



THE above cut is a miniature reproduction of the tablet erected by the Athenæum Society to commemorate Acadia's success in winning the first cycle of the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League. The base of the tablet is a shield of quartered oak upon which are laid two silver plates. On the upper plate is engraved the record of the cycle of debates, indicating the names of the competing colleges and the number of debates won and lost by each. Acadia leads with five victories and not a single defeat. Upon the lower plate is engraved the names of the members of the five teams who upheld the honor of Acadia in these contests. Encircling these plates is an ornamental bronze relief, the upper part of which is a wreath of oak and laurel leaves. The tablet, as a whole, is noble in appearance, and a fit commemoration of the honors won by the Acadia teams.

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The Vikings of the Present.



SOFT hands of gentle nations wrote their history on the sand. But the Norsemen bold and fearless carved their deeds in ocean granite. While other peoples traced their Heaven where the rainbow shines for peace, these sea rovers through the tempest saw their Happy Land of Glory. No sweet shore dreams ever held them from the joy of endless struggle. A battle was its own reward. In warfare was their life indeed. For them where was the face of God? Not on the peaceful shore, but in the lightning flashes far away on wild strange seas, in rolling mountain waves of whitening foam, in lowering storm rack or in surfs that break and thunder on the rock-ribbed coast, fighting alone in endless conflict with these deathless foes, that was their grandest vision.

Long ago these Vikings vanished. But still their iron sons are marking on the rock scrolls of the ages. Still they plough the unknown oceans, restless, resolute, resistless, with the spirit of their fathers. "Ever onward" is their motto, Homeless is their past and empty. For them always something better luring out across the sea. They are men who die or conquer with their faces to the foe. They detest the pleasant present; hate the past and call it dead; visions of a grander future lure them always on ahead.

Arthur Hunt Chute, '10.

Christian Sociology

LET us begin with a suggestive story of a common question and an uncommon answer. The questioner was a lawyer. "Teacher," he asked, "which is the great commandment in the law?" This was the answer: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the great and first commandment." So far probably the answer was a common one; but instead of confining himself to these great Deuteronomic words concerning love for God, Christ went on to say: "And a second like unto it is this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments the whole law hangeth and the prophets."

The significance of this great answer is this: Although only one commandment was asked and expected, to avoid a one-sided presentation of religion Jesus gave a second commandment. He seems to have taken special care to put love of neighbor with love of God as summing up the law and the prophets. Paul goes so far as to write to the Galatians: "the whole law is fulfilled in one word even this: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'" Jesus and Paul, therefore, insist that religion concerns itself with the relation between the individual and God. "God and one man could make any other religion" said Dr. Parkhurst "but it requires God and two men to make Christianity." It asks not simply "Adam where art thou" with respect to God, but "Cain, where is thy brother, and what hast thou done with him?" It teaches the brotherhood of man as well as the Fatherhood of God. Let our thoughts cluster about three words:

I. SACRED—A common prejudice against a very important part of Christianity's work in society is due to a false distinction between what is secular and what is sacred. I heard an able president of a theological seminary call this distinction the great heresy of the ages. For instance we would say that it is rank heresy to consider the church as sacred and the home as secular.

According to some interesting stories told in the first three Gospels one of the reasons why the Jewish religious leaders opposed Jesus was that he treated as sacred what to them was secular. Paul wrote: "Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Since the days of Jesus and Paul again and again the church has failed to respond to opportunities of great reforms in society because through the influence of a wrong philosophy it has made a false distinction between sacred and secular. In seeking its own interests it often has failed to advance the interests of the kingdom of God. There is need of guarding against this danger to-day. A lawyer about to turn preacher wrote to Dr. Parkhurst that the sad scenes in the criminal courts had brought him to the point where he had about decided to cast aside his bright "future in law" and enter the service of the Lord." In whose service was he as a lawyer? His letter is akin to the infamous deliverance that politics has no place for the decalogue or the Sermon on the Mount. Both deliverances are illustrations of the common saying: "Business is business, politics is politics, and religion is religion." Lord Melbourne, so the story goes, angrily arose and left the public worship, saying, "Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is made to invade the sphere of a man's private life." Things have come to a pretty pass because the religion of love has not invaded the sphere of a man's private life.

It is gratifying to note the different signs that this great "heresy" is losing its hold. And that Christ's heresy of making holy the things of "the common day" is gaining ground.

Remembering that Rev. F. B. Meyer is world-famous as a writer of devotional literature the following incident is one of the most significant signs of the times. He and Dr. John Clifford were pleading publicly for educational and social reform. Dr. Clifford told that Dr. Meyer once asked him what he thought was the most noticeable change in London in the past forty years. The answer: "The conversion of Mr. Meyer, because he used to regard me very suspiciously as I preached a social gospel, but now he preaches it

far better than I can hope to do." Speaking to a large audience on "Socialism of the Best Sort" Mr. Meyer said: "It is high time that the subject was considered from the pulpit as well as from the pew. A great wave of humanitarian interest has been spreading over the country. There are men who have seen the "New Jerusalem" and they are telling others of it in Hyde Park and at the street corners. The church must wake up to it. It cannot afford to stand aloof; it must give up worrying only about cases and go into causes." His last word is our second important word:

II. CAUSES—Christianity as the religion of love needs to be alive to the great importance of changing social causes as well as of changing individual cases. She should be well aware of the tremendous facts of heredity and environment. It ought not to make her less zealous in missions but it ought to make her more zealous in preventing damning conditions. It is said that while the church saves the ones in the slums by her missions society is damning hundreds there by the conditions. It is, therefore, the duty of the church to face the question of causes.

"Do you who are Christian clergymen sustain relations to the problem of intemperance?" asked Dr. Josiah Strong. Taking for granted the answer must be in the affirmative he continued "Then you sustain relations to the problem of nutrition and of ventilation; for to imagine that you can deal with effects without touching causes is quackery."

I shall not forget the experience I had one Christmas a number of years ago. On my way, early one Christmas morning to spend the day at the home of my boyhood, almost by accident I became engaged in an all-day fight to keep a mill-hand from the power of the saloon. That night, leaving the saloon, discouraged over my defeat I was followed by another mill-hand who had been in my father's employ. Speaking of father he asked if I were his son. When I told him I was, with tears in his eyes he told me his story.

In short, it was this: He hated the life he was living, but the conditions, especially at home, were such that he was practically

driven to the saloon. And he a man of good parts. I shall never forget the lesson I learned that night about the influence of evil environment upon a man who really wanted to do right.

It is a pleasure to note that an increasingly large number of church-members in their love for others are awaking to the importance of having general work for the many go hand in hand with individual work for individuals. Different Christian bodies in different countries are appointing special officers to work in departments of social reform: the different theological seminaries have introduced into their courses important social duties. This brings us to our third important word:

III. STUDY—Christianity as the religion of love is awakening to the importance of the study of social conditions to-day. In his book, "Christianity's Storm Centre," Rev. Charles Stelze writes: "The young men in our Theological Seminaries study about the social life of the Israelities, Perizzites and Hittites and all the other 'ites;' and when they become our pastors they tell us about the social conditions that concerned these people who lived three or four thousand years ago, and we listen to them with great interest. When foreign missionaries return to this country to tell us about the condition of the heathen they frequently base their strongest appeals upon the social life, the intellectual life and the physical life of the heathen. But often, when a preacher in one of our American cities studies the social life of the people in his town and preaches about it some good brother will calmly tell him that he might better preach the 'simple gospel.'

It should be remembered, however, that as the chief business of the student of theology is not with the social conditions of the Old Testament 'ites,' and the chief business of the missionary is not with the social conditions of the heathen, so the primary business of the modern preacher is not with the social conditions to-day. Keeping this in mind the words of Stelze are very suggestive. It is gratifying that so many in our churches are awakening to the practical importance of the truth these words contain. While some of our noblest Christians, especially among the older

members of our churches, still hold to a too restricted view of what gospel preaching is, there are increasing numbers who enter into the spirit of Rev. F. B. Meyer's exhortation to the students for the ministry: "Ask the Almighty to take the parson out of you and make you manly." To the point also are his words concerning himself: "If I had my life to live over again I would be much more careful to have a grip of social science." If Christianity is to do her best work in society to-day she must have a good grip of social science. What it is is an important question. How it is related to sociology is another. Let us seek definite and practical answers to them.

There have been, and there are, considerably different uses of each of these terms. This is especially the case with sociology. In fact it is a source of quiet and innocent amusement to run through lexicons, encyclopaedias, text-books and leading periodicals and find the different attempts at defining sociology.

It will make for clearness if we begin with neither sociology nor social science, but with the social sciences as the sciences that treat of social relations. Now sociology and social science have each been used as a general term including all the social sciences. Each of them has also been used with very much narrower meanings. Of these a common one for social science is that it is the science that concerns itself with the practical questions of to-day concerning institutions, public health, schools, homes, etc. According to this meaning it uses rather than contains the social sciences.

Which of the narrower meanings of sociology shall we choose? This: Sociology is a science that treats of fundamental principles underlying all social phenomena. To express it in a few sentences selected from two articles by Professor Franklin H. Giddings we would say: "In the narrower sense, then, sociology is not the inclusive but the fundamental social science. It is not the sum of the social sciences but the ground work, in which they find a common basis. There is no one of the recognized social sciences that takes for its peculiar problem the investigation of the origin of those motive forces that are everywhere assumed to account for

all that comes to pass in the social life of mankind. The object of sociology is to learn all that can be learned about the creation of the social man. Sociology rests on biology and psychology. The special social sciences rest on sociology." As social science to do its best work should use the social sciences, the social sciences to do their best work should use sociology.

This is the thought with which we would close. In order to do her best work to-day in helping folks individually and collectively, Christianity needs sociology. She needs to get down to what is fundamental socially. Two great gladiators are fighting a duel in the arena of the civilized world. The name of one is capital; the name of the other is labor. The attitude of Christianity towards these combatants is very important. Very important, too, her attitude to education, churches, government, intemperance, etc. But underlying these and the other great social problems of to-day are the fundamental facts of sociology. Such a fundamental fact—fundamental biologically and psychologically—is the fact of sex. Not until it is fairly faced biblically, biologically, psychologically (and so sociologically) will Christianity be able to meet the great problems of to-day.

Henry F. Waring '90.



Horace—Ode XI

TO LEUCONÆ.

Leuconæ, enquire not thou,
To know it is forbidden,
What end to me, what end to thee
The Gods above have given.

Tis better far to bear in peace
Whatever chance befall;
Or whether Jove on us may grant
More winters yet to fall.

Or if He give to us no more
And this the last shall be,
Which on the rocks opposing break,
The foam of Tuscan Sea.

E'en while we speak
Swift time has slipped away;
Trust no uncertain future then
But living snatch today.

Arthur Hunt Chute, '10.

“But not to Every Man Comes the Fulfilment of His Desire.”

SEQUEL TO GARETH AND LYNETTE.

THE history of Dr. Froibert is the history of his cottage hospital. Perched at the foot of a mountain, the scenery from its windows is varied and beautiful. No roar from a city's traffic can disturb its peacefulness; no hurry, nor bustle from a city's activity pervades its restfulness. Here are gathered for cure a few special cases. Such delicate operations, such clever treatment, aided by the power of a wonderfully strong personality evinced a skill which had carried aboard the fame of Dr. Froibert. Great doctors from far and near came to examine his methods, to consult with him, and often to bring to him peculiar cases which were beyond their skill.

The month of October is delightful in this mountainous region. The clear air, the trees dropping their brilliant foliage, and above all, the glorious sunsets, make one feel that life is worth living. So thought Nurse Lynette as she came slowly down a mountain path and watched the flaming colors of the sunset streaming far up the sky, wrapping the clouds in a golden glory and casting over the mountains an almost ephemeral splendour. She stopped and leaning on the fence that ran beside the path, watched the living light slowly fade and die away.

A quick step sounded behind her and then Dr. Froibert stood with bared head beside her.

“Has that beautiful sunset given you dreams, Lynette?” he asked.

“I don't think I was conscious of dreaming until you spoke,” she answered, vaguely wondering why he had not addressed her as “nurse” in his usual custom.

“Let me tell you what I am thinking,” he went on. “My life is like the mountain before the sunset touched it, strong and rugged, standing in its appointed place and doing its work. But as the mountain was glorified by that wonderful sunset so my life can be glorified—”

He stopped abruptly, struggled with himself a moment then turned to her and with a mute gesture of appeal, said: "Lynette, will you marry me? I love you with my whole strength. Your love will be to my life what the sunset was to the mountain,—if you cannot, my life will be as the mountain now is purple and dim, with all the brightness gone."

Lynette startled by his vehemence, first looked at him her eyes big with wonder, then turned again to the misty mountains.

"Lynette, what is your answer? dare I hope you feel even a little love toward me?"

He moved nearer as he spoke but Lynette moved away and answered in a low tone. "Dr. Froibert, I respect and honor you with the very highest respect and honor. I cannot tell you how much I admire you but I never could dare think of such a thing as becoming your wife."

"But you will, Lynette? I will give you as long as you wish to think it over and get used to the idea. O my child", and he seized both her hands, "I love you, love you, do you understand?"

Lynette felt strangely uncomfortable and merely said. "Let me go now if you please, for it is nearly time for me to go on duty."

He dropped her hands and answered. "You are to go with me tomorrow up the line to see a case at Thamesville. It is more than likely that I will bring the patient back with me and so must take a nurse. It will make a change for you too."

He was back in his usual business like yet thoughtful manner and now, in some mysterious way, he appealed very strongly to Lynette, so much so that she almost wished she had answered "yes." Then her thoughts flew back to an October night six years before when she had walked beneath arching trees not unlike these, and a burning kiss had been placed on her lips. Then memories almost too painful for thought came thickly upon her.

"I'm thankful," she said to herself, "that I shall have a busy night."

But the night was an exceptionally quiet one. The patients seemed of one accord and slept most of the time. Only little

Tommy seemed to need her attention. As she sat beside the child soothing his restlessness, she could not help but wonder where Gareth was. He had told her to forget him—as if that were possible. Why there never was a day when he did not occupy the inmost chamber of her heart. She did not know where he had gone after that terrible accident. He only told her that he was going to live with a dear, little, Quaker aunt. And now she did not know whether he had lived or died. Perhaps he was living and suffering. The thought of his suffering forced tears to her eyes. It was a secret hope that some day she might be permitted to nurse him back to health, or at the very least watch beside him in his last struggle, that had led her first to train for a nurse and later to enter a hospital where she thought there was a probability of her meeting him. She would not acknowledge this but nevertheless it was her underlying motive. And now the tears dropped slowly on Tommy's white counterpane but he was asleep and no one heeded her.

She arose and went to the office, a little room just off the ward, and began to do some writing. So busily was she employed that she did not notice the doctor who paused in the doorway. An expression of sadness passed over his face as he watched her. She was more attractive than the Lynette of six years before. Her mouth was firmer and her eyes held a glint of sadness that they had never known before the fateful day when Gareth was carried unconscious from the foot-ball field. A sweetness of maturity was now about her.

The doctor passed his hand over his forehead and pushed back his hair. He was a young man comparatively; only thirty-four tho he looked older. His face showed the fineness of his character and the strong sympathy of his nature. One looked at him and knew him for a friend.

Lynette at last glanced up but did not smile as usual, for the sadness of his expression went to her heart.

"Is there anything I can do for you doctor?" she asked.

"Only one thing," he answered with a smile.

Lynette rose, went to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Doctor" she said, "I must tell you now that I cannot marry you. It would not be right for I do not love you as you love me, and more than that——." She hesitated, her eyes grew dreamy, then the doctor spoke quickly.

"Lynette, do not tell me there is another. I could not stand the thought of that. If you cannot marry me please say no more."

Lynette looked up at him, shrinking from the pain which she could not help but see she had given him, and answered: "Oh doctor I cannot bear to hurt your feelings. Indeed it hurts me to do so"

He was quick to see that she was honest. He reached for her hand and held it firmly within his own. "Don't worry about me, Lynette, I have my work and it was too much for me to expect to have you too. Don't let this make any difference to you. Just let things go on in their usual way, and please Lynette, forget that I ever said anything to you on this subject." In a moment he was gone.

The journey to Thamesville proved pleasant. An unwonted tenderness toward her was the only difference she could detect in Dr. Froibert.

"I know very little about this case," he said, "except that it is a young man who was hurt in football several years ago. The nerves about the spine have been injured. There will be six doctors at the examination, and if we think that there is the slightest hope of a cure, I will take him back with us to the hospital."

But Dr. Froiberts words had set Lynette's heart beating strangely, and sent her thoughts far from her surroundings. "Surely it cannot be Gareth," she thought. It is more likely to be someone else. But if it should be——. No, no, it must be someone else.

Meanwhile Dr. Froibert chattered on, wondering why Lynette seemed so absorbed in her own reflection. He thought that under the circumstances she might have exerted herself a little. At last he too became quiet.

They soon arrived at Thamesville and then went at once to the home of the patient. They were met at the door by a trim little maid who showed Lynette into a room whose sweetness and clear golden light made her want to get right into the dear, little, white bed and have a good long rest. No dreams but pleasant ones could come to the occupant of this room was her inward comment. In a few minutes a tap sounded at the door. It was Dr. Froibert.

"The doctors are all here," he said, "you will please prepare the patient, and then we will hold the consultation."

She followed the little maid to a large sunshiny west chamber. As she entered, a little lady dressed all in silvery grey, rose to meet her.

"Thou art the nurse, my dear?" she said. "My nephew is ready for thee. Ask the little maid for ought thou needest and she will get it for thee."

Lynette, whose gaze had been riveted on the quaint little lady, now turned to the man lying so quietly on a couch by the large western window.

As Lynette entered he gave her only a casual glance, and then,—into his face flashed a light not seen there for many a day.

"Lynette!"

"Gareth!"

For it was indeed he, and she was on her knees beside him, her face hidden in the hollow of his shoulder.

"Gareth, oh Gareth," was all she could say. Then smiling through tears of joy, she jumped to her feet.

"There isn't any time to lose, Gareth, for the doctors are downstairs."

In a few minutes they entered, and Lynette, giving Gareth a smile, went to her room to wait until they were through.

"What a long time they are," she said at last. Then she paced up and down in an agony of apprehension. Could it be possible that Dr. Froibert would think that Gareth could not be

cured? Why he had cured cases which now seemed to be far worse. Then too, Gareth had improved a great deal since the accident. He had regained almost full use of his hands, and though he looked far from strong yet she could see that his splendid constitution had stood him in good stead.

At last a door opened and the doctors filed out into the hall. To Lynette's intense relief they looked cheerful and were talking in a quiet self-satisfied manner.

"Yes," Dr. Froibert was saying, "I think it can be done. Of course it will take a year at the least and maybe twice that to enable me to counteract the strain, but it can be done unless something unusual happens."

Lynette, her face aflame with joy, went straight to Gareth. The intense nervous excitement of the examination had left him limp and white, but he turned to her with the old bright smile, as with a gentle, practised hand she straightened his coverings and tucked the pillows freshly about him.

"My, but it does a fellow good to look at you, Lynette. Please sit in that chair where I can see you. So many times I have tried to imagine you there that now it seems too good to be true."

"Don't tire yourself Gareth, because you have a wearisome journey ahead of you. They told you, didn't they, that you are going to get well, but that you will have to go to Dr. Froibert's hospital?"

"Yes, Lynette, they told me, but I feel as though all I need now is a good dose of somebody's company."

But before he could explain to that 'somebody' any more about his idea of a cure, his quaint, little aunt came in, and they spent a very delightful half-hour together.

The return trip completely exhausted Gareth. Lynette had spent most of her time trying to alleviate his suffering. It was a week or more before he entirely overcame the effects of that journey. But this was long enough for him to detect the relation between Dr. Froibert and Lynette.

Then he himself began to doubt. He resolved it over and over in his mind. True, Lynette was very, very glad to see him. But then she didn't expect to see him, and had never even enquired where he was. True, he had told her she must forget him but she might have found him out had she desired to. But then he couldn't see anything in himself to attract a girl anyway. The doctor loved her, that was plain enough, and he could give her every thing that a woman could wish for. The doctor himself was handsome, extremely clever and possessed of a wonderfully charming manner, how could Lynette resist him? "And here am I," he would say to himself, bound by my honor not to say anything to her till I am on my feet again. Oh the irony of fate? Well, I'll have to give them a chance, its the only thing I can do. If Lynette prefers the doctor, I believe I love her enough to wish her happiness before mine."

And so it happened that Gareth said never a word to Lynette of love nor broached a subject which he thought would lead to it. Lynette a little wondering at first just what their relations to one another would be, was vaguely expectant. She would enter the room with her face like an open book for him to read, wait on him with the tenderness afforded only to love, and yet he did not see it, could not comprehend the fact that she loved him now, with her whole heart, and always had since that night beneath the elms in the old college town. It seemed to him too much to expect.

As the days went by, Lynette who had never dreamed of hiding the fact that she loved him, was conscious of his restraint and consequently became restrained herself. A wistful look grew on her face that Gareth could not understand. Yet this is what she thought.

"It is six years since Gareth told me he loved me and awakened an answering love in my heart, but perhaps he has grown cold toward me and in my infatuation did not notice at first."

But it was impossible for Lynette to put on an indifferent air before Gareth. At last one day some months after he had entered the hospital, Gareth realized that she was not happy.

"Come here, Lynette," he said, and as she obeyed, he went on: "turn your chair so I can see your face, now tell me, Lynette, are you happy?"

No answer.

Then in a low tone he asked: "Is he not all you wish?"

In quick surprise she answered: "He, whom do you mean?"

"Why, the doctor of course. He loves you does he not?"

In a very low tone, and with eyes cast down, she answered "yes."

"But you are not happy, Lynette, I cannot stand it if you are not, you must be happy Lynette," came the reply in vehement tones.

"Why Gareth—" she said, and looked at him reproachfully while the deep crimson shot over her face and neck. She meant to add: "you alone have the power to make me happy," but the thought of his coldness, stopped her. It was too late. The tone and the tell-tale glance and blush had said it emphatically for her.

"Oh Lynette, how stupid I am!" and such a light flashed over Gareth's face. He seized her hands and drew her toward him. A long kiss sealed that unspoken confession.

Such weeks of bliss as followed for Gareth and Lynette come but seldom into the lives of any. All pain and care seemed to have left them. It was about six months after, that one evening as Gareth slowly crossed the room on his crutches, to view the glorious sunset with Lynette who was standing at the window, that he whispered to her:

"When shall it be childie?"

Lynette turned to him with a radiant smile while mischief lurked in the deeps of her brown eyes as she replied:

"On the day when first you walk with only my arm for your support. You would like that would you not, Gareth?"

But the doctor stood alone in the doorway.

Friendship.

Bestow not on thy friend a love like some
Faint glimmering taper's light, exposed to winds
And storms, soon damped by passing showers, or quenched
By earliest breath of air ; but give a love
That shines unquenched, unquenchable ;—a star
That sheds its radiance on each threatening cloud,
Untouched by wildest storm, unchanged through all
The changing years.

Be thine a tree that blooms
When all around is cold, and dark, and dead ;
A flower that lives and thrives beneath a sun
That goes not down, and blossoms more and more
Beneath the crimson dews of Calvary.

Pastor J. Clark.

The Intercollegiate Debate.

HERE is no intercollegiate contest which elicits so much enthusiasm and interest in our college life as the annual struggle in the forum. This is due, in a large measure, no doubt, to the almost phenomenal record which has been established by our teams since the inception of the debating league—a record which now comprises seven successive victories and shows not a single defeat. It is with pardonable pride that we point to this enviable record.

Our debaters this year met the representatives of Kings University in College Hall, Friday evening, March eighteenth. Quite a number of the student body of the visiting institution came to witness the contest and support their team. A crowded house greeted the speakers. President Cutten acted as chairman, and Canon Vroom, representing the Kings faculty, occupied a seat on the platform.

Amid vociferous cheering, the opposing teams took their places and the resolution was read: "Resolved that the suffrage be extended to woman."

Mr. G. C. Warren, Acadia, opening the case for the appellants, traced the steps by which man has been conceding ever increasing freedom to woman in the educational and industrial worlds from the time of her primitive slavery to the dawning of her political freedom. He argued that the final step should be taken, that she should be admitted to absolute political equality with man and have the right to vote. In the two qualifications for a voter of worth, educational and moral, she is his equal and his superior, respectively; she is subject to the laws as well as he, and like him she is a taxpayer, and hence has an equal right to the ballot. The question, he continued, is simply a matter of justice. Mr. Warren's address was eloquent and forceful, his arguments concise and effective.

The case for the respondents was opened by Mr. L. deV. Chipman. Mr. Chipman contended that man is the natural protector of woman; that woman has not been exploited by man merely because she is woman, but because of her weakness, and this cause is not remedied by granting the ballot. He affirmed that she would lose her unique position of dignity and honor and would cease to command the respect and admiration of man if she were allowed to share in the corrupting influences of political life. Mr. Chipman's manner was pleasing and his thoughts well expressed.

Mr. A. DeW. Foster, continuing for the appellants, contended that the influence of woman on political life must be elevating and purifying, and denied that she must, herself, of necessity, be tainted by its atmosphere. Moreover, the change brought about in the industrial world by her ballot was seen to be most beneficial: the hours of labor have been shortened, factory conditions improved, and women's wages raised to a just scale by reason of the power of the female voter. He developed a strong argument in favor of woman suffrage from the standpoint of temperance and moral reform. Mr. Foster is a new man among Acadia's debaters, but his forceful arguments, excellent delivery, and easy appearance bespeak for him an enviable future in the forum.

The second speaker for the respondents, Mr. C. H. Boulden, pointed out that women were not sufficiently informed on matters of State to cast an intelligent ballot; that they were too hysterical to be entrusted with a vote.

The extension of the suffrage to them must inevitably cause discord in the home and thus undermine the source of the nation's strength. Mr. Boulden was well received and made a good presentation of his subject.

The third speaker for Acadia, Mr. G. C. F. Kierstead, dwelt upon the necessity of fully enfranchising the home, for here is the cell centre of the nation's life and it should be given fullest possible expression. The mother's influence should be given the power to extend out beyond the home to the remotest corner of

the nation; she would contribute greatly to the industry and thrift of the nation could she but make her power felt. As for the basis of physical force upon which government relies, she would supply her quota as readily and effectively as the average male voter, for this force at the present day exists in the form of a trained military class. For the maintenance of this class she could contribute her proportionate share. Mr. Kierstead's arguments were convincing and conclusive.

The last speaker for the respondents, Mr. A. F. Traverse, urged that the great majority of women do not want the ballot and it would be unjust to force it upon them. Moreover they have not the physical force to put their vote into action. He argued that the betterment of the wages of women is the result of economic causes, not of legislation. He pointed out the failure of women who have been placed in positions of authority, and contended that they lack the political intelligence necessary for governing. Lastly, woman has no right which is denied her at the present time. She is not oppressed but rather the laws are indulgent on her behalf. Mr. Traverse's argument was carefully developed and pithy. His delivery was facile and forceful. He was easily one of the best speakers of the evening and gives abundant promise of an able debater.

In closing the case for the respondents, Mr. Chipman claimed that the appellants had based their case entirely on generalities. He quoted the definition of the word Suffrage to show that it was an institution founded not as a principle of justice but for the sake of expediency. He gave a good summary of the case of the respondents.

Mr. Warren, in concluding the case for the appellants, pointed out a number of discrepancies in the contentions of the respondents, and met their principal arguments with a carefully pointed rebuttal. He shattered the argument that woman should be denied the ballot because she was not capable of bearing arms, and reiterated the contention that this is not a question of force but of Justice. In conclusion he gave a convincing summary of the con-

tentions of the affirmative. Mr. Warren adopted the role of leader this year for the first time, and the selection which rested on him has suffered no detriment at his hands. His ready refutation of the opposing argument was marked and able.

While the judges, Hon. Justice Landry, Hon. Justice Lawrence, and Supervisor McKay, were preparing their decision, Canon Vroom made a short address of a very happy nature. The decision of the judges was then read awarding the victory to Acadia on both argument and presentation.

W. S. MacIntyre '10.



Cloud Maidens.

The fairy light robed houris drift
Clad in their softened hue ;
They float on arms of Zephyr's fleet
Through deep Elysian blue.

As aged Hesper sinks to rest
They gather round his head,
In tinted sheen of heaven clad,
To mourn the mighty dead.

And when the star gleams sparkle down
They sail the carmine deep ;
Anon, they drop their pearly dew
O'er the great world asleep.

And as the new born Orius
Comes joyous through the morn,
They clothe themselves with emerald,
And purple robes adorn.

Storm driven by bold Indra
They race across Earth's leas,
And bathe deep in the nadis
Of the celestial seas.

And lade with pearl and silver
They drift on through the blue,
And disappear like fairies
In the deep azure hue.

Winning the Hockey Trophy.

THE standard of hockey at Acadia has heretofore not been all that could be desired. Her record in athletics is remarkably good, but along this particular line of sport she has been somewhat deficient. However when the new league was formed last year, consisting of the three rival universities—Mt. A., Acadia and U. N. B. it was immediately evident that more interest would be taken and better hockey would be the result. At the beginning of the season that has just closed Success was not altogether apparent. Only two of the previous year's seven were back to support Acadia, and of this new material we knew practically nothing. It seemed that the absence of Bates and Lewis left a gap which it was impossible to fill. Still when the men gathered on the ice, it was evident, that we had material of no mean order and that we might still make a mark in intercollegiate hockey. This idea was uppermost in the minds of the players until after a few weeks we were able to turn out a team which defeated The University of New Brunswick and Mt. Allison successively. It was not because the two other teams in our league were weak, for both teams were largely the same as had represented the colleges in the previous year.

Our success was due to several causes and the elimination of any one would have meant our possible and probable defeat.

First, we received good material from the Freshman class, they furnishing four out of the seven men. The class of 13 is to be congratulated on supplying the back bone of the whole team, and every man from that class who played, possesses excellent qualities as a hockey player.

Again, all the fellows worked. When the summons came for practice, not a single man refused to be there, and once there, to do his duty with the honor of Acadia in view. They always manifested that spirit of interest in the game which has ever been an unerring guide to success.

Then, our victories were not due to the untiring efforts of the players alone. We must not forget the loyal support and friendly interest of all Acadia students. Their presence at the hockey practice was always an inspiration and a source of cheer. The telegrams received at Fredericton and the cheering in Wolfville, revealing the great interest of the student body in the contests were not insignificant factors in winning the trophy.

Once more our sincere thanks is due the Wolfville Hockey Club. They were ever willing to assist us, and the practices with them were highly satisfactory and certainly appreciated by us.

Acadia met the University of New Brunswick in the first game of the league in Fredericton on February ninth. The contest took place in the curling rink, which was far too small to accomodate the crowd and the ice surface too was very limited. Notwithstanding the fact that the ice was very heavy and first class hockey almost impossible, yet both teams made a creditable showing and deserve to be highly complimented. The game was hard and fast from the first blowing of referree Blizzard's whistle. Very few men were penalized and for the most part, good feeling prevailed. The first half ending with a score of 2-2, the result was doubtful. Acadia seemed to control the rubber for the greater part of the second half and no very great anxiety was felt by the Acadia supporters. Our forwards were faster than those of our opponents and made several good rushes in spite of the heavy ice. Babbit for U. N. B. did excellent checking and his sensational rushes are well known in college hockey. The game ended with a score of 4-2 in favor of Acadia.

The line up was as follows :

U. N. B.		ACADIA
Jones	Goal	Robinson
Willis	Point	Curry
Babbit	C. Point	Black
Gibson	Rover	Murray
Finnie	Centre	Pattillo
Stevenson	L. Wing	Corey
McKay	R. Wing	L. Eaton.

The Acadia players were entertained at a sumptuous banquet after the game by U. N. B.

The next intercollegiate contest took place at Sackville between Mt. Allison and U. N. B. The Garnet and Gold succeeded in defeating the Fredericton team and all interest centered on the coming game between Acadia and Mt. Allison.

The twenty-fourth of February saw the ice in excellent condition when referee Young called the two teams together. The spectators were not in the least disappointed, for the game was fast and interesting from start to finish. Mt. Allison's forwards did good work, but they succeeded in landing the puck only twice during the game. Much credit is due also to the excellent work of the Acadia's defence. Black's unerring long shot was a marked feature, while Curry excelled himself at point. The sensational combination rushes of our opponents forwards were almost invariably broken up when they reached our defence line. While the combination of our forwards might have been better, they more than atoned for its absence by their individual work. L. Eaton and Murray who have been the main stay on the forward line both handled the rubber in fine style.

When time was called the score stood 7-2 in favor of the home team.

The line up was as follows :

Mt. A.		ACADIA
Seaman	Goal	Robinson
Boone	Point	Curry
McKean	C. Point	Black
North	Rover	Murray
McDougall	Center	Pattillo
Pattison	L. Wing	Corey
Cameron	R. Wing	L. Eaton

And so at last old Acadia has a hockey cup, for one year at least. Will she keep it? As has already been noted, the Freshman class furnished the greater part of the material for the team, and of the others, no one is leaving college this year. The prospects then are favorable, and may Acadia have all success in the coming years, when the seniors of today have passed out from her halls, and are forgotten. May she always have the manly opponents to compete with, which she met this year in the representatives of U. N. B. and Mt. Allison.

R. C. Faton, '10.

Editorials.

THE particular combination of circumstances which faces a man is not the chief factor in shaping his destiny. The important element is the manner in which he faces existing conditions. Every man has wrestled with opposing forces which no amount of grit or confidence could conquer, but no man ever fought confidently and heroically without emerging in a glow of transfigured strength and charity. "The true soul has no final Waterloo; it has only its latest defeat, with its golden message of why it failed and how it may win in the next conflict." Too many disasters in life are due to cowardice; to a shameless surrender to the impulse to "run away from life." The majority of our enemies must be fought at close range. We cannot escape them by hopelessly deserting our ground. Delaying the battle not only deprives us of strength, but enables them to more firmly entrench themselves. "We must look them squarely in the face and fight them to a finish."

It is not enough that we meet life's duties and attempt to fulfil them in a spirit of indifference. One of the great forces in lives of worth is their sturdy confidence born of a tireless courage; their fresh, open optimism, which springs forth unbidden to calm, inspire and brace other lives. It is this spirit of confidence which organizes and re-vivifies the dormant forces of life. There is a kind of optimism which takes life as a holiday and meets insignificant worries with a good grace; which does not seek to cure the pain but only to deaden it, not new strength to bear a burden but other shoulders on which to roll it. "These are in quest not of peace but of temporary oblivion—not self-conquest, but self-forgetfulness." This optimism cannot stand the strain. It has never learned to face a failure. Real confidence is ever in quest of the "uplands of life." Behind every cloud it sees the golden orb, herald and messenger of the approaching dawn. It seeks the best in humanity and endeavors to call it forth and develop it.

Where each of us stands there is need of a fine, steady, aggressive optimism. We cannot assume it, however. We cannot put it on from the outside. It begins within. It lives and works in every word and act until the very atmosphere is permeated with it. If we shrink we proclaim our own failure. If we retreat we disobey the highest call of life. Our duty is to *stand*, and to stand triumphant, with the hosts who are battling for right, purity, justice and truth. When this is our motto we may remain calm, strong, sincere and undaunted in any environment.

The editor has been requested to call the attention of our readers to the following note :

In recognition of a longfelt need a committee has been nominated to collect songs and music for a College Song Book. Every Acadia graduate, as well as the present student body, can greatly assist the committee by contributing songs (with music, if possible.) Those most desired are songs full of the true Acadia spirit.

Contributions may be sent to Roy D. Miller, '10.



De Alumnis.

Tis with deep regret that we record the passing of Rev. Sydney Welton, '81. The death occurred at Staten Island, New York, after an illness of several months.

John H. Geldert, '08, was recently elected secretary of the Canadian Club at Newton.

Rev. D. H. MacQuarrie, '91, is pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Newton, Mass., and in addition is completing post-graduate work at The Theological Institution.

Rev. P. J. Stackhouse, '99, of Campbellton, N. B., has accepted a unanimous call to the Baptist Church of Amherst, N. S.

J. Walter Jones, '04, was married on December 22nd, 1909, to Miss Catherine Bouyer, of Hillsboro, P. E. I. They are now residing in Virginia where Mr. Jones has a position in the Department of Agriculture.

Rev. H. F. Waring, '90, has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Halifax, to accept a church in Vancouver, B. C. Before going to the West, Mr. Waring intends to spend some time in the Holy Land and other point of interest in the Far East.

Rev. A. C. Archibald, '97, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Brockton, Mass., has received a call to the church at Columbus, Ohio, recently vacated by Dr. G. B. Cutten, '96.

Ross F. Coldwell, '06, has recently taken the principalship of the school at Westport, N. S.



Exchanges.

Keep your temper ; nobody else wants it.—*Ex.*

A sincere man.—One who bluffs only *part* of the time.—*Ex.*

Loneliness consists in enduring the presence of one who does not understand.—*Ex.*

Every man is a fool at least ten times a day. Wisdom consists in not exceeding the limit.—*Ex.*

Mental slavery is mental death, and every man who has given up his intellectual freedom is the living coffin of his dead soul.—*Ex.*

The worthy fruit of academic culture is an open mind, trained to careful thinking, instructed in the methods of philosophic investigation, acquainted in a general way with the accumulated thought of past generations and penetrated with humility.—*President Eliot.*

The personality of the professor in its impact upon that of the student is surely the transcendent factor in education and should rank before princely endowments and stately edifices ; before libraries, laboratories and pedagogical appliances of like nature..... The prime purpose of the university is, we take it, to bring men of high scholarship and fidelity to truth, of spiritual insight and sympathy, into closest personal touch with the youth of the nation. After all it is the men, not the building, that makes the university.—*McMaster Monthly*.

IS IT YOU?

If it distracts and pains you too, the way their business others do, and if you want to criticize the things of earth, moon, sun and skies ; or if you think that all mistakes are those the other fellow makes and that a great change could be made from making boats to lemonade ; if only others had more sense and those around you weren't so dense, then ought you not now to commence, get off your perch, climb off the fence, and see if you can help to mend the things that others mar and rend? How sad it is for you to wait and leave the poor world to its fate ; should you not rather now arise than there to sit and criticize? The world is full of such as you, who couldn't make good Irish stew, nor half a line of prose dictate, nor hold a stick while on a skate. Yet there you sit, with sneering jowl, and murmur, grumble, moan and growl about the way all things are done, here under the contented sun ; and never, never condescend on earth a helping hand to lend. Ah ! quit your noise, dear Mr. Bore, and let us hear your voice no more. Just try a hand and cease your froth and let us see where you get off ; and if you cannot better do then quit your talking just a few. And if things do not suit your taste, no more time here on earth now waste ; for such as you it seems to me would make a nice hole in the sea ; especially as a glum, sore-head is always worth far more when dead than when upon the earth he roams and growls and grunts and fumes and foams.—*Manitoba College Journal*.

THE PROPHET'S CALL.

There was chill despair in the dark that night,
 The rocks hissed doom through their splintered teeth,
 And over the waters wild and white
 Came the wail of the wind as it danced with death.
 Then my heart stood still in the clutch of fear,
 For a voice that I knew rang clear and near—
 "Out unto the deep, my child, with me,
 There is music for man in the raging sea."
 So the sails we spread and the anchor weighed,
 For the voice of the Master must be obeyed,
 And in spite of the night still undismayed,
 We swept to the deep with God.—*McMaster Monthly*.

O DEA CERTE.

Whene'er I see those flashing eyes,
 Those arched brows, that cheek of flame,
 Those lips that laugh amid the sighs,
 Mine own, in wonder lost, exclaim
 O dea certe.

Those eyes enclosing all they meet!
 That wondrous hair that streams above!
 All seems so fair and strangely sweet,
 I whisper low in helpless love,
 O dea certe.

You come and pause to speak my name,
 Or smile, and then pass on your way,
 And many fair replies I frame,
 But this is all my lips can say,
 O dea certe!—*Ex.*

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: *Manitoba College Journal*, *Argosy*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Martlet*, *Queen's Journal*, *Xaverian*, *Normal College Gazette*, *Western University Gazette*, *McMaster Monthly*, *Bates Student*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Mite*, *Varsity*, *Brunonian*, *MacDonald College Magazine*.

The third and last of the series of concerts under the auspices of the Wolfville Baptist Church was held in College Hall on Friday evening, March eleventh. The entertainment was provided by the Schubert Quartette of Halifax, assisted by Miss Helen Hammond of the Department of Expression of the Seminary. The concert was well attended and enjoyed by all.

Y. M. C. A. On Sunday afternoon, March thirteenth Rev. Mr. Rutledge, of Berwick, addressed the students in College Hall, on the subject, "The joy in finding Christ. In the evening he delivered an able and interesting missionary address in the Baptist Church.

A series of special services under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. were carried on by Rev. Mr. Webber during two weeks of the past month. Considerable interest was shown and we trust that a moral uplift at Acadia will result.

ATHENÆUM. An interesting debate took place in College Hall on Saturday evening March fifth, between the representatives of the Senior and Sophomore classes. The subject was, "Resolved that the American colonies were justified in seceding from the mother country." The affirmative of the resolution was upheld by the Sophomores and supported by Titus, Balcolm and Logan, while the Senior speakers were W. S. McIntyre, Atkinson and Nowlan. The debate was perhaps less interesting than some which have preceded it this year.

The Judges, Rev. Mr. Dixon, Prof. Pattison and Dr. R. V. Jones awarded the victory to the Sophomores.

The Freshman Athenæum was read at an open meeting of the Athenæum society on Saturday evening, March twelfth. The Athenæum was well up to the standard of former years.

ATHLETICS. A game of hockey marked more by rough playing than scientific stick handling took place in Evangeline Rink on Saturday evening, February twenty-sixth when the Freshmen defeated the Sophomores with a score of 2-1.

The Pierian

(Of Acadia Seminary.)

EDITORS—ELSIE KING 'IO, GWENDOLEN SHAND 'IO, LENA
NOWLAN 'IO.

OUR LIBRARY. Thirty-one years ago, shortly after the founding of Acadia Seminary, Miss Graves, then principal, realizing the need of a School Library, began a movement to secure one. A fund was created for this purpose to which many of the friends of the school contributed generously, and in a short time a library of two hundred volumes was acquired. A small room on the second floor was utilized as a library room, but conditions for reference work were unsatisfactory, and so, after a time, a larger room was, through the generosity of Mrs. Lovitt of Yarmouth, fitted up as a library and reading room. Here, various periodicals were kept on file and the books assigned by teachers for collateral reading on any subject were available for use. In 1893, when the new wing was added to the seminary, the old reception room was provided with book-cases and paper-racks and became the Library.

Up to this time the number of books had been very small, in fact, in 1875 the total number did not exceed six hundred. From this point on, however, we note a steady growth. In 1902, the total number of books catalogued was one thousand and thirty. Today our accession book shows a record of two thousand and eighty-three— a gain of more than one thousand in eight years.

All of these books have been most carefully selected and each department of the school has been considered in their choice. Each book is carefully catalogued by cards according to subject matter, title and author's name so enabling all our resources on any particular subject to be easily and quickly ascertained.

The library is not looked upon merely as a place where "story-books" may be obtained, but is really the central place of the school. The words, "Look It up," have become a sort of "watch-word" with every student, and are an effectual prevention

against "hazy notions" and ill-defined ideas. One glance at the well-used reference books crowding tables and cases is sufficient to show that the problem of getting the pupils to *use* the library has been satisfactorily solved. A new problem, however, has presented itself—*where* shall the books be kept?

This year, among the two two hundred and eighty volumes, covering in their range, Fiction, History, Biography, Philosophy, etc., which have been added to the library, we have acquired a twenty-volume set of "Makers of Canada," a seventeen-volume set of "Famous Composers and their Music," and a thirty-three volume edition of "The World's Authology." All of these books are required for daily use and were purchased because their need was imperative, but—where shall we put them? Even if every inch of shelf-room were not utilized this would still be a problem as these books, to be of service, must be placed where they are always available, and our reference tables and cases are already hopelessly overcrowded.

In this crisis we turn confidently to our friends knowing that they will realize our need and act accordingly. Although this department of the Seminary has received no contribution for some years, we feel sure that the interest in the library has not died out. No thinking person can fail to appreciate the value of a library such as we possess and its power in moral and mental culture. "He who chooseth good books chooseth wise friends;" we feel sure many have felt the truth of this and will agree with the girl who, in speaking of her work here, said, "If I had gained nothing from my course but my appreciation of and love for good literature, I should count my time well spent."

We rely on you to show your interest in the development of the girl of today by prompt contributions to the Fine Arts Building Fund so that adequate accommodation for our library may be a certainty for next year. We trust that some friend who is interested in the progress of the school will give us *at once* an up-to-date newspaper file, and, at least, one good revolving book-case. Such a gift would enable us to make our new Reference Books accessible.

The Lyceum

(Of Horton Academy.)

EDITORS—CLYDE W. ROBBINS, FRED E. GULLISON, W. HARRY
FREDA.

SOCIAL. On the evening of February fourth the Academy held its annual reception. The Students of the Academy did their best to make the evening an enjoyable one for their guests. The attendance was large. Red and white bunting was much in evidence. All seemed to spend a most happy and enjoyable evening.

LYCEUM. The boys who attend the Lyceum are not only spending enjoyable evenings but are receiving training of an educative value. We regret that more interest in the society is not evident on the part of the school. All those present at the meeting held Saturday evening March nineteenth pronounced it the best Lyceum yet.

Y. M. C. A. During the first weeks of March our regular weekly meetings were cancelled on account of the special services held in College Hall. We trust that those who attended will enter into the work with more enthusiasm.

ATHLETICS. The hockey season has ended and our team has played several interesting games. In the match between H. C. A. and Kings Collegiate at Windsor, the score was 14-4 in favor of the Academy. A game with Halifax County Academy was also arranged. Our boys being unaccustomed to the large rink were at a disadvantage. The match ended with no score.

The line up for the season was as follows:—

Goal: S. Reeves; Point: A. Reeves; C. Point: F. Rattery, (Capt.); Rover: A. Eveleigh; Centre: P. Eveleigh; R. Wing: G. Sharp; L. Wing: H. McLean.

Last But Not Least.

“A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.”

TENNYSON DAY IN PROPYLÆUM.

Miss Slack (reciting from “The Dream of Fair Women”) “Single I grew—” (turning to Miss Cr-w-ll '13) “as some green plant.”

ADVICE TO '13.

Oh Freshmen in your hours of e e e.
Most eagerly your grammers c c c.
Take this advice and now be y y y.
Get down to work and memor i i i
French verbs. You'll find it of great u u u.
Neglect can offer no ex q q q.
Be wise at once, prolong your d a a a
A verbless Freshman soon d k k k.

N. B. If any in the class are using verb sheets, you will please take them to St- - l or B-sh-p to have the latest verbs added.

JAMAIS ENCORE.

Senior (after concert slightly rattled and rushing up to Mrs. ——— with a profound bow) “Allow me the pleasure of——” but he got no further and the lady looking at his vanishing figure innocently remarked “He's *green* I think.

TABLE TALK AT CHIP HALL.

R-y. “It looks like rain.”

B-ggs (reaching for a glass of milk) “It generally does.”

 ODE TO DUTY.

“Lives of great men all remind us
 We should strive to do our best
 And departing leave behind us
 Note-books that will help the rest.”

 “NOT PREPARED TODAY.”

But as variety is the spice of life we add the following substitutes.

“I know it, but can't quite express my thoughts in words.”

“Why (in an injured tone) we didn't have that for today.”

“Well I couldn't get these two lines out very well, the meaning seems a little obscure.”

“Why—um—er—at— —”

“Oh yes—er—why—I think I agree with the author.”

“Well it depends on how you view the subject.”

Bruin (speaking about the prospects for the track meet) “Fitch will be our *best* man in a couple of weeks.”

Miss B— “Oh,———This is so sudden.”

 THE MORNING AFTER.

Prof. Newell (collecting test papers.) “May I have the next one Miss M-cGr-g-r.”

She— (absent-mindedly) “I'm sorry but I have them all taken.”

C-rry '13 (showing his father the college library) How do you like it?

Father—“Do you mean to tell me this is all you have left of those books I've been sending you money for?”

Sprig is cobig, spring is cobig,
 I cad feel it id the air,
 All the earth is gedtlig thawig,
 Bud and water everywhere.

Dow for weeks and weeks together
 Grippe has had us by the dose,
 It's a put up job abog us,
 We'll go hobe to heal our woes.

Prof. H. "Mr. M-cL,--d, when you speak of your "self," do you not think of a *singular* thing?"

"They tell how fast the arrow sped
 When William shot the apple,
 But who can calculate the speed
 Of him who's late for chapel?"

Ch-pm-n, (at the Acadia-Kings debate) "Man is the natural protector of woman."

H. T. R-d (applauding enthusiastically) "Hear, hear."

Prof. P. (in English) "Where is Mr. M-cD-n-ld this afternoon. Freshman—" His father has apprenticed him to a *tailor*, sir."

There ith a young Junior named K-th,
 Who alwayth wath quite hard to pleath,
 He hath tried a good many
 Bud none are like Jenny,
 He now spendeth hith eveningth in peath.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Miss Louise Thompson, \$1.00; Dr. J. F. Tufts, \$1.30; Harvard University, \$6.00; Acadia University, \$18.00; Acadia Seminary, \$18.00; Horton Academy, \$5.33; R. C. Eaton, \$1.00; H. Thomas, \$1.00; A. R. Kaiser, \$1.00; C. A. Britten, \$1.00; W. H. Webber, \$1.00; J. O. Steeves, 30c.; Miss Mabel Elkin, \$1.00; Miss Jean Archibald, \$1.00; Miss Elsie King, \$1.00; Miss Gladys MacKeen, \$1.00; Miss Annie Anderson, \$1.00; Miss Florence Lewis, \$1.00; Miss Inez Morse, \$1.00; Miss Alwilda Outhouse, \$1.00; Miss Marguerite Hicks, \$1.00; Miss Laura Curtis, \$1.00; Miss Anita Elderkin, \$1.00; Miss Lottie Dykeman, \$1.00; Miss Iona Craig, \$1.00; Miss Myrtle VanWart, \$1.00; Miss Lillian Hicks, \$1.00; Miss Lois Wentzell, \$1.00; Miss Hazel Cookson, \$1.00; Miss Thirza Tracy, \$1.00; Miss Marion Harding, \$1.00; Miss Gwendolyn Shand, \$1.00; McGill University, \$4.00; Royal Hotel, \$1.25; Miss Gladys Clarke, \$1.00; L. T. Curry, \$1.00; Miss L. Zwicker, \$1.00; E. Gordon Bill, \$1.30; Newton Theological Seminary, \$8.00; A. A. Chûte, \$1.00.

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