

Susie Baxter

ACADIA ATHENÆUM



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The Acadia Athenaeum

IS PUBLISHED DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR BY THE
UNDERGRADUATES OF ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

The Aim of the ATHENÆUM is to stimulate the best literary work of Acadia undergraduates, to serve as a means of communication between alumni and students, and to serve as a record of the life of the college.

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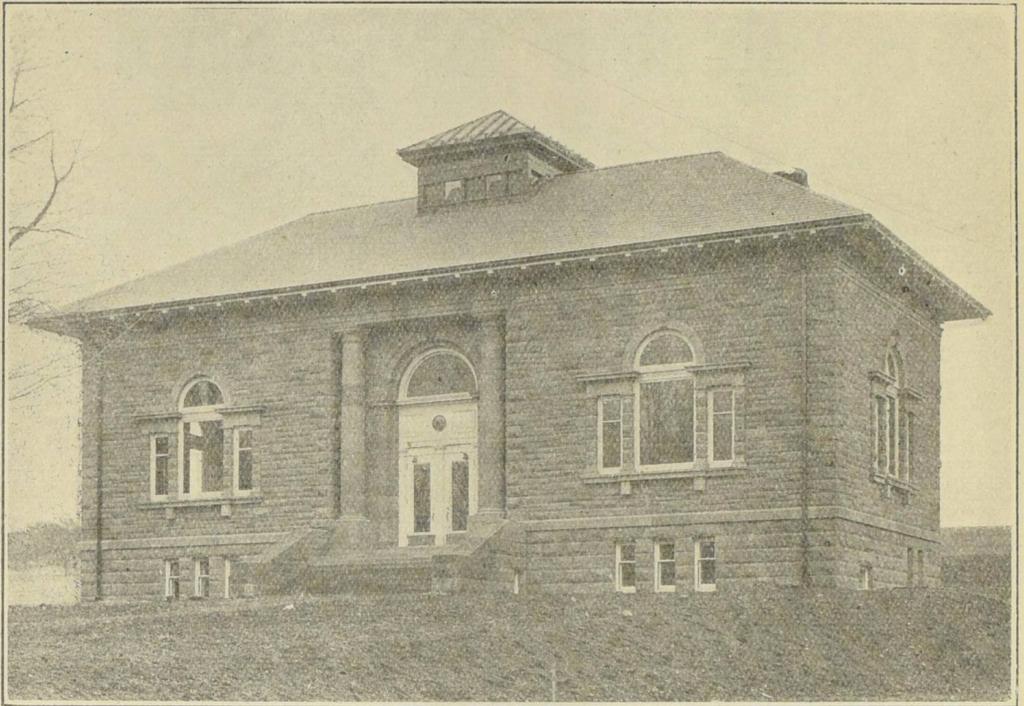
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The New Year.

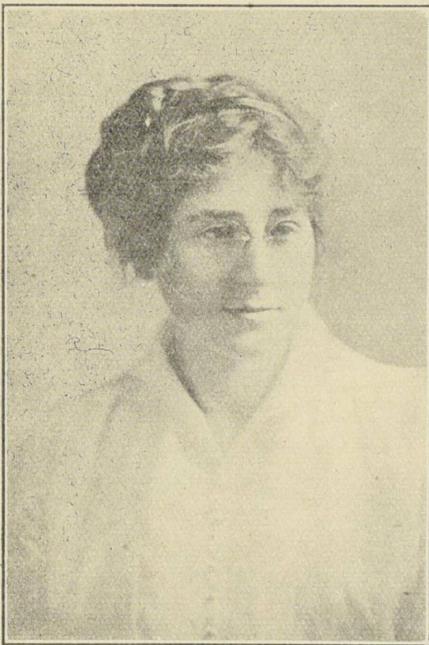
Another year!
Last night we stepped outside
And closed the door on all our yesterdays;
 On all we might have done;
On tasks unfinished, ill-begun;
On causeless sorrows, petty cares,
 And little stings.
A wide new world today!
Who knows but in it we may find
A thousand prospects fairer far—
And motives worthier too—
 Than all behind?
A brighter hope, perhaps, a guiding star,
A thousand yet untrodden ways
 To better things.

Another year!
The old is left behind.
Last night we closed the door and shut it in;
 Yet carried forth its thought,
Its impress, or a vision caught
Some moment when we knew it best,
 And trusted most.
A wide new world today!
A challenge here to you and me
To loose the grip of what we are,
And realize the best
 We aimed to be!
Or, failing this, if still our guiding star
Should lead us upward one step more,
 The year's not lost!

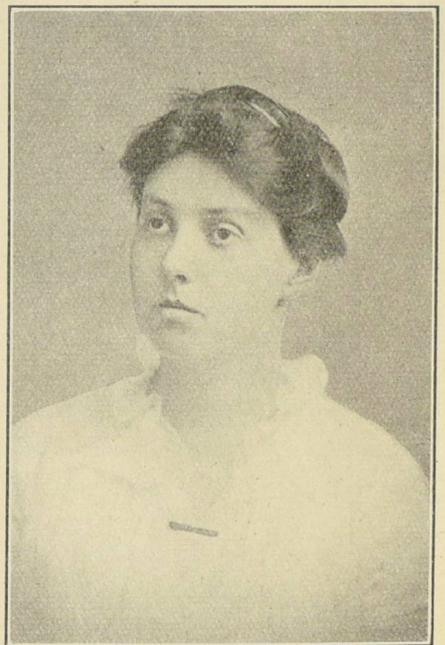
J. G. MCKAY, '15.



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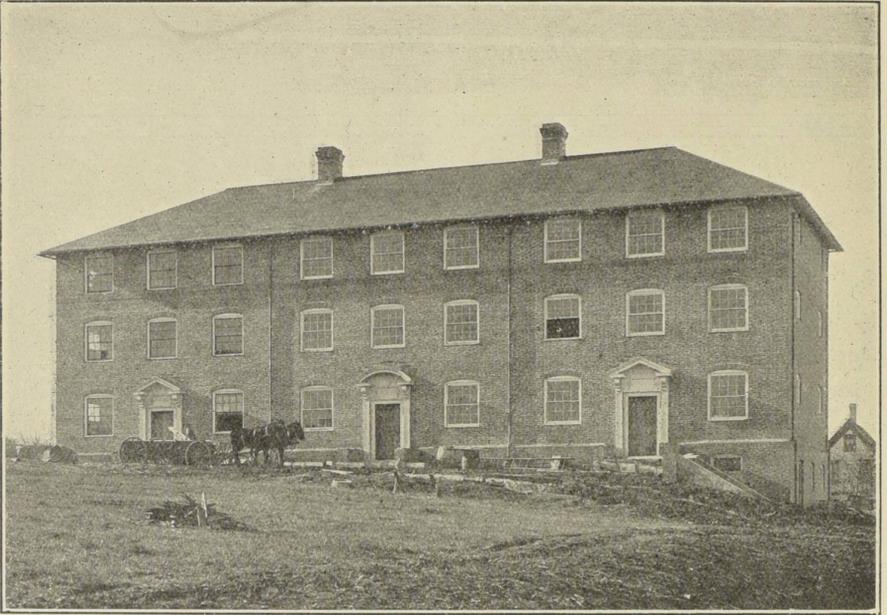
This beautiful and commodious building of richly colored stone, situated southeast from the Carnegie Science Hall, is the gift of the family of the late Rev. R. H. Emmerson. "The building, which is practically fireproof, has accommodation for about 125,000 volumes, besides large reading rooms, study alcoves, rooms for special collections, and for library work. The stack-room is equipped with steel stacks and has room for four tiers. This generous donation has given us splendid protection for our library collection."

AMY F. FREEMAN, LIBRARIAN.

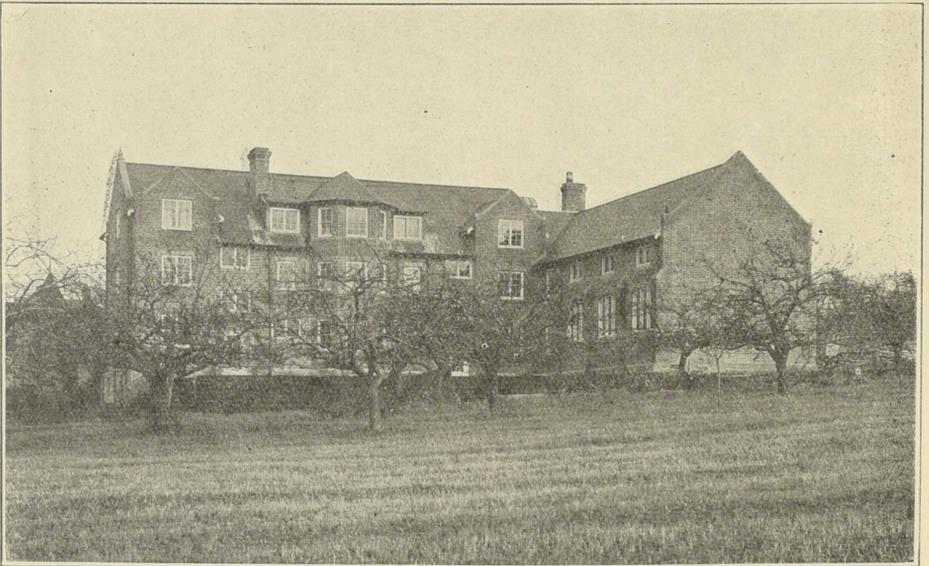
Miss Freeman was born in Woonsocket, R. I.; graduated from the Clyde High School, Clyde, N. Y.; attended McGill University for two years, and Summons College for two years; acted as cataloguer in the St. John Public Library; and came to Acadia as Librarian and Instructor in Library Science in the fall of 1914.

ADA M. JOHNSON, ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN.

Miss Johnson was born in Wolfville, N. S.; graduated from the Wolfville High School; graduated from Acadia College with the class of 1914; and entered upon her duties as Assistant Librarian last fall.



WILLETT HALL (During Construction)



COLLEGE WOMEN'S RESIDENCE

COLLEGE MEN'S RESIDENCE (WILLETT HALL.)

This building of brick, situated south from the Carnegie Science Hall, and constructed by the Rhodes Curry Company, measures 102 feet by 36 feet and contains three stories. It is separated into three distinct apartments by brick partitions extending from cellar floor to roof. "It is furnished with a hot water heating system, with electric lighting throughout, and with all modern conveniences," and is capable of accommodating about seventy male students. The total outlay for this residence and its furnishings will be about \$35,000.

COLLEGE WOMEN'S RESIDENCE.

The residence for college women is a brick structure with accommodation for fifty women. It is located about 400 feet east from the College Men's Residence, and measures 96 feet by 36 feet, with an ell for a dining room, 42 by 24 feet. Like the men's residence it is separated into apartments, and is fitted with all modern improvements and conveniences. "A large living room, a room for general meetings, and other rooms for special purposes, have been provided, so that the full benefits of community life may be realized. The building is in charge of a competent matron." The cost of this building and its equipment is about \$40,000.

A new road to lead southerly past this residence has been opened from Acadia Street from a point recently occupied by the A. E. Caldwell building, now removed to an adjoining lot.

Chignecto Marine Railway.

On a high, wooded bluff, facing the blue-green waters of Baie Verte, with a view of the Strait of Northumberland and at times the dim outline of Prince Edward Island in the distance, a tall granite slab stands in solitary simplicity. Below the headland on which the monument stands, a pier projects several hundred feet into the bay. Seventeen miles back towards the south-west, the waters of the Bay of Fundy pass through a narrow inlet to form an estuary called Cumberland Basin, and here near the historic site of Fort Beausejour another pier of similar construction juts out into the sea. Between the two is the road-bed of the Chignecto Marine Railway which was to have been the crowning triumph of him who lies beneath the granite slab, but proved his crowning grief instead.

Twenty-five years ago the coastal waters of Nova Scotia presented a far different spectacle from now. Sailing ships of every description plied between the Maritime Provinces and American ports, laden with produce, coal, and timber. The prediction of Joseph Howe that some time in the near future Nova Scotia would support a half million men upon the sea seemed well within the realm of possibility, and the old citizens of what are now deserted seaports tell in reminiscent moments of a time when the Strait of Northumberland and Bay of Fundy were fairly studded with the white sails of full-rigged ships and schooners. It was under such conditions that the idea originated of making the narrow isthmus of Chignecto, separating New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the means of transporting ships from Cumberland Basin to the Strait of Northumberland, thus saving several hundred miles for vessels passing from ports on the Gulf of St. Lawrence to St. John, Boston and other American harbors.

As far back as 1822 the subject of a canal across this narrow strip of land was actively discussed. In that year a survey was made for the projected Baie Verte Canal by the New Brunswick government, which was to be fed by fresh water with a depth of four feet. In the years that followed, frequent other surveys were

made for the some purpose, but nothing definite was accomplished. Twenty years later the matter took a new aspect when Capt. Crowley of the Royal Engineers, after making a thorough investigation into conditions at the joint expense of New Brunswick, Canada and Prince Edward Island, pronounced a canal of even nine feet depth impracticable on account of the lack of fresh water supply, and objected to using the Bay of Fundy tidal water because of its turbidity. The waters of the Bay of Fundy are twenty-one feet higher than Baie Verte at high tide and eighteen feet lower at low tide. Such a canal as was proposed would have occupied eight years in building and the total expenditure, exclusive of maintenance, would have been \$12,000,000.

This adverse report caused the final abandonment of the Baie Verte Canal scheme. Various alternatives were proposed from time to time, but never seemed feasible until the ship railway idea first came into prominence. The man who originated this plan of transporting vessels across land was probably Sir James Brunlees, who constructed the San Paulo Railway in Brazil. Associated with him in that country was a New Brunswick man, H. G. Ketchum, a native of Fredericton. It was he who supplied the details, and first suggested a marine railway as a practicable substitute for the Baie Verte Canal. This he did through a series of letters describing such a railway and its application to the Isthmus of Chignecto.

Though a ship railway might be feasible, many considered it too venturesome, so that it was several years before criticism was quieted sufficiently to warrant Parliament granting a subsidy of \$125,000 a year for twenty-five years to a company organized by Mr. Ketchum for the project. In 1886 the contracts were signed for the beginning of the construction; prominent engineers were engaged and a famous London firm of contractors began operations at both terminals of the proposed work.

Older inhabitants of the vicinity remember distinctly when the construction was in full swing. The harbors at each end of the proposed road-bed were particularly busy. Full-rigged ships rode proudly at anchor while they discharged their cargoes of provisions and materials of construction. Huge scows containing large blocks of granite and sandstone were towed from famous Grindstone Island and Minudie to the docks at the terminals where they were unloaded and the contents used in building large stone-bottomed basins forty

feet in depth, five hundred feet in length and three hundred feet in width. These basins were built to accommodate the ships waiting for transportation across the isthmus, and at the landward end of which were to be installed the hydraulic ship-lifts which were to raise the vessels to the level of the road where, riding upon a specially constructed ship-cradle, they would be hauled over the isthmus by two immense mogul engines each on its separate line of rails.

Several years passed, and the end of the work seemed in sight. Much of the machinery to be used was installed and the rails were being laid over the completed portions of the road-bed. Success seemed assured. Fortune smiled on both the undertaking and its master-builder. Then, suddenly fickle fortune veiled its face. It was in such a period of financial depression as the world is now experiencing that the crash came. The London firm of bankers who had financed the undertaking became involved in heavy losses in South America and was obliged to sever its connection with the ship railway. Other help was not forthcoming and the government subsidy was only payable during actual operation. Disappointment at defeat wrought havoc with the man who had conceived the plan and had given his best to bring about its success. He survived the failure but a short time and is buried overlooking the bay where he had hoped to see successive fleets of vessels waiting to be carried to the Bay of Fundy over the road that he had built.

The passing years have brought many changes to the scene of this old enterprise. At the Strait of Northumberland terminus, what was to have been a thriving port is now the sleepy little village of Tidnish which is only animated into activity in summer months by cottagers from the neighboring town. The long dock, which stretched out into the waters of the bay, still remains, but no vessels now lie along its sides or in the stone-lined basin within. Great piles of rough-hewn stone reach twenty or thirty feet into the air and impress one with the magnitude of the work that was to have been. Seventeen miles back the road-bed stretches unvaryingly level, bordered here and there with ramshackle cottages of those other days, now festooned with weeds and runners. Three miles from Cumberland Basin it emerges from the woods and enters the fertile meadows that skirt the shore, thence it crosses the rails of the Intercolonial Railway and passes on to its extremity. Here the dock is in ruins, a prey to the fierce Fundy tides, that have also filled the stone-bottomed basins

with mud and even made incursions on the bank that supports a large brick building that was to have contained the powerful machinery for lifting the ships from the sea. Everywhere is crumbling ruin and desolation. At some distant time it may be used for another purpose but never for its original one, as the coastal trade has largely been supplanted by railway communication, and with the invention of steamships the sailing vessels have greatly diminished in number, and thus remove the purpose that the marine railway was intended to serve.

Such is the brief history of what was in its day one of the most unique of Canadian engineering enterprises.

N. MCL. ROGERS, '16.

ENGLAND.

England, Thou glorious Mother, knitting all
Thy sons to Thee, with binding filial ties,
And stranger's lands with Justice — whence arose
Thy sea-girt Empire guarded by the wall
Of flashing cannons, and the peaceful homes
Of many a land that o'er the ocean lies?
Thou Motherland, to whom are longing eyes
Turned back where'er a son or daughter roams,
Can son or daughter idle stand, whilst Thou
Dost hurl Thy battle 'gainst the enemy?
No, No! Old Mother, on Thy Neptune-seat
Who sittest with that calm, majestic brow,
Dost Thou not hear the tramp of marching feet?
Hear'st not the cry: "Old England, here are we!"

F. C. MANNING, '16.

Resolutions.

The bells have tolled the death-knell of another year. One more milestone has been passed; another volume has been added to the history of the world. As I review the past year, I am painfully convinced that I have failed to perform my whole duty; I have not done justice to my God-given qualities; I have wasted irremediable time; have neglected many golden opportunities. Those noble resolves, made with grim determination, remain forever broken — I have failed.

Again, as I make fresh resolutions, I am determined that this year shall be my best; I shall take counsel of my failures; shall profit by my own experience. Although I may suffer many reverses, I will use them as "stepping stones to higher things."

When I shall have achieved, I will not rest contentedly and leisurely upon my oars, but press onward toward that highest ideal of all perfection, which ever soars above human attainment. Sometimes, I have made a New-Year's resolution and soon have forgotten all about it, but such a policy has convinced me that I cannot thus achieve my purpose. May I form my resolutions, not every year, but every moment of my life, that I may thereby keep before me my sacred mission. Let me not feel satisfied until that life of mine is daily growing stronger and more beautiful; yea, let me never cease from striving, until I shall have reached the realization of that God-given ideal: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

JOHN STANLEY MILLETT, '16.

NOTICE.

The college girls are attempting to raise the amount necessary to cover the cost of furnishing the Residence. Their committee will be glad to send any desired information, pledge forms, etc., to those interested, and will gladly receive any contributions toward the furnishing fund. Address communications to

DEBORAH C. H. CROWELL,
Chairman Committee.

Jamestown Colony.

On the nineteenth day of December, 1606, a little squadron of three vessels, containing one hundred and five men, set sail from England for Roanoke Island, Virginia, under the command of Captain Christopher Newport. When near the settlement of Raleigh, a severe storm came upon them, and they were driven into the Bay of Chesapeake. After spending five months on the voyage, this land looked good to them, and so they decided to settle. Three weeks later they chose a place about fifty miles from the mouth of a river, which they had named James. Here they founded a colony, which was the first permanent settlement in America. It became known as Jamestown. This expedition was under the auspices of the Virginia Company, operated through the London Company, which had control over all southern territory.

When the instructions, which had been kept in a sealed box, were read, it was found that seven men were appointed as a Governing Council, among whom were Newport, Gosnold and Captain John Smith.

Immediately jealousy and discontent began to manifest itself among the colonists. They had the idea that they were coming to a country where they would have no work, and would be able to take back to England large quantities of gold. Seventy-eight of these new settlers have been described as follows: "Fifty-four gentlemen, four carpenters, twelve laborers, a blacksmith, two sailors, a barber, a bricklayer, a mason, a tailor and a drummer; and of the gentlemen the greater part were 'indolent, dissolute reprobates.'" This was scarcely the type of settlers to make a successful colony, because they would not till the soil, and were jealous of Smith, who really became the leader at the first. A terrible summer followed, more than one half died from pestilence. Smith was arrested on a false charge, but after several months, was set free, and took his place in the Council. By Fall, the full control of the Colony fell into his hands.

Smith was a man of many and varied experiences; his life history would fill a volume. He was thus peculiarly fitted to take over this work of directing the affairs of the young colony.

The supposition that the source of the Chickahoming River was somewhere in the vicinity of the South Sea or Pacific Ocean, and the continual clamor of the Council for its exploration, together with the dissatisfaction of the colonists, led Smith to undertake this voyage. He advanced as far as he could with his barge, then returned eight miles, and with a guide struck inland, leaving the barge with his companions moored in the bay, with instructions not to go ashore on any account. Scarcely had he gone, however, when they did go ashore and were attacked and killed by the Indians. When Smith returned, he had a fight with them, but at last, cornered in a swamp, he was forced to surrender. His bravery in the face of death saved his life, and, pushing his advantage, he showed them a pocket compass, and worked upon their superstition until they looked upon him as a superior being.

Time will not permit dwelling upon his treatment by the Indians, only to say that he wrote a letter to Jamestown and received an answer, and later he was able to dissuade the Indians from an attack on the colony. Later, he says his life was saved by Pocahontas, the favorite daughter of the Chief, who rescued him at the risk of her own life by throwing herself across his body when the warriors were about to slay him.

He returned to the colony where he found only forty left, and they were about to desert. This act he prevented at the risk of his life — and the enmity of the colonists. The discouragement of the people was somewhat relieved, however, when the Indians began to bring presents of provisions, and when about this time Newport, who had returned to England, came back with supplies and one hundred and twenty immigrants. These were vagabonds and goldsmiths, who again aroused the gold fever. They discovered what they thought were grains of gold, and would do nothing but dig, wash, and refine. Finally, Newport returned to England with a cargo of worthless sand. Shortly before this time, Jamestown was accidentally burned, and now Smith, thinking to give the men something to do, undertook to rebuild it. This work was well under way when Captain Nelson arrived with provisions and one hundred and twenty settlers.

On June 2, 1608, Smith explored the Chesapeake Bay, discovered

the Potomac, and sailed up to the head of navigation. He traveled altogether about three thousand miles. In September he returned, and was made president of the Council. He then set the men to work in earnest, taking an equal amount of the labor himself. His effort to check profanity among the men is worthy of note. He numbered the oaths of the men and in the evening for every oath a can of water was poured down the offender's sleeve. This water-cure was very effective.

Now follows a period of trouble, first, from scarcity of food, rain and rats having destroyed a great deal; and, secondly, from the Indians, who were finally given such a thorough trimming by Smith, that they remained peaceful during the remainder of his administration.

In September, 1608, Newport returned from England with seventy immigrants, two of whom were women, the first to come to the colony.

In 1609, a fleet of nine vessels arrived with supplies and five hundred men and women. About this time came the news that the old charter had been repealed and a new one granted, which gave the company the rights previously reserved by the king. This caused a great deal of trouble in the colony. Smith's authority was no longer recognized. Finally, he was wounded by the accidental explosion of a bag of gunpowder, and returned to England, where he received very little compensation for his heroic struggles in the new colony.

The period following Smith's return to England became known as the "starving time." In six months, vice, anarchy and starvation had reduced the colony from four hundred and ninety to sixty persons. About this time, Sir Thomas Gates arrived without supplies, and he started for Newfoundland with the surviving colonists, but at the mouth of the river they met Lord Delaware, the new Governor, with supplies and immigrants. The colonists returned with him. Order and contentment were once more restored under the wise management of Delaware.

Soon seven hundred men arrived, and the land was divided.

In 1613, John Rolfe, a young Englishman, married Pocahontas, the Indian girl who saved the life of Smith. This improved the relations between the Indians and the colonists. Pocahontas went to England with her husband in 1616, and died in 1617. She left one son from whom many of the most respectable families of Virginia are descended. She was the first convert to Christianity.

In 1615, prosperity was secured by the systematic cultivation of tobacco.

In 1617, Captain Argall was made governor. He established a system of strict military rule, which in time became almost a reign of terror. He was removed in 1619, and Sir George Yearly sent out, under whose administration the colony flourished.

In 1619, a representative body met in Jamestown, where it adopted a Colonial Constitution. This was the first legislative action in America, and the first step toward American Liberty.

In 1620, negro slavery was introduced.

This same year, ninety young women were sent over to become the wives of the colonists. They were sold for one hundred pounds of tobacco. Soon after this, sixty more arrived, and the price rose to one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco.

The Indians, alarmed at the rapid growth of the colonies, formed a conspiracy to destroy them all. The blow was struck on the 22nd of March, 1622, and the unsuspecting colonists fell an easy prey to the Indians. Still, wherever defence was made, the Indians fled.

Jamestown was saved through information given by a young Indian convert. Preparations for defence were hastily made, and those who had escaped the Indians gathered there. Out of eighty settlements, only six remained, and nearly one-fourth of all the colonists was slain. Then followed a long period of warfare between the Indians and colonists. Another massacre occurred in 1643, instigated by the same chief, but he was taken prisoner by Wm. Berkley, and shot by one of the colonists. Later, Berkley again made peace with them.

In 1624, the London Company dissolved, and Virginia became a Royal Government. But rights of trial by jury and of a representative assembly, which had been granted by the Company, were retained, and all succeeding colonies claimed the same, so that from the formation of the Colonial Assembly of Virginia, may date the evolution of American Liberty.

The severe navigation laws of 1651-1672 caused much distress among the colonies, owing to the fact that the tobacco culture would no longer pay. The people were aroused to such a pitch of exasperation and indignation, that they were ready for insurrection. This trouble culminated in 1676, when Governor Berkley was charged with having interest in profits of trade with the Indians, which thus

prevented his making war on them. He made no effort either to clear himself or relieve the colonists, so they chose Nathaniel Bacon as their leader and revolted against Berkley. A warfare was carried on between them for some time. The direct result upon this history was the burning of Jamestown by the rebels.

S. W. STACKHOUSE, '16.

JANUARY.

The drifting snow piled high, cov'ring the fences all,
 The roads obliterated fast, and over them
 A fleecy mantle pure and white has fallen, deep.
 The time of light is brief and darkness overrules;
 E'en the cold new moon and chilling breeze agree
 In whisp'ring to the stars of stormy winter nights.
 Snow-laden trees hang heavy in the frosty air,
 The jingle of the bells, the cracking of the whip,
 Voices of skaters ringing clear and vigorous,
 The children sliding fast, all shout with joy and glee,
 While ever and anon the world moves slowly by
 Unceasing, restless in its tread, unsatisfied.
 To youth a season of renewed and active work,
 To those who live now in the ev'ning of their lives
 A time of grief, all pregnant with decay and death;
 And yet, withal, a shad'wy hope of early Spring —
 They foster faith in Him who never fails to guide
 The seasons in their course, or even man in his,
 Who covers roots and shrubs, all with a snowy coat,
 And protects from winter's cold and chilling breeze
 The small plant life, which from His hand was given us
 To stir the sluggish blood, and call us on to Spring.

STERLING W. STACKHOUSE, '16.

Visiting a Coal Mine

On the evening of Friday, the nineteenth of September, nineteen hundred and thirteen, it was my privilege, with three others, whom I shall call Mac, Ivan, and Murray, to visit the West Slope, Number Two, of the Springhill, Nova Scotia, Coal Mines. When we had obtained our permit from the proper officials of the company, we procured our lamps from the main lamp cabin, and met our appointed guide, Mr. L—, one of the underground foremen. Perceiving our general dress, Mr. L— conducted us to the firemen's cabin where we were lucky enough to find jumpers and overalls of suitable size.

It was nearly six o'clock. The men of the day shift had already ascended and gone home, and those of the first night shift were just going down. (There are three shifts of eight hours each). We proceeded to the slope where the passenger rake, already partially filled, was awaiting us. These rakes usually consist of seven trolleys, each of which accommodates eight persons, so that they greatly facilitate the transference of the men to and from the mines.

We found seats and soon began to breathe heavily. What next? The signal bell rang. The rake began to move. Down we went. With the exception of the glimmer of our lights, we were, of course, completely surrounded by darkness. Down, down, down! Only a few words of conversation passed between us (we were too intent upon holding on, and bending low enough to escape any possible bumps from the roof or walls), but the workmen on the forward trolleys were sitting easily and comfortably and talking freely.

What a sensation! Mac said to me, "My stomach is feeling queer." I answered, "My head is dizzy." Just then we looked ahead and saw a great beam passing much lower than the general surface of the roof, and we were bearing right down upon it at a tremendous rate, fully expecting to receive at least a blow on the head, and, perhaps, such a jar as would knock us off the rake altogether. But our fears were foolishly founded, for, as we approached the apparent danger zone within a few feet, the speed was slackened,

the men before us bent low, we followed their example, the speed was again increased, and we passed on. Such experiences occurred again and again, for, through the many years of the mines' existence, abundant repairs have continually become imperative in the main slope, which have necessitated the construction of these rough and protruding beams and planks from roof and walls.

"Listen! What's that?" we all exclaimed, as we heard a sudden rushing sound very similar to that made by a fast express train while passing through a station. Mr. L——, always courteous and extremely painstaking to teach us everything possible and answer all our interrogations, audibly or physically expressed, turned and said, "That sound comes from that large ventilating pipe which we just passed. You noticed those great fans on the surface? Well, those fans are in operation both day and night and drive fresh air into all parts of the underground. That pipe which we just passed leads to the farther end of the mine." "How, then, are the mines so thoroughly ventilated?" we asked. "You see," continued our guide, "the fresh air from the surface is forced into one end of the mine through a back passage by those great circular fans, after which it circulates through every level and counter-level, and finally rises to the surface through the main slope. This process insures thorough change of air in all parts of the mine."

The bells rang again, and we stopped at the thirteen hundred foot level, where some of the workmen got off. The signal was again given and we continued our descent. Our party got off at the thirty-three hundred foot level, and we were directed to the bosses' cabin, just a few yards from the tracks.

There we found men working on books and papers, and making plans like clerks in any city business office. "Why do you keep all these books?" I ventured to ask of one of the men, whereupon he showed me some of the blank and filled-out forms of books and report sheets. From these and my friend's information, I learned that the greatest care is exercised in the conduct and government of a modern coal mine. There I found columns for the reports: "Thermometer, barometer, water pressure, ventilation, workings, general remarks on condition of mines for past 24 hours." Another commendable feature of the underground service was a splendid telephone system connecting all parts of the mine. Naturally I was agreeably surprised to find such systematic methods manifested, and

concluded within myself that the morals from mine disasters, particularly the Springhill explosion of eighteen hundred and ninety-one, had been graciously interpreted and most dearly prized, and that modern improvements were based upon long and varied experiences.

On account of the warmth, we left our coats in the cabin. Our guide called for us, and we straightway followed him in his descent along a back passage which led to the four thousand foot level. The rough and muddy plank steps made it necessary for us to cling closely to the iron railing on our right, and exercise the greatest care in walking. We soon came upon a large open space occupied by ponderous machinery, which was then in operation, and learned from our guide that the machine before us consisted of one large boiler and two great water-pumps, with the necessary piping.

We had long since reached the coaling regions, but now drew nearer the scene of action. On we passed from one counter-level to another, until we came to the underground stables. There we saw the most efficient stable equipment, and thought it very peculiar and interesting to see horses and barns four thousand feet below the surface (on the slope). We met several of the men and boys as they used the horses to convey the coal from the workmen in different parts of the mine along the tracks of the counter-levels and levels to the main slope, from which it was to be drawn to the surface by machinery.

Finally, by a long series of fascinating incidents and observations and extraordinary experiences, we came upon two men, who were cutting coal. What a remarkable sight for the visitor! Directly before us lay a great space resembling a large room, bounded by three great walls, a ceiling and floor of the purest, brightest, and best of bituminous coal, which glittered in the rays of the lamps hanging above the heads of the workmen. From the level, the men had cut their way inward and upward for, perhaps, forty feet, and were cutting coal with their picks by the hundred weight. This was one of the best places in which to view the actual work of the mines, we were told, and we, while enjoying the situation immensely, lost no opportunity to put question after question.

"What about those posts and beams?" "Every miner has to care for his own safety and efficiency. As he cuts his way he must protect himself from behind by placing those props at intervals, such as you see here." Then we looked again to see the careful

propping throughout that great space, at whose farther end the men were working. It was suggested that we make personal use of a pick, even for sentiment's sake, but we found that the lack of spikes on our boots prevented our climbing along the slippery surface of the floor.

"How much coal does a man dig under favorable conditions?" we asked. "Under the most favorable conditions," answered our guide, "each man turns out eight boxes, or tons, a day. In hard cutting he gets out only six."

We stopped for a while to investigate the balancing rollers, numbers one, two and three, which conveyed the coal from some of the men to the levels and tracks, and, in turn, supplied them with sufficient material for timbering. Having climbed to one of the rollers, we rested for some minutes, and indulged in further discussion on our most important theme. As I looked upon the roller before me, around which wound the great steel ropes, I caught the sight of some large chalk marks, and, upon looking more closely, saw these printed words, "God is love." Whoever put them there I do not know, but their existence down there in a dark corner of a densely dark coal mine, four thousand feet below the surface, has ever since impressed me deeply, and suggested all kinds of metaphors and similitudes.

"Well," said our guide smilingly, "do you want to return the same way, or would you rather return some other way?" We found that the nearest way back to the passenger trolleys was via a sort of blind passage, semi-circular in direction, which had been almost wholly filled up by a cave-in some years previously. However, all agreed to venture upon new territory, ever anxious to pile up added information and material for recital to our friends. Off we started. Our jokes, which had always been provoked by various circumstances, were continued. Mr. L— joined heartily. Murray's light had been put out by a sudden and unintentional jerk. We had to laugh at that, for, since lamps could be re-lighted only at specified cabins, he was wholly dependent upon the rest of us for the remainder of our trip. We were all becoming weary and perspiring, and were also anxious to reach the surface by nine o'clock in order to meet another engagement in the town.

Our tramp through the back passage was certainly phenomenal, and (*mirabile dictu*) wrought with some danger. The path at best

was exceedingly rough, consisting of great awkward stones, boulders, and planks, and the roof and walls were also extremely rough and disagreeable. At one spot, especially, we were actually compelled to creep, and got through then only with some difficulty.

"Heigh-ho! Out again!" We had suddenly reached the main slope. After talking with some of the small boys, many of whom work in different sections of the mine, we entered the rake, and began our ascent back to the thirty-three hundred foot bosses' cabin.

Thinking that our last chance had come, we again poured forth perfect volumes of questions, and ascertained among many other things that, had we the time at our disposal, we might have gone down to visit the forty-seven and fifty-two hundred foot levels. "Is the fifty-two hundred the lowest?" we asked. One of the men replied, "No, there is one more below—the fifty-four hundred foot level, but very little work has been done there thus far."

Just then Mr. L—— came into the cabin, after superintending some work in the level, and asked whether we were ready to go. We were ready, and, when we had procured our coats, looked after the blaze of our lamps, and said "Good-night" to the men, we jumped on the rake and started upward. We stopped at the thirteen hundred station for a moment, and were again ready for the surface. Soon after leaving, we heard a signal, and learned that we must transfer from our rake to that on the other track. The change was immediately made, and in a very short time we were again on *terra firma*.

After leaving our lamps and jumpers and overalls at the lamp cabin, and thanking our guide for his patience and many kindnesses, we left for home, fatigued, blackened about the face and hands, but infinitely better informed about the internal operations of a modern coal mine, concerning which we had heard so much.

W. S. RYDER, '15.

THE WORLD NEEDS MEN.

The world needs men of noble life,
With soul above mere party strife,
With hands by graft unstained;
It needs them with the scourge in hand,
To drive the traitors from our land;
With nobleness unfeigned.

The world needs men of lofty thought,
Of purest ideals, caring naught
For rain and idle hours;
But men, who purposeful and true,
Refresh and cleanse, e'en as the dew
That sparkles on the flowers.

The world needs men of tender heart,
Who knowing of another's smart
Will seek to stay the tear,
Sad token of a heart bereft
Of sunshine, with no gladness left,
And courage drown'd in fear.

The world needs men who loathe the wrong
And miseries that dwell among
The weak, the poor, opprest;
Men who will dare the right to do,
Who hate the false and love the true,
In knightly virtues drest.

The world needs men of strength and might,
To battle for the cause of right,
And usher peace again.
From city, hamlet, cottage, hall,
From isle and continent, the call —
The world, the world needs men.

HERBERT J. BLOSSE,
A. C. A. '15.

Friends.

When first they had met — two lighthearted boys, with not a care, not a serious thought — they had become strangely attached to each other; and the years that followed had only drawn them closer together. Two big strong fellows were Jack and Jim, very much alike in size and in general appearance, but differing greatly in temperament.

Jack felt that the world was just a big playground. He failed to see any serious side to life, and in his fun failed often to respect the rights of others. But there was a certain big-heartedness about him that people liked and which saved him many a time from the sterner criticism, or punishment, when his ungoverned love for amusement or excitement led him into trouble. In trouble he often found himself, for his utter recklessness and fearlessness carried him to extremes from which he found it difficult to return. Sometimes when caught in a trap of his own setting, or when called upon to answer for some misdemeanor, he would blaze out in an anger that was as unreasoning as it was violent. But this never lasted long, and in spite of his faults, Jack was a general favourite.

Jim was of a quieter nature, enjoying life just as much as his friend, but always feeling his way a little more carefully. When Jack planned some wild scheme Jim would usually find some way to modify it, that it might be less apt to bring trouble upon themselves, or upon others. Then he would enter into it with all his heart. It took much to provoke a display of temper from Jim, but when once aroused his anger was of the unforgetting kind.

As boys they had played together, and had passed on to young manhood, holding all things in common,—closer than brothers. But a cloud had come over that friendship,—only a misunderstanding at first; Jack had lost his temper and had called his friend that name which every man hates, 'coward!' The cool, stinging answer had cut him to the heart, and forgetting the friendship of years, he had struck. The blow was returned, others followed; and then with bitter words they parted, friends no longer. Before two weeks had

gone the little eastern village had lost two of its young men; and when years had passed and no word had come from them, people ceased to wonder, or to inquire about them.

Then, one day, a letter had come to Jim's mother, written by the rough hand of a miner in the far West. It was brief; but its message cast a gloom over that home, which had not forgotten. It read: "We had a big slide on the mountain here, about two weeks ago. A lot of our fellows are underneath. I guess your Jim is there too. We found this address on a letter in his trunk, and are sending you his stuff." The neighbors talked it over; kind words were spoken of Jim; some spoke also of Jack, and the friendship that had existed between them. Then the two were forgotten again.

Far back in the heart of the Minnesota lumber-woods, a group of men were one night sitting around the fire in one of the camps, talking over the events of the day. The day had been eventful, as days sometimes are, even in the life of the woodsman. The men were of the typical "lumber-jack" type, rough looking, bearded fellows, most of them — for men soon grow indifferent to personal appearance, so far from civilization. Sitting in the middle of the group was a big broad shouldered fellow, who had been in the camp for several weeks. He had given his name as "Jack" when he came in, and aside from that the men knew little about him, for he did not talk about his past. He had already made a name for himself by his recklessness in danger, and by his ability to hold his own in any test of strength or endurance; and this, with his never-failing good cheer, had won for him respect and admiration from the men in the camp. He was the same old Jack indeed, but scarcely recognizable now as such, so changed was he in outward appearance.

Jack had been working for some time on one of the landings to which the teams were hauling the lumber. The brow was a high one, and the logs had been piled over in the "rough-and-tumble" or "nail-keg" fashion, and were now giving trouble to the teams unloading there. That day the "boss" had sent a man to assist Jack in "straightening out" the landing.

A recent thaw had loosened much of the ice that cemented the mass together, and now a rush was expected at any time. Jack had been working out near the edge of this precipice of logs, when his

peevie slipped from his hand and fell, catching in a log about half way down the front. He immediately started down to get it, heedless alike of the imminent danger and the warnings of his companion. He reached the peevie, but just then his foot slipped between two logs; one of them moved slightly, and he found himself a prisoner. Almost at the same instant the great mass of timber above began to move — very slowly, as if preparing for the great rush it was about to make. Had his foot been free, in a moment he might have been safe; but there he was held like an animal in a trap, looking squarely into the face of death, death in a terrible form.

Glancing up, he saw his companion spring over the edge, and he yelled frantically to him to go back; for even at that terrible moment he was brave enough to think of the danger, and the apparent hopelessness of an attempt to rescue him. But the other came on unheeding, leaping like a goat from log to log, while the iron calks on his boots sank deeply into the timber as he sprang. In a moment he was at Jack's side, his peevie was driven like lightning between the logs, his weight thrown against it, and Jack was free! Together they raced for safety. The whole front of the landing was now in motion; logs were rolling under their feet, and a slip — only one — meant certain death. But they reached the side in safety and leaped far out into the snow, just in time to escape the avalanche of timber, which came tumbling down from the top, loosening more as it came, and carrying all in the general rush to the bed of the stream many feet below.

That was all over now. But Jack was strangely serious tonight. He had been frightened — frightened at last. Years ago, he had called his best friend a coward, and had struck him! Strange that all that should come back so vividly now! He thought of the friendship, the boyish pranks, the quarrel, the parting, and how he had heard, years afterward, through a wanderer from the same village, that Jim had been killed in the West, and he felt again the old regrets, that those tidings had stirred in his heart.

Around the camp-fire the conversation was lagging. The men had heard enough of the day's adventure and of the heroic deed of the man who now sat silent by the fire. He had been in the camp for a few days only; the men did not know him very well, and he had shown little desire to share in the discussion of the evening. One sang a song; another followed; then someone asked Jack to tell a

story. There was only one story for him to tell that night; and he told it, speaking in a more gentle voice than he was prone to use, of the friend whom he had wronged years ago, and of the regrets that had come too late.

When he finished, all were silent, for a moment; then the big fellow by the fire knocked the ashes from his pipe, slipped it slowly into his pocket, walked over to the man for whom he had risked his life and held out his hand.

"I have a story too," he said. "I had a friend once, out at the coast, we got dissatisfied with life there, and the night of the big slide at Bald Mountain we struck out for other parts. I suppose they think we are under that pile of earth with the others. A year ago that friend gave his life to save mine. When he was dying he told me a story — the same story you told tonight. He said he was sorry for it all, and asked me to tell you so, if ever I chanced to meet you. When I saw you go over that brow today, somehow I thought of Jim; when I saw the logs start, thought of what Jim would do — and I did it. So it was Jim who saved you — I owed it to him, you know."

J. G. MACKAY, '15.



Out of Bounds.

(Founded on fact.)

Pat McGowan was disgusted. He had left his country home in Ireland to fight on the northern frontier of France. Since his arrival he had been anxious for active service. To his bitter disappointment, however, his regiment's duty had been one not of fighting, but of waiting. For a whole fortnight, they had watched in vain for the enemy. Each succeeding day only intensified the great nervous strain. How Pat longed for an opportunity to engage in active service!

After a long and weary vigil in the trenches, he was drying his wet clothes before the fire. He realized that he must soon lie down to sleep away a few more weary hours. He noticed that the dusk was rapidly thickening. Two sentries on opposite sides of the camp were walking to and fro.

Suddenly, a bright idea entered Pat's mind; in spite of the dullness of camp, he would get some excitement. He immediately left the camp-fire and stole away into the darkness. He dodged hither and thither, from tent to tent, in order to avoid his comrades, and came at last to the clearing beyond the camp. There a new difficulty faced him; sentries were keeping guard directly in front. He must get past them. When the first one came near him, he dropped quietly behind a knoll. After the sentry had turned, Pat crept past him.

Crash! A stick snapped under Pat's foot. He dodged quickly out of sight. The second sentry wheeled and challenged, but received no reply.

"Begorra! That was a close shave!" muttered Pat. "Next thing, I'll be losin' me precious head."

After the sentry had resumed his beat, Pat ventured to look round. He must be more careful now. Whenever the sentry came near, Pat remained quiet. Whenever the opportunity offered itself, he crept slowly forward. At last, with a sigh of relief, he raised himself to full length. He was free!

"Now for the excitement!" He could discern the lights of a town, which lay about two miles away. He soon discovered a high-way and followed it into the town.

Toward midnight Pat started back toward camp. The moon had lately risen, and so it offered to him valuable assistance in retracing his steps. As he trudged homeward, he congratulated himself that at last he had discovered a source of merriment. As he jingled the remaining coins in his pocket, he felt satisfied that he had spent the rest of them to a good advantage.

"Begorra! What's that noise?" There to the east, he descried in the moonlight the gleam of helmets and bayonets.

"Germans!" exclaimed Pat in surprise.

He immediately thought of his sleeping comrades, guarded only by a few solitary sentries. He saw the German force advancing rapidly toward the camp. Then he realized that, at any cost, he must save his regiment.

Pat started off on a run for the camp. He must make a long detour and get in ahead of the enemy. At last he could see the camps. Nearer and nearer drew the line of tents.

"Halt! Who goes there?" shouted a sentry.

"The Germans are comin'," shouted Pat, "Give the alarm!"

The sentry fired several shots and dashed after Pat in the direction of the camp. They were still a good distance from safety. Bullets were whistling past. Pat felt a sudden pain in his left arm, but only ran the faster. By this time the soldiers, aroused by the alarm, had assembled outside the tents.

"The Germans! The Germans!" shouted Pat to the captain. "They are out there."

In a few moments the regiment was safe behind the trenches in front of the camp.

"Fire!" The German force, taken by surprise, broke into disorder. They tried in vain to rally. After half an hour's fighting, the enemy was retreating rapidly across the plain.

The next day as Pat, with bandaged arm sat in his tent, a private came in and told him that the general wanted to see him.

"To see me!" exclaimed Pat. "What does he want with the likes of me?"

"Something about last night," replied the private.

"Begorra!" answered Pat. "Is it court-martial for skippin', or a medal for tellin' on the Germans?"

JOHN STANLEY MILLETT, '16.

The Man Who Failed ?

Chief of Police Swim sat in his office on New Year's Day thinking of the past. He was a man whom criminals feared, sturdy and uncompromising, governed by a private system of morals, as elastic and changeable as occasion required. Now, however, the mask is down and in thought he is carried back to that night, eleven years before, when as a sergeant he arrested Bob G—for theft and murder. That was the turning point of his life. From that day his promotion had been swift, and the present time saw him a man of wealth, influence and social status; he was bought, however, with eleven years of another man's life. "Boney Bob," as he was known to the "Butt Inn" gang, was not guilty of murder. Truly he was a thief, but what could be expected of a man born and bred amid vice and squalour? The jury had listened to the plea for mercy made by that famous criminal lawyer, Lofty—, and returned a verdict of manslaughter. Chief of Police Swim, however, knew more of the case than had been revealed in Court; vividly the picture rose before him, for again it is a New Year's Eve, tomorrow will be promotion day, his record has been poor and there will be no promotion for him. It is near the hour of midnight, when suddenly he sees a flash of light near the basement of a house. It is only for an instant, but in that instant he sees a window with one sash raised. Robbery! A capture! Promotion! With the utmost stealth he approaches and then discovers that he is too late; Policeman Rogers from the next beat is on the job, because the house was really the junction of the two blocks. Swim nearly chokes himself with rage, when suddenly a plan suggests itself; knock out Rogers, capture the thief, blame him for it all, and get the glory himself for the capture of a dangerous criminal. This programme he proceeds to carry out, but as he nears the policeman his foot strikes an obstacle, and in his excitement he strikes the whirling man too hard, killing him instantly. The capture of "Boney Bob" follows, his bad name and the sergeant's testimony convict him, and he is sentenced to fifteen year's imprisonment, but having proved himself a model prisoner he is to be released after having served eleven years. Suddenly there bursts upon the consciousness of Swim the sound of his desk bell. "Hello! Yes. 42?"

Yes. Send him up." "Boney Bob," now "No. 42," enters a few minutes later, more boney than ever. After the usual routine, Swim gives him the papers of release and sends him to the Warders' Room, where he will receive again his clothes and name, and from Carter the Chaplain get a small sum of money and some good advice, more of the latter.

G——, on reaching the open, breathes the first full breath in eleven long years. A free man at last. How he has longed for this hour. As is peculiar to prisoners released after a long sentence, he feels the almost irresistible desire to stop and look back, but stifling this impulse he strides forward, never looking back.

The next ten months are months of conflicting emotions, desires, temptations, passions, resolutions. Three times he gets a job and is making good, when the discovery of his old life leads to his discharge. It is a policeman each time who warns his employer against a thief and murderer. Discharged for the third time he swears vengeance against those "Frat House" police; of the three, Harlow, Spencer, and Bishop, the worst is Harlow, and the very sight of him leading that squawky, squeaky, unquenchable orchestra makes his blood boil. He feels the old call to a life of crime. In him are the hereditary forces of evil, calling for expression.

About this time he hears a Socialist speaking on the even distribution of wealth. The man is a radical, but his condemnation of the rich, and the picture he drew of the contrasting conditions of the rich man and the poor, were the very sparks needed to kindle the latent evil forces in G——'s soul. He wanders into the old den at "Butt Inn" and the first man he meets is "Elliott the Slick," commonly known as "Crafty." This man is one of the worst at the "Inn." Over a bottle he tells Bob of his many "get-a-ways," and soon the old resolutions are forgotten and he decides to re-enter the "profession." However, when he arrives home the next morning he finds a notice of a position awaiting him. After a struggle with himself, which few men can understand who have not had such battles with themselves, he decides to accept the position and go to work again. For two months he labors, ever struggling to stifle the longing for the other life, then the climax comes. Gammy, his old cell-mate, "No. 43," sees him in the store and "hits him up" for a loan, but his employer recognizes Gammy as a jail-bird and investi-

gates G——'s record. Again he is discharged, and this time he yields without a struggle and enters upon his old work.

It is nearly midnight as Bob enters the lonely house on Highland Avenue. Soon the silver is transferred to his bag, and he is about to tackle the safe when the clock strikes twelve. Immediately the bells begin to ring, the whistles blow, and it seems as if the whole world is in an uproar — then he remembers that it is the New-Year. Started, he pauses in his work, and before his mind rises a vision of a New Year's Eve twelve years before, then he recalls his release from prison the year previous, and he remembers his resolutions. Swiftly his mind is made up, he will not rob the house. Stepping to the window he springs out, then the heavens seem to descend upon him. It is the club of a policeman.

Two weeks later, as one in a trance he listens to his sentence, "Four years with hard labor," being an old offender and caught with the goods. He hears Judge Kinley tell him he has had his chance and failed. He sees Chief of Police Swim sitting at his desk, rubbing his hands together, with a look of satisfaction and contentment upon his face, and he longs for the success that has come to the Chief, for he has every reason to remember when he was only a policeman. Through the long months of that prison term, the words of the Judge keep ringing in his ears — "You have had your chance and failed."

STERLING W. STACKHOUSE, '16.

Major General Hughes from Canada, on Salisbury Plain:

"Give our love to our dear ones and near ones in beloved old Canada. We will see them again soon, when we have beaten the Germans."

IT'S A LONG WAY TO ST. HELENA.

(From Canadian Courier.)

It's a long way to St. Helena,

It's a long way to go.

It's a long way to St. Helena,

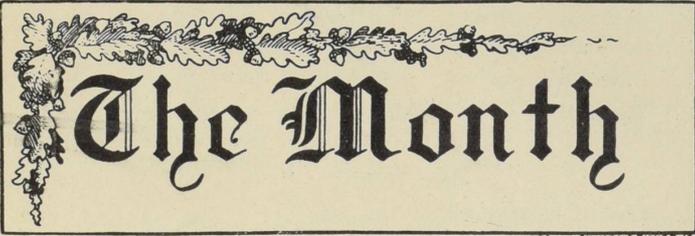
Where Napoleon had to go.

Good-bye, Potsdam Palace,

Farewell, Berlin fair,

It's a long, long way to St. Helena —

But Wilhelm goes there!



The Month

Those few happy weeks of vacation have passed all too quickly, and the Mid-year Examinations are upon us. This is the time for concentration; much depends upon constant application to study during these weeks. Nevertheless, even the "grinds" can, and should, find a little spare time for rink and other recreations.

Patriotic Concert. On Friday evening, November 27th, the College girls presented a Patriotic Concert. They deserve the highest praise for the excellent, interesting, and truly patriotic entertainment they supplied. The arrangement of the scenes was very clever; the tableaus and quartettes were splendid; the flag drill (under the direction of Physical Instructor Archibald), which made the "hit" of the evening, was particularly good. The following programme was carried out:

PART 1.

1. Chorus—O Canada.
2. Vocal Solo — Selected.

MISS KNOWLES.

3. Tableau — (a) Britannia at Peace.
(b) Britannia at War.
4. Chorus — Rule Britannia.
5. Clarinet Solo — Selected.

MR. MCINTOSH.

6. Male Quartette — Selected.

MESSRS. HENSHAW, DEL PLAINE, FOSTER, PICK.

7. Chorus — (a) Russian National Anthem.
(b) French National Anthem.

industries, inventions, and mechanical improvements, traced their development through the application of scientific principles. Referring to the opportunities for research given by many universities, he showed the beneficial effect of these on industrial research. In conclusion, he pointed out the advantages which modern scientists have over those of even a century ago, who, amid the greatest difficulties, blazed the trail for modern scientists to follow.

The annual reception of the Propylæum Society took place in College Hall on Friday evening, December 4th. The Orchestral Concert in Port Williams, and Prof. Hannay's lecture in the Opera House, interfered somewhat with the attendance, as did also the Freshman Mathematics examination which was held the following day. Those who were present, however, declare it to have been one of the best receptions of this year. Mrs. Cavicchia and Mrs. Coit acted as chaperones. During the evening, Miss Eunice Curry, A. L. S., and Mr. F. C. Manning, '16, rendered a pleasing vocal duet, and Miss Helen Knowles, A. L. S., '12, was heard with pleasure in a solo.

The Acadia Orchestral Club gave a concert at Port Williams, on Friday evening, December 4th. The members were greeted by a packed house, which thoroughly enjoyed an excellent programme. The Orchestra was assisted by Miss Evelyn Neily, Soprano, Miss Evelyn Cogswell, Reader, and Miss Minnie Miller, Violinist, of the Seminary.

On Friday evening, December 11th, the Orchestra gave a concert in Kentville, where they were assisted by Miss Zaida Gaines, Reader, of the staff of the Seminary, Miss Neily, and Miss Miller.

The regular pre-Christmas Concert of the Orchestral Club was given in College Hall, on Monday evening, December 14th. The concert was largely attended, and very much appreciated. The selections played by the Orchestra were of uniform excellence, while a reading by Miss Blanche Thomas, a piano solo by Prof. McKee, head of the Acadia Conservatory of Music, and vocal selections by

the Seminary Quartette and Quintette, were enthusiastically encored. "A Little Pappoose," by the Seminary Quartette, was particularly fine. The full programme follows:

PART I.

1. (a) March.....J. F. Wagner
- (b) The White Squadron.....Tobani.

ORCHESTRA.

2. Reading — Cutting from "When Patty Went to College"

MISS BLANCHE THOMAS.

3. (a) Abendlied.....Schumann.
- (b) Moment Musical.....Schubert.

ORCHESTRA.

4. Vocal Quartette — (a) An Eastern Song.....Sherwood.
- (b) A Little Pappoose.....Sherwood.

MISSSES MACLEAN, CURRY, PRESCOTT, MACLANE.

5. Selection — Der Freischutz.....Weber.

ORCHESTRA.

PART II.

6. Clarinet Duet with Orchestral Accompaniment—
Hear Me Norma.....Bellini.

MESSRS. MACINTOSH AND CARTER.

7. Pianoforte Solo — Concert Polonaise.....Hahn.

MR. MCKEE.

8. Selection — Carmen.....Bizet.

ORCHESTRA.

9. Vocal Quintette — Ave Maria.....Abt.

MISSSES NEILY, CURRY, MACLEAN, MACLANE, PRESCOTT.

10. Guardmount Patrol.....Eilenberg.

ORCHESTRA.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

**Engineers'
Theatre
Party.**

The members of the Engineering Class, accompanied by their lady friends and wives, attended the Orchestral Concert in a body. They bought up and occupied a section of the south gallery.

**Senior-
Freshman
Debate.**

The annual debate between the Seniors and Freshmen took place on Tuesday evening, December 15th. The subject of debate was that which has been submitted to Kings by Acadia; viz., "Resolved, that the free importation into Canada of iron and steel products, as defined, would be more advantageous to Canada than a protective tariff ranging from 50 to 100 per cent." The Freshmen, who supported the resolution, were represented by H. H. Titus (leader), J. McL. Boyer and L. F. Titus, while the Seniors, who opposed it, were represented by A. W. Rogers (leader), R. M. Godfrey and I. C. Doty. The arguments on both sides were of a high order. The judges, Profs. Hannay and Waldrop, and Dr. Tufts, gave the decision to the Seniors, by a very narrow margin.

**Oratorical
Contest.**

The Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest was held on Wednesday evening, December 16th. Dr. Cutten presided. Owing, probably, to the excitement and unrest caused by the war, the number of competitors was only four. These were C. A. S. Howe, '15, who had chosen as his subject "Count Cavour"; J. S. Millett, '16, who had as his subject "King Edward VII"; C. W. Robbins, '15, who also spoke on "Count Cavour"; and A. B. Whitman, '15, on "Unrest in Ireland." All the speeches were good, and well delivered. Those of Messrs. Howe and Robbins were especially eloquent. The judges, Drs. G. O. Gates, H. T. DeWolfe and I. B. Oakes, awarded the first prize of twenty-five dollars to Mr. Howe, while the second prize of fifteen dollars, which is the W. M. Manning Prize, was awarded to Mr. Robbins.



ACADIA SEMINARY.

The Y. W. C. A. Fair was held in the Seminary on **Y. W. C. A. Saturday, December 5th.** The chapel contained several booths, viz., fancy work, candy, fish pond, banner, punch, and fortune telling. The fortune telling booth was very well patronized — our witch unveiling the future in a marvellous manner. Class room "C" served as a Japanese Tea Room, where several girls served in Oriental style.

One of the most important features of the Fair was the "Side Show" in which the Second Contingent of the Frat. House Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Gladys Gibbon, gave several very enjoyable selections. We feel we no longer have to depend on Germany for our great musical artists, as we have them in our midst.

The Fair was a splendid success. One hundred and forty-three dollars were realized. Fifty dollars of this will be sent as a Christmas gift to the suffering ones in Belgium.

Pierian. The meeting of the Pierian Society on Saturday evening, December 12th, took the form of a social. The gymnasium was decorated for Christmas; a large Christmas tree delighted the hearts of all; and Santy remembered everyone with an appropriate gift.

Christmas Dinner. On December 15th, Mrs. Rust was hostess at a Christmas dinner given for the girls and faculty. Dr. and Mrs. DeWolfe, Miss Archibald and Mrs. Young were the guests of honor. During the dinner several toasts were proposed:

To Christmas.....	Proposed by Lila White.
To England.....	" " Audrey F. Cross.
To United States.....	" " Mary DeBlois.
To France.....	" " Gladys Pollard.
To Canada.....	" " Emma Sumner.
To Faculty.....	" " Georgie E. Balcom.
To Our Principal.....	" " Evelyn Neily.
To the Girls.....	" " Myrtle B. Ganong.

Dr. DeWolfe responded to his toast in a very fitting manner, and gave us all many good thoughts for Christmas. The national anthems of the different countries were sung, as well as our own Acadia Doxology.

The Acadia Athenæum

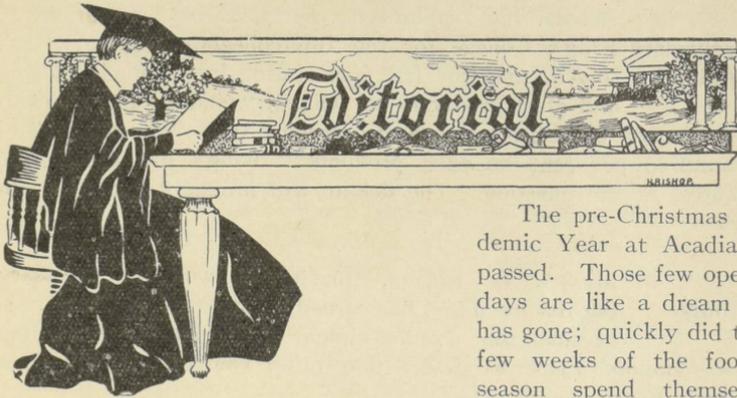
VOL. XLI.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1915

NO. 3.

W. S. RYDER, 1915, Editor-in-Chief.

A. H. G. MITCHELL, '16, Month. A. W. ROGERS, '15, Exchanges.
 J. W. MEISNER, '15, Personal. MISS L. CHASE, '16, Humorettes.
 I. C. DOTY, '15, Athletics. C. A. S. HOWE, '15, Staff Artist.
 M. G. SAUNDERS, '16, Bus. Mgr. H. F. LEWIS, '17, Mgr. of Circulation.
 MISS A. ATKINS, Seminary. C. WHITE, Academy.
 A. P. WATSON, '17, and L. F. TITUS, '18, Assistants.



The pre-Christmas Academic Year at Acadia has passed. Those few opening days are like a dream that has gone; quickly did those few weeks of the football season spend themselves; then a few tests, a number

of interclass debates and social functions, a week of Mob Law in relation to the war, and a few days of pond rink skating, closed the term on Friday, December 18th.

Twenty or more of the young men have remained in Wolfville during the holidays, in order that they might take advantage of the special course in connection with the Officers' Training Corps. The necessary authority has been secured from the Militia Department, and Serj.-Major Long, of Gaspereaux, will be in charge.

Pictures. We have been successful this month in obtaining cuts of the new buildings at Acadia, and are publishing the pictures of the Emmerson Memorial Library, Willett Hall, and the College Women's Residence. Along with these, we have placed the pictures of Miss Amy F. Freeman, our new Librarian and Instructor in Library Science, and Miss Ada M. Johnson, Assistant Librarian.

Acadia Booklet. In connection with Acadia's new buildings, we wish to announce that Mr. Graham, the Wolfville photographer, has recently published a pamphlet entitled, "Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, and Surroundings." This booklet, which contains seventeen pictures, sells for twenty-five cents, and may be procured from Edson Graham, Wolfville, N. S.

Intercollegiate Debate. Acadia has submitted the following resolution to King's College for the Intercollegiate Debate: "Resolved, that the free importation into Canada of iron and steel products, as defined, would be more beneficial to Canada than protective duties ranging from fifty per cent to one hundred per cent on such products." King's has chosen the affirmative of the question. The debate will probably take place in March.

Units. Mr. A. W. Rogers, '15, having won the necessary twenty-one units, has earned a Literary "A," and thus becomes the second recipient of this honor. According to the Winners' Lists, we judge that other contributors will soon win their literary spurs.

This leads us to say a few words, however, in regard to contributions to the ATHENÆUM, particularly the Literary Department. When the winners are announced each month, it may be probable that the literary judgment of the editor is called into question. Let us, however, offer the warning that the different contributions as they may appear in the literary columns of the paper are not always like the original manuscripts as they come from the pen of the writer, but are very often the product of the original conceiver and writer plus the untiring criticism and corrections of the editor. Therefore,

let all contributors remember that units must be awarded on the basis of style, spelling, and punctuation, as well as on that of thought and plot.

A Curio. On the 25th of last May, Mr. I. C. Doty, '15, at that time circulation manager of the Acadia ATHENÆUM, sent a business letter to the Rev. I. C. Archibald, Chicacole, India. Only a few days since, Mr. Doty received a letter from the dead-letter office, and was about to fling it into a waste basket, when he noticed these words written on the face of the envelope, "Recovered by divers from S. S. Empress of Ireland."

Acadia has always been fairly clear of rowdyism. **Rowdyism.** Occasionally, however, it becomes manifest, by way of the baser sort of students. At the close of Chapel on the morning of December 4th, such a manifestation took place. The mention of names is unnecessary. The better sentiment of Acadia's undergraduates is very much opposed to such behavior, and has naturally been calling for and expecting the proper explanation and apology. It is certainly a matter of profound regret that such redress has not been forthcoming, and that the guilty parties are still at large.

A natural corollary of the above occurrence is the extraordinary noise in the Baptist Church Balcony on Sunday evenings of late. Surely, students who have the privilege of attending Acadia College, should have enough self-respect and respect for those who wish to engage in divine worship to restrain their apparently uncontrollable excitement and energies. Although such a condition has been very discomfoting to the rest of the students and especially to the townsfolk on the floor of the main auditorium, yet we feel that it largely exists because of carelessness.

According to Winston Spencer Churchill, the Germans **Kaiserism.** have been forever branded as "Baby-killers of Scarborough." The world has come to despise Kaiserism, no matter in what form it may appear. During the past month, a certain Exchange, called "The Dalhousie Gazette," has come to our desk. After only a casual perusal of its contents, we discovered that it too is continuing to promulgate Prussian dogmatism, autocracy,

and practices. We have consequently learned that either "The Apathetic Man," is speaking again, or that there is someone else in Halifax who has contracted the apparently "Chronic Dalhousian Indigestion."

After searching earth and sky for some object of criticism and imposition, or for a willing opponent, the Gazette eagle has chosen to swoop down upon Wolfville. For the sake of our readers, we quote what appeared in the Exchange Column of the Gazette on December 3rd. "We beg to congratulate A. W. Rogers, J. S. Millett and S. W. Stackhouse for publishing a magazine called the Acadia ATHENÆUM." The criticism is anonymous, but, in accordance with the laws of journalism, we hold the Editor-in-Chief responsible. Whoever the actual writer may be, we know not, but we shall release the trigger with the hope that the bullet will strike the proper Bull's Eye.

In the first place, the congratulation is repudiated, because it is an absolute lie. We should be a great deal more truthful in congratulating "The Apathetic Man," the College Exchanges and the Halifax advertisers, for making a so-called literary magazine, called "The Dalhousie Gazette," possible of publication. In the second place, the anonymous writer is a baseless coward.

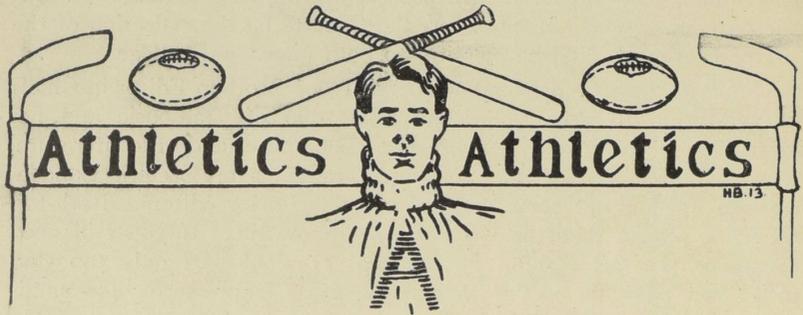
With reference to war poetry that has appeared in the different Exchanges, the anonymous writer says, "The most limpid of these inky darts is not 'Pan-Germanism' in the November number of the Acadia ATHENÆUM." The inconsistency and short-sightedness of the anonymous critic are plainly seen when he first congratulates A. W. Rogers and then condemns his poem. It is rather serious for any paper that is itself incapable of publishing even one line of original poetry or a piece of prose worthy of a common Freshman essay, to sit in judgment against the Acadia ATHENÆUM. Without upholding the literary merits or demerits of the particular poem "Pan-Germanism," and taking for granted that the anonymous writer understands the dictionary meaning of "limpid," we challenge him to produce in the succeeding numbers of the "Gazette" poetry that can follow, even afar off, the average poetic productions of the ATHENÆUM. Come, you anonymous, half-witted, Sophomorish, aristocratic, Prussian pated, Kaiseristic Gazeteer, come out of your hole, be a man, sign your name, and exercise at least some measure of fairness and common sense.

A college paper should reflect the life of its college. We are not yet ready to believe that the best sentiment of Dalhousie has been sanctioning the "rot" that has been appearing in the Gazette during the past few weeks. If, however, the Gazette be the reflection of the life of Dalhousie, God be merciful to both paper and college.

May we have a personal word with our brother Editor-in-Chief? If you want to save the better reputation of Dalhousie and her graduates, if you love and appreciate good, pure, and true literature, if you respect the colleges and undergraduates of Eastern Canada, restrain or shut out some of your contributors or editors. Bath-tub them, or plunge them into the harbor for awhile. If you still need assistance, we feel certain that Acadia '17 would be only too glad to let you have the use of their Automatic Compressor for too ambitious or uncontrollable Freshmen.

WINNERS FOR THE MONTH.

- POEMS:— 1st, J. G. McKay, '15; 2nd, F. C. Manning, '16.
 STORIES:— 1st, J. G. McKay, '15; 2nd, S. W. Stackhouse, '16.
 ARTICLES:— 1st, S. W. Stackhouse, '16; 2nd, N. McL. Rogers, '16.
 MONTH:— 1st, E. C. Leslie, '17; 2nd, S. W. Stackhouse, '16.
 ATHLETICS:— 1st, M. G. Saunders, '16; 2nd, J. S. Millett, '16.
 EXCHANGES:— 1st, S. W. Stackhouse, '16; 2nd, E. C. Leslie, '17.
 JOKES:— 1st, Vesta Pick, '15; 2nd, E. C. Leslie, '17.



Because of the destruction of our gymnasium last May by fire, the interclass basket-ball league has not been able to have any of its games played this fall. A game was arranged to take place December 18th, in Truro, between a team from the College and the Truro Y. M. C. A., but because of unavoidable circumstances the game was called off.

In spite of the war, Acadia's outlook for hockey this winter is very bright. The Intercollegiate Hockey Committee will meet in St. John, December 18th.

ACADIA CO-EDS., 9; PORT WILLIAMS, 4.

Thursday evening, December 17th, the Co-eds played their first basket-ball game of the season against the Port Williams Team. The game was very fast, considering the amount of practice which the two teams had had. The first period ended 4-2 in favor of Port Williams, but in the second half, the Acadia team settled down and succeeded in shutting out their opponents, besides scoring seven points themselves.

The Acadia team was accompanied to Port Williams by a large number of supporters, and after the game they were all very hospitably entertained by Mrs. Harvey.

The teams lined up as follows:

ACADIA.		PORT WILLIAMS.
Miss Lillian Chase.....	Forwards.....	Mrs. Gates.
Miss Mildred Schurman.....	“.....	Miss Susie Chase.
Miss Susie Baxter.....	“.....	Miss Helen Kidston
Miss Gertrude Eaton.....	Centres.....	Miss Thelma Gates.
Miss Violet Thorpe.....	Guards.....	Miss Jean Chase.
Miss Paige Pineo.....	“.....	Miss Myrtle Rand.

The game was very satisfactorily refereed by F. F. Chute, '13, and W. G. Archibald, Eng. '15.





Time is scarce, consequently precious, in these last few days before Christmas, yet old Father Time, fleet though his foot-steps be, is gracious enough to grant us a few minutes in which to peruse the array of exchanges from our sister universities. Many they are, varied in color of cover, tone of content, and excellence of literary merit. It is a pleasure, nevertheless, to get beyond ourselves, beyond our own university, in order that we may catch some glimpse of educational realms beyond our own immediate horizon; that we may gain some insight into the college life of other students, their doings, thoughts and writings; and that we may compare them with ourselves to see in what points of view we agree or disagree. We live to learn—all of us. So by thus making ourselves acquainted with others, even though the means be indirect and more or less impersonal, we may improve ourselves, and perhaps give unto others some of that which all can give, which few can give as it should be given, but which in our case we hope will not be amiss—advice.

“The Argosy” has fully upheld the standard set by its preceding number, containing as it does much of interest to all. We note the substitution of the column headed “What Other Colleges are Doing” for the former one entitled “Progressive Allisonians.” We believe that a college journal should keep in touch with the movements in other colleges, and have tried to incorporate this idea into our own Exchange column, but lack of space has necessarily limited our efforts along this line. We will watch with interest the progress of this new department.

"The Dalhousie Gazette" is continuing its policy of giving *carte blanche* to all who desire to enter into controversy, regardless of the literary merits or demerits of their letters published. When a college publication calls down upon its head criticism from a newspaper of its own city, that criticism being for lack of literary excellence, it would be well for that college paper to cease vain harpings upon the policies of other journals, that it may turn a critical eye upon itself, there to pluck a beam from its own organ of sight. A word to the wise is sufficient. The perusal of Dr. Stewart's course of lectures on Nietzsche's philosophy will prove of particular interest in these strenuous times.

"The King's College Record," Encænia Number, appears with one of the most attractive cover designs we have ever seen. Nor does the excellence of its exterior belie the quality of its contents.

"Only a Dream," is a tale well calculated to thrill.

"A Comparison of English and American Humour" expresses as truly the difference between the outlook upon life of the two nations, as it does the distinction between their humour. We might all take a lesson from it, that we might send our "witty" darts with more precision than we do, to the target where they will do the most good.

We hope the editors will be able to maintain the standard which has been set in this number of their journal.

"The Manitoban" entirely justifies the opinion we held of its first issue.

In an article entitled "At Princeton," reference is made to the poor showing made at American Universities by men trained in debate along our rigid, stereotyped lines. "The writer contends from study and observation that training which compels a man to think and speak 'on his feet' is the only one." Hear, hear! It will be a fortunate time for all concerned when our Maritime colleges adopt a more efficient scheme of debating. The question is, which will initiate a new movement?

An editorial on the standard of marks is most emphatic in its assertion that the general class-work should count for more in awarding marks than the final examination. It goes on to say, "If 80 per cent were given for term work, and 20 per cent for final examination, it is safe to say that our universities would turn out more efficient and better-trained graduates than they do. Thinking, not plug-

ging, is as necessary to the mind as exercise to the body." We echo these thoughts with a firm belief that at present in our own university, especially in the upper classes, too little emphasis is placed on the class-work, as such, and too much upon the examination. The method may be wrong, or perhaps the trouble lies with the students, but wherever the error is, it should be remedied, if we are to get the full benefit from our college course.

The article called "Hints on Medical Examinations" will prove of inestimable value to any of our prospective "saw-bones" who read it, as well as to their prospective patients. It is funny.

"The Xaverian" complains about lack of undergraduate support, particularly absence of student contributions. This is a problem with which all college magazines have to contend. It seems unfortunate that students cannot realize that the college is judged to a considerable extent by the quality of the magazine it issues. They will stand off and pass unfair criticism, entirely oblivious of the fact that they themselves are to blame for any deficiency that may be present. If we should all buckle down to contribute regularly to our college paper, it would bring about such a condition of affairs that, as the Xaverian says, "the college journal shall not be the work of a dozen men but of the whole college."

"The McGill Daily" publishes the following which speaks for itself:

"A professor in the University of Chicago recently told his students he should consider them educated in the best sense of the word when they could say yes to every one of the questions that he should put to them. The following were the questions that he desired them to be able to answer in the affirmative:

Has education given you sympathy with all the good causes and made you espouse them?

Has it made you public-spirited?

Has it made you a brother to the weak?

Have you learned how to make friends and keep them?

Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?

Can you look an honest man or a pure woman in the eye?

Do you see anything to love in a little child?

Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?

Can you be high-minded and happy in the meanest drudgeries of life?

Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?

Are you good for anything yourself?

Can you be happy alone?

Can you look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents?

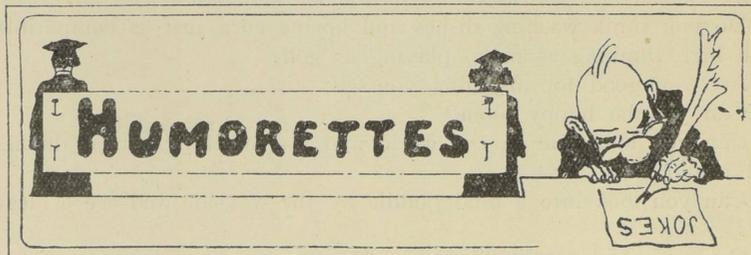
Can you look into a mud puddle by the wayside and see a clear sky?

Can you see anything in the puddle but mud?

Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars?

Cut out this editorial and pin it up before your study lamp. Look at it often, read the above questions and ponder over them. There is a world of philosophy and of serious thinking connected with every question that this professor asked. Can you say "yes" to any or all of the questions? Take another look at the last five questions! How about the next to the last one? Do you see anything to love in little children? Can you look an honest man or a pure woman in the eye? Are you good for anything yourself, especially for anything that is brotherly or sisterly? Now, are you educated?"

We hereby acknowledge with thanks the receipt of "The Argosy," "The Dalhousie Gazette," "The King's College Record," "The Manitoban," "The M. A. C. Gazette," "The Normal College Gazette," "The McMaster University Monthly," "The Sheaf," "The Xaverian," "The Queen's Journal," "The McGill Daily."



Day, '18: "Would you like an Ice-cream Sundae?"

Miss Baker, '18: "The rules don't allow us to have ice-creams on Sunday."

Barber: "Do you want a hair cut?"

Boyer, '18: "I would like to have them all cut."

MacNeil, '18: "I wish I were taking Sophomore Bible."

Hirtle, '18: "What do you know about Sophomore Bible?"

MacNeil: "I know a lot about Daniel's son."

Definition from a Psychology test paper—"A dream is something that is real when the person passes through it because the faculty is not there to offset it."

Miss Jenkins, '15: "What a pretty suit you have!"

Miss Weston, '18: "Do you think so?"

Miss Jenkins: "Yes, I just love Brown."

Evans, '16 (to N. Rogers as he is gathering up the saucers at the class party): "My! you are nimble! You must be used to waiting down at Gormley's."

Rogers, '16: "Waiting! why we do nothing but wait."

Postmaster (handing a war poem to Miss Alward): "This was given to me to give to some of the fellows who are likely to go to the front."

Tailor (to Son Harlow who was bringing in a suit to be pressed after his ducking in Mud Creek): "Are you a Freshman?"

Miss Crowell, '15: "Who is going to take you to the show?"

Miss Blenkhorn, '15: "I don't know which—I'll have to toss up a cent to find out."

Miss Alward, '17: "Who is going to coach the basket-ball team?"

Miss Baxter, '15: "Archie."

Miss Addison, '18: "O, girls, I would love to learn to play basket-ball."

German Prof.: "They have four meals a day in Germany."

Bishop, '17: "My, I wish I were in Germany."

Miss Smith, '15 (speaking of the skating on Mud Creek): "Yes, it was purely a matter of sink or swim."

Miss Outhouse, '15: "That is not true. He was not in at all—Laurie was the man."

Miss Woodworth, '17: "Are you going to the concert to-night?"

Miss Ganter, '15: "Of course."

Miss Woodworth, '17: "I should think you would stay home and study art."

Miss Barnes, '17: "Are you taking art?"

Miss Ganter, '15: "No, Art is taking me."

Miss Weston, '18: "I'm so glad the Sophs have taken the rules the Freshmen."

Miss Roscoe, '18: "Yes, and isn't it just great the way some of them are taking advantage of it."

Miss Elderkin, '15: "Come, Sue, let's go up to the library to study."

Miss Baxter, '15: "O, I much prefer the Hall."

Mosher, '18: "Who is that fellow I often see 'around Tully Tavern?"

Murray, '18: "That's the messenger boy, Moore."

This is queer:

Jof fre
Fre nch
Kai ser
Ser via
Kul tur
Tur key

Gibson, '15, re aeroplane going over Wolfville: "I wonder whether it would be lawful to shoot at it?"

Robbins, '15: "According to International Law, a civilian cannot handle a rifle. You must be organized."

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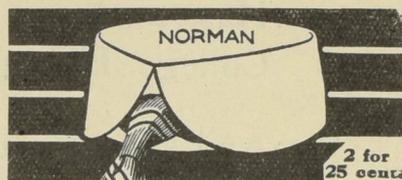
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