

The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 7

A Letter from Oxford.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATHENÆUM :

[[WONDER if anyone could write a very appreciative article about Oxford on his return from a long, bracing walk through the winter woods of a little New England village? I doubt it. You see, I tried it myself, and failed dismally. One doesn't want to be feeling too much alive when he enters upon an undertaking such as that. The nearer asleep one is, the more he appreciates this Medieval town. Perhaps before you reach the last page of this article you will be in an absolutely appreciative condition. I hope not. What I mean to say is, however, that Oxford treated as something up-to-date and strenuous does not appeal. Nor does it, as such, exist. One needs to be in a "state of mind" to enjoy either writing about, talking about, or reading about, Oxford. When I was at home I hated to have everyone asking me "how I liked Oxford." I told such abominable lies, sometimes. It just depended on how I happened to be feeling. Tuesday I would answer, "I like it fully as well as any other graveyard I have seen." Thursday I would say, "It is just the dearest old place in the world." Both of which opinions I still hold, and beg leave here to endorse—if anyone at Acadia is curious about the matter. In this paper I shall emphasize the latter view; not only because it is more appropriate for me to do so, but also because the balance in my own mind really sets oftenest in that direction. Accordingly, I shall not at this time say anything to lead you to think of Oxford as the great English emporium, where, at a very substantial profit, the words and thoughts of those wholly dead are retailed by those only partly so. I shall rather consider it in a far more romantic light—in fact as a haven of dreams—the dreams alike of young Etonians, old Oxonians, and (unarrived) Rhodes Scholars.

It is easier for me to be enthusiastic about Oxford sitting up here in my room before a cozy fire, in a huge easy-chair. The window-blinds are not pulled down, for I would not shut out quite yet that glorious effect of to-night's full moon on Merton tower, and the old stone library across the quadrangle. It is easy now to call up a part of Medieval Oxford, for I have not to shut my eyes to do so, but rather leave them open. All this was then precisely as it is to-night—the square, majestic Gothic tower, the solid walls, and I think likely, the moon also. It is the past that makes Oxford wonderful. Without her past, the University is not to be thought of, much less, desired. But the past is with us today. I have not far to look for a link that binds us to it—the library across there, which I have just mentioned. Built a short time after the foundation of the college in 1267, it stands today as good as ever, and bids fair to defy several more centuries before it gives up the ghost. Speaking of ghosts, that reminds me of the one which haunts that very building. You must know about him, for he is very famous, and very eccentric, besides admirably illustrating the point I am trying to make. He used to be Duns Scotus. That learned doctor was once at Merton according to all traditions. He very naturally made great use of the library when in the flesh, and so his spirit still clings to the ancient place. In the dead of night at certain times in the year, this studious ghost may be seen, and even heard, pacing the dusty corridors between the musty rows of ancient tombs—for ever and anon he rattles the chains upon the precious volume over which he pores. But that is not the strangest part of it. Being of a very conservative turn of mind, old Duns will not condescend to use the new floor which has been put in at a higher level than the old one, but still walks along at the old level right *through* the later floor. If you are in the room where he is you only see him from the knees up—if you are in the room below, you can see his feet and shins moving along through the ceiling above your head ! So I am told.

This leads me to speak of a more personal matter. The room which I occupied last year was in the oldest part of the old buildings. At some time during the early history of the college, not only Scotus, but John Wycliffe was at Merton. They were not of course here at the same time. Wherefore, in absence of any proof to the contrary, by an ingenious system of reasoning, I maintain that both these worthies probably occupied my room ! My faith was not shaken, when a

few days ago I heard a man proving conclusively that the Wycliffe traditions were not sound, and that he could not have been at Merton at all. I have my opinion of a man who will try to prove a thing like that. One of my fellow Rhodes Scholars, whom I have tried in vain to make envious of me in respect to my room, still declares that a modest bird in the hand is worth two very big birds in the bush, so he rests perfectly content with his own room which is, with perfect certainty, the one occupied by Lord Randolph Churchill, until he was expelled from Merton.

I forget where I was when I began to tell these stories, although it doesn't matter much, since my remarks in this letter are bound to be rambling. I think I was speaking of the influence of the past on the Oxford of the present. It is seen in every department of university life. A man nearly always chooses his college with reference to his ancestors. K. Wetherington-Willowby goes to Christ Church because his father was there before him. J. Sherrington-Smithers on the other hand probably goes there because *his* father was *not*. It depends of course on what the fathers did. The discipline remains about as it was three or four centuries ago. There are many curious and delightful old customs, too, that remain from the Merry England of long ago. For instance, on May Morning every year, the choir of Magdalen College salute the rising sun from the top of their lofty tower by singing a Latin hymn—while for reasons certainly not known to themselves, the youth of the city make early morning hideous with blowing of unmelodious horns in the street below.

The majority of sight-seers who come to Oxford are not given to historical reflections. They are temporarily happy if they can see a Proctor in his robes of office, and rise to the enthusiasm of "never having had such a delightful day" if the Proctor happens to prog an undergraduate within the ken of their vision. This is the reason why Degree Day is so wonderfully popular a ceremony. There is a sense of attractive mystery about it all—the Vice-Chancellor throned in the Theatre or Convocation House, discoursing in unintelligible scraps of Latin like the refrain of a song, and the Proctors doing their quarter deck walk. It is here too that an under-graduate may be "plucked"—which means a far different thing than it does at Acadia, but has the same general effect. The custom has fallen pretty well into disuse, but does still exist. If a tradesman in Oxford has a bill

against a man about to receive his degree, and fears it will never be paid if the man gets away, all he has to do is to step out and "pluck" the sleeve of the Proctor as he escorts the unfortunate student up the aisle to the Vice-Chancellor, and there is no degree coming to that man till the debt is paid.

To the historically-minded the outlook down High Street is by far the finest in any street of Europe. It will suggest to his mind those scenes of brawling which took place there when the old battles of Town and Gown were fought with cold steel, and blood flowed freely on both sides—in the days when the maltreated townsman appealing to the Proctor could get no satisfaction but a "thrust at him with his pole axe." Behind the spectator's back still stands the old tower of Carfax whose bell called the townsmen to battle, while a little farther down on the left is St. Mary's Church whose bell summoned the "clerks" i. e. students. Down this street passed Queen Elizabeth, after being royally entertained with sumptuous pageants and the play of Palamon and Arcyte in the Christ Church hall. Over the Cherwell, ahead, in the troublous times of the Civil Wars, rode the Royalist horse to attack the Parliamentary quarters below the Chiltern hills—enterprising undegraduates perhaps taking an *excuse* to accompany them. Here it was that certain scholars of Magdalen, "having a quarrel with Lord Norreys by reason of deer-stealing, went up privately to the top of their tower, and waiting till he should pass by towards Rycote, sent down a shower of stones upon him and his retinew, wounding some and endangering others of their lives—" and worse might have happened had not the "retinew" taken the precaution, foreseeing the assault, to put boards or tables on their heads.

From one of my windows I can just see over the wall, originally part of the city walls of Oxford, to where along the southern side of our college runs "Dead Man's Walk." It is so called from the tradition that Windebank was shot there for surrendering Blechington House to the Parliamentarians (1645). With his back against the wall, he himself gave the signal for the volley by waving his hat, and died crying, "God Save the King."

A day or two ago I was passing along the street and happened to go by the Vice-Chancellor. Of course this great man is never allowed to walk out alone. The dignity of the whole university resides in him. He wore his regular robes of office, and before him walked a

strange looking man. It was the chancellor's "beadle." He was dressed in black silk robes, and wore a black double-decked, tam-o-shanter kind of hat, and a little white bib. In his hands he carried, at "port arms," the Chancellor's truncheon of office. This is a large silver club, rather bigger than a base-ball bat, and very curiously wrought. They made a very charming little procession.

Unfortunately the good old customs are not all strictly adhered to—the manner of conducting examinations, for instance. In the middle of the eighteenth century Lord Elden graduated from Oxford. He was a member of University College. When he took his degree examination, he was examined in Hebrew and in history. The only questions put to him were, "What is the Hebrew for a skull?" to which he answered "Golgotha," and "Who founded University College?" to which he replied "King Alfred." As a matter of fact one of these questions he answered wrongly, but probably the examiner was a "Univ." man, and therefore was pleased. This most interesting point in the history of University College is undoubtedly a fiction. The college for a century after its foundation had been known as the Hall of William of Durham, yet in 1381, being engaged in a lawsuit against Edmund Franceys, it boldly appealed to King Richard II to interfere, on the ground that it had been founded by his predecessor King Alfred. A forged deed was actually produced, sealed with the seal of the University, which invented an imaginary Master of University College and an equally imaginary Chancellor; and thanks to this and other equally trustworthy documents, the college received recognition as a Royal foundation. The fiction became even more circumstantial as time went on. Fuller, in the "Church History" records how the scholars of University were robbed by William the Conqueror of their pensions from the Royal exchequer, because they sought to preserve and propagate the English tongue, which he designed to suppress. Finally in 1726 the legend was confirmed by a judgment of the Court of King's Bench, when it was argued that "religion would receive a great scandal" if it were decided that a "succession of clergymen had returned thanks for so many years for an idol, a mere nothing." Hence King Alfred holds his place in the thanksgiving for benefactors. This "thanksgiving," I may say, is a daily occurrence in all the colleges. After the morning chapel the "Booker" comes forward in our college and mumbles through a long

Latin incantation in which appear the Latinized names of everyone who has ever given anything to the college, beginning with Waltero de Merton.

Of all the people who come to Oxford, it is the lightning tourists who enjoy it most. They dash about with their Baedekers or Oxford Handbook, fairly revelling in the antiquities. Of course with so many colleges to see they get everything hopelessly mixed up, and go away with the confused idea that Alfred the Great founded the Martyr's Memorial, and that Tom Quad. is a nickname for the Vice-Chancellor. Germans always find it difficult to realize that here, too, is a University, despite the absence of students with slashed noses, and the altogether inferior quality of the beer.

"Fellows" of colleges in Oxford when travelling on the continent, I am told, experience the most insuperable difficulties in explaining to the more or less intelligent foreigner their own reason of existence and that of the establishment to which they are privileged to belong. If one defines the principles upon which the college works, after he is through, the Frenchman or German will say, "Also it is a monastic institution," and you leave him still wondering whether you are not wearing a hair shirt under your tourist tweeds.

But when they come to know us in Oxford their opinions change. The charm of the place appeals strongly to the sentimental Frenchman. One of them who stayed here some time to study and absorbed some of the atmosphere of the life, has said some of the best things about this old city that I have ever seen. Perhaps I could not do better than to quote M. Bourget's conclusion to his Impressions of Oxford :

—"His window juts out over a green lawn, and the fellow is smoking a briar pipe too, as he looks through a correspondence bearing on a quarrel with one of the most celebrated professors of Tübingen concerning a text of Ausonius. The young student and the old man are both content, and without any care for the things of the world. The college which they live in existed six hundred years ago. Thrones may fall, men may die, but ancient Oxford can never fall—this Oxford which Dante might have visited . . . Voices are heard in the garden, the fellow looks up from his reading to see through the lead-encircled panes who is venturing into his college. He notices a group of visitors—amongst them is a young woman, elegant and attractive. Who knows? Perhaps these visitors are searching for the blue bird

which is called happiness—but the fellow knows that the blue bird builds his nest in the niches of old cloisters, and once more he takes up his papers with delight. Happy man whom chance has allowed to mould his life to the only happiness which does not deceive—habit !”

All of which is very good, and very true, but I don't quite want to believe it—yef. So now having filled several pages, I bid you “good night.” I am still

Yours for Acadia,

Oxford, England.

Roy Elliott Bates, '04.



A Day at Niagara.

SO much has been spoken and written concerning the wonders of Niagara that any further contribution bearing on that subject, unless possessed of qualities absolutely unique, must appear exceedingly trite. At the risk of incurring this judgment I venture to offer a few stray notes which are the outcome of a recent visit to the Falls. Partly because the impressions then received are now so easily recalled and partly because the time at my disposal is so limited, I have resorted to the hurried preparation of these observations which may, or may not, make the threadbare topic of Niagara capable of taking on some added interest.

There is an aphorism often quoted to the effect that familiarity breeds contempt. Exactly the reverse of this is true in the case of one who has ever visited that most wonderful of natural phenomena. The invariable testimony is that the second, third, or fourth visit to the Falls is fraught with far greater wonder and admiration than the first. Like some rich gem whose facets glow with hidden light, your first examination of it rarely exhausts its beauty. Instead it only discloses what a boundless wealth of radiance is still there for the enchanted gaze. So a sight of the majestic cataract fascinates, holds you in its grip a willing captive, and lives in your memory through all subsequent experiences.

The floods of water rushing madly to the brink of the precipice, then leaping into the abysmal depths amid clouds of mist and spray;

the eddying waters seeking an exit through the narrow gorge below, then pouring tumultuously along, galloping on and on through the rock-bound channel like foaming steeds,—to gaze upon such a spectacle cannot but inspire profoundest awe.

But why attempt to describe that which beggars description? My chief object, instead, shall be to tell of what may perhaps be less familiar, namely, the way in which this marvelous natural power has been utilized by the ingenuity of man. All that I had ever read regarding the "harnessing" of Niagara scarcely furnished me with any adequate conception of what that really means. But when once conducted through the plants of the Power Company and permitted to inspect that remarkable feat of engineering a new apprehension of what the skill of man can accomplish came to me.

In the "Outlook" of January, '01, there is an article by Mary B. Hartt on the "Passing of Niagara," in which the writer bemoans the loss of the great cataract's natural beauty. "Saved from the hands of the catchpenny sharper," she says, "it has fallen into the hands of the catchmillion capitalist." But is Niagara's beauty impaired by its utilization for industrial purposes? Competent authorities say the difference in the Falls is hardly appreciable. And how *could* it be great when hardly 4 per cent of the total flow of water has been diverted by the Power Companies?

What is commonly spoken of as the *Falls* is not necessarily that prodigious volume of water which tumbles over the precipice. The surface of Lake Erie, which is drained by the Niagara River, is 326 feet higher than that of Lake Ontario where the river empties. In less than 5 miles of its length, the level of the river descends about 300 feet. The actual drop at the Falls is only about 165 feet. The volume of water entering Niagara is about 280,000 cubic feet a second, and the momentum of such a volume of water falling through a total distance of 300 feet is, in theory, capable of producing 7,500,000 horse power. And at the Falls where the direct precipitancy of the waters is greatest 5,000,000 horse power is the estimate.

We may well suppose that when Father Hennepin discovered the Falls in 1678 and was so overawed by their grandeur as to estimate their height at 500 feet,—we may infer that no thought of "harnessing" the mighty cataract crossed his mind. But times have changed. The practical arts of life have superseded the aesthetic; passion for in-

dustry has supplanted the passion for beauty. And when the scientific man gazed upon the imposing scene it was coldly to calculate the number of Kilowatt—hours of electrical energy capable of being produced by the falling cataract.

It was not until the closing decade of the last century, however, that Niagara was actually harnessed. October 4, 1890, witnessed the first attempt of the Niagara Falls Power Company. After 5 years the first electrical power was generated and transmitted to the Pittsburg Reduction Co. for the manufacturing of aluminum. Today the total amount of power developed by both the American and Canadian Companies is 160,000 horsepower. What is now the City of Niagara was, at the beginning of the enterprise, only a collection of 3 small towns with an entire population of less than 10,000 and assessed valuation of about \$7,000,000. Today the city has 30,000 population with property of \$20,000,000.

The Power Company possesses nearly 2 miles of connected river frontage and about 1,100 acres of land in the city, all of which is kept for manufacturing purposes. Thirty industries are located here using over 52,000 horsepower from the American Power Houses and costing \$20,000,000 just for buildings and equipment. Other manufacturing industries are located on the Canadian side.

I shall only mention by way of description one of these immense establishments.

Who has not eaten the famous "Shredded Wheat?" But how many have realized when eating it where and by what means it was manufactured? The "Shredded Wheat" establishment is the largest, most modern, and the best equipped natural food industry in the world. It is located at Niagara Falls and occupies a solid block of a ten-acre site. Its erection and equipment alone cost \$1,500,000. It is the largest single factory building in the world. It is styled the "palace of light." It is gorgeously illuminated at night by thousands of incandescent lights, while from its roof there shine out in huge letters of light: "The Home of Shredded Wheat. Visitors Welcome." This sign is regarded as one of the largest electric signs in the world. Every letter is 6 feet in height and it requires 1,400 incandescent lamps to light them all. The sign is 260 feet in length and can be read a mile away.

The wheat received daily for manufacture is 1,600 bushels. The

cleaning, steaming, shredding, baking and packing operations are all wonderfully performed by automatic machinery. A unique feature of this establishment is a large hall with a seating capacity of 1,080. It has every facility for demonstrative work, and the hall is frequently thrown open gratuitously as a meeting place for societies. Everything is done for the benefit of the employees; and so famous has the industry become that nearly 100,000 persons visit it annually.

These rambling comments may appropriately be brought to a close by an attempt (with the aid of a printed circular) to describe the process whereby the actual harnessing of Niagara is effected.

There are 3 Power Houses in all. In each one the same general method of power development has been adopted. The water is diverted from the river above the Falls by means of an intake canal 12 feet deep and 1,200 feet long, whence it is made to drop through penstock inlets a distance of 177 feet. The inlets are $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter, and the immense weight of water striking upon the turbine wheels below set up the necessary revolving motion. From the turbines the water is discharged into the bottom of the wheelpit and from there is led off by an underground tunnel and empties below the Falls directly under the first steel bridge. This tunnel itself is a marvelous piece of workmanship. It passes under the city at a depth of 200 feet. For more than 3 years 1000 men were constantly employed in constructing it. There were 300,000 tons of rock removed and over 16,000,000 bricks used for lining.

The American Plants have 11 turbines all told, each with a capacity of 5,500 horsepower. From the turbines the power is transmitted to the electrical generators above by means of revolving perpendicular shafts passing up through the wheelpit. Each turbine below is connected with one generator above. The electricity thus produced is now distributed by means of copper cables to the nearby manufacturing industries, or is transmitted overland to light the city of Buffalo and for use in Lockport, the Tonawandas, Alcott, St. Catherines, and Fort Erie. The total output of the 3 plants for the year 1905 approximated 10 per cent of the total output of all the central electric light and power stations in the U. S. To produce this output by steam would mean the consumption of 736,000 tons of coal, or 1,900 tons daily.

When one looks upon the achievements wrought there his awe and amazement are divided between the *natural* Niagara as a spectacle of unexampled grandeur and the *industrial* Niagara as a marvelous demonstration of the power of man over the forces of nature.

As the shadows of evening began to lengthen I stood once more to take a last, lingering look at the foaming cataract. The crescent moon spread its silvery sheen upon the turbulent flood, creating a scene of indescribable splendor. Then did the *natural* glory of Niagara seem to me far to surpass the artificial handiwork of man.

And the falling waters seemed to say : "The hand that made *us* is Divine."

Frederick Porter, '06.

Rochester, N. Y.



The Teeming Life of India.

AT certain seasons the birds fly away and the crickets cease to chirp. But it is not so in India. Here is ever an abundance of life, a profusion and endless variety of life.

We may not have the daisy, the dandelion or the buttercup but we have the bright and varied shaped and tinted crotons—the flowers of India. We may not have the birch, the willow or the maple but we have the stately palm, the feathery bamboo and the gigantic banyans ; we may not have the apple, strawberry and the plum but we have the custard apple, the luscious mango and other pleasant fruits which speak well for the strength and variety of the vegetable life.

Alone? No, as I eat my evening meal I can watch the dainty lizard as it flits about the wall catching the flies and bugs. Anon it will even peer at me from the corner of the table. It is ever a harmless little visitor. The ants? Yes. I forgot to place my shoes on the stand. Lo ! the next morning I had no shoes. Millions of ants and an abundance of clay were the only trace of the same.

Snakes are there? Yes twenty thousand die yearly from their bites but they have never troubled me. Listen ! "Ra ! Ra ! puya

chayee!" "Come and worship the snake! The devil dancers will walk on fire!" Thus calls the crier as he beats the drum with a leather thong. We pass along thro' the gaily dressed and jabbering crowd. The lepers by the roadside call: "Rama, Rama" and the beggars following say "Amma, Amma!" A white appparelled, brown-netted, red-helmeted policeman says, "Make way" and after many windings in and out we reach a low room lit only by four or five wicks burning in a plate of castor oil. In the corner is the huge ant hill in which the snake resides. It is decorated with bracings in red and white and at its base are hundreds of eggs, bananas and sweet potatoes. "Why do you thus worship the snake?" we ask. "Oh don't you know? God rests on a snake and if we do this the snake will not harm us." Others sadly say: "We don't know why we do it; Our fathers did this way!"

If the vegetable and animal life abound how much more the human. Every fifth person in the world lives in India. The British flag waves over four hundred million people but lo! nearly three hundred millions of these are returned as belonging to non-Christian religions. Where do they live? Chiefly in India. Shall the Anglo-Saxon give to the Hindu education, railroads and all that pertains to the outward appearance of western civilization and withhold from them that which is the pith and motive power of the same!

Some one says, "the Hindus have their own religion; they are all right." By their fruits ye shall know them. A man falls by the roadside. He has fainted. "Come and help me carry this man to the hospital." A few stop and look—"not my caste" they say and pass on. Where will you find true altruism among those of the Hindu faith? In the time of the great famine a wealthy Hindu gave liberally but one day he said: "No, I will not give any more until I see how much I will be honored for what I have already done."

Come to Allahalad, the great festival has begun. Two millions and more have gathered together. What is to be the object of worship? Why, the filthy ignorant so called holy men! See, now five thousand of them are marching thro' the streets. The people bow in worship; some in their frenzy break thro' the cordon, grab up the dust throw it in their mouths or tie it up in a cloth for use in sickness—yes, holy dust that has touched their feet. The procession moves on and the multitudes follow. Now they reach the place where the Ganges

and Jamuna unite—a most sacred spot ! “The first bath ! the first bath !” The priests say : “No, give us more money first ! more money.” The frenzy is indescribable. They yell, they plunge, they grab, they fight and hundreds are trampled to death. These millions ! How awful is the darkness in which they walk !

A civilization is said to be founded upon its religion and takes character and tone therefrom. Western civilization is not perfect but is there not as a result of the Christian religion a gradual deepening and strengthening of character going on, a development of altruistic feelings and a strong disposition to stamp out unjust dealings and combinations even of the wealthy and honored.

What do we see in India ? What are the fruits of Hinduism ? Selfishness, pride, corruption, oppression, vile temper, five million so-called holy men with pestilential morals—a curse to the country. We know that the polytheism and pantheism, transmigration and caste ideas of the Hindu religion can never form a true basis for a pure and lasting civilization or bear fruit unto eternal life. Then how great is the debt we owe to the Human life of India.

Mabel E. Archibald, '95.

Chicacole, India.



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

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Editorial.

JUNE NUMBER ANNOUNCEMENT.—For the past few years it has been the custom of the managers of the ATHENÆUM paper to publish a special June number which would not only faithfully depict the year's work at Acadia but also serve as a fitting souvenir of Commencement Week. The past four years have seen very attractive numbers issued, which have reflected great credit upon the ones who have got them out, and which have indeed compared very favorably with the special numbers issued by the larger universities both in Canada and the United States. As it would demand great effort on our part this year to surpass the successes of former managers we shall make no boast, but simply assure our readers that our best energies will be spent in bringing from the press a June number attractive in form and contents, and fitting to mark the close of another year at Acadia that has in many ways been the most successful in her history. We believe these special numbers are appreciated by our subscribers, and that they also serve as an advertisement for our university in bringing the attention of many to rest favorably upon Acadia who

would not be attracted at all by a regular issue. Because of these two facts we shall endeavor to place before our readers the largest and best number that our resources will allow.

Our cover will be bright and cheery. While keeping the artistic element in mind, we shall seek to dress the issue in colors that will attract and please.

Much pains will be taken with the contents of the issue to make the same interesting and appropriate. The events of closing week will be fully chronicled. The features of Class Day, including the History, Prophecy and Valedictory, will be found suitable places. The exercises of Graduation Day will be noted. The winning oration in the Ralph M. Hunt contest will be published. The work of the various societies for the year will be set forth and the successes of our various teams will have prominent recognition.

The Academy and Seminary will be given proportionate space to record full accounts of their closing exercises, so that in the one issue there will appear a full recital of anniversary week in connection with the three Institutions.

We hope in this issue to present to our readers a larger number of half-tones than has ever appeared in any previous issue. Besides the cuts of the various college and class groups connected with the three Institutions, we expect to insert a series of half-tones and line drawings that will of themselves be worth the price of the number. These will include views of places in and around Wolfville rich in tradition and interest, pen and ink sketches of more or less personal interest to Acadia students, an illustrated poem the drawings being made by one of our own students, and a Frontispiece in colors that will please the most artistic eye.

The number will contain upwards of two hundred pages, and needless to say will cost a great deal of money. We are relying upon our subscribers to help us out by just the amount that is due us. If every subscriber will see that his or her subscription is paid, and paid very soon if possible, our work will be made easier and all anxiety about the financial outcome will end. We trust if you are in arrears that you will remit at once the amount of your bill to our Business Manager.

Regular subscribers will receive as usual the one copy of this issue to which their subscription entitles them. All extra copies wanted

will be sold at the uniform price of THIRTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY. As the edition is limited in number orders for extra copies should be placed with the Business Manager at an early date. Kindly note that all extra copies must be settled for at the time of ordering.

Heretofore there has been considerable delay in the appearance of the June issue; but this year we have made arrangements which will practically insure getting the issue out by June 15th. As probably there will be no copies left on hand for refilling orders, please see that your correct address for the above date is entered upon our books before that time in order to secure the maximum certainty of delivery of copies through the mail.



We wish to express our disapproval of the growing tendency at Acadia to drag sacred tunes down to the common level of college "*rag-times*." The late exhibition of this tendency at one of our oratorical contests was simply the result of that which the college students themselves have instituted and nourished. Beginning with the use of tunes of sacred hymns that had no special religious significance, the practice has grown until tunes associated with hymns so sacred that the very notes themselves seem to inspire holy awe, have been put to the degradation of serving as a medium for college invectives and personal puns. Tunes such as "I surrender all," surely should be too sacred, too mindful of souls born anew into the Kingdom of Light to be sung to words that are secular in the extreme. There are sufficient secular songs appropriate for any and all compositions that our poets at Acadia are capable of producing. Let us leave the melodies that are vitally associated with our religion and faith, that are linked up with the soul's higher feelings and aspirations, let us leave these to their proper place, and amuse ourselves and others with the aid of tunes that all can applaud, and which will cause neither our own inner natures to become hardened to higher influences nor the religious sensibilities of others to be disturbed.



Exchanges.

AN article in this month's *Acta Victoriana* attracts our attention. It is entitled *Athletics and Religion*. The writer holds that the introduction of Christianity, of the morals of religion, into the field of athletics, far from making the game degenerate, would cause a regeneration, an emphasizing for good ends of the excellent in sport, and an elimination of the offensive features. There is no doubt that Athletics develop many manly qualities. Courage, self-control, the spirit of fair play and good sportsmanship are developed and perfected through the medium of our athletic games. But there are also evils that have sprung up, evils which have developed with the game. The greatest danger is the betting system, which brings in its train a multitude of smaller evils, destroying the spirit of fair play and the instinct of the true sportsman. "Christian sentiment in a country like ours if wisely used, would in a short time eradicate many of the evils found in athletics today.

Another article along the athletic line appears in the same number entitled *The Future of College Athletics*.

The writer deplors the present spirit of professionalism, which is appearing especially in the American Colleges.

Work in college is sacrificed for the play of the athletic field. The professional coach, moreover, has aggravated the evil. Nor can this evil be remedied by the abolition of intercollegiate contests which would certainly be a destructive measure. Sports, however, thinks the writer, may be controlled to good advantage by the Faculty, who using their influence and authority, are able to exercise a very beneficial control of athletics. They are able to keep sport in its proper place, and to subordinate, at all times, athletics to the real aim of college life—and education. The sentiments of the writer are certainly our own. There is ever in our Maritime Colleges a tendency to over-rate athletics. Surely they should occupy a subordinate place.

We acknowledge the following exchanges :

Acta Victoriana, *Allisonia*, *Bates Student*, *Harvard Monthly*, *Queen's University Journal*, *Toronto University Monthly*, *University Monthly*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Yale Literary Magazine*, *Argosy*,

Prince of Wales Observer, McMaster University Monthly, Collegian,
University of Ottawa Review, Nassau Literary Magazine, Xaverian.



Cribbed and Coined.

Young Roger in a mood of choler,
Thrust his head 'neath a traction roller;
The neighbors were all surprised to find
How it had broadened Roger's mind.

—*Princeton Tiger.*

Johnny built this morning's fire
In the kitchen stove;
Now the family's dressing in
Yonder maple grove.

—*University of California Chapparral.*

Willie fell into the sea
Drowned in awful agony,
Mother heard the cries he gave,
"Billy never liked to bathe."

—*Stanford Pelican.*

He : "My sister got a pearl from an oyster." She : "That's
nothing. My sister got a diamond from a lobster."—*Ex.*

Fritz drank some nitro-glyc,
"Gosh, dat's good !" he said,
"Vat iss ?"
Then he slipped upon the coping.

* * * *

Mere words fail me, but—here's hoping.

—*The Yale Record.*

Resourceful Mame fell down a well,
Whence all egress did fail;

She simply cleared her throat and then—
Ran lightly up the scale.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

Little Willie at the table,
Just as hard as he was able,
Hit his mother with a platter,
And remarked, "That swats the mater."

—*Cornell Widow.*

Some of Mary's yellow hair,
Fell into the crock of cream;
Churning formed it in a knot,
Butter gathered quick as Scott,
Though it yellowed fast as it came
Mary churned on just the same.
I wish that she were churning yet
Or that I might in time forget.

Little Willie—dynamite,
Hit it hard—not a mite.

Little Minnie—painted doll,
Kissed her cheeks—that is all.

15 eggs under a kip
3 weeks gone and not a pip.
15 eggs in yonder store
3 housewives buy eggs no more.



Among the Colleges,

President Eliot of Harvard is making a vigorous protest against the attention paid to athletic sports. He claims that this attention is greatly exaggerated, especially in intercollegiate league games. He urges many objections to the continuation of the practice, the chief being the enormous expense which is necessarily incurred. He takes

as an illustration Harvard College in the year 1904-05. The total correct expenditure for athletic sports in that year, was \$63,487.12, of which sum, football was responsible for a quarter and base-ball for more than a sixth. "That sum," says Dr. Eliot, "would have paid the salaries of twelve full professors."

The British Columbia legislature has a bill before it which provides for the establishment and equipment of a Provincial University. The proposed university will include faculties in arts, law, medicine and applied science. Two million acres of crown land are to be set aside for the endowment and benefit of the institution. According to the reading of the present bill, the institution shall be secular and non-sectarian.

According to the annual statement of the secretary of the Rhodes Trust, there are more students from the United States at Oxford under the Rhodes Scholarship than from any other nation. Of the 161 Rhodes scholars in residence at Oxford, 79 are from the United States, 71 from the British colonies, and 11 from Germany.

Harvard and Yale will cease to meet under an athletic agreement on September 1st. Harvard has consented to continue meeting Yale in the various branches of sport until July 1907. After that, the meeting of the two colleges in athletic matches will depend upon whether certain branches of sport are allowed at Harvard.

McGill University has met with a heavy loss by fire. The large McDonald Engineering building was destroyed with all its equipment on the night of April 5th. The total loss is valued at over a million while the insurance is about three hundred thousand. The building and equipment were the gift of Mrs. Wm. McDonald.

The formal dedication exercises of the enlarged Carnegie Institution of Pittsburg, commenced April 11th and lasted about four days. The university is to be entirely devoted to arts and science. It is valued at \$6,000,000 and is said to be one of the most complete and beautiful institutions of its kind in the world.

Personalía

It has been learned with regret of the serious operation that Dr. Trotter had to undergo at the Victoria General Hospital, Toronto, early in April. The operation was considered successful however, and there seems to be reason to hope for a speedy recovery.

Rev. R. Sandford, '69, and Rev. W. V. Higgins, '86, and wife arrived home from India in April. Mr. Sandford has been in active service longer than any missionary on the Telugu Field. Mr. Higgins does not expect to return to India but will take the place of Rev. Dr. Manning, '67, as secretary and treasurer of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board of the Maritime Provinces.

Dr. A. K. DeBlois, '86, of Chicago, is on a trip to China where he has been attending the Missionary Conference. Dr. DeBlois preached on Easter Sunday at Tokyo, Japan.

Dr. Charles A. Eaton, '90, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been selected to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon at this year's anniversary. Dr. Eaton was the former pastor of John D. Rockefeller.

Rev. G. P. Raymond, '90, is pastor of the Baptist Church at Berwick, N. S. Mr. Raymond addressed the Acadia Y. M. C. A. on the evening of the second Sunday in April.

Rev. A. A. Shaw, '92, of Brookline, Mass., has received a call to the First Baptist Church in Winnipeg. It is likely he will accept.

Prof. Sherley J. Case, '93, has been appointed to address the Y. M. C. A. at the evening service of the closing Sunday in June. Prof. Case is a lecturer at Bates College.

Rev. Neil Herman, '95, has accepted a unanimous call to the Baptist Church in Windsor, N. S. His pastorate will not begin till June. Mr. Herman has been engaged in evangelistic work in Portage-la-Prairie for a number of years. He is there at present settling his business, preparatory to taking up his work in his native Province.

Aaron Perry, '01, has just entered on his second year's work in Victoria College, B. C., and is enjoying his work on the Pacific Coast very much.

We are glad to report that Miss Mae Messenger, '05, who has been seriously ill in Vancouver during the past winter, is rapidly recovering and is almost well enough to resume her teaching duties.

Brice D. Knott, of the present senior class, has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Mahone, N. S. Mr. Knott will commence his work in this place soon after his graduation in June.

Joseph D. Brehaut of the class of '07, has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Tusket, N. S. Mr. Brehaut's duties will commence in June.

Fred Eaton, at one time a member of '08, has a position in the Militia at Halifax.

Herman DeWitt, a member of '09 in his freshman year, has returned home from Montreal. We understand he intends to enter McGill Medical College the coming autumn.

The following items have been received from one of our graduates at Colgate :—

Rev. G. B. Cutten, Ph. D., '96, pastor of the First Bapt. Church, Corning, N. Y., delivered two lectures recently before the students of Hamilton Theo. Seminary. He spoke on certain phases of Psychology of Religion on which he has made extended original study. The result of his researches in this field has been recognized by competent men and the complete work will shortly appear in print. Dr. Cutten is recognized in this State as an exceedingly promising man.

Rev. J. A. Huntley, '00, who has been pursuing a theological course at Hamilton Theo. Seminary, Hamilton, N. Y., has accepted a call to the Central Bapt. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., offering a salary of \$1500. Although Mr. Huntley has assumed the pastorate he is permitted to complete the final term at the Seminary. It will be remem-

bered that this church had as former pastor Rev. B. U. Hatfield, also a Nova Scotian.

Rev. M. S. Richardson, '01, of West Jeddore, N. S., enters upon pastoral duties with the Bapt. Church, Berlin, N. Y., at graduation from Hamilton Theo. Seminary in June '07. Mr. Richardson has a prosperous field in the near vicinity of Williams College.



The Month

On the afternoon of March 23rd, an indoor inter-class track meet was held in the gymnasium. The following events were run off in the order given—fifteen yard dash, high jump, broad jump, pole vault and shot put. A good attendance of the ladies of the college and the Seminary furnished inspiration from the side lines to the contending Knights. The Cads carried off the honors of the day.

College re-opened, after the Easter recess, on April 2nd. For several days, the chief excitement was furnished by a small-pox scare in Chip Hall. One of the residents, returning to Wolfville, had chanced to be a fellow-traveller with a man, who, according to report, was suffering from small-pox. In a short time, a Health Officer appeared in the Hall, and proceeded with a general vaccination. Since then, nothing more has been heard of small-pox; and the chief results of the "scare" seems to have been that, for considerable time, several of the fellows had to be more careful than usual in *embracing* any task with the left arm.

The last public reception of the year was given by the Athenæum Society, Friday evening, April 5th. Despite the disagreeable weather, College, Seminary and Academy were well represented. The guests were received by Mr. Gower, Pres., Mr. Davison and Prof. and Mrs. Morse. Music furnished by an excellent orchestra from Halifax was appreciated by all.

Thursday evening, April 11th, the Propylæum Society threw open its doors to the Athenæum Society. The President, Miss McDonald, presided with grace and dignity. After the transaction of necessary business, the following program was presented :—

AN EVENING WITH SHAKESPERE :

Piano Duett	Misses Kierstead and Dykeman
Henry V, Act 3, Scene 4.	
Princess Katherine	Miss J. S. Haley
Alice	Miss G. Crandall.
Violin Solo	Miss Vaughn
As You Like It, Act 1. Scene 3.	
Rosalind	Miss Treva Mitchell
Celia	Miss Patterson
Duke Frederick	Miss Lowe
Shakesperian Farce, "The Ladies speak at last."	
Lady Macbeth	Miss Daniels
Mrs. Hamlet	Miss Chambers
Mrs. Bassanio	Miss Marsters
Mrs. Romeo Montague	Miss H. Haley
Synopsis	Miss I. M. Crandall
Critic's Report	Miss Manning

After adjournment, the ladies moved about among their guests and received their congratulations on the successful carrying out of an interesting program. After the serving of refreshments, the entertainment came to an end with the usual college songs.

On the evening of April 14th, Rev. G. P. Raymond, of Berwick, gave a very interesting and instructive missionary address in the Wolfville Baptist Church. The meeting was under the auspices of the College Y. M. C. A. and was conducted by the President, Mr. B. D. Knott. The subject of the address was, "Thoughts Concerning Christian Missions." The chief thought in what was indeed a thoughtful address, seemed to be, Have we any religion worth giving away? If not, we have none worth keeping.

The seventh annual Oratorical Contest took place before a large audience in College Hall, on the 19th inst. The contestants were Mr.

J. H. Geldert, '08, whose subject was "Africa's Debt to Livingstone;" Mr. B. D. Knott, '07, who spoke on "Integrity in Public Life;" and Mr. J. M. Shortliffe, '08, who discussed the problem, "Has the time arrived for a Prohibitory Liquor Law in Nova Scotia?" The orations, in careful preparation and in delivery, did credit to the college. The award for excellence was made to Mr. Shortliffe, who has already achieved a reputation for oratory on the Inter-collegiate Debating Team, and who spoke in his usual forceful and logical style. After the decision was announced, speeches were made by the judges, Dr. J. J. Hunt, of Halifax Dr. Johnson, the Dominion Statistician, and Rev. Mr. Moore, of Wolfville.

With this contest, the oratorical assumes a new name, being now known as the Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest. The medal given last year was the last to be given by Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper. The Ralph M. Hunt prize is to be continued permanently, and consists not of a medal, but of cash—the annual interest on \$500.00.

After the contest was over, the judges and the speakers were very pleasantly entertained at the home of Dr. Chute.

The Pierian

(of Acadia Seminary)

EDITOR—HELEN BANCROFT, '07

The Fourth Annual Music Festival.

THE GREAT MUSICAL EVENT OF THE YEAR IN THE
MARITIME PROVINCES.

THE space allotted to the Pierian can be filled for this month to no better advantage than by an account of the Music Festival held in College Hall, April 24 and 25. It is no exaggeration to say that it was a notable musical event, and may well be called 'epoch making.' To report it as it deserves would be a task demanding for its execution more time and space than is afforded us. It will be possible, therefore, to call attention only to the outstanding features of importance.

First among these we single out the CHORUS. The material to begin with was good; this in the hands of so skilled a musician as Mr. Emery early gave promise of work of a high order. Week by week the latent possibilities were developed until at the time of the final rehearsals success was assured. In precision of attack, flexibility, responsive sympathy, volume and strength, the work was a revelation, proving what has been asserted that the equal of the chorus is not to be found in the Maritime Provinces. All the work was admirably done. Attention may, however, be called to the stately rendering of 'Gallia', the rhythmic smoothness of the *Waltz Scene* from 'Faust'; while in the Elijah choruses, "Blessed are the men," 'The Priests of Baal' "Thanks be to God" and "Then shall your light etc.," were worthy of the highest praise. It was magnificent.

Second, the ARTISTS. The enterprise of the Club in securing such singers as Mrs. Andros Hawley, Mr. Frederic Martin and Mr. Edward Strong is most commendable. While Mr. Martin was suffering from the effects of a recent severe attack of *grippe* he vindicated, in spite of serious handicaps, the claim made for him as a truly great singer of Oratorio. In all the 'Elijah' parts his power, purity of tone,

magnetism and dramatic force were in evidence while his interpretation left nothing to be desired. Mr. Strong was in splendid form. With a tenor voice of remarkable purity, wide range, absolute certainty of touch he delighted the audience in every selection. Mrs. Andros Hawley in all her appearances, in 'Gallia', 'Faust' and 'Elijah' was quite equal to the demand made upon her. A winsome presence, a true flexible soprano voice which with rare exceptions responded to her interpretation, made Mrs. Hawley's work a rich treat. Our own Miss Merson suffered nothing in comparison with the others. Though greatly fatigued in consequence of the extra demand upon her time and strength she acquitted herself with great credit and won hearty and appreciative applause for her finished work. Mr. DeBaun the Cornettist, added greatly to the effectiveness of the chorus, and in his solos, especially 'Meditation' and 'Sancta Maria' was peculiarly effective in his rendering.

Third. THE CONDUCTOR, Mr. M. H. Emery, is a past master of the art of securing from a Chorus the finest results. With the keenest musical appreciation, a large grasp of the various works as a whole, ability to emphasize the salient features, yet careful of the finer details, his results were to the highest degree artistic and notably pleasing and exalting by turns. To Miss Joy Lawrence perhaps more than to anyone else was attention directed for her wonderful work as an accompanist. That a girl not yet out of her teens could do what she did and did so well is not short of the phenomenal. Surely a brilliant future is in store for her. Acadia Seminary will be proud to graduate her and wishes her all success.

Fourth. The thanks of the club are due to all—to the Public, the Press, the Railways, who by their sympathy, interest and co-operation made the festival the artistic success it was and also made possible the fine financial showing which realized a surplus in spite of the large expense. To Mr. Claude Balcom is due a large meed of praise for his efficient discharge of the onerous duties of Treasurer and Manager. To Miss Merson, Mr. Emery and Miss Lawrence our heartiest thanks are extended with the wish that they could be coined in gold as a more suitable expression of appreciation. To all others who assisted in minor parts the thanks of the Club are given.

Fifth. THE WIDENING INTEREST. People were present representing Sydney, Truro, Amherst, Halifax, Windsor, Kentville, Yar-

mouth, St. John, Liverpool, Bridgewater and intermediate stations. The Festival is now looked forward to and planned for as a necessary feature of the musical life of the provinces. It is expected of Acadia Seminary that this contribution to higher life must be made and the expectation creates opportunity and quickens achievement. Year by year the interest increases, the enthusiasm grows.

The programmes of the three concerts which are contained in a handsome illustrated booklet, which may be had upon application to Prin. H. T. DeWolfe, are herewith appended, together with the list of officers, committees and artists. The booklets are fine specimens of the printers art and reflect credit on the publishers, the News Pub. Company, Truro. They are worth possessing as a souvenir of a valuable musical event.



The Fourth Annual Music Festival of Acadia Ladies' Seminary.

APRIL 24 AND 25, 1907

Officers of the Choral Club:

Mr. A. J. Woodman, President.
Miss Daisy West, Secretary.

Mr. L. W. Sleep, Vice-President.
Mr. Claude Balcom, Treasurer.

Executive Committee:

Mr. A. J. Woodman,
Mrs. R. P. Gray,
Miss Jennie Eaton,
Miss Daisy West,

Mr. L. W. Sleep,
Miss D. Evelyn Reid,
Mr. Claude Balcom,
Mrs. O. D. Harris,

Mrs. A. J. Woodman,
Miss E. D. Merson,
Mr. Frank Adams,
Mr. J. A. Estey,

Festival Artists

MRS. ANDROS HAWLEY, Soprano, Boston, Mass.

MISS ELSIE D. MERSON, Contralto, Acadia Seminary.

MR. EDWARD STRONG, Tenor, New York City.

MR. FREDERIC MARTIN, Basso, New York City.

MR. J. C. DEBAUN, Cornettist, Troy, New York.

The Acadia Choral Club

MR. MORITZ HAUPTMANN EMERY—Conductor.

MISS JOY LAWRENCE—Accompanist.

Mrs. J. D. Chambers, Contralto and Miss Hazel Goudy, Soprano,
assisting in trios and quartettes.

FIRST CONCERT

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 24TH.

PROGRAMME

GOD SAVE THE KING.

"Unfold, ye Portals," (The Redemption).....Gounod.
Mrs. Hawley and Chorus

Aria, "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli
Mr. Martin.

Lelawala, A Cantata.....Hadley
Mrs. Hawley, Mrs. Chambers, Miss Merson, Miss Goudy,
Mr. Strong, and Chorus.

Lullaby.....Brahms.
Miss Merson and Ladies' Chorus

May Song.....Strong
Ladies' Chorus

Gallia.....Gounod
Mrs. Hawley and Chorus

Duet, (Faust, Act I).....Gounod
Mr. Strong and Mr. Martin

Jewel Song, (Faust).....Gounod.
Mrs. Hawley

Waltz Scene, (Faust).....Gounod.
Mrs. Hawley, Miss Merson, Mr. Strong, Mr. Martin and Chorus.

SECOND CONCERT

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 25TH.

PROGRAMME

Quartettes, (a) Moonlight and Music }Pinsuti
(b) Spring Song }

Mrs. Hawley, Miss Merson, Mr. Strong, Mr. Martin

Fantasia on "The Red, White and Blue".....DeBaun.
Mr. DeBaun

"Onaway, Awake Beloved" (Hiawatha's Wedding).....Coleridge-Taylor
Mr. Strong

"My Heart at thy Sweet Voice" (Samson and Delilah).....Saint-Saens
Miss Merson

Duet, "Oh ! that we Two were Maying".....Alice Smith.
Mrs. Hawley and Mr. Strong

(a) The Wanderer.....Schubert

(b) On the Way to Kew.....Foote

(c) Cato's Advice.....Huhn

Mr. Martin

The first speaker was Mr. Charles Britten, of Springhill, N. S. He spoke well on the strong subject, The Results of the French Revolution. In appealing language, the speaker depicted the terrors of that great upheaval ; he drew life-like sketches of its strong spirits—Napoleon, Voltaire, Rosseau and Robespierre ; then he showed how Freedom was the child of that great travail—freedom in its broad sense, including political liberty, social equality and educational progress.

Mr. T. S. Roy of Newcastle, N. B. spoke on Patriotism. This subject demanded a different delivery as well as a different style of literary treatment ; and the demand was ably met. Mr. Roy pointed out Patriotism in the Jews, best seen perhaps in the weeping prophet at Babylon, who could sing the Lord's song to none save those related to himself by race and religion. Leonidas and Regulus, too, were types of patriots, men who throbbed with their nation's life, and who were worthy company for the liberty-loving Hollander and Anglo-Saxon. And Patriotism still lives ; it still moulds the lives of true citizens ; but it has changed its robes of war to those of peace and national progress.

The Judges of the contest were Messrs E. W. Sawyer, R. Ford and Rev. E. B. Moore ; and they, after considerable discussion, gave their decision to Mr. Britten.

At different stages of the programme, very acceptable music was rendered by Mr. Frank Adams, Acadia, '07, and Misses Stewart and Goudey of the Seminary.

The benefits of such a contest are many. Every thoughtful person at once recognizes them. Much gratitude is due to Mr. Boates for this expression of his intelligent interest.

The return of Spring with its warm weather has awakened the interest in baseball. In the practice games which have taken place so far, our team has held its own. We cannot expect to do so well this year as last for we have only three of our old men back again, F. Faulkner, L. Eaton and Lounsbury. The last named was appointed captain. No match games have been played yet, but we hope to arrange some before the season is over.

In the indoor track meet, which was held on Saturday, March 23rd, the Academy succeeded in winning first place by a total score of twenty-three and a half points.

Now that the evenings are getting longer, the many out-door amusements attract the boys and consequently very few attend Lyceum. On Friday evening, March 22nd, we listened to a most interesting debate between the seniors and the rest of the school. The subject was, "Resolved that Gov. Sweetenham of Jamaica was too hasty in his action toward Admiral Davis." The Seniors, represented by Morrell, Webber and Potter were the appellants, and the rest of the school represented by Hayward, Allen and Locke were the respondents. Very strong arguments were given on both sides. The respondents were given the decision, excelling both in argument and delivery.



The Acadia Jester.

And gentle dullness ever loves a joke.

MIS-APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"He's a very valiant trencherman."—Godfrey.

"Good night ! good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow."—D-ffy.

"A Malady

Preys on my heart that medicine cannot reach."—D-ck-e.

"A life that leads melodious days."—Wr-ght.

"Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives—that is, to dine."

—Chip Hall Freshmen.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple
of his argument."—F-st-r.

'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished—A Degree.

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly."—The Seniors.

"Nothing now is left but a majestic memory."—The bonfire.

—————
A BIBLICAL EXCUSE.

Allan (when asked to join Junior drive)—"Behold I have married a wife and therefore I cannot come."

Dr. Sawyer (in psychology)—Mr. Foster, by what means did you learn the fact that Edward VII is King of England?"

"Foster—I saw it announced in the newspapers when he was crowned."

Dr. Sawyer—"Yes, but the newspapers do not always tell the truth!"

Foster—"But sir, I saw that in the HALIFAX HERALD."

H-we—Give the principal parts of *parco*."

Camp—"Parco, parcere——"

H-we—"Now double up."

And Camp did to the amusement of the onlookers.

—————
C. C. (in German)—"What's the German for *there's room for two*?"

—————
Professor Gray in Freshman English called on Spurr to give examples of the difference in meaning between the words, transparent, translucent and opaque. Spurr's answer was—When Chip Hall was built the windows were probably transparent; just now they are translucent; if not washed, in a short time they will become opaque."

—————
A Chip Haller says: "The early bird may catch the worm, but he loses an awful lot of sleep."

—————
S-mms was trying to write some poetry on his late trouble and this is what he evolved:

"This is the faith that is in it;
Joy ain't a-runnin' away;
World wuzn't made in a minute
An' trouble ain't comin' to stay!"

P-t-n-m—"There must be some mistake in my examination mark. I don't think I deserved an absolute zero."

Prof. Gray—"Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give."

New Sem—"Where are the Seminary cows kept?"

The Matron—"Oh! they are kept over at Chip Hall."

Miss N - l-s-n—"Oh! Hazel, what can we do to kill these mice? I am sure if they stay much longer they will grow into rats."

Clever Semite—"Nett, did you ever see a horse fly?"

Nett—"No, nor did you, silly, but I have seen them turn somersaults."

Marion to Vera :

"Let your arms be always about me
And your lips ever pressed to mine."

Miss E - - rk-on--(rousing from a reverie)—"What is that you were saying about a fur collar?"

Tell it not in Gath, Margeson took a girl home from Prop.

Miss Cr-nd-ll ('07)—"I think I'll stop studying Pol. Econ. and take the veil."

Miss M-rst-rs (surprised)—"The bridal veil?"

Miss C —!!!! (Blushes!!! Confusion!!!)

H-tch (in church)—"A fellow wouldn't have to eat, if he could just sit here and feast on the beauty of the Sems."

P-p-d—"Humph! It would be like feasting on that old pink shirt of mine."

"H-tch—"How's that?"

P-p-d—"All washed out!"

Y- - ng (at open Prop, looking out at snow and mud)—"Cheer up boys, the worst is yet to come!" And D-ck- - said Amen!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

W. T. Denham, \$1.00; Miss H. Keirstead, \$1.00; E. S. Mason, \$1.00; G. F. Camp, \$1.00; J. H. Geldart, \$1.00; Miss Emily R. Young, \$1.00; T. O. Calhoun, \$1.00; McGill University, \$3.50; W. K. Tibert, \$1.00; C. R. Bill, \$1.00; Aaron Perry, \$2.00; J. M. Shortliffe, .10; R. D. Miller, .10; P. R. Hayden, \$1.00; Miss Laura Peck, \$1.00; Miss L. Cogswell, \$1.00; J. S. Bates, \$1.00; Miss Maude Christie, \$1.00; Rev. S. S. Poole, \$1.00; Prof. Gray, \$1.00; T. J. Kinley, .20; C. R. Godfrey, .10; R. H. Slipp, \$1.00; M. F. McCutcheon, \$1.00; Rochester Theo. Sem., \$6.00; H. M. Watson, \$1.00; H. B. Havey, \$1.00; Miss Lena Anderson, \$1.00; P. S. Beales, \$1.00; J. E. Eaton, \$1.00; Roscoe & Dunlop, \$1.75; Newton Theo. Sem., \$3.50; Victor Jenkins, .75; W. T. Stephens, \$2.50.



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