alexandria. The remains were deposited in the Chapel of St. Theodore, and the popular veneration was transferred without difficulty from S. Theodore to the Evangelist, whose symbol thenceforth became the emblem of the republic. The ducal chapel was destroyed by fire in 976, which terminated the life of one of the Doges

The present structure was commenced in 977; but it was not completed and consecrated until 1111. It is said, that in the decoration of this building, above 500 pillars are employed; the whole of them are of marble, and were chiefly brought from Greece, and other parts of the Levant. The celebrated bronze horses, which were brought from the Hippodrome at Constantinople, being part of the share of the Venetians in the plunder when that city was taken in the fourth crusade, stand over the central portal of the vestibule of the church.

Entering the vestibule by the central portal, a lozenge of reddish marble, inserted in the pavement, marks the spot where Pope Alexander III, and the emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, were on the 23rd of July, 1177, reconciled through the intervention of the republic. The interior of the church is very rich, the walls and columns being of precious marbles, the vaulting covered with mosaics upon a gold ground, and the pavement of tessellated marble. The altar-table of St. Mark is formed of a large granite slab, brought from Tyre in 1126; upon which, it is asserted, our Saviour stood when he preached to the multitudes of Tyre and Sidon. The collection of relics preserved in the treasury is extensive, and some of the objects are rare; as, "a bit of the dress of our Saviour; a small quantity of earth, embued with his blood; a fragment of the pillar to which he was bound; and a portion of his cross."

In front of St. Mark are the three bronze pedestals, in which are inserted the masts from which once proudly floated the Gonfalons of silk and gold, emblematical of the three dominions of the republic—Venice, Cyprus and the Morea. These have been superseded by the tricolour of France ; and since by the eagle of Austria.

On the right hand, leaving St. Mark, is the 'Torre dell' Orologio, so called from the dial in the centre, resplendent with gold and azure—the sun travelling round the zodiacal signs which decorate it, and marking the time of twenty-four hours. Beneath the clock-tower is the entrance to the Merceria—the part of Venice which exhibits most commercial activity. The streets diverging from the Merceria, we found to be intricate, narrow and crowded. In the pavement of each, a white line of marble is inserted ; by following which, the Rialto can be always reached.

One day we visited the palace formerly occupied by the Doges of Venice, but now the Palazzo Ducale. The stern and gloomy appearance of this edifice with its Giant's Stairway, is no bad emblem of the severe character of the ancient government of the republic, and of the dark and bloody deeds that were perpetrated within its vast and costly walls. The air and aspect of the place is cold and aristocratic ; its history is a series of tales of terror ; nor has change of government, or loss of power for evil, ever yet succeeded in obliterating the repulsive feeling with which the palace is contemplated. Every circumstance connected with the history of this building is romantic, mysterious, and extraordinary. Byron's description, "a palace and a prison on each hand," suggested the association of grandeur with suffering,—of enjoyment with misery,—of glorious life with the agonies of torture and the loneliness of secret death.

The ducal palace is separated on the eastern side by a canal, called the Rio di Palazzo. from the public prisons—the Carceri, a fine building, which, on the side facing the palace, has a gloomy character suited to its purpose ; on the other side, towards the Riva dei Schiavoni, the front is of a less severe character, owing to the apartments of the Signori di Notte, the chiefs of the night police of the city, being placed on that side. The Molo is connected with the Riva dei Schiavoni by the Ponte della Paglia ; standing on which and looking up the Rio di Palazzo, a covered bridge is seen at an unusual height above the water. This is the celebrated "Ponte dei Sospiri," or

“Bridge of Sighs.” Prisoners, when taken out of their cells to die, were conducted across this bridge to hear their sentences, from whence they were led to execution ; hence its name.

Nearly every day we took a steamer trip up and down the Grand Canal, and sometimes we would go over to Lido, and stay there all day. Lido is a charming little island, where many of the Venetians have their summer homes. The sandy shore is covered with bathing houses, and little cottages. And here we had such a view of the blue Adriatic, little ships with their white and terra cotta sails, sprinkled over its surface.

And when we were tired of roaming about, we would have a lunch in one of the many open air restaurants, and eat the oranges and maccaroni, and other good things, before going back to Venice.

Delightful as we found Venice, we could not stay there always, so one morning we asked our landlady to see that there would be a gondola waiting for us at the door, and we said good-bye for a time to this city of terra cotta houses, watery streets, and blue skies. We said good-bye for a time, to Venice the Queen of the Adriatic.

*Alice Celesta Huntington, A. S., '03.*



## Etching.

### The Noon-Day Hour.

Stretched idly on the ground, the smoke from your pipe curling lazily upwards, as if loathe to leave you, you contentedly gaze around.

The air is very still and heavy with a thousand pleasant forest scents. The river at your side is whispering sleepily to its pebbles, and here and there an angry little jet of water quarrels discontentedly with a piece of projecting rock. Through the interlacing of the over-hanging trees, the sunlight streams in upon the face of the running water, gilding its smoother portions, making its little spurts and splashes white and glistening, and toning with a greenish bronze the deeper pools under over-hanging foliage.

On the banks, and under the trees, as far as the underbrush will allow the prying eye to penetrate, a deep and contented peace broods over the whole earth.

As you lie gazing upwards, the maze of branches twining, twisting, crossing, recrossing, spreading this way and all ways, make you almost dizzy when you try to follow them with your eye, marking where each strand of that tangled net work of Nature's weaving has its beginning and its end.

A sleepy hum of many insects is lulling the world to slumber, and over all there falls a kind of hush, which, added to the shade of the sombre tree trunks, makes a melancholy unutterably peaceful and serene, and dreamily murmuring, "Why should we only toil, we the roof and crown of things?" letting your tired eyelids droop over tired eyes, you sink to sleep in the lap of Mother Earth.

*I. M. C., '07.*



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# The Acadia Athenæum

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CLARANCE MANNING HARRIS, '07, Editor-in-Chief

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## Editorial.

At the present time Acadia is without a president, and perhaps a note might be written now on the place that the President should fill in life at Acadia which at any other time would be inappropriate. We fully recognize that a president is a valuable necessity to a college,—valuable in being really the centre of college life and administration,—and so necessary that much of the success really due to others is attributed to his ability. Yet we wonder if a college such as Acadia needs a man with such remarkable ability in all lines of work as we sometimes think our president should possess, or if a man with the few essential qualities well marked and general average ability in other fields, would not fill the place as satisfactorily and aid in the success of our work quite as efficiently.

What makes the college? Is it the President, the Faculty, or the student body? Does the success of a college depend wholly upon one of them alone, or are all three vitally instrumental in building up the college reputation and bringing success to its efforts? We hear of Yale

but we know very little of its President and Faculty, or, at least, we are far more interested in and know more about Yale's prestige upon the gridiron than we do of her superiority in the intellectual field. We have heard much of Chicago University, but our interest has centered around its splendid endowment and its late President, Dr. Harper. Harvard is often brought to our notice and here we seem to have a combination of the three factors—a strong President making his influence felt and his personage known,—a strong Faculty staff making itself recognized the world over as especially capable for filling Harvard requirements.— a strong student body the influence of which goes out into every phase of our social and intellectual life. Coming down to our own Maritime colleges we find that we are also known through the three factors of our college life. If a college is weak in anyone of these, its prestige can be easily questioned. We therefore should be inclined to assert that we at Acadia need a strong man for the Presidency, not only that he may fill his own position well, but also that he may be strong enough to submerge in his own personality any weakness that might exist in the other phases of our collegiate existence.

At Acadia the President stands as the connecting link between the college and the community from which it draws its support. For this reason, if for no other, the position of the President is a hard one to fill. The duties of the President are not confined to the student body, but extend to all parts of the Maritime Provinces. Through his connection with the people in this direct way the college comes to be known and judged by what the President is himself. Acadia has always been fortunate in having presidents capable of any executive work demanded and strong enough personality to win a place for the college in the hearts of the people at large.

Yet the President, great though he might be, is not all-sufficient. The Faculty must also be strong. The professors in their appearance before the students, are the great fashioners and molders of the student body, the trainer of their thoughts, the developer of their characters, leading them oftentimes into dangerous places of thought, guiding them through the portals of manhood, and leaving them at a period where they are just entering upon life itself in all its qualities. Certainly the Faculty does exert a strong influence on student life, and through them the college comes to be known as strong or weak as the case may be.

Yet after all we firmly believe that the students themselves are the strongest factor at Acadia in building up its name and character. The President is only one, the Faculty are few in number, but the student body is large and varied, and its pulsating life is felt in every place in the provinces. While the students are here the home friends watch their course with interest. When the student returns to his home the changes in him are carefully marked. He may not be aware of it, but many are judging the college by the effect college life has had upon him. Good material is necessary for good standing, but we believe that there must be strong upward growth, and constant fitting for the assuming of life's responsibilities in order for a student to enhance the reputation of a college in any way.

Acadia in the past has been fortunate in these three factors, and though the positions he holds today is directly due to one or two who have been at the head, and though her Faculty staff have ever been serviceable and proficient, yet we must admit that the student body in their mixing and mingling with their acquaintances at home have had a good share—though perhaps an unacknowledged one—in shaping the course and adding to the success of our own beloved Alma Mater.

So when the new president is appointed and he assumes charge of affairs, don't think that everything depends upon him nor upon the Faculty, but realize that we as students of Acadia have a share in the responsibilities for success. The president's share will largely be found in winning the good will of the students and people at large; the faculty's share will be centered in meeting the requirements of the students in the class room; the students' share will be found in being living examples of just what Acadia stands for, and in this way the prestige of Acadia will ever be assured.

There may have been some misapprehension on the part of some this year in regard to life at Acadia, because of the absence of a president, and that the administration of college affairs was entirely in the hands of the Faculty without a head. The first few days here were days of doubt and fear. There did seem to be some little delay in getting things running, which can be readily accounted for by the fact that the work was new to the ones in charge, as much of the detail

work of the opening of college necessarily has heretofore fallen upon the president. But before the first week was over the Faculty showed evident signs of strong administrative ability, and before we realized it we found that they had a firm hand on the reins of government. No grievous or new rules were imposed, but the impression soon spread among the students that the Faculty were wise enough to conduct affairs rightly, were strong enough to hold the student body in check if need be, and more than that in some way or other were gaining the good will and respect of all. The college affairs have been ably administered, and in other work the Faculty have had the hearty co-operation of the entire student body.



In another column will be found an article by Mr. John Moser, Acadia's oldest living graduate. Mr. Moser graduated fifty-nine years ago, in 1848, and has spent most of his years since then in teaching school. He is now over eighty years old, and is living quietly at his home near Butternut Ridge, N. B. The article besides being of interest of itself, will be doubly appreciated by our readers, coming as it does from a graduate who saw life at Acadia some sixty years ago.



The literary contest will be completed about the time this issue is out. The names of the prize winners will appear in a later issue together with the articles for which the various prizes have been awarded.



## Exchanges

THE Dalhousie Gazette for November though consisting in the main of topics of a generally local nature and interest, contains the second part of a noteworthy article on the advancement of modern science. After an interesting sketch of the progress in the realm of physics up to the present time, the writer pleads, and, we think, pleads justly, for the betterment of technical and scientific opportunities in this Province of Nova Scotia. Whether one intends to take up scientific research and general science, for the sake of the research,

and for the intellectual reward to be gained from such study, or whether he looks at it from the standpoint of commercialism and monetary gain, the advancement in these departments have opened to him boundless fields of opportunity. The writer holds it as a shame that while in the various professions of the Dominion of Canada, Nova Scotia's contingent stands second to none, yet scarcely any organized attempt has as yet been made to establish technical schools, from which we could send forth our commercial and industrial leaders. By technical schools the writer means not simply manual training schools where one may get a knowledge of mechanics, and become proficient in hand labor and in the use of machinery, but schools, where the foundation work consists in the principles of pure science in all its branches, and where the skill in practical work is afterwards acquired by the application of this principle. The writer's point is certainly one worthy of much consideration, for the provision for such education is very inadequate, and by no means meets the demands of this striving and strenuous age.

The article on the engineering camp is humorously written and very entertaining. Prof. Jack formerly of the U. N. B. seems to have met with the same measure of popularity, as that which he gained in his former position.

The King's College Record comes to us this month resplendent in a new cover, a tasteful combination of blue and white. The change is a decided improvement on the old cover. As the editor remarks, it is much more convenient, and, we think, it is considerably more attractive.

From the Collegiate School in Windsor comes the annual number of the *Windsorian*. This number has special interest for us at Acadia, in that it is edited by one of our former students, V. L. O. Chittick, '05. The magazine is neatly gotten up, and reflects much credit on the management. The matter is largely of a local nature, shows the records made by the students in athletics, contains several good cuts of teams and officers, and gives a good general impression of the work of the school.

Another new cover is presented by the *Allisonia*, the magazine published by the students of the Ladies' College in Sackville. The number is large and contains much material of merit, though it is, as one would expect, largely concerned with college doings. Its princi-

pal article is the Alumnae Prize Essay on the "Various Natural Types as represented in Canada To-day." The writer shows how the sturdy Indian, with his strange customs and uncouth manners, fused at last with the active and vivacious French Canadian, how the brawny Scot from his home in the "hielands" gradually came to form a part of the Canadian life, and how lastly even the superstitious Doukabors, and the wandering Galicians from Central Europe have come in, and lost, under the common flag, their own nationality. These elements, so utterly unlike in all their attributes, are gradually mingling in a confederation, which has one flag which all its members honour, and one king, who to all is dear. The essay shows much painstaking research and good literary ability on the part of the writer. In its other articles and in its various departments, the paper is of a high order of merit. It is most creditable to the institution which it represents, and reflects earnest labor, careful management and a fine college spirit.

In the McMaster University Monthly is an article containing some very humorous remarks on the matter so near to us all, of Essay Writings. The little sketch is very true to life, and will appeal strongly to almost any reader, as being a very good representation of his own actual experience. We notice in another department a modified proverb along the same line of thought, which is good enough to be quoted.

"It is a wise student that knows his own essay—when it comes back from the 'prof.'"

The Queen's University Journal contains a good article from the pen of the English Professor, written in an easy and informal style. The subject is "My Books." We are given a peep into his library and are led by this delightful Cicerone, while we inspect the books stored on the surrounding shelves. To a reader of books, this little insight into the literary collection of one, who is himself a writer and a teacher of English, is at once instructive and entertaining. Indeed little glimpses like this are most useful aids to one's own collection of books. The experience of those who have gone the road of literature before us, is a valuable help to the proper investment on the part of one who would possess a library of his own.

## De Alumni.

Rev. Isaiah Wallace, '55, has retired from ministerial work and is resting at the home of his son, Rev. L. F. Wallace, '94, Aylesford, N. S.

Dr. J. B. Hall, '73, of the Provincial Normal School staff, has recently returned from a trip to England and the continent. The Dr. has again taken up his professional duties with improved health and increased vigor.

Rev. B. H. Thomas, for three years a member of the class of '88, has been appointed Protestant chaplain of the Maritime penitentiary at Dorchester. He has the distinction of being the only Baptist minister in the civil service of Canada.

Rev. W. N. Hutchins, '91, is pastor of the Prince St. Baptist church, Truro, N. S.

Fred E. Young, '94, has an extensive medical practice in Lawrencetown, N. S.

L. Churchill Freeman, '97, is a member of the law firm, McLean and Freeman, Bridgewater, N. S.

Word has been received from Vizianagram, India, of the marriage of Sebra C. Freeman, '98, and Miss Carrie Chambers, who sailed for India last Autumn. Their future residence is at Parlakimedi, India.

Rev. A. F. Newcombe, '98, is pastor of the Bethany Baptist Church, Roxbury, Mass. At the present time his church is enjoying a gracious revival.

John W. Roland, '01, is working on the Panama Canal Survey.

In the November number of the ATHENÆUM we noted E. Gordon Bill, '02, as being on the staff of instructors at Yale. Mr. Bill is not an instructor, but is simply pursuing graduate work in mathematics at the above university.

Theodore H. Boggs, '02, is taking work at Yale leading to the Ph. D. degree. He graduated B. A. from Yale in '05, and throughout his course has enjoyed a successful career.

Pearl W. Durkee, '03, has been appointed assistant professor of mathematics at the International Correspondence School, Scranton, Penn.

Rev. W. A. White, '03, is pastor of the Zion Baptist Church, Truro, N. S.

E. S. Eaton, '03, is an instructor in the Maritime Business College, Halifax, N. S.

Miss Rosamond Archibald, '04, is taking graduate work at Smith.

B. H. Eaton, '04, is a student at the Halifax Business College.

Miss Edith Rebecca Ells, '04, was married at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Dec. 24, '06, to Mr. William John Gordon of Moose Jaw.

C. DeB. Denton, '04, is head master of Patterson's boys' school, Acacia Villa.

Roy Elliott Bates, '04, Acadia's representative at Oxford, spent the Christmas holidays at his father's home in Mystic, Conn.

Loring C. Christie, '05, is studying law at Harvard.



## The Month

ON Friday evening, November 30, the Junior class was entertained at the home of Mrs. Jessie Huntington. Each guest was asked to tell a witty story, and they responded with tales that were like to impair their reputations for veracity. The evening passed very pleasantly; and, in the small hours, the party of over thirty broke up into parties of two.

Miss Pauline Johnson and Mr. Walter McRaye gave an entertainment in College Hall under the auspices of the Athenæum society, on Friday evening, Dec. 7.

Miss Johnson, who claims to be a full-blooded Mohawk Indian, recited several pieces of her own poetry. She was dressed in native Indian costume, and appeared to good advantage in her several numbers.

Mr. McRaye's recitation of the dialect poems of Dr. W. H. Drummond was well received.

In the second part of the entertainment both appeared in a comedy sketch that carried the audience by storm.

The lecture committee must be congratulated on the good entertainment provided.

The Sophomore class spent an enjoyable evening at the home of Professor and Mrs. Gray on Saturday, December 8. It was a masquerade party, the guests being dressed to represent the characters portrayed by Chaucer in his Canterbury Tales. Miss Hilda Vaughn, '08, and Miss Evelyn Starr played several violin selections that were heartily encored.

On Sunday evening, December 9, the Rev. W. H. Jenkins, of Hantsport, gave an address in the Wolfville Baptist church under the auspices of the college Y. M. C. A. His subject was "Jesus Christ's Disciples, Partakers of His Glory."

Monday Mr. Jenkins gave an after dinner speech at Chipman Hall. In a humorous manner he recalled the reminiscences of his college days.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 11th, the senior class held a *soiree* in college chapel, which room had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. During the evening the following programme was rendered :—

#### PART I.

- 1 Farce—"Kleptomaniac" by the girls
- 2 Quartette—by Messrs. Adams, Estey, Hutchinson and Wright.
- 3 Mock Trial—by the boys.

#### PART II.

- 1 Charades
- 2 Refreshments
- 3 College songs—Ab Omnibus

The refreshments were daintily served in the mathematical room, which had undergone a transformation for this part of the programme. Mrs. W. C. Archibald and Mrs. I. W. Porter were the chaperons. A most delightful evening terminated with the class yell and the Acadia Doxology.

Friday evening, December 14th, the Propylæum Society gave its

annual reception in College Hall. The guests were received by Miss Helena Marsters, Pres., Miss Jennie McLeod, Vice Pres., Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Gray, the two latter being the chaperons for the evening. A large number of guests were present, the society being especially honored with the presence of Governor Fraser.

The same day Governor Fraser and Mr. Justice Longley spoke at chapel service. The Governor's speech was earnest and helpful, full of wit, pregnant with sense. Judge Longley created much merriment as he told, in his inimitable way, of the conditions that were and of the events that had taken place while he was a student at Acadia.

With Professor Tufts as guide, the Governor and the Judge visited the different institutions, and took dinner at Chipman Hall.

Saturday evening, December 15, the junior debating team beat the Freshman team on the question—"Resolved, that legislative union of the Maritime Provinces on terms alike equitable and agreeable would be advantageous."

Messrs. Warren, McIntyre and Green, of the Freshman class, supported the resolution, and Messrs. Bagnall, Geldart and Ackland, for the Juniors, spoke on the negative side.

The debate was fairly good. The judges, Messrs. DeWolfe, Tufts, and Balcom, gave the decision to the Juniors on the ground of better argument.

#### THE BASKET BALL LEAGUE.

On November 24 the first game of the League between the Freshmen and Cads resulted in a draw, score 5—5. Chipman, Mallory, Camp, Simms, and W. S. McIntyre played for the Freshmen; Lounsbury, Moland, McLeod, Faulkner and Price for the Cads. November 28 saw the play-off, the Cads winning by score of 4—1. In this game Dyas, Rice and Archibald were substituted for Camp, Simms and McIntyre, and Howe was substituted for Lounsbury.

The same day '08 and '09 tried conclusions. In the second half with the score 8—8, the teams began an argument with the referee, resulting in the Juniors leaving the floor, whereupon the game was awarded to the Sophomores by default, score 2—0. Messinger, Geldart, Jost, Huntington and Bagnall made the junior team; McKinnon, Magner, Archibald, Lewis, and Troop the Sophomore team.

On December 1, '08 and '07 argued the matter of supremacy. The Juniors were victorious by score of 13—10. On the Junior team Hayden took the place of Huntington. The senior team consisted of Harris, Eaton, Peppard, Estey and Davison.

The next hour '09 and H. C. A. battled for points, the Sophomores winning by a score of 13—2.

Five days later the Seniors beat the Freshmen to the tune of 21—6. On the Freshman team Enos Eaton replaced Archibald.

On December 8 there were two surprises. The Freshmen beat the Sophs 7—6 and the Cads downed the Seniors 5—4.

December 13 the Juniors played the Cads to a draw, score 7—7. In the play-off the Juniors scored first, winning the game 9—7. For this game Bates replaced Hayden on the Junior team.

Two days afterwards the Juniors won over the Freshmen by score of 14—5.

The same day the Sophs ran the score against the Seniors 20—0. One of the Senior team was sick and his place was taken by Wright.

This left the championship a tie between the Juniors and Sophomores. On Monday, the 17th, these two teams played off, the Juniors winning the game by a score of 10—2, which gave them also the League for the season of 1906.



# The Pierian

(of Acadia Seminary)

EDITOR—GRACE PRISK, '06.

## Editorial

### Higher Education of Women in Europe

IN America the higher education of women presents no "question." There are difference of intelligent opinion as to the desirability of higher co-education, but no one would for a moment propose the women be deprived of any educational opportunities they now possess and improve.

It is different in Europe, where woman has had hoary prejudice and feudal influences to fight and overcome. There the higher education of women is still among the unsettled questions, and policy and practice are not uniform even in the same countries. Nevertheless, woman has made steady progress, has refuted all of the early objections to her intellectual advancement and has successfully stormed educational citadels.

A leading German paper recently published interesting figures, showing the steadily increasing number of women who enter the universities of the fatherland and become candidates for degrees.

In the universities of Switzerland, always liberal and generous, there were during the summer almost four times as many women as there were a decade ago. The increase is largely due to the impour of Russian women, who have been hampered in every way by their own reactionary government.

However, the Russian ministry, among other reforms granted or promised, has raised the status and extended the academic opportunities of the women. They are now allowed to attend all the lectures in the St. Petersburg University and in the Polytechnic Institute. Other concessions have been made, and if the universities remain open—which is very doubtful—the women are certain to make full and excellent use of their new privileges.

The University of Paris is confronted by a problem that is bothering every large college that admits women students. The proportion of women students is increasing and the men are staying away. That this is objectionable a large percentage of the graduates, at least those of the male persuasion, agree.

The tendency, as a whole, is rather to make the girls masculine than the boys "lady-like." In the class-room the mixing of sexes is even more objectionable, hampering a wholly desirable and in some instances an almost indispensable freedom of expression and discussion. It means an expurgating of texts, a cutting of courses and a social toning of what should be entirely an intellectual and student research relationship.

What the ultimate result will be is a mere surmise, but at present there is a growing inclination observable among parents to send their children to schools where the sexes are not co-educated.

We are glad to say that such objectionable conditions as obtain in France are unknown at Acadia.



Late in the afternoon of November the twenty-second, the lights suddenly went out and left us in darkness. Lamps were found, lighted and placed in the corridors to enable us to find our way about the building. Rather a humorous spectacle was afforded as we descended the stairway for our evening meal. Here and there among us, appeared a lamp, burning brightly, and trying to make as brilliant a light as ever electric lights made. The lamps were of various descriptions and most of them gave the appearance of having been found and brought into use once more at just a moment's notice. Of course this afforded amusement for us. After our meal we assembled in the reception-room where we spent a homelike evening round an open fire with singing and talking. At eight o'clock we were surprised and a little disappointed when the lights reappeared to afford us one study hour that evening. About an hour later the north and west sides of the building were again left in darkness.

Dean Southwick arrived in Wolfville on the morning train the twenty-third of November. He spent the afternoon at the Seminary where he examined the work being done in the elocution department. He entered into conversation with the young women who are antici-

pating a course of study at Emerson after their completion of the course at the Seminary.

In the evening the recital in College Hall was enjoyed by a large audience. The Dean read 'Julius Cæsar', a subject familiar to the majority of hearers and thus doubly interesting to them. The interpretation of the play showed the strong influence of Cæsar's spirit over all the men who had known him.

After the recital an informal reception was held in the Alumnæ Hall in honor of Dean Southwick. Many guests were received.

Friday, December 14, was a 'red letter day' for Acadia Seminary. Governor Fraser who had been the guest of the Fruit Growers Association meeting this year in Wolfville, spent part of the morning in inspecting the Seminary in all of its departments. At supper he was our honored guest. During the very interesting address delivered after supper Governor Fraser congratulated the Seminary upon its splendid provision for the inner man or rather woman, upon its fine appointments, and its fine girls. Replete with kindly sympathy, quiet humor, true wisdom and sound counsel, his words were enjoyed and should prove truly helpful. Many of the girls had the opportunity of meeting His Excellency, some at the Propylæum Society, some earlier in the day. Representing in himself the qualities which make our province strong, Governor Fraser will long be remembered for his geniality, his helpfulness and the genuine interest manifested in our work.

Dr. Tufts who accompanied Governor Fraser was also heard with pleasure.



The Kinder-Symphonie Orchestra met for the last time before Christmas on Saturday December the fifteenth. During this term the class has studied the Carneval March by Meyer and has gained thereby a good idea of the value of notes etc. The last rehearsal Mrs. Emery gave the children an idea of the origin and form of the modern Symphony and the next one she purposes giving a descriptive narrative of the life of Joseph Hayden so that they will be better able to appreciate the Toy-Symphony which they will take up after the New Year. Mrs. Emery wishes to announce that the primary department of the

Acadia Conservatory of Music, including the Kinder-Symphonic Orchestra will give a concert about Easter time.



King Winter has spread his snowy, icy mantle over the earth and is telling us of Christmas weather. Before this number of the Pierian will reach its friends and readers, the delightful holidays just before us will be past and we will again be deep in the mysteries of knowledge. To all its readers the Pierian of Acadia Seminary wishes a successful and happy New Year.



### Personalia of '05

Emily Young is book-keeper for a dry-goods firm at Parisboro.

Helen Fowler is visiting friends and relatives in Boston and vicinity.

Mabel McDonald, president of the class of 1905, has been obliged to give up for this year at least, further study in her art course, and is at her home in Petitcodiac.

Beatrice Oulton has laid aside her study in elocution and has been taking a business course in Boston.

Edna Harrison is teaching school at her home in Half Way River, Nova Scotia.

Mabel Hanna has been teaching school at Pugwash and we understand that she is looking forward to a continuance of collegiate studies at Acadia University.

Miss Emma Whidden has been critically ill for some weeks with typhoid fever. All her friends are delighted to hear that she is now convalescent.

Miss Maud Christie is at her home in River Hebert.

Miss Jennie Patillo is at her home in Truro.

Miss Bertha Purdy is teaching school at Springhill.

## Library Notes and Exchanges

The magazines sent away last June to be bound were returned the first of December. The bound volumes consist of the London News Masters in Music, two years, Review of Reviews, three years, Century, two years, Outlook, four years, Bookman, one year, International Studies, three years, Popular Science Monthly, five years, Critic, one year, Messenger and Visitor, three years, and Musical Courier.

We welcome to our table the first number of *Allisonia* for the year 1906-1907. It appears in a new dress with attractive cover design. The columns are sure to prove interesting to Students and Alumnae. A statement somewhat misleading is that contained in the short note on the "Advantages of Mt. Allison," where it is said the attempt to unite the various student bodies (Primary, Collegiate and University girls) at Acadia was not a success. The reason is not far to seek. We have no room for our University young women in our Seminary building.



## The Lyceum

(Of Horton Academy.)

EDITORS :—T. S. ROY, G. A. BARSS, W. H. KINGDON.

### Banquet to the Academy Football Team.

ON Tuesday evening, Nov. 27th, '06, a banquet was given in the Academy Home in honor of the Football Team. Our Football Team has had such a successful season as a result of constant hard work on the campus, that the other members of the Academy felt that they must give them some token of their appreciation.

During this season the team made a record that has never before been made by any other school of this class. It is something to be proud of to be able to send a team on the field that can defeat such teams as the Wanderers, King's College, and 2nd Dalhousie. Altogether the team scored 68 points, and only had 3 points scored against them. These 3 points were scored against them in the Freshman

game, and we are proud to say that the Freshmen learnt how to play the game in the Academy.

All the students residing in the Academy, as well as those outside were present. Among the guests were Mrs. Mersereau, the wife of our Principal, Mrs. Sawyer, the wife of the Principal last year, and Mr. C. DeB. Denton, Principal of the Patterson School.

The supper was served by the matron, Mrs. Stultz, and was one that everybody enjoyed and did full justice to.

At the close of the supper toasts were proposed, drunk and responded to by the following :—Toast to the King, proposed by Mr. Robertson and responded to by Mr. Britten; toast to the ladies, proposed by Mr. Launsbury and responded to by Mr. McLeod; toast to the Faculty proposed by Mr. Moland and responded to by Mr. Mersereau; toast to the team, proposed by Mr. G. Barss and responded to by Mr. Allen.

The letter H was then presented by Mr. J. E. Howe to the men who had won honors in the sports last year.

The banquet was brought to a close by the singing of the Acadia Doxology.



### From Woodstock Baptist College.

When I sadly said good-bye to my old home and the beloved institutions on the hill, I tried to console myself with the thought that I was at least getting out of my editorial work on the Academy Department of the ATHENÆUM. Your editor, however, seems to think it his duty to make me do something in return for "running away" and so he has demanded of me some "copy" on the life at Woodstock Baptist College.

The proper way to begin would be, I suppose, to describe the surrounding scenery, but I will not waste either your time or mine in doing this, for though the landscape is very beautiful, it is copper to gold compared with what you can see nearly every day if you choose to look about you. So we will pass over the scenery and take a look at the school itself.

At present there are about a hundred and twenty-five residential

students, and a goodly number of day boys, so you may be sure that things are kept pretty lively.

We have a good deal of time to ourselves here. They get us up for breakfast at seven o'clock, which is about the only drawback to enjoyment; but they are pretty lenient with regard to tardiness, and do not say anything if we sleep occasionally, so we put up with the early hour. From breakfast until chapel we have an hour and a half to ourselves, again after dinner about half an hour, and of course we can do as we like from four to six. Study hours in the evening are from seven o'clock to ten. On Fridays we do no studying after four p. m., that is the most of us do none. We have supper early on Fridays and at six thirty the literary societies, of which I will speak later, convene for an hour of enjoyment, after that, if our requests for permission to spend the night out have been granted, we find enjoyment in different parts of the city. Some, of course, prefer to spend the evening in their rooms. The lower year boys are, as a rule, allowed out only until nine-thirty, and if they have been misbehaving they are sometimes not allowed out at all. Theologues, however, and we fourth year students are allowed out until ten or ten-thirty if we so request, and if there is some social gathering and we "don't get home till morning" we are leniently dealt with. Occasionally our requests are refused, but never unless we deserve it. On Sundays we are practically free, provided that we attend our regular church twice, and also the bible class which meets before church in the morning. We are expected to be in on Sunday evenings at nine-thirty.

I am not going to say anything with regard to the work, for it is much the same here as at Wolfville. We do a little of it occasionally when we feel like it, as you do.

In athletics the college is not as prominent as it might be, though it has a fair reputation; track sports are *the* thing here, and the Annual Field Day is one of the great events of the year. A silver cup is the championship prize and for a boy to have his name engraved on that means a good deal. Not so much interest is taken in football as at Wolfville; how it is with the other games I have had no opportunity of finding out, but I do not think that the Woodstock boys are as good "sports" generally, as the boys of H. C. A.

And now with reference to the literary societies; there are two here, the "Excelsior" for the first and second year and the preparatory,

and the "Philomathic" for the third and fourth years. Attendance at these societies is compulsory, it having been made so a few years ago at the request of the student body. It seems to be the best solution of the problem of making the societies a success and works here splendidly. Another society of great usefulness is the "Saturday Debating Club." It meets every Saturday afternoon for a short period, and all present take part; two leaders are appointed beforehand and they choose sides, most of the debaters make no preparation before going in so it is good training in impromptu speaking.

The great lack here is in the social line. The enjoyable receptions, which came altogether too far apart at Acadia, are a thing unknown. The only function of the kind is the college "At Home." As this does not come until Spring I cannot speak of it from personal experience, but according to statements I have received, it is for the most part a very formal, uninteresting affair. We are driven to seek the social part of our education by one's and two's in different parts of the city, and the "school" element is entirely lost. This is regrettable but apparently unavoidable.

I must not stop until I have said a few words about the religious opportunities at Woodstock. We have our weekly prayer meetings on Thursday evenings. These are exceedingly well attended, as a rule about two thirds of the residential boys being present. We have here an Evangelistic Band, composed of all the Christian boys of the school. This band sends representatives to any church that desires them, to hold evangelistic services. In past years good work has been done and great hopes are entertained for the future. The last society of which I wish to speak is the Judson Missionary Society. It holds meetings monthly and has interesting lectures on various phases of missionary work.

But I must cut this short or my good friend, the editor, will be cutting it down. If I have wearied you with all this information, which is, doubtless, far more interesting to me than to you, I am extremely sorry. But I do not think it will hurt you to know about your sister institution in Ontario.

In closing: this is a grand school, with a splendid equipment; noble, pains-taking, Christian teachers, and a grand and inspiring history. Already I have grown to love it, and it will ever hold a big place in my affections. But yet, somehow, I do not seem to have for

it, and I do not think I can ever have for any other school, the same deep attachment which binds me to the familiar scenes of Horton, and the dear old institution on the hill.

*B. F. Trotter.*



## Athletics

The inter-class games in Basket ball have been played off. The team representing the Academy this year was a strong one. notwithstanding the fact that several of the men had never played the game before. F. L. Faulkner proved a good captain, and under his direction the team steadily improved.

The games played resulted in two victories and two defeats for the Academy. All the games were pretty close. The following men played on the team for the Academy this year :—Faulkner (Capt.), F. Howe, Lounsbury, McLeod, Price, and Moland.



## The Acadia Jester.

We would remind the Freshmen that the Half-Nelson way of securing food at the table should be done away with, as well as their favorite milk-shakes.

Hardly wolde he lerne, but gladly teche ;  
For want of better job, he says he'll preche.—FOSHAY

President, (to Propylæum):—"The college girls' seats in church are to be changed either to the front row of the west gallery or the northern end of the east gallery. Which does the society prefer?"

Miss Mitchell:—"Oh, let's sit right in front of the Cads."

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head, could carry all Young knew.

Prof. Morse, (in Math. class).—Mr. Dyas, what does 1 over 0 equal?

Mr. Dyas :—Eternity.

Shortliffe is a crank on antiquities. He even acknowledges in public that he is willing to accept Eve.

Problem :—What will Adam say?

—————  
We publish the following :—

Dere Mr. Editur:—

Inclosed please find an artikle written by myself personally for the prize competishun. It is no truble whatever for me to write these artikles and if you want anuther one, jest let me know.

Yurs etc.,

W. S. McI-t-r.

—————  
His brow is like a snow-drift,  
His neck is like a swan's.—NOWLAN.

—————  
“GOD SAVE THE KING”

Freshman, (translating in Greek):—“The king flees.”

Dr. Jones:—You should translate that as the perfect tense.

Freshman (correcting himself):—“The king has flees.”

—————  
Dr. Chute:—“Are you prepared to recite on this next section of the Bible History, Mr. Dickie?”

Dickie (closing his book):—“I *just* read it over.”

—————  
MAD OR DREAMING?

Miss Johnson, (at Athenæum entertainment):—“The women of Canada also have their faults.”

Loud applause from solitary Freshman—And the girls have been trying ever since to find out who he was.

—————  
Goudey and his Foster-mother will be at home to their friends every day (Sunday excepted) from 8.30 to 11.59.

—————  
Wright :—“Say, Davy, did you notice how soon the weather moderated after Spurr shaved off that beard?”

—————  
Dr. Tufts:—Mr. Allen, what is our standard money?

Mr. Allen:—Matrimony.

—————  
Simms (telling about his visit to the Sem):—“It was just this way boys, “*veni, vidi, vici.*”

Prof. Gray (in Chaucer):—"What does it mean to Ryde(n)out?"  
Class (in chorus):—"We haven't found out yet, sir."

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THE FRESHMAN'S LAMENT

The Seniors have their Soireés,  
The Juniors have their Fêtes,  
The Sophomores gave a Déjeuner  
But the Freshman—qu'a-t-il fait?

---

AT FIRST FACULTY MEETING AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

Prof.— All the students have reported except Knott and Allen.  
Wonder why they are so long getting back?

Just then someone in the hallway started singing "My wife won't let me," and the knowing smile that broke over each Professor's face showed the question had been answered to complete satisfaction.



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