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The Acadia Athenæum

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JANUARY, 1914.

No. 3

Night.

The day,— the bitter, sordid day — is past;
Its toil and weariness are o'er at last.

Come, tender Night around me, weary, cold,
Thy starry mantle lovingly enfold.

Drop thy cool kisses on my tired eyes,
And soothe me with thy crooned lullabies.

Too soon, O gentle one, thou'lt flit away,
Pale at the harsh steps of the returning day.

But I, through morning's chill, and noonday's heat,
And evening's calm, will listen for thy feet;

And when my last long weary day is o'er,
Shall sleep upon thy breast forevermore.

M. K. I. '15

Charles G. D. Roberts.

Charles G. D. Roberts, one of the men whose influence made literature possible in Canada, and who is our only real, national poet, may be claimed as a son of the Maritime Provinces. He was born in 1860, in the small village of Wood Point, situated on an oak-crowned promontory of Cumberland Basin. The adjacent country, the scene of the old French wars, is very interesting historically. The turbulent tides of the Bay of Fundy, the blue hills of Minudie, the old ramparts of Fort Cumberland, and the green levels of the Tantramar marshes, created an atmosphere very stimulating for an imaginative boy.

He comes of a line of ancestors all more or less conspicuous as scholars. His father was the rector of Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton. His grandfather, the late George Roberts, Ph.D., a gentleman of English descent, was for some years professor of Latin and Greek in the University of New Brunswick. His mother came of an old loyalist family, of which Emerson's mother was a member. Roberts has three brothers and a sister, all writers of some prominence. Our poet was educated at the University of New Brunswick, from which he was graduated, in 1879, with honors in classics, ethics, and political economy.

At that time, Roberts was a man of medium stature. Yet he was evidently muscular, an athlete who could wield the paddle, or turn lightly on the horizontal bar. He carried himself with the easy gait of one acquainted with the difficult ways of the woods.

After taking the degree of M.A., he edited in Toronto, the late Goodwin Smith's newspaper "The Week." In this paper, he published Lampman's first poems. He was for several years principal of Chatham Grammar School, and later, (1885) became professor of modern literature, at King's College, Windsor. He resigned from this work a few years ago to devote himself entirely to literature and travel.

Within the shadow of the College woods at Windsor, one can find a solitary house, once occupied by Roberts. It was here, that he lived for more than ten years. He also here received his friends, two of whom were especially welcome, namely, his cousin Bliss Car-

man, the poet, and Richard Horey, the actor and poet. Here in the land of Evangeline, he wrote his best poems and tales, and brought our native literature to public recognition by his influence on his contemporaries.

Previously our home grown poets and novelists,—to speak kindly—were uncouth and impossible. Haliburton, it is true, who years before had also lived at Windsor, gained a world wide fame with his immortal "Sam Slick." But he is the exception that proves the rule. In the literary history of Canada the period beginning with the publication of Roberts' "Orion, and Other Poems," may be regarded as a Renaissance in Canadian poetry. Some excellent poetry was produced in the succeeding decade. The quality was marked by a high seriousness, and tolerable craftsmanship, and though the inspiration was almost always commonplace, the poetry never fell to bathos and vulgarity. But poetry was only an avocation of these Canadians who essayed the art.

On the other hand, Roberts and his contemporaries were the first native born-poets to begin the systematic cultivation of the technique of fine poetry, and to aim to derive from it their chief means of support. This was their ideal, but they were forced to turn to other fields, some to literature, others to teaching, in order to make possible the systematic writing of poetry worthy to be called a fine art. By carrying out this idea, and embodying distinctiveness of thought, sentiment, and spiritual vision, with beauty of imagery and melody, Roberts and his fellow-writers initiated a new construction movement, which may justly be called the First Renaissance in Canadian poetry.

Roberts seems to have had the true quality of leadership, the faculty of inspiring others. So he made the more poetic nature of Carman, so long as it was under his influence, express itself in the purest notes of song. So he made every student at King's College a would-be poet, a scribbler of ballads and sonnets.

Mr. Roberts, poet, essayist, historian, and romancer, has rightly been called a versatile writer. He has been accused of writing too much, yet he has given us some admirable work in his best moments. He has published in all about twenty volumes. Although he does not lay claim to the title of essayist, nevertheless, his appreciation of Bliss Carman is a delightful and valuable essay. Finished in diction, original in its interpretations of his fellow-poet's gift, it is something more than a mere biographical sketch. It possesses real literary and aesthetic value.

His prose works may be grouped under two heads,—stories of Animal Life, and Historical Romances. His stories of animal life are very vivid and interesting. As we read "The Kindred of the Wild," "The Haunters of the Silence," and "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," we begin to feel an intense interest in the wild animals of our forests. They become almost as familiar to us as our friends. In these stories we perhaps get Roberts at his best. He possesses the power of imparting to his readers a sympathetic understanding of animals, a power excelled by but few other writers.

As a romancer, Mr. Roberts reveals a distinct and subtle charm in his interpretation of the people of Canada, and of the country itself. Among his historical romances, "The Forge in the Forest," and "A Sister to Evangeline," are especially interesting. They are both of a high and forceful type. The latter is the story of Longfellow's "Evangeline" in prose. It pictures in a vivid manner, the life of the Acadian people in the little village of Grand Pre, and their expulsion by the English. There is very little, if any, pathos in his work as a romancer, nor is there much humour, but his stories show a vivid imagination and splendid power of description.

His history of Canada is one of the best extant, and is a very scholarly work. It is as interesting to read as a novel. Although in some places there seems to be an exaltation of the literary point of view above the historical, yet the work shows a masterly grasp of the records of Canadian life.

In the most complete edition of Roberts's poems as yet published, we find included his Shelley centenary ode "Arc," poems written before 1880, including "Orion," "In Divers Tones," "The Book of the Rose," "The Book of the Native," besides quite a bulk of miscellaneous poems, sonnets and ballads.

His first volume of poetry, "Orion, and Other Poems," was published in 1880. It won for him instant recognition at home and abroad, and established a friendship between the poet and Matthew Arnold. This friendship undoubtedly helped Roberts much in his intellectual development. Some of the lines in the poem "Orion" show unmistakable genius and great promise:—

"All the morning's majesty
And mystery of loneliness lay bare
Before him; all the limitless blue sea
Brightening with laughter many a league around,
Wind-wrinkled, keel-uncloven, far below;

And far above the bright sky neighboring peaks;
And all around the broken precipices,
Cleft-rooted pines swung over falling foam,
And silver vapours flushed with the wide flood
Of crimson slanted from the opening east."

In this first utterance Roberts revealed his love for Hellenism, and the strong influence of Greek thought and spirit upon a mind susceptible to the beauties of poetry and rhetorical severity.

While at Windsor, Roberts published his second, and what is believed will ultimately be considered his best volume of poetry, "In Divers Tones."

"The Book of the Rose," is composed of dainty little love lyrics, which reveal great delicacy of sentiment:—

"O little dark head, too dear and fair
For the buffeting skies and the bitter air,
Time sweeps the world with his wings of dread,—
Come in and be comforted, little dark head,
My heart is a house, deep-walled and warm,
To cover you from the night of storm."

In all his poems we find a rich imaginative element, and a keen appreciation of the beautiful.

Throughout the whole of his writing we find the influence of the tides, the marshes and the traditions of his youth:—

Beyond the marsh, and miles away,
The great tides of the tumbling bay,
Swing glittering in the golden day,
Swing foaming to and fro.

In Roberts' national poems he strikes the key-note of Canadian patriotism. The triumphant and imposing strains of "Canada," and "An Ode for Canadian Confederacy" have nowhere been surpassed.

G.A. L. '14

An Ode for the Canadian Confederacy.

Awake, my country, the hour is great with change!

Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range

To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears

As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears

The voice of the desire of this strong North,—

This North whose heart is fire

Yet knows not its desire

Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream,

The hour of dreams is done, Lo, on the hills the gleam!

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!

Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate,
Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun,

And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry

"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,

Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name,—

This name which yet shall grow

Till all the nations know

Us for a patriot people, heart and hand

Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!

O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,

Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard!

These mighty streams resplendent with our story,

These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—

What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!

What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!

Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,

Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?

O strong hearts of the North,

Let flame your loyalty forth,

And put the craven and base to an open shame,

Till earth shall know the Child of Nation by her name!

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

Nova Scotians Abroad.

Five of us met in a hall bedroom of a boarding-house in an American city. Our hostess had prepared for us. The walls were draped with the Union Jack. Facing each other on the bureau were the handsome pictured faces of Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Photographs of King George and Queen Mary occupied the right of the mantel; King Edward and his beautiful Alexandra held the left, while from the centre beamed the gracious countenance of Victoria the Good. As we came in we passed before this picture. The reluctant feet of most of us stood perilously near to the meeting place of early womanhood and middle-age; and we remembered reverently the Great Mother for whom in our childhood we had been taught to pray. Her place in our hearts had never been filled by either her son or her grandson.

As we removed our wraps our hostess struck the chords of "My Own Canadian Home" on her autoharp, and we joined lustily in the song. Our two American friends in the next room, who were accustomed to our meetings and had been forewarned of this one, accompanied us on tin pans borrowed for the occasion.

"Oh, girls, this makes me homesick," sighed the Settlement Worker, as by divine right she appropriated for her magnificent proportions the largest chair in the room. "Some day I'm going back to Nova Scotia."

"Pardon me, dear," I said, as I picked a gray hair from the shoulder of her blue silk blouse and presented it to her. "Will you go when they're all the color of this one? Nova Scotia will surely thank you for the devotion of your youthful energies."

"You wretch!" she cried, and made a dart at my coiffure, but having made my speech I had prudently withdrawn into the shadow.

"We can't go back," said the District Nurse, raising her serious eyes to the jolly face of the Settlement Worker. "Our place is here, in this big, wicked city, where we are so greatly needed. We are not the sort of women to be governed by our preferences rather than by our duties."

"Oh, aren't we?" jeered the Schoolma'am. "Were there no sick in Nova Scotia in need of your ministering touch, dear Nursie? Were

there no poor to be helped, Settie, and couldn't you find the least bit of wickedness in the land? I don't pretend that any divine necessity was laid upon me to enlighten the ignorance of Young America. At home there was opportunity enough to exhaust my powers in that direction. I am here because I can get a better position and earn a larger salary than I can in Nova Scotia, and so are you — and you — and you — and you!"

At this a loud chorus of remonstrance arose and the Americans in the next room struck up "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"I would be glad to work at home for a smaller salary than I get here," rose the timid voice of the little stenographer above the din. "But I couldn't get a position in Nova Scotia at all. In Halifax there seemed to be a dozen applicants for every vacancy, and it needs a pull to get work in the smaller towns."

"Nova Scotia doesn't know what she misses when she shuts her doors against you, dearie," said the big Settlement Worker, smiling affectionately at the golden-haired stenographer.

"Shuts her doors?" cried the Schoolma'am, excitedly. "She slams them in my face. You know, girls, that I never had much money and that our family was always moving from one place to another. So I had to gather my crumbs of knowledge from various sources. I pranced through one term of Normal School in Prince Edward Island; and afterwards I wrote my exams and got a second class teacher's license in Nova Scotia. Then I graduated from Acadia Seminary, and squeezed through a few courses in Dalhousie College. I loved to study and I loved to teach. I worked revolutions in the rural schools where I taught, and the Inspectors acknowledged I did. But because I didn't take the Normal Course in Truro I could never raise my professional standing above that second class license and I could never get a principalship. Two months after I came here I was principal of the Lee Street School."

"How did you manage that?" I asked.

"Oh, the Nova Scotian Inspectors gave me glowing recommendations; I took these to Dr. Straghton and asked for a position. He said that he was looking for the best teachers available, and didn't intend to have any but the best. Would I come to the Lee Street School the next morning and substitute for the regular teacher? He and other members of the committee would be there, and would be able to form an estimate of my work. Well, I came, I substituted, I conquered!"

"And just think how you have risen since then," exclaimed the stenographer. "Couldn't you go back to Nova Scotia now, and get a first-class position on the strength of your reputation here?"

"Not a bit of it," returned the Schoolma'am, promptly. "Of course I should'n't starve. Dozens of backwoods sections would be glad to engage my services at a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a year. But I couldn't get the principalship of the smallest two-department school. For that matter, neither could the President of Harvard, supposing by a stretch of imagination that he wanted it. Neither of us has a first-class license, and for such a position no other qualification in heaven or earth will suffice."

"Well," said the Settlement Worker, who had been away from home longer than any of us, "perhaps, in the matter of public school teaching, the case is exceptional."

"Ah, but it isn't," rejoined the Schoolma'am. "Girls, you know that brilliant young cousin of mine, who graduated two years ago from the Harvard Medical School. Last summer, having followed up his course with a long period of hospital practice, he was seized by a patriotic impulse to devote his young talents to his native province. I urged him to stay in Massachusetts where a splendid opportunity for work was offered him; but he drowned all my persuasions in floods of patriotic poetry. He spouted "Love thou thy land," and "Breathes there a man with soul so dead," until I put my fingers in my eyes and begged him to stop. And how did Nova Scotia receive her enthusiastic son? She glanced negligently at his certificates, diplomas, and glowing testimonials; and told him coldly that he might practice his profession within her borders, provided he first passed an examination and paid fifty dollars for the privilege of taking it."

"My brother is a minister in New York," interposed the District Nurse. "He says some of the most popular ministers in the city are Nova Scotians. They had to leave home to find out what their real talents were."

"It isn't only the professional people who come from home to the United States," said the Schoolma'am. "We are scattered everywhere in this big cōuntry as maidservants and ministers, as miners and merchants, as porters and college presidents. Many of them become thoroughly Americanized and I don't blame them. Surely the country that nourishes them as adults has as great a claim upon them as the one that gave them birth. I acknowledge this; I am

loyal to Uncle Sam, only — only — Johnnie Cunuck was my first love, girls."

The strong rich voice quavered suddenly, and our hostess, the little stenographer, started "The Maple Leaf Forever." The tin pan accompaniment on the other side of the wall checked the threatened rush of sentiment.

"We'll get even with those saucy girls some time," said the Schoolma'am, recovering herself. "But I wanted to tell you about last Memorial Day. All the schools were celebrating the dead heroes of the Republic with tumult of acclaim, and of course I had to join in the exercises. Out of the forty-five pupils in my room I counted sixteen whom I knew to be the children of Nova Scotia parents. A grizzled old veteran of the Grand Army addressed them more fervently than grammatically. When he showed his scars and said he got them fighting for the greatest country in the world, the desks rattled with Young America's enthusiasm. When I thanked the old warrior for his speech I couldn't help betraying my birth and sympathies. To my surprise he gave me another and thoroughly gratuitous handshake. 'I was born in Nova Scotia, too,' he said, 'when I was a boy I came here from Tetamagouche.' Oh, girls, how musical that barbarous old name sounded."

"Just think," mused the Settlement Worker, "what it would mean if that tide of life that for the last twenty years has poured out of our little province into the United States were turned back to the country from which it came. What an enrichment! At home people call us slow but over here we seem able to go at the pace of the average American. If only we could all go back in a body, taking with us our larger ideals and broader outlook."

The Schoolma'am burst out laughing.

"'We will go with our young and with our old, with our sons and with our daughters, with our flocks and with our herds we will go,'" she quoted. "'The Israelites' return from Egypt to Canaan would be a poor thing in history compared with our performance. I doubt, too, if our countrymen would receive us any more warmly than the Canaanites did the Hebrews. It would puzzle them to put us all up for the night. 'We should come like ghosts to trouble joy.'"

"Perhaps," said the District Nurse with an uplifted look on her spiritual face, "we are disturbing ourselves unnecessarily. You all talk to-night as if you were trying to justify your troubled consciences because you are here instead of in Nova Scotia. I know that in coming

to this city I followed the Gleam. Can the men or women who do that ever get into the wrong place? It was John Wesley, wasn't it, who said that the world was his country?"

"No, darling, it was Thomas Paine," shrieked the Schoolma'am in unholy delight." That I should ever live to hear you quote him as an authority!"

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter," said the Settlement Worker, straightening herself in her chair and compelling our attention by virtue of our sense of mass. "We meet in one another's rooms every four weeks and make a show of being amazingly patriotic. We bewail our exile, and talk lugubriously about our longing for home. But with the exception of our little stenographer not one of us would take the chance of going home to-night if it were offered to us. You others love the full, throbbing life of these big American cities as much as I do. Yes, I know we get tired of it sometimes, but we always return to it gladly after our short vacations. I couldn't stay in my village home now if I tried. Perhaps when I'm feeble and white-headed I may. Don't tell me, you mocking woman in the corner, that I'm contradicting what I said this very evening, for I know myself that I am, but I'm telling the truth at last. My work here has become necessary to me; I have found my sphere and I fit into it easily."

"What a tremendously large sphere it must be!" I murmured.

"And the Schoolma'am's case is similar to mine," resumed the Settlement Worker, after a withering look at me. "She thinks that she stays here because she is hedged out of her beloved work at home by Nova Scotia red tape. As though a woman with her cleverness and energy couldn't leap over or break things the tightest red tape ever stretched! She stays here because she wants to,—yes, she, who opened the meeting by exhorting us all to honesty! There are not so many people in Nova Scotia as there are in this state and there isn't so much money, but for brains and energy there is opportunity in our province as well as here. And every state in the Union has its share of red tape just as Nova Scotia has. We wouldn't believe this in our youth and so, like Abraham, we got out from our country and our kindred.

"When I was a young girl," continued the Settlement Worker in a softer voice, "I wanted a high and holy mission and I thought I must go far before I found it. Now I can think of no nobler work than to do one's own part, wherever placed, towards the development

of one's own country. Many of us would die for our land who never thought it worth while to live for her. Were I beginning life again I would try to cultivate in myself and inspire in others a far-reaching patriotism, "beginning at Jerusalem." I would not have the patriotism of a jealous and exclusive kind but such as would make our country an 'open sesame' for true and earnest spirits, from whatever nation under heaven."

She rose as she finished and with one accord we let her have the last word. Her deep voice led us in "God Save the King," and wonderful to relate, the Americans in the next room were silent.

M. K. I. '15

HE WOULDN'T BE MIMICKED.

He was coming home about sunset. He had worked all day and was somewhat tired. But that did not entirely account for the unsteadiness of his gait, nor the crookedness of his course, nor yet for the half-vacant look in his eyes. Internal as well as external forces had been at work to produce such results, and he was deeply conscious of the fact. So everything annoyed him. He heard a loud hiccough from a puddle by the roadside and it sounded so much like the noise he had just made himself that he stopped and shook his fist, daring to mortal combat the one who dared to mimic him. But the frog refused to enter the lists, and was silent. He went on; but his temper was now at the boiling point, and when a duck strolled out on the road before him and waddled along in front with a gait very similar to his own, he took it for a deliberate insult and started in pursuit. But the duck was too much for him, or he was no match for the duck, and where he grabbed the duck was not, but just a little beyond. And the waddle, waddle continued, exasperating maddening! Finally the pursuer tumbled into the ditch, and overcome by anger and other emotions he lifted up his voice and wept, "Ish been inshulted, misherably inshulted! Ish can walk just ash straight ash that gob-darned burd; and he knowsh it too!"

Between Earth and Sky.

It was noon hour at the gypsum quarry. The men, resting from their morning's labors, were, for the most part, eating their lunches in the shanties nearby, or in some spot sheltered from the biting wind. Not all, however, for two were in the oil-house, donning old clothes, in preparation for the dirty task of tarring the cableway. Unlike that of most quarries, the hoisting apparatus consisted, not of a derrick with a long, overhanging boom, but of two lofty towers, built of sturdy timbers and placed some three hundred feet apart on either side of the hole. A stout steel cable stretched between them upon which ran a wheeled carrier. The pan, hanging from this traveller, was raised and lowered by means of steel wire ropes, which the cable-runner operated with electrically-driven windlasses.

The main cable, being in constant use, required regular attention in order to reduce the friction with its consequent wear, and it was for this purpose that these two men were preparing to tar it. Bill Sands, the smaller of the two, was the one who usually climbed up on the carriage and poured tar over the cable, while his assistant, Jim Smith, a tall, strongly built man, stood in the pan some feet below the traveller and supplied his mate with cable-dressing.

The day was decidedly unpleasant, a strong wind was blowing which would have caused Bill to postpone his task until a finer day, had it not been for two reasons. One was that the cable needed attention badly, and the other was that Bill, always fond of a "wee drop," had taken a drop too much. If the superintendent had been present, he no doubt would have prevented Bill's going, but he was home to dinner. As it was, Jim tried in vain to dissuade his smaller chum. Bill, however, in the temporary exuberance produced by the whiskey, felt entirely capable of the task, and told Jim, in no uncertain tones, that if he was scared he'd get someone else to help him. This was too much; accused of showing the white feather, Jim gave in, and with tar-pails in hand the two proceeded to the hopper.

The hoist-man directed the carrier to the stone-pile, and lowered the big pan. The men stepped in, taking with them the tar-buckets and a narrow, light platform to hook on to the traveller. In a twinkling they were raised aloft, coming to a stop close to the carrier. Then Bill climbed up on it — a ticklish performance even on a calm

day, but now much more dangerous in the high wind. He carried with him the end of a rope attached to the platform which, when once astride the wheel, he pulled up and hooked to the traveller. Then Bill descended to the narrow plank and the pan was lowered about twenty feet, after which Bill drew up a bucket of tar. The operator began to move the carrier along the cable, while the man on the platform poured out the cable dressing over the steel rope. The gusty breeze blew the tar away, spattering it over the rocks below. The whole cable-way was swaying back and forth. Slight, however, was its effect on Bill, except to raise to an even higher pitch his feeling of elation.

He kept on pouring tar until the carrier was directly over the sump hole, the deepest part of the quarry, some two hundred feet below. There he ran out of tar and lowered the bucket to Jim for more. While both his hands were occupied in hauling in the rope, a heavy gust of wind swayed the carrier; the loose platform gave a jerk; he lost his balance and fell headlong. To Jim, some distance below it seemed that Bill was gone, but by a lucky chance his foot had caught in the coils of the bucket-rope which was fastened to the carrier and his fall was sharply arrested before he had gone ten feet. His position was now perilous in the extreme—the ever increasing gale was swinging him like a pendulum over the abyss, and a loosening of the coils would dash him in pieces upon the rocks below.

It was a time for action and big Jim was fully equal to the occasion. Realizing that there was no time to signal the hoistman to raise the pan, he sprang to the tarry cables, and climbed with almost superhuman agility to a point opposite Bill, swinging head downwards, six feet away. Then grasping the ropes about them, he stretched out his right arm toward his chum. The latter, now completely sobered by his terrible plight, lurched inward as he passed Jim in his swing. Their fingers only touched. Again the human pendulum swayed outward. This time Bill lurched harder, his swing came closer in, Jim grabbed his hand and slowly pulled him toward the cables until he could grasp them himself. Their position was easier now, Bill could not fall, but the rope still held him upside down, effectually preventing his descending the cables to the pan. Seeing this Jim swarmed up still farther, until he reached the carrier. He untied the rope and lowered Bill's feet until he was once again in an upright position. Then the latter, with the additional support of the rope, slid down the cables to the pan below.

All this, which requires some time to narrate, took place in a minute or two. When Bill reached the pan safely, the crowd of workmen below, who had been watching the thrilling aerial scene with anxious dread, broke into prolonged cheers. The hoistman raised the pan to the carrier so that Jim, weakened at last by his exertions, could climb down into it, then rapidly running it back over the cableway, lowered it to the ground. As the two stepped out, Bill seized Jim's hand in a hearty grasp, saying in a broken voice as he did so, "Shake Jim, old pal, you've saved my life,—You're no coward—You knowed the danger, and' bein' soused, I didn't.

A. W. R. '15,

Here and There.

Be pleasant—it is contagious.

Going to church will not make a saint any more than going to school will make a scholar.—(*Monitor's kindly note*).

The suffragettes will doubtless demand that Alfred Austin's successor be a poetess laureate.—(*Houston Chronicle*).

College professors being notoriously underpaid ought to know what they are talking about when they say there is no connection between poverty and crime.—(*Boston Transcript*).

Spades are no longer trumps at Panama.—(*Washington Post*).

Poor little, old North America is now an island.—(*Chicago Inter Ocean*).

General Bramwell Booth might be interested in the suggestion of the St. Louis Globe Democrat that what Mexico needs is an invasion by the Salvation Army.—(*Chicago News*).

Why not an international agreement to open up Mexico to the militant suffragettes? —(*Wall Street Journal*).

News that a new telescope is to bring the moon within twenty-nine miles of the earth begins to interest real estate men.—(*St. Louis Globe Democrat*).

Brickley says he has yet a lot to learn about drop-kicking. A lot of us have still to learn to drop kicking.—(*Detroit Free Press*).

Rabindranath Tangore may have won the Nobel poetry prize, but we bet that Andrew Carnegie won't give him anything till he gets his name reformed.—*Richmond Times Despatch*).

Chief Justice Hunter declares that all federal orders in council which have hitherto kept Hindus out of British Columbia are illegal. The British Columbia people disagree with him and are saying so. Now some of the Hindus in British Columbia are angry and say they are going home.

Hetty Green says the secret of health is in eating onions. Blest if we see how it can be kept secret.—(*New York American*).

The postmaster-general has announced that no liquor will be carried by Canadian parcels post. This is gratifying to Acadia and other colleges where a petition to that effect was recently circulated and heartily endorsed.

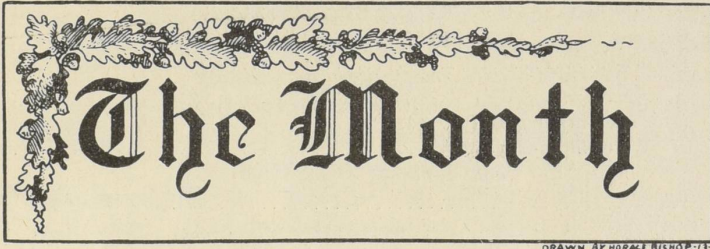
The final touch remaining to be added to the Peace Palace at the Hague is peace.—(*Cleveland Leader*).

Engineers have succeeded in burrowing through the solid rock of Mount Royal in fifteen months, establishing a new record in mountain tunneling. If Jacques Cartier had only been there to see!

The late census returns are quoted to show that New Brunswick is the most illiterate of the provinces, with a percentage of 14.05 illiterates as against 6.5 in Ontario. Dr. W. S. Carter, Chief Superintendent of Education in New Brunswick, begs to differ with such a statement. He explains that the government in making up statistics figures on all children starting to school at five years of age. In New Brunswick — unlike all the other provinces — children start to school at six years of age, and thus a great many of her children under six years are classed as "illiterates" in the census returns, running up the percentage on poor old New Brunswick who surely does not deserve such a misrepresentation..

"The man that does evil that good may come is takin' chances,"—*William Oliver*.

"The Antioch Daily Blizzard" bids fair to carry us off our feet.—(*Athenæum Editors*).



"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

—Tennyson: "In Memoriam."

Grand Concert On Friday evening, December 5th, the Acadia Orchestral Club, under the direction of Miss Beatrice Langley, teacher of violin at the Seminary, gave their first Grand Concert.

The Orchestral Club was assisted by Mrs. Myrtle Holmes, vocalist; Miss Thersa Frantz, pianist; and Miss Laura Steeves, reader; also by the Seminary Glee Club, under the director of Mrs. Cora Richmond vocal teacher; and the College Glee Club, under the direction of Prof. Carroll McKee, Director of Music at the Seminary.

The Concert was a splendid success. The program was as follows:

1. (a) Kaiser Frederic March.....Friedmann
- (b) Serenade D'Amour.....von Blon

ORCHESTRA

2. (a) My Honey.....F. Lynes
- (b) Over the Ocean Blue.....Robinson

COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------|--------------|
| 3. | Reading..... | Selected |
| | MISS LAURA STEEVES | |
| 4. | Berceuse..... | Godard |
| | Rakoczy..... | Lizst |
| | ORCHESTRA | |
| 1. | (a) The Shepherd Lady..... | Armstrong |
| | (b) Water-lillies-Gavotte..... | Karl Linders |
| | THE SEMINARY GLEE CLUB | |
| 2. | Waltz..... | Waldtenfel |
| | ORCHESTRA | |
| 3. | Vocal Solo..... | Selected |
| | MRS. MYRTLE HOLMES | |
| 4. | Stradella..... | Flotow |
| | Guardmount Patrol..... | Eilenberg |
| | ORCHESTRA | |
| 5. | To Thee O Country..... | Eichberg |
| | MIXED CHORUS | |

The Orchestra consisted of the following:

FIRST VIOLIN — Misses Helen DeWolfe, E. Miller, M. Miller, V. Stewart, A. Stuart, L. Strong, Messers. C. Kacques, W. Ruggles.
 SECOND VIOLIN — Misses D. Conrad, H. Hockin, A. Kelly, M. Smith, C. B. Stackhouse, M. Thomas, K. Thrope, Messrs. R. Bishop, J. S. Foster, (Sect'y), M. C. Foster.
 VIOLA — Miss F. Brown.
 CELLO — Miss H. Starr, Mr. R. A. Harris.
 PIANO — Miss Theresa Frantz.
 FLUTE — Mr. P. Everett.
 CLARINET — Mr. N. Macintosh, (Treas).
 CORNETS — Messrs. G. E. Rackham, (Bus. Mgr.), George Peck.
 BASS TUBA — Mr. H. Wilson.
 DRUMS — Mr. E. E. Harris.

The Senior Sophomore Debate occurred on Saturday evening, December 6. The resolution was: "Resolved, that it is in the best interests of the Canadian people that Canada acquire, own, and operate the telegraph and telephone systems of

Senior Sophomore Debate Canada." The Sophomores upheld the affirmative, and were represented by Messrs. W. S. Jacobs (leader), K. A. Wilson, and M. Millett.

The Seniors were represented by Messrs. A. Gibson (leader), H. E. DeWolfe, and A. C. Bruce. Both rebuttals were specially thorough, eloquent, and persuasive. The judges awarded the debate to the Seniors by a very small margin.

The Juniors and Freshmen met on the forum on Saturday evening, December 13. The subject was: "Resolved, that, for the cities of Canada, private ownership and operation of lighting and street-railway systems is preferable to municipal ownership and operation of these systems." The Juniors, who advocated the affirmative, were represented by Messrs. Howe (leader), Kinley, and Scott; the Freshmen, upholding the negative, by Messrs. McNeill (leader), Dick, and Gregg. The decision was given in favor of the Freshmen.

**Junior-Freshmen
Debate.**

On Thursday evening, December 11, the Acadia Annual Football banquet was held in Chipman Hall. About one hundred persons were present, including members of the faculty, guests from Windsor, friends from the town football team, and members of the Athletic Association. The Freshmen waiters, under the direction of Mr. Fletcher, '17, were particularly painstaking and efficient.

**Football
Banquet**

After the repast, attention was given to the Toast List, Mr. W. C. Lawson, '14, being Toastmaster. Following is the Toast List:

THE KING — Proposed by A. A. Hovey, '14; "National Anthem."

THE LADIES — Proposed by M. B. McKay, '14; responded to by E. C. Leslie, ex-'16.

THE FACULTY — Proposed by G. G. Bleakney, '14; responded to by Prof. Coit and Dr. Archibald.

WINDSOR FRIENDS — Proposed by A. W. Rogers, '15; responded to by Windsor guests, Messrs. C. L. Wood and Shand.

OUR TEAM — Proposed by N. McL. Rogers, '16; responded to by Drs. Cutten and DeWolfe, C. R. Chipman (coach), and John G. MacKinnon, '14. (captain).

In responding to the toast to Windsor friends, Mr. Wood gave a short review of the history of the King-Richardson Cup, congratulated Acadia upon their victories in winning it, and announced to the football team that its Windsor admirers wished to add another trophy. Mr. Shand then presented a most beautiful silver Loving Cup.

Dr. Cutten referred especially to the dominance of the Acadia spirit during the football season, to improvements in the athletic life of the college, and proposed the building of a \$20,000 gymnasium on the campus, suggesting that the student-body encourage the project by soliciting subscriptions from every quarter.

On behalf of the football team, Captain MacKinnon presented Coach Chipman with a handsome purse and a sum of money.

Football "A's" were presented to Messrs. Ryan, Duclos, and Page; hockey "A's" to Eveleigh, L. Andrews, Stevens, Leslie, D'Almaine and Haley; distinction caps to Leaman, Harlow, McKay, VanAmburg, Kitchen and Higgins; track "A" to R. E. Horne.

On Tuesday evening, December 16, the Young Women's Christian Association of Acadia, under the personal direction of Miss Annah H. Remick, of the Seminary teaching staff, presented Shakespeare's Comedy, "As You Like It." A very large "As You Like It" audience was in attendance. The different parts were well taken, and the whole play was highly appreciated. Following is the Cast of Characters:

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|
| THE DUKE..... | Mary Jenkins, '15. |
| DUKE FREDERICK..... | Grace DeWolfe, '16. |
| AMIENS..... | Alwilda Outhouse, '15. |
| JACQUES..... | Bessie Lockart, '16. |
| LE BEAN..... | Dorothy Alward, '17. |
| OLIVER..... | Vera Robbins, '16. |
| ORLANDO..... | Lillian Chase, '16. |
| ADAM..... | Letha Allen, '14. |
| WILLIAM..... | Blanche Thomas, '14. |
| TOUCHSTONE..... | Dorothy Burditt, '14. |
| LYLVIVUS..... | Evelyn Fox, '17. |
| CORIN..... | Blanche Coes, '14. |
| JACQUES DR BOIS..... | Gertrude Eaton, '16. |
| ROSALIND..... | Paige Pineo, '16. |
| CELIA..... | Doris Crosby, '16. |
| PHOEBE..... | Rae Wilson, '15. |
| AUDREY..... | Irene Ganter, '15. |
| FORESTERS..... | Grace DeWolfe and Vera Robbins |

On Sunday morning, November 30. Mr. Clark, of Winnipeg, travelling secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for Canada, spoke to a union meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. His address was very helpful, and was well received.

Y.M.C.A. The Wednesday evening meeting of December 3, was under the auspices of Acadia Seminary, Miss Florence Morse, of the Senior Class, being leader. Special features of the service were a vocal solo, by Mr. Richard G. Clarke, a vocal trio by Misses Reid, Laws, and Curry, and a vocal solo by Miss Spidell.

The meeting of December 10 was addressed by Mr. Duffy, of the Theological Department. His address on the work of the Halifax School for the blind, of which he is a graduate, was both fascinating and informative.

The service of December 17, was in charge of Dr. R. V. Jones, Professor Emeritus, whose presence and words were greatly appreciated by all.

The Acadia Orchestral Club drove to Kentville on Wednesday evening, December 17, and gave an entertainment at the Nickle Theatre. The concert proved a very successful one and was much enjoyed by those present. In addition to the numbers by the Orchestra there were selections by the String Sextette and Quartette, a reading by Miss Annah H. Remick, a violin solo by Miss Beatrice Langley, and a vocal solo by Mrs. Myrtle Holmes.

Concert at Kentville

At the close of the entertainment all partook of a dainty luncheon at the restaurant,

The Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical contest was held in Assembly Hall on Thursday evening, December 18. Dr. Cutten presided in his usual pleasing manner.

Oratorical Contest There were seven contestants, E. G. Dakin, '14, took for the subject of his address, "British Colonial Destiny;" three of the speakers, C. L. Feener, '16, C. W. Robbins, '15 and W. S. Ryder, '15, had the subject, "Charles Dickens;" C. M. Haverstook, '14, and E. A. Kinley, '15, spoke on "Sir Robert Peel;" and W. S. Jacobs '16, on "Canada's Immigration Problem." All the addresses showed careful preparation and were delivered in an able manner. The judges, Dr. DeWolfe, Dr. Manning, and Mr. W. H. Chase, found some difficulty in choosing the winner, but finally decided that W. S. Ryder had first place and C. M. Haverstook, a close second.

The first term of 1913-14 has come to an end. Examinations are over and with them the accompanying tax on nerve and memory

What has been is; and no number of good resolutions, nor yet the carrying out of any number of the same, can in any way effect the marks that are already on the books. A retrospective glance, while it may in some instances bring regret, is on the whole most encouraging. The term has been a good one for teachers and students alike. Work was taken up systematically in the class-rooms, and carried systematically to the end. The Academy courses are not at all too easy, but provide ample scope for the best that students have in them. Some fail to see this early enough in the year, and when finally they do see it the growing season is nearly over and the harvest is at hand, and a hurried and worried gathering together of facts and principles at examination time — while it may result in fair marks at examination — cannot make up for poor class work, and gives but an unsatisfactory basis upon which to begin the work of another term. But students who follow such methods are the exception rather than the rule at A.C.A.

The Academy has fallen in line with the Seminary in the abolition of her colors in favor of the garnet and blue of the university. This makes necessary the adoption of a new monogram for use on the sweaters of athletic teams as we cannot now use the "A" in college colors,— a difficulty that may easily be surmounted.

The season in athletic has been interesting, and in a measure successful. In summing up we find one game of football won from King's Collegiate, one lost to the Freshmen, and the Bulmer Road Race Cup ours for another year. A poor showing was made in basket ball. Hockey next, and prospects are bright.

The Y.M.C.A., and the Lyceum Society have not been quite up to the standard, owing largely to the moving of the Young Manual Training Hall in which the meetings were formerly held. Without a permanent home these societies cannot do their best work, but when the improvements are completed conditions will be more favorable than ever for the progress of both.

The Silver Thaw.

O maple, robbed by Autumn's winds
Of all thy painted leaves,
Thy branches shiver in the gales,
That chilly Winter breathes.

But yet thy glory has not fled,
Until another fall,
For beauty wrought by frost and snow
May be the best of all.

The wailing elements have shrieked,
With driven sleet and hail,
But morn's light reveals on thee
A silver coat of mail.

O maple, thou art glorious now,
Thy icy armour's sheen
Sheds in thy world a glistening light
Akin to Merlin's Gleam.

'Tis so in life, some humble soul,
Through it's winter gray,
Unwonted brightness sheds abroad,
And turns night into day.

A. W. R.'15.

The Acadia Athenæum.

VOL. XL.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY 1914.

No. 3.

J. G. MCKAY, 1915, Editor-in-Chief.

H. P. DAVIDSON, '14. C. L. ANDREWS, '14. F. L. SWIM, '15.

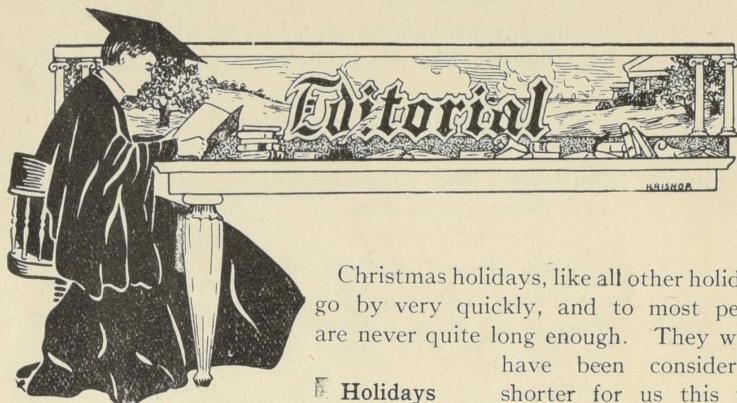
E. P. EVELEIGH, '14. W. S. RYDER, '15. MISS P. PINEO, '16.

M. C. FOSTER, '14, Staff Artist.

J. A. GREEN, '15, Business Manager

I. C. DOTY, '15, Associate Business Manager, Circulation Department.

Assistants: R. HARLOW, '17; A. H. G. MITCHEL, '16.



Christmas holidays, like all other holidays, go by very quickly, and to most people are never quite long enough. They would have been considerably shorter for us this year had the original schedule

Holidays

been carried out and the college closed on December 22nd. Two or three days at this time of year, for some reason, seem exceedingly more precious when invested in a good time than an equal number invested in study. Doubtless if we estimated dividends we might find the investment less attractive. Nevertheless, even the most ardent students appreciate the action of the faculty in cutting off the last three days of classes to allow the students—most of them at least—to reach their homes on December 20.

In the spring of 1912, the idea was conceived in the minds of a few members of the class of '15 that the abolition of class colors

at Acadia College would be in line with the general tend of progress.

Accordingly the matter was placed before the class and voted upon, and the class gave up its royal blue and grey to adopt the standard garnet and blue of the college. At the beginning of the following term the incoming freshman class followed suit; then the upper classes fell in line, and the class of '13, was the first to graduate under college colors. Before the end of the year the movement had spread farther and both Seminary and Academy had given up class colors and were using only those of the respective institutions. And now another step has been taken by the last named schools, and they have given up their distinctive school colors and have adopted the garnet and blue of the university. We judge this an act of wisdom. Since the three institutions bear the name of Acadia, since there is among them a unity that is by no means superficial it is well that such unity should manifest itself in the colors which Acadia people carry out with them into "the wide, wide world."

We make a special request that none but students of Acadia College read this paragraph, and a second request that they—the students—read it twice. Of them we ask this question: "Have you

Contributions noticed the list of winning contributors which we have published nonthly?" If so, have you noticed how keen has been the competition in the Month, Personals, Athletics and Exchange columns? The Month has had but one contributor in each issue; Athletics has had but one, and on one occasion none; Personals has had a second only once, and Exchange never.

This is not saitsfactory. These are important departments in the ATHENÆUM, and worthy of the exercise of a little thought and talent, on the part of our students. The editors for the present term won their places last year. Their work this year should be the selection and arrangement rather than the origination of material for their respective departments. An editor does not feel like spending much time writing for his own department when he knows that he is *supposed* to get his material from other sources; nor does he feel like requesting some one else to write for him when he knows that such request commonly presupposes publication of material thus obtained, and there is always a possibility of other contributions of a higher class coming in to displace it. So he waits patiently till the date assigned for all

contributions to be in, and then finds his supply short, and the time at his disposal before the magazine goes to press also short. The editor's position is then unpleasant, especially if some dreaded "test" happens along at the same time.

We are Pragmatists — after a kind. We believe that that which works is right. We believe that the competitive system is best — if it works. What is needed to make it work is a good, lively, healthy interest, not only now but always. If we cannot succeed in arousing that, then let us cast this new idea to the winds; let us appoint our best men to the editorships, and let them know once for all that they are responsible for every word of printed matter that appears in their column, that they may not be disappointed by a weary waiting for that which never comes. But wait, the scheme is not condemned yet! While we have had but one small contribution from the two lower classes, there are a number of contributors from the other classes whom we feel like clapping on the shoulders when we get within range. We appreciate their assistance, and wish their numbers were greater. Wake up everybody, for units won this month will count on that "Literary A," which we believe will find its way to recognition as a reward for the faithful!

WINNERS FOR THE MONTH.

POEMS:— 1st, Mrs. Ingraham; 2nd, A. W. Rogers.

ARTICLES:— 1st, Mrs. Ingraham; 2nd, Miss G. A. Lent.

STORIES:— 1st, Miss B. Coes; 2nd, A. W. Rogers.

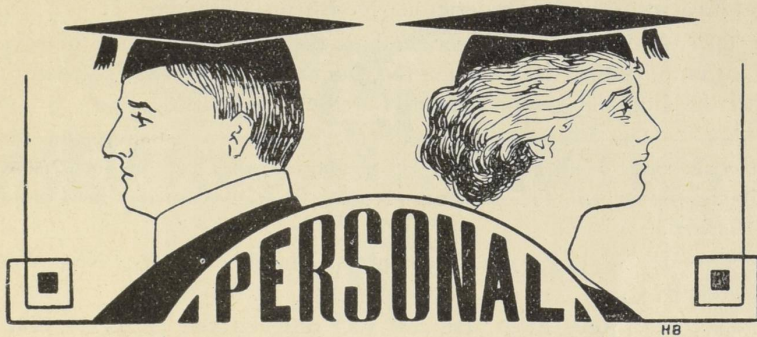
MONTH:— 1st, W. S. Ryder.

ATHLETICS:— 1st, A. W. Rogers.

PERSONALS:— 1st, A. W. Rogers.

EXCHANGES:—A. W. Rogers.

JOKES:— 1st, A. W. Rogers; 2nd, C. D. Piper.



'58 — After forty-six years of service as chaplain, at the Halifax city prison, Rev. Dr. E. M. Saunders has resigned; and with his daughters, Misses Marshall and Grace, has gone to Toronto for the winter.

'73 — Rev. Dr. G. O. Gates of Truro came to Wolfville Baptist Church on December 7, to act as supply until a pastor is called.

'81 — Hon. Attorney-General and Mrs. O. T. Daniels, were given a pleasant surprise on December 6, by about twenty-five of their friends, the occasion being the twentieth anniversary of their marriage.

'86 — Rev. Dr. deBlois was elected president of the New-England, and Horace L. Day, '88, of the New York Alumni Association of Acadia University at the annual meetings last month.

'87 — Rev. C. W. Corey, of Kamloops, has received and accepted a call to the church at Nelson, B. C., made pastorless by the removal of Rev. C. W. King to Grand Forks.

'89 — Lieut. J. Howe Cox has been gazetted as Captain of the 14th Kings Canadian Hussars.

'90 — We were pleased to have a short visit from Dr. W. B. Wallace, on December 15.

'91 — Rev. W. N. Hutchins, Ph.D., was welcomed back to Wolfville recently, where he occupied the Baptist pulpit for two Sundays.

'95 — Miss Mabel E. Archibald, M.A., returned missionary, arrived in Wolfville on furlough, November 27, to visit her brother, Dr. W. L. Archibald.

'98 — Rev. A. F. Newcombe was given a reception of welcome to the Baptist Church, Fredericton, N. B., on December, 11.

'00 — Major C. J. Mersereau has been appointed one of seven, as a Committee on Defence for the Dominion of Canada, co-operating with the Imperial Committee on Defense.—*Bulletin*.

'08 — "The Western Outlook" for November 1st gives an illustrative account of the work of H. S. Bagnell of Peace River District, who is pastor of the farthest North Baptist Church in Canada.—*Bulletin*.

'12 — H. A. Logan, is teaching in Columbia College, New Westminster, B. C.

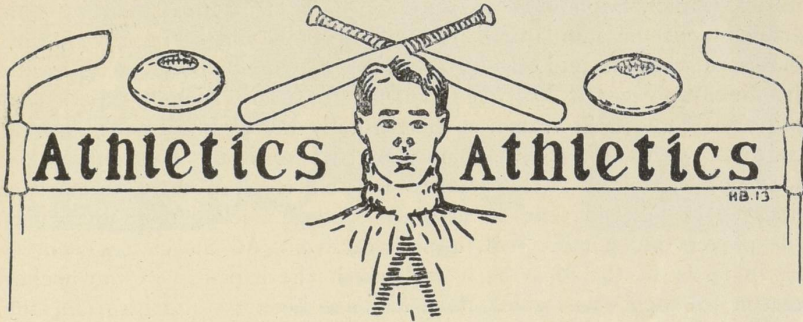
Ex. '12 — Rev. F. A. Hubley has resigned the pastorate of the Rawdon Field, N. S., and accepted a church in P. E. I.

Ex. '15 — S. W. Stackhouse is preaching this year, in St. John, N. B.

Ex. '16 — H. M. Crocker and C. G. Howard, are this year attending Provincial Normal College at Truro.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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THE BASKET BALL SEASON.

With the beginning of the Christmas vacation, closed perhaps the most successful basket-ball season that Acadia has had in years. There were six teams in the league and of the thirteen games played three were overtime while in several others the scores were very close. The basket-ball was of a good class for the most part, but the most noticeable element was its cleanness. Owing to this, considerable interest prevailed among the students, who turned out well from all three institutions to witness the contests. Mr. Archibald, the the Athletic Instructor, refereed the majority of the games to the general satisfaction of all.

The various results of the league are as follows:

STANDING OF TEAMS.

| TEAM | WON | LOST | FORFEITED | PERCENTAGE |
|----------------------|-----|------|-----------|------------|
| 1st. Engineers..... | 5 | 0 | 0 | 100 |
| 2nd. Juniors..... | 4 | 1 | 0 | 80 |
| 3rd. Freshmen..... | 3 | 2 | 0 | 60 |
| 4th. Sophomores..... | 2 | 3 | 0 | 40 |
| 5th. Seniors..... | 1 | 3 | 1 Eng. | 20 |
| 6th. A. C. A..... | 0 | 4 | 1 (Jr.) | 00 |

HOCKEY.

Hockey will start in full swing after the holidays. Instead of having a six-team inter-class league it has been decided to reduce

the number to three, grouped as follows:—Seniors-Engineers-Freshmen; Juniors-Sophomores; Academy. It is hoped that by this arrangement the standard of inter-class hockey will be improved, with increased interest and attendance of the student body as a result. In previous years it has been difficult to secure enough experienced players for the class teams, so that usually the matches were slashing contests, without much semblance of real hockey. This change, is, we think, a step in advance, for not only will it improve the standard of hockey, but it will tend to help the College hockey team by giving the players much more real, useful practice. All the classes seem to be in favor of the idea, as it will lessen the expenses of the hockey season for each class which have hitherto been far too great for the results attained. With this change we are looking forward to a successful interclass hockey season.

IT MIGHT HURT LESS.

David was queer, undoubtedly, awfully queer! More than that he was a reformer. He always saw some way in which a matter might be improved. Nothing was done so well that it might not be done better. One day he fell from the top of a trestle twenty feet high. His sudden disappearance caught the attention of another workman and he ran down to the spot where he had pictured David lying, a mass of bones and old clothes — for that was about all there was to David. David was getting painfully to his feet. The would be mourner paused and gasped, "Aint ye hurted?" And the answer came with the usual provoking calmness, "Naw! but if I wuz to do that again, I'd do it ten feet at a time!"



The quality of the exchanges received during the last month seems to be of an unusually low grade. We do not know the reason for this, but it seems to us on a cursory glance over the various journals, that their respective editors have found great difficulty in filling up their papers.

This is a fault that is to be greatly deplored; it shows that the college paper is not considered as important as other college enterprises. Now, there is only one way for this to be remedied, and that is by student co-operation with the editors. It is inconceivable that the editors should supply all the material for publication; therefore, the students as a whole must work before success can attend any college publication.

A writer in the "McMaster Monthly" says:—"College men and women of America display a woeful incapacity to write clearly and interestingly. Their sentences are involved, incoherent and perplexing, and if they have anything to say they cannot say it in respectable English nor with any distinction."—"The reason for this," declares Frederick Lynch in the *Christian World and Evangelist*, "is that the whole tendency of our colleges, is directly away from those studies which give one the power to express himself in correct and classic style. The average graduate of an English University on the other hand, can write both correct and lucid English. He has been thoroughly trained in the classics. Day by day he has translated the Latin and Greek poets into blank verse and day by day this English verse has been criticised and corrected. As a result he has a fine command of forceful, terse and happy English." That this is indeed true, we know from experience. Some articles that have appeared from time to time in our own paper contributed by men who have been graduated from here, who are now making names for themselves,

in English and American Colleges, have been criticized and torn to pieces unmercifully by our contemporaries, and yet we cannot say these men are uneducated, or that we tremble for the good name of our college. The trouble is, as said before, our studies do not as a rule, give us the power of expressing ourselves in correct English.

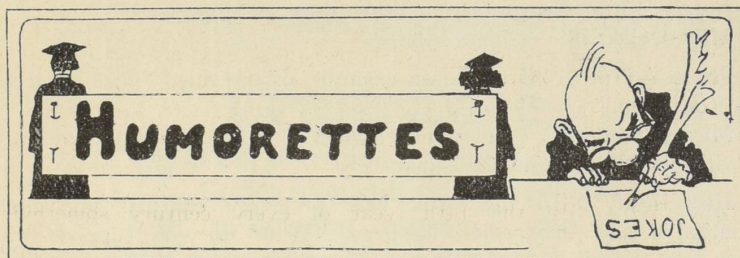
The "Dalhousie Gazette" contains extracts from the minutes of its Student Council. Perhaps this method would be well to adopt at Acadia; as it would bring the actions and discussions of our council more directly before the student body, and enable them to judge better of its effectiveness.

Our deal of a college paper seems to be fulfilled in part in the Queen's University Journal Supplement. It is from cover to cover, a literary paper of merit, filled with articles and stories dealing with subjects worth reading.

An article entitled, "The Lyrics of Robert Bridges," seems to be especially appropriate. In it the writer gives a vivid description of England's new poet-laureate, he accomplishes this by examining and pointing out the qualities, and characteristics of the man hidden in his works. The article itself aside from the subject is pleasing in that it is so vivid, realistic and well composed.

When I come to de old McGill,
 Me very happy me;
 For when I had matriculé
 Me pass with forty-three
 Dats very good, ma fren'
 No work for me no more;
 And so me sits about to play,
 De football plus encore.
 Me very happy comme j'ai dit —
 At football every day;
 An' when de night comes on,
 Hooray! I go see de play.
 Les professeurs tell me to work.
 Less I should wish I had;
 Ma joi, say me, I no can pass,
 Dat make me very mad.
 An' so de first term march plus vite,
 Den come examin day —
 Def first ting dat I know, ma fren'
 Bah gosh! me "gradue."

D. R. R. in McGill Daily.



Economics' Prof. (re-mint value of gold):

"The law alone changes mint value. The law too is the only thing that can change your name."

Smart Youth — Hist. Prof.: "Why are the middle ages known as the Dark Ages?"

Wise Freshman: "Because, there were so many knights." (Wisconsin Sphinx).

Phil. Prof. (re-cynics): "What is virtue?"

Wiley Brown: "Virtue is long-run pleasure."

Hist. Prof.: "What course are you taking?"

Paris: "I'm a Special."

Remark from rear: "He always blows his whistle on the crossing."

Porter, '17: "Dick, Why did you measure gas in square feet during your speech in debate?"

Dick, '17: "So that a square-head would understand it."

Godfrey, '15, (pointing to Doty at the table): "Behold the grain elevator!"

Rogers, '15: Why?"

Godfrey: "Unlimited capacity."

Mr. Leslie (to Academy Eng. Class): "Now suppose a man gets intoxicated, begins preaching, and injures a couple of policemen —

Webb. (ministerial) Excuse me: Do you think it absolutely necessary for a man to be intoxicated in order to preach?"

Program of Sophette Propylaeum, December 5th:—

Clause I.— "Mary had a little lamb,"—

Clause II.— "It had a manly voice,"—

Clause III.— "After Mary reads the news,"—

Clause IV.— "We all have something choice,"—

(Published by request).

Gregg, '16 (at Reception): "When does this topic end?"

Miss DeW., '16: "Soon, I hope."

Physics' Prof.: "Give me an example of the rule, "heat expands, cold contracts."

Miss Parker, '17: "In summer, when it is hot, the days are long; in winter, the cold contracts them."

Hist. Prof.: "In the 14th year of every century something remarkable and unexpected happens. What do you suppose will occur next year?"

Voice from rear: "The class of 1914, will graduate."

Leaman, '15: "You see, Joney, when the subconsciousness loses control of the heart and lungs, the person dies."

Jones, '17: "Couldn't a person get the sub-whatever-you-call-it cut out?"

Beginners' Latin Prof.: "What is the Latin word for hayseed?"

Hoffman, '15: "I don't know, sir."

Prof.: "Why, 'rusty-cuss' (rusticus), of course."

Page. Eng. (in Amherst): "Is this a second-hand shop?"

Proprietor: "Yes, Sir."

Page: "I want one for my watch."

Ryan, Eng.: "I know all about the tango and turkey trot, but what's the St. Vitus Dance?"

Phinney, '14: "The one you do with a trained nurse."

Phinney, '15: "How am I to get some fat on myself?"

Harlow, '15: "Roll in a barrel of lard."

Pater: "Sam!"

Welton, '17: "Yes, dad."

Pater: "Did you choose that suit of clothes, or is it a part of Freshman hazing?"

Lutz, '14 (to Bungy who had returned from Sunday afternoon walk): "What makes your face so red?"

Bungy: "That's only the fresh air."

Wilson, '16 and Doty, '15 (in chorus): "Fresh-ette, you mean."

Carter, '16: "Say, did you hear Mandy playing last night?"

Millett, '16: "Mandy who?"

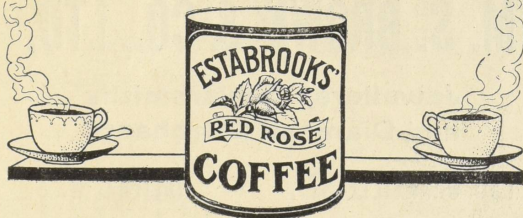
Carter: "Mandy Lynn."

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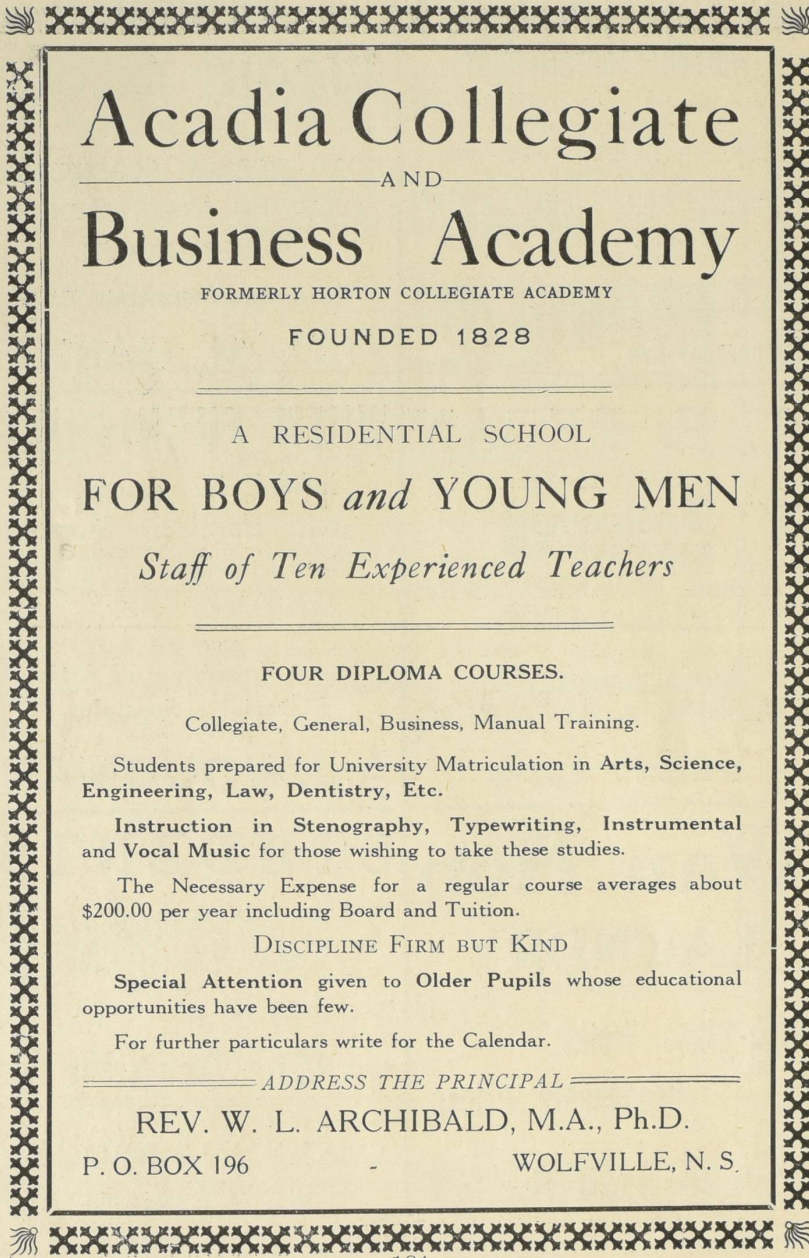
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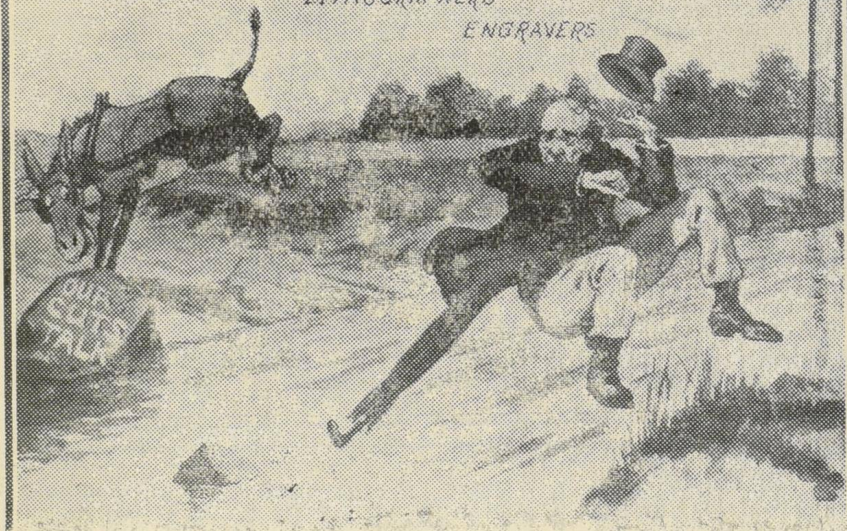
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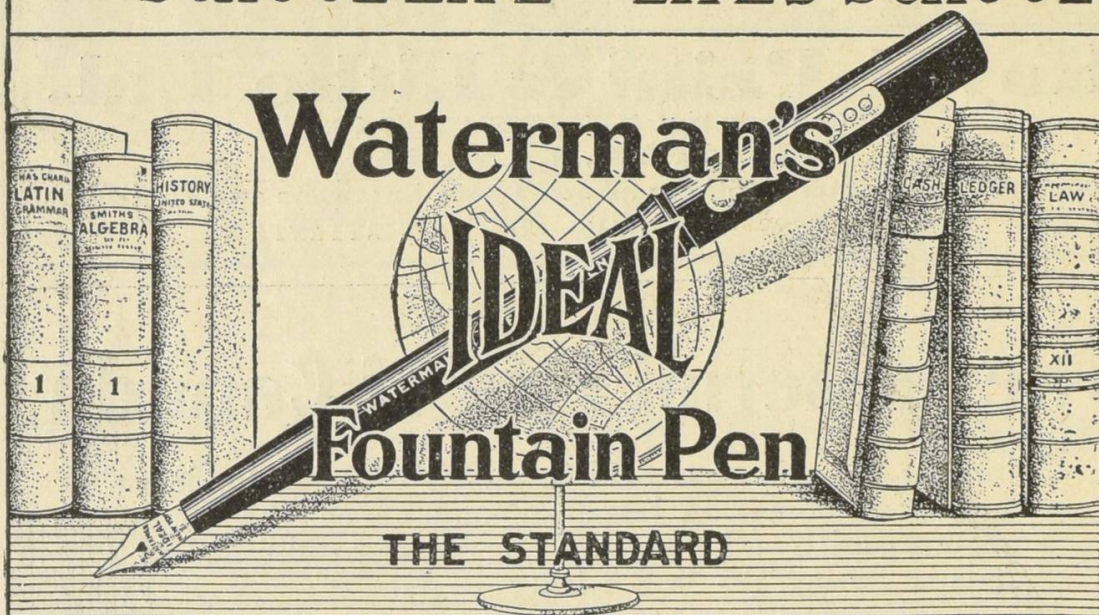
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