

# The Acadia Athenaeum

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## Wrecks

The ship, that onward drives without control  
    Upon the wave, without a hand to guide,  
    Where lies but half a ship's length overside,  
A rock, a reef, a sand-bar or a shoal ;  
The man, whose heart another slyly stole,  
    And who because of deep and seated pride  
    Begrudged to others that to him denied,  
And laid a stain of guilt upon his soul ;  
    Both go to swift destruction, if no hand  
Dare place itself upon the helm or heart,  
    And take a strong though yet a kind command,  
And turn them right about, to get a start,  
    To face the storm ; not run but stay to fight,  
    And change with its rare touch the fear to might.

*G. V. W., '09.*



## A Day in the Trossachs

FOR natural loveliness of scenery, variety of storied interest, and unfailling summer charm, there is nothing in Scotland to surpass the famous Trossachs tour. In order to enjoy this to the full, one should go via Stirling, Callander, and Loch Katrine,—in short, follow the course of the chase as described in "The Lady of the Lake." The journey from Glasgow to Callander is full of interest. Among the many places of interest through which we pass is the battle-field of Scotland, sprinkled with such names as Sauchuburn, Bannockburn

and Stirling Bridge. The Stirling itself must ever remain, for lovers of the historic, the romantic, and the picturesque, the place in Scotland most rich in interest next to Edinburgh.

Space will not permit to give any detailed description of this famous town. A fine view can be had of the historic castle from the carriage window. Beyond Stirling one passes, on the right, the royal Abbey of Cambuskenneth and the Wallace Monument, situated on Abbey Craig from which the hero led his men to their great victory at Stirling Bridge, and on by such places as Dunblane Cathedral and the grim mediæval stronghold of Doune Castle to Callander.

By this time of the day.—ten o'clock, this 20th day of August had become bright and warm, much different from the typical Scottish day, which is generally quite foggy and somewhat disagreeable to the Canadian. Now we are at the gateway to the Trossachs. Here we left the train and took one of the large five-seated coaches which were awaiting our arrival. Our company, consisting of two gentlemen from India and myself, was fortunate in securing the front seat, so that we could converse freely with the driver.

We had not driven far before we were on the sunny side of Ben Ledi. Each scene takes some memory from its mention in the poem. To the left, beyond the railway, lies Bochartle, where the huntsmen flagged; farther on, where the Leith leaves Loch Kennachar (through sluices now), was Coilantogle Ford, immortalized by the combat with Roderick Dhu; Driving along the northern side of Loch Vennashar, in a westerly direction we were soon in sight of Lanrick Mead, Duncroghan and the Brig 'O Turk, where Fitzjames found himself "a solitary huntsman." As we were conversing we came to a break in the wood, and before us rose Ben Venue, and serenely at its base, in the shadow lay Loch Achray. The great descriptive power of Walter Scott dawned upon us as it never had before, as we gazed upon this scene with almost awe-stricken admiration.

Soon we came to a high hill, at the foot of which most of us jumped out of the coach in order to relieve the horses. We ascended the hill quicker than the team; at the summit sitting by the road was a hunter, with his hounds, rifle and knives. We lost no time in asking the privilege of taking a 'snap' of him, which he at once gave us permission to do. It is a picture of Fitzjames when his horse fell dead and he was left alone with his dogs.

Then the narrow waters of Loch Katrine opened before us, and we saw as Fitzjames "the narrow islet still and deep." Now, we are at the Trossachs Pier, where the steamer *Sir Walter Scott* waits to carry us over the waters of Loch Katrine. While awaiting the arrival of coaches from another direction we ascended the heather-covered hills, and took many pictures which we now prize very highly. As we stood upon the summit of the hill it was very easy for us to picture the scene as Fitzjames approached the shore :—

But scarce again his horn he wound,  
When lo ! forth starting at the sound,  
From underneath an aged oak  
That slanted from the islet rock,  
A damsel guider of its way  
A little skiff shot to the bay.

In about twenty minutes the other coaches had arrived and we made a rush for the boat. At this end of the lake, the scenery is very romantic, with Ben A'an on the left, Ben Venue on the right, and the round dome of Ben Ledi in a distance. At about a mile from the shore, on our way over we passed Ellen's Isle. Arriving at Stronachlacher Pier we found a large crowd waiting for the boat, while coaches were waiting to convey us on to Inversnaid, which is five miles distant.

At this place stands a fort once commanded by Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec. Here also are the famous Falls of Inversnaid, second to none in beauty, and the famous Rob Roy Cave. After a stay of about twenty minutes during which we thoroughly explored the historic and beautiful spots of the place, we boarded the *Prince George*. This boat was bound southerly over Loch Lomond, "The Queen of the Lochs," and bore us through some of the most beautiful lake scenery in the world. It was very interesting to note the course of the boat as it was compelled to change its direction very often on account of the numerous islands which seemed, when we looked ahead, to completely cover the lake. Below Inversnaid may be noted the images cited in the threat of Clan Gregor—

Through the depths of Loch Lomond the steed shall career,  
O'er the peaks of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,  
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt  
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.

Among the places of interest between Loch Lomond and Glasgow we passed Dumbarton Rock and Castle ; this rock has stood as sentinel for ages, and the castle was the resting place of Wallace's sword for years.

## The Port of the Setting Sun

There's a shadowy port and a shadowy town  
Over the seas where the sun goes down.

There's a tavern with a golden bar  
At the sign of the "Evening Star."

There old fishermen come in bringing  
Their last catch a singing, singing.

And twilight lingers along the street  
With the weary seamen's lingering feet.

Tired slaves, old toilers of the sea  
In that port at last are free.

'Tis a shadowy land with a mystic strand  
And it whispers of the Spirit Hand.

And that is the Port of the Setting Sun,  
The haven of the day's work done,

There the sea with endless chime  
Sings forever a vesper rhyme,

Always the hush of closing day  
Holds the town in its secret sway.

There the ships are coming home,  
Through the mirk, and mist, and gloam,  
To the last port of the sea,  
To the end of prophecy.

There at last dies out the flame  
Of love and riches, power and fame.

Nothing there remains but truth,  
All the rest is lost in youth,

And the hardest hearts and wild  
In that port grow reconciled.

There they linger for a spell  
In that town to say, "farewell."

And they drink at the golden bar  
In the tavern of the "Evening Star."  
And they talk of the sweet gone-bye  
Far away where their ideals lie.  
Till they feel the distant past  
Rising out of the shadows vast.  
While the tavern old and grey  
Darkens from the closing day.  
And the sea breeze whispers, whispers,  
Through the rustic portico,  
And the tired old seamen listen  
Weary from the long ago.  
Till in the darkness falling, falling,  
Comes a voice a calling ! calling !  
Then they sail away together  
In the dark and changing weather,  
And they follow the voice that's calling  
In the darkness falling, falling.

*A. H. Chute, '10.*



## A Leap Year Story

OO  CLARE, I am fairly quaking with fear at the thought of tonight ! Suppose they should make me ride a goat or do something dreadful like that !”

“Well I guess it would take more than a goat to daunt you, Frances,” admiringly answered Clare from the depths of the morris chair where she sat dressed for dinner in a simple white gown.

Her room-mate, Frances Terry, was before the mirror putting on the finishing touches. She was a girl whose attractiveness lay not in beauty of form, regularity of features, whiteness of skin, nor in any of those attributes of which the poets sing. Some people called her “cute.” This is how her classmates sized her up in the class directory :

“Business-like air,  
Long yellow hair,  
Ravishing smile,  
Humming the while,  
Strappingly merry  
Frances G. Terry.”

“Does my hair look all right ?” as she inserted another hairpin. “But really, everybody says that the Beta Gamma makes you do the very worst initiation stunts of any society in college, and they’ll probably make it especially hard for me just because I’m the only Sophomore going in tonight.” Taking a last look in the glass, “I wish I could afford to have my hair marcelled every week ! Don’t you think it is becoming ?”

Satisfied with her attire Frances carefully arranged her dress and sat down to wait for Esther Hallowell, a Beta Gamma senior who was to be her escort that evening, first to dinner, and then to the initiation in the Beta Gamma society house.

A knock at the door brought both girls to their feet, and Frances rushed forward to usher in her grand senior. Esther Hallowell entered, a vision of queenly beauty. She was destined evidently to be a leader—a girl of few words, but whose every word showed tact and at the same time frankness and sincerity.

At the table Frances felt like one in a dream and all she knew was that Esther seemed lovelier than ever and was so entertaining that

during dinner she quite forgot her terror of the fast approaching initiation. Dinner over Frances soon found herself at the society house, being ushered into the library, a cozy little room just off the great assembly room. The three other initiates were already there, looking anxious and nervous. How they envied the gay society members in the adjoining room who were going to get such keen pleasure out of their painful ordeals! When Frances entered, the door was locked behind her, and for a few moments the four suffered the haunting dread of prisoners awaiting sentence, with none but fellow prisoners to sympathize.

Breathlessly and anxiously they waited, too much excited to talk, each one imagining the worst fate which might be decreed. Soon relief came when the key rattled in the door and two officers of the Beta Gamma entered and led forth the first initiate, leaving the other three locked in as before. Frances was the third to go, and as she was marshalled in between the two officers she felt like a prisoner being led before the judge.

The room was large and brilliantly lighted by many electric lights which were reflected on the highly polished floor. Seats piled with cushions extended the entire length of two sides of the room, while at one end was a grand piano, and at the other, a wide old-fashioned fireplace. Many girls in light dresses were sitting on cushions on the floor in college girl fashion, while behind a table sat, in state, the president and other officers of the society.

Frances' knees were shaking as slowly the president rose and in solemn measured tones delivered the following decree: "We, the members of the Beta Gamma society, on this night of February twenty-ninth, nineteen hundred and eight, Anno Domini, before receiving you into our society, do herewith wish to prove you worthy of admittance to the secrets of our noble order. By your proficient execution of the following test you will prove your willingness to, at any time, sacrifice yourself for the good of our honored Beta Gamma. In brief, thus hath our members decreed concerning you:—This year being leap year we have decreed that on this night under the direction of our trusted Sisters, Esther Hallowell and Maude Thurston, you must make a proposal of marriage to the first man presented to you in the students' parlor of Emery Hall. If you fail in the execution of this decree you shall never be numbered among the sisters of our honorable society the Beta Gamma."

Thus ended the decree and the trembling Sophomore was dismissed. Solomnly her two guards marched her out through the group of silent spectators who were already awaiting the entrance of the next victim.

As the door clicked behind them Frances' feverish tensiety relaxed under the tranquil gaze of the stars. The enveloping darkness and the cold night air soon revived her buoyancy of spirits, and, with an upward toss of her head, she assumed an air of light-hearted gaiety which was almost incredible to her guardians.

As they entered Emery Hall the two Seniors led the way to the parlor, where three Princeton friends of Frances' were eagerly waiting, anxious to play their part in the initiate's ordeal, for of course they had come at the society's request, knowing fully the decree in which one of them was to figure.

Frances smiled gaily at her Princeton friends. She had not a moment to wonder which would be her fate, but her heart bounded as she was presented to Mr. Darrington. The other four were withdrawing to the farther end of the room when, with scarcely a pause, Frances came directly to the point and said in a do-or-die tone of voice: "Mr. Darrington—it's leap year—will you marry me?"

"Delighted I'm sure!" came the prompt reply which set all six into convulsions of laughter. The deed was done and merry congratulations followed. Then, in a marshal-like way, the guards gave the order to return to the Beta Gamma house.

As they left Emery Hall, Esther turned to Darrington and said, laughingly, "We will trust you to look after your fiancée from here to the house. Take good care that she doesn't escape!" With these words, the Seniors and their escorts stepped ahead leaving Francis and Darrington to bring up the rear. When they reached the Beta Gamma house, and had to wait ten minutes for the leap year couple, they feared their trust had been betrayed. We will not say now what it was that delayed them or of what they were talking.

On such an occasion as initiation night the society house was closed to all except members, so the three Princeton men took leave of the girls at the door, after the Seniors had thanked them heartily for the important part they had played in the initiation.

As the girls once more entered the brilliantly lighted assembly room, the president arose to receive them, and turning to the guards,

said, in the same measured tone : "Do you, in the name of all that is sacred to the Beta Gamma, solemnly swear that your initiate, Frances Gertrude Terry, has satisfactorily executed our decree?"

In one voice they replied, "we do."

Then the constitution was read and the four initiates wrote their names in the great book of members, after which the president, leaving her seat of honor, came forward and gave them the secret "grip." And while the pearl studded Beta Gamma pin was being fastened securely over the heart of each new girl, the secret motto was slowly repeated by the whole audience.

Then followed the inaugural address of the president, setting forth in a deeply impressive manner the secrets, the ideals, and the aspirations of the Beta Gamma society. After this the formality of the meeting gave way to music and dancing, and Frances' happiness was complete when the president, no longer a solemn judge, asked her for the first waltz.

Just before the final signal was given for breaking up, the president called the society to order, and announced, that their new member, Francis Terry, wished their attention for a moment.

Frances arose and bowed. "Madam President, members of the Beta Gamma society. I wish to tell you of the 'really and truly' proposal made by Mr. David Darrington which I accepted last August. After tonight's episode I think our engagement had better be kept a secret no longer."

Exclamations of intense surprise, followed by cheers and clapping filled the room, and the meeting adjourned.

*E. Y. T.*



## Green Paper and Brown

"WE haven't a ghost of a chance to win," said Chanler, the Republican candidate for governor. The state is hopelessly and irretrievably lost to the Democrats. They will have their usual walk-over of fifty thousand votes. I'm sure of it."

"You'r sure of nothing in politics, my dear Chanler," smiled Murphy, the chairman of the Republican State Committee. Trust to me, old man: elections are not won with prayers."

They were sitting in Murphy's suite of rooms at the Liberty House.

Chanler was an old gray-whiskered fellow, an aristocrat, the son of an aristocrat, whose father was a believer in the divine right of kings. "I have no use for the vulgar herd—the common people"—he would say—"What right have they to a vote?" In short, he was of such make-up as to be a fitting tool for the robber corporations.

Murphy was a smooth and corpulent fellow, who understood the game he loved to play. Lying back in his arm-chair, he lazily blew rings of smoke, watching them as they slowly drifted upward.

Finally he took out his watch, and exclaimed:

"Really, Chanler, you must be going. At this very minute I am expecting a visitor, whose name and the nature of whose business you must not be permitted to know. It might hurt your candidacy, old man"—this with a cunning wink.

"I see," said Chanler, smiling, and preparing to take leave. "Do the best you can, Murphy; it would be a great thing to defeat that young pup of a Democrat, 'Common-People' Johnson."

The Republican candidate had been gone but a few minutes when Murphy received another guest—his name, Ahearn: his occupation, consulting counsel for the Interborough Traction Company. He was small and sleek, with piercing black eyes and a closely cropped gray moustache.

"I say," he chirped, as Murphy proffered the cigars, "what brand are they, Chanler's?"

"Not on your life! Do I look like a man who would offer a campaign cigar to a friend?" demanded the boss in an injured tone. "But," he added, "a mouth from now the name *Chanlers* will smack of quality when applied to cigars."

"Do you mean to say that our candidate will be elected?" asked the lawyer.

"I mean to say that very thing," returned Murphy with emphasis. "Our man is the winner."

"But, said Ahearn, "the normal Democratic majority is fifty thousand, and this year their chances are better than ever. It will cost us a dozen mints of money to win the state for Chanler," he continued gloomily.

"You take a rather sombre view of the situation, my dear fellow," said Murphy, smiling. "You should place more confidence in yours truly: I said we would win."

"But how?"

"Easily."

"I mean by what method," said Ahearn, nettled.

"One, the simpleness of which is only exceeded by its boldness," returned the boss. "It's like this:

"We go to Johnson with forty thousand dollars, and ask him to kindly continue as Democratic candidate till nomination day when we shall deem it a favor for him to refuse to run. That leaves Chanler elected by acclamation. Anything easier than that?"

"Yes," said Ahearn, doubtfully, "but will Johnson accept the bribe?"

"I happen to know that he will," replied the boss. "He's been speculating very heavily in stocks, and is a ruined man unless he can raise forty thousand dollars in less than a month."

"H'm! that's capital," laughed the lawyer. "Who gives him the bribe?"

"I do," said Murphy. "It's a pretty nervy job, and yours truly has been in the business for some time. The goods will be delivered; trust me for that."

"Very well," agreed the lawyer; "when do you want the money?"

"About a week before nomination. Give me a bag filled with hundred dollar notes, amounting to forty thousand dollars, and I will see that the country is saved. I'm a nation-builder," he added, throwing out his chest.

At the time agreed upon Ahearn called at Murphy's rooms with the bag, containing forty thousand dollars in crisp hundred dollar bills.

"You think this amount will turn the trick, do you?" he asked.

"Sure thing," answered the boss. "I know Johnson's financial state. He must have money, and——"

A rap on the door.

Murphy opened it.

"You're wanted in the office, sir," said the bell boy.

"All right, m' boy; I'll be there in an instant."

"I may as well see Johnson, now," said Murphy, turning to Ahearn. "I'll have to step into the office a minute, so the boy tells me. When I'm through with business there," he added, donning his overcoat and picking up the money, "I'll run down and see our opponent for gubernatorial office. You stay here till I come back."

In an instant he had returned. "Say," he whispered to Ahearn, "I learned just now that Johnson has got financial matters coming his way. It looks bad for our scheme, doesn't it? Look," he continued, "I'm going to leave this forty thousand here with you till I have a talk with him. If we can use the money I'll be back for it in an hour or so."

"I wonder who Murphy was talking with in the office," mused Ahearn after the boss had left. The proprietor is a Democrat. It is hardly likely that Murphy got information from him."

A few minutes later Murphy's telephone rang. Ahearn answered it.

"Hello, old man," it was Murphy's voice, "I'm sorry, but I can't get back till twelve o'clock—mid-night. It's eight now. You had better put the money in the hotel safe," he continued, "and wait in my rooms till I return."

"Who were you talking with in the office?" asked the lawyer.

"An old friend of mine. Don't ask questions just now," laughed Murphy, ringing off.

Ahearn took the bag of money down stairs and had it placed in the safe.

He was still curious to know who had talked with Murphy in the office. Seeing the bell-boy, who had called Murphy, he beckoned to him to approach. "Look here," he said, cheerfully, slipping the boy a five, "you called Mr. Murphy to the office, didn't you?"

"Yes sir," answered the boy.

"Who wanted him?"

"Nobody. He gimme a bone this afternoon t'call him like I did. He allus uses me white, Mr. Murphy does."

"Well, certainly, this beats anything I ever saw in the realm of politics," said Ahearn to himself, as he went back to Murphy's rooms. "What does he mean by deceiving his closest friends?"

Ahearn helped himself to the boss' cigars, as the best solace for his excited state of mind. He continued to smoke till long after mid-night when he finally dropped to sleep. He had forgotten politics, Johnson, Murphy and all the rest

It was nine o'clock next morning before he awoke. Some one was rapping on the door.

"Come in," he barked.

A telegraph messenger boy entered. "Sign here," he said.

Ahearn did so, then feverishly ripped open the yellow envelope. The telegram was dated Toronto, and read :

“Thanks for financing European tour. Wish you were with me.”  
(S'g'd) Murphy.”

With an oath, Ahearn crammed the telegram into his pocket and stumped angrily into the office.

“Get me that bag from the safe,” he yelled to the clerk.  
“I'm going !”

The clerk handed him the bag.

“Your bill is two-fifty,” he said.

“What !” thundered Ahearn, “I never registered at this hotel. I haven't taken a meal here—I—I——”

“You are registered here,” returned the clerk, politely.

“I'm not, I tell you,” roared Ahearn.

“Isn't that your name ?” asked the clerk, showing him the register.

“It's my name, but it's Murphy's writing,” cried the lawyer.  
“You're robbing me !” he shrieked, “but I'll pay it to save the trouble.” Can you change a hundred dollar bill ?” he exploded, “I've nothing smaller.”

“Certainly, sir,” replied the clerk.

Ahearn opened the bag, then fell back as if shot.

It was full of brown paper !

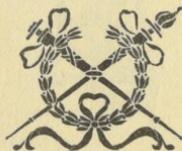
*W. B. F., '08.*



## After the Storm

The night is past.  
The rising sun has crowned the fleecy crests  
With countless gems that glitter in the morning light.  
The storm is o'er, but still the foaming waves  
Roll madly on, as if defiant ; and  
The noble barque, whose sturdy frame  
A hundred giant waves has overcome  
Rides proudly on. A hundred times  
The hand of God has intervened  
And snatched her from a watery grave :  
Now all is well. Her sails are spread  
To catch the last faint flutters of  
The dying breeze. The orb of day  
Has reached the zenith of its splendour,  
And the tossing waves have melted  
To a surging tide of silver.  
The harbor is in sight, and when  
The daylight softens, and the sea  
As by the wand of a divine magician  
Turns to glistening gold, the haven's reached,  
The sails are furled, the anchor cast ;  
The good ship is at rest.

*E. G. D., '09.*



## E Tenebris Lux

 CHORDS, full and grand, breathed through the old church filling it with a noble volume of song, ever rolling greater and greater in a glorious burst of melody. Then the music changed to a lower, more sombre strain, first weird and seeming to draw the heart's chords in a tenseness of emotion, then merging into a sad sweet chant which fain would comfort. Fainter and fainter the music died away until there was silence save for a muffled sob from the organist, robed in priestly cassock, his head bowed over the keys. A ray of late afternoon sun filtered through the stained windows of the chancel falling upon his bent form : then there was darkness. For a long time he lay there, oppressed by some overwhelming sorrow. His solace, the organ, to whom he had come for comfort, in this bitter hour had failed him.

Years before the priest when but a youth had taken holy orders. Loving more than all else his music, and deeply responsive to its noble theme, he had often in his lonely life when he felt overburdened with the load on his shoulders, retired to the quiet charm of the chancel and there, wrapt in deep revery of things far away, would dreamily muse over the keys until the beautiful old melodies had saddened his restless spirit. Today, however, his tranquil course of life had been abruptly disturbed through the news that by the will of his uncle who had lately died he had been named as sole heir to Bradford Manor, this being conditional on his leaving his parish duties and becoming master of the estate. At first he had dismissed the thought as unworthy. But, as the day wore on he became moody and restless. The thought of himself as master of ancient Bradford Manor with its richly appointed rooms; the library with the old leather-bound volumes; and best of all the organ in the Manor chapel, all these filled him with tumultuous feelings. When an Oxford undergraduate he had loved to wander over its spacious grounds, under the lofty old elms, and when eventide came to sit before the blazing hearth in the library, dreaming idly as the flickering flashes threw shadows to and fro seeming to bring him, in the dimness of it all, closer to the mighty souls whose works were on every side. All this might be his to use and enjoy. Others before had left the orders for reasons less than his—why not he? Then, for accomplishing good—a thousand fold more would be possible than if he remained a poor parish priest laboring with a small village flock. And to what

end ? To die and be forgotten. On the other hand, the blessings of thousands would be breathed at his end, as they thought of his charities.

Thus he mused as he came to his beloved instrument. As the mighty chords had at first swelled majestically, carrying him along on the flood-tide of their grandeur, his purpose to leave his ministry was strengthened. Then as he passed to the deep sweet theme of a nocturne which, persuading and entreating, seemed to be calling to him as in sorrow, a pang of remorse pierced his heart. Was he betraying his blessed Saviour ?

Conflicting impulses, wrestlings, longings and ambitions, battled in his soul, surging across it in troubled warfare, each seeming strong enough to conquer, and ever involving him in a deeper maze of doubt. Suddenly he saw before him a face on which dwelt a look of infinite sorrow. Eyes full of pleading sought his and seemed to look into his very soul; and lo ! on the brow, a crown of thorns. "O Christ, my God !" cried the priest, "Forgive me; I follow Thee !"

The vision passed, but peace pervaded all. A rush of calm and rest, such as he had never before felt, swept over him, bringing to his troubled spirit a sweet fulness of joy. Then over the keys his fingers wandered, and from the deep voiced organ there burst forth triumphant song until the very arches echoed back the glorious theme—" *Dominus regit meo.*"

G. H. M., '09.



## The Promise of Spring

NE, two, three years had passed, and he was home again. As he looked back, it seemed like a dream. Here he was in the park, in the same old seat—everything was looking the same. The spring sun shone brightly on everything, exactly as it did three years ago. The hill-sides in the distance were green and here and there a red cow tinkled her bell, as she croppped the short grass. Near by the little stream, just loosened from the icy grip of Jack Frost babbled over its rocky course. Trees lately gray and bare stretched out their branches to the sunshine, and waved their robes of soft new leaves.

The moss was all rich and velvety at the base of the seat where they were sitting. They—of course Aileen was with him, who else, to enjoy the beautiful spring days. A robin started its song on a bough close by,

“Light again, leaf again,  
Life again, love again.”

“Yes my wild little poet,” softly echoed Aileen,—what a promise of good things this Spring seems to hold !

And as the man at her side looked into her eyes and read there the message he had come back so many miles to read, he gently answered—“To the full.”

V. '08.



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Malcolm Robertson Elliott, '08, Editor-in-Chief

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## Editorials

A MAN'S highest duty to himself and society is undoubtedly to place himself in harmonious relation with the Divine Being. Throughout the ages men have either combated or striven to evade this truth by every conceivable means. Yet philosophy, logic and science have but ultimately proved its validity. President Eliot of Harvard not long ago said, "the true test of a man's progress in civilization is his idea of God." Doubt is of great value in spiritual growth, yet one "who will do faithfully must believe firmly." To exert a positive influence one must be of strong convictions. The student who is to mould his generation must be prepared to direct the tendencies of his time. He must stand uncompromisingly for the best and truest in every avocation of life,—business, politics, sport, in short, every phase of social activity. This he cannot do unless vitally connected with his God. Here he may find himself, thus he may give a noble and true expression of his life upon the world about him. Christianity is not pure idealism, it is much more, it is "the practice of the presence of God." Partaking of the Divine, the full life is realized.

As the results of the special services of the past month are reviewed it is a matter of the deepest gratification to note the number of Acadia students who have obtained the enlarged vision. The visit of Mr. Cummings will be long remembered with appreciation. Such work as he was enabled to do represents an inestimable good to individual and institution alike.

Acadia rejoices in an added triumph to the list of her achievements in debate. Five victories, in as many contests, is a record of which we may justly be proud. The outcome of the debate is doubly appreciated winning as it does the intercollegiate league and placing Acadia in the foremost position in the undergraduate debating circles of the Maritime Provinces. All honor to the men who so ably upheld her record in the late debate. As we extend our congratulations we wish to remark upon the spirit which led them to give so faithfully of their time and energies to the task in hand—truly the Acadia spirit.

No trophy was offered for competition in the league of 1904-8. Now that the significance and importance of intercollegiate debating has been again so plainly demonstrated it is to be hoped that with the formation of a new league some friend of college debating will come forward and present a trophy for competition.

The fact that a graduate is a subscriber to the college paper points the obvious conclusion that that person is deeply interested in the welfare of Alma Mater and wishes to keep in touch with its interests. If the journal is fulfilling its mission as the representative of the college life he finds in its columns the reflection of the spirit of the institution. As he reads of its triumphs and defeats, its accomplishments and failures, the experiences of former student years are lived over again. However, enlarged experiences, more extended knowledge of the methods and conditions at other institutions of learning, have become his possession. Why should not the college of his undergraduate days reap the benefits of this broader outlook? The columns of the paper present an admirable channel for the expression of suggestions of value from alumni and others. Even comment on present conditions is both helpful and inspiring. Reader! the point is clear,—make use of our Correspondence Column in the discussion of Acadia topics.

Query: What insignia should we give our intercollegiate debaters?

## Note of Thanks

WILL the Editor of the ATHENÆUM be good enough to allow the "Acadia of the West" to salute the Acadia of the East and to permit me to thank the friends who generously contributed the sum of seventy dollars for furnishing a room at Okanagan College? With the permission of the Board, I propose to appropriate the amount to pay for the furniture in the Principal's office and so the name, "Acadia," will be placed on the door of that room. This room is on the main floor and at the main entrance to the building where the name of Acadia will greet everyone entering the College.

The readers of the ATHENÆUM, as well as the donors of the fund, will be interested to learn that our work is growing. Since the Rev. A. T. Robinson sent his glowing and picturesque account of Okanagan, our numbers have risen from forty-eight to the respectable figure of sixty-nine with prospects of further additions. The financial stringency is cramping us seriously as is the case with nearly all western enterprises. However, we believe the work is of the Lord, and, if so, the resources of the Lord's treasury are at our disposal and under His guidance will find their way into such channels as will supply the needs of His work. Our confidence is in Him in this work and He will not disappoint.

We rejoice with all loyal sons of Acadia at the success that has attended the Second Forward Movement. This will render further enlargement possible and at the same time will make increased demands upon the people to meet the new needs that will result from growth.

May the blessing of God attend Acadia and its varied interests.

*Everett W. Sawyer.*

Okanagan College,  
Summerland, B. C.,  
February 13, 1908.



## The Intercollegiate Debate

 ON Friday evening, March 20th, Acadia completed her series of victories over the colleges of the Maritime Provinces by defeating Dalhousie University in the fifth and last intercollegiate debate of the league. The annual debate has been, in the minds of Acadia students at least, the event par excellence of the year ; and assuredly this interest will not decline in the future, since it now has the added stimulus and inspiration of five successive victories, undimmed by a single defeat. As a proof of their interest and loyalty, over two hundred students and their friends, all confident in the powers of thought and eloquence possessed by Messrs McCutcheon, Warren and Kierstead, proceeded to Halifax, by special train to hear the wordy contest. Nor was this confidence by any means misplaced.

Half an hour before the debate began, the Assembly Hall of the School for the Blind was crowded to the doors. The Acadia contingent occupied the rear gallery in a body, from which high point of vantage they could best cheer on their champions to victory. Lieutenant-Governor Fraser occupied the chair. The Judges were Honorable Justice Landry, Honorable Justice Lawrence and Mr. W.E. MacLellan.

The resolution which was supported by Dalhousie read : Resolved that the admission of Japanese into Canada under present (Nov. 1907) regulations is better for Canada than their exclusion. Mr. McKeigan, the leader of the appellants, interpreted the resolution as meaning present regulations versus total exclusion of all classes of Japanese without excepting students, travellers, or diplomats. In a strong and eloquent speech, in which he quoted statistics to prove his statements, he showed that Japan had kept her agreement with Canada, restricting immigration to a few hundreds annually. Although a larger number came into British Columbia last year, they came under contract with employers and having their passage paid. These laborers must therefore have been needed so that there is no flood of foreigners pouring in. He showed that from their national characteristics they are a desirable class of immigrants. They are not an inferior race morally, physically or intellectually, and they possess great power of adaptability.

Mr. McCutcheon opened the debate for the respondents, basing his attack upon the claim that the present treaty regulations give full

privilege to citizens of either nation to travel, reside, or hold property in the other's country, which practically constitutes an open-door policy. By extended reference to the history of The United States, he showed that foreign immigration does not increase a country's population but only has the effect of substituting foreigners for native-born people. Statistics proved a great decrease in the birth rate of native population, in consequence of the undesirable social and economic conditions brought about by the presence of Asiatics in large numbers. A strong Canadian nation cannot be built up of two races so mutually exclusive as Japanese and Anglo-Saxons, differing in race, interests and religion. The leader's clear and emphatic arguments were delivered with deliberate and convincing force.

Dalhousie's second speaker, Mr. Sinclair, again emphasized the argument that the policy of exclusion shut out all classes indiscriminately and was decidedly unfair in view of the fact that western nations had so recently forced the open-door policy upon China. He declared that Japanese labor does not lower wages and is needed in Canada. Canada cannot afford to antagonize Japan since we need the trade of the Orient which Japan controls. To arouse the hostility of Japan would be to sound the death-knell of Canadian trade in the East. Mr. Sinclair's bold flights of oratory were lacking in the cardinal virtue of moderation, which detracted somewhat from his clear and otherwise well-prepared speech.

Mr. Warren followed for Acadia with an array of facts showing the extent to which the Japanese are taking possession of British Columbia's industries, notably lumbering and fishing, and driving out Canadians by lowering the rate of wages. The native population must leave, or lower their standard of living. Educational and social disadvantages must follow any reduction of wages. Japanese laborers do not spend their wages in Canada but send them home to their families in Japan. Attracted by our abundant resources the surplus population of Japan is pouring into Canada and causing economic disturbances. Both as a thinker and as a speaker Mr. Warren proved himself worthy of the confidence which had been placed in him.

Mr. Calder, Dalhousie's third debater, gave his speech with an easy and fluent delivery. He dealt with the moral and intellectual standing of the Japanese immigrants, their willingness to become naturalized, and to adapt themselves to their surroundings. Character

and not color should count in building a nation. He showed that diplomatic troubles must result from the policy of exclusion. Such a policy will offend Japan, who is the ally of Great Britain, upon whom we must depend for protection against Japan. Thus we would alienate from us British sympathy, and so hinder the consolidation of the Empire. Present regulations, on the other hand, foster peace and commerce.

Mr. Kierstead next delivered a speech which made a decidedly favorable impression upon the audience. He spoke of the state of tension existing in British Columbia, and the danger that in a few years the Japanese population will so outnumber the whites as to render the influence of the former supreme. The latter will not suffer this state of affairs, and, by attempting to rid themselves of the foreigners, they will involve the whole Dominion. A clash will inevitably follow between Provincial and Federal powers. Again, a preponderance of yellow population in British Columbia will diminish the importance of her ports, both as outlets for Canadian trade and for purposes of defence.

Mr. McCutcheon closed the debate for Acadia by a vigorous arraignment of his opponents arguments, which, he affirmed, were rather upon the question of brotherly love than affecting Canadian interests. That the present regulations were not sufficient protection was shown by the fact that Canadian statesmen had to induce Japan, by diplomatic pressure, to stop immigration from Hawaii. The United States had tried the experiment of importing cheap labor, and had brought upon herself the vexatious race problem.

Mr. McKeigan, in closing for Dalhousie, warmly denied some of the statements attributed to him. He re-affirmed the good qualities of the Jap, intellectually and morally, and as a citizen, and showed from his opponents arguments that the Orientals were helping to develop the resources of the country. The statement that the Japanese lower wages he questioned.

The judges recorded their decisions without any consultation and passed them to the chairman. All three gave the victory to Acadia's representatives on the double basis of argument and delivery. The decision was heartily seconded by the jubilant crowd of Acadia students, many of whom were heard to express themselves to the effect that they knew McCutcheon would win.

*L. Ackland, '08.*

## De Alumnis

Milton Simpson, '06, has charge of the English Department in Ouachita College, Arkansas.

Harold Coleman, '06, is now Principal of one of the High Schools in Mystic, Conn.

Miss Rosamond M. Archibald, '04, is teaching in the Ferry Hall School, at Lake Forest, Ill.

Graham P. Morse, '03, is in the employ of the C. P. R. at Fernie, B. C.

The Acadia men at Newton are :—C. O. Howlett, '05, and Albert M. Boggs, '03, in the Senior Class, Rev. I. M. Baird, '02, Rev. W. J. Rutledge, '96, and Rev. H. B. Sloat, '99, in the Middle Year, and Stewart Kinley, '06, in the Junior Year. Rev. Frank A. Starrett, '92, who is pastor of the Wallaston church, is also enrolled as a special student.

C. DeBlois Denton, '04, late Principal of Acadia Villa School, has been appointed to the professorship of Mathematics in Okanagan College, Summerland, B. C.

Miss Etta J. Yuill, '97, has an excellent position as assistant in the Penticton Public Schools.

Clayton E. Gardner, '06, is Professor of Science and Mathematics in Rockland Military Academy, West Lebanon, New Hampshire.

Avard L. Bishop, '01, who has for several years been an instructor in the department of economics at Yale, has been appointed Assistant Professor in the department of Science of Society.

Bradford K. Daniels, '94, is now Professor of English in the University at Tacoma, Washington.

We congratulate L. C. Christie, '05, upon his election as President of the Harvard Law Review.



## Exchanges

THESE is great power in the true college song—one that embodies the spirit and aims of the University. Such a song is the "Fair Harvard" in which all Harvard men glory. For nearly ten years Yale has sought a song that would thoroughly represent her individuality. A prize of \$50 was offered, the sum being later raised to \$300. After a long period of waiting, a song to meet the requirements has been found, the prize being awarded to Mr. Brian Hooker, Yale, '02, for a song entitled "Mother of Men." Its dignity and general high tone will ensure it permanence and popularity.

### MOTHER OF MEN

Mother of men, grown strong in giving  
 Honor to them thy lights have led—  
 Rich in the toil of thousands living,  
 Proud of the deeds of thousands dead;  
 We who have felt thy power, and know thee :  
 We in whose work thy gifts avail—  
 High in our hearts enshrined enthrone thee  
 Mother of men—old Yale !

Spirit of youth, alive, unchanging  
 Under whose feet the years are cast—  
 Heir to an ageless empire, ranging  
 Over the future and the past—  
 Thee, whom our fathers loved before us,  
 Thee, whom our sons unborn shall hail,  
 Praise we today in sturdy chorus,  
 Mother of men—old Yale !

From the standpoint of pure literary merit the "Harvard Monthly" continues to hold one of the foremost places among college journals. We are pleased to note that Mr. Laurie D. Cox, Acadia, '03, holds a position on the staff of the Monthly. Mr. Cox completes his course in Architecture at Harvard this year. Among his recent contributions to the Monthly are two stories of no little merit,—"The Woman Who Wasn't" and "The Tryst of the Princess Yvonne."

## LIVE AND LET LIVE.

I wield my pen in protest against the man  
 Who cannot write as fast as others can;  
 And who, in taking lectures, does not try  
 To do his best and let the rest slip by,  
 But interrupts his neighbor's train of thought,  
 By asking far more questions than he ought.  
 Arrests his neighbor's swiftly moving pen  
 By looking on his note-book now and then ;  
 "What was that last word, kindly let me look ;"  
 "What did he say then ? Will you turn your book ?"  
 Such interruptions are not to my mind,  
 They really are not fair, nor are they kind.

—*Ex.*

A recent number of the "Argosy" contains an excellent article on "Hobbies," dealing with the value of hobbies and their rightful place in life. To quote :—"Normally, we should find our greatest delight and satisfaction in the work for which we feel ourselves adapted. Yet, notwithstanding the truth of this, it is a great relief to discover that many of the world's most prodigious workers have had their secondary interests to which, from time to time, they could turn aside. . . . John Stuart Mill, the great philosopher, made botany his hobby. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman is said to employ poetry as his chief recreation." And so the sketch goes on to show the variety of interests that may occupy our spare moments. Their utility is next discussed. "While a man is quite young, with muscles and joints still elastic enough to be the better for hearty, and even for violent, exercise, he can usually find in 'sport' his best recreation and amusement. But as the frame becomes set the need for milder interests is usually felt. This is sometimes supplied, it is true, by such sports as curling, bowling, etc., but with these a person is more or less at the mercy of his friends, the season, or the weather. His exercise is likely to be lacking just at the time he needs it most and irregular at its best. Just here, then, is the place of the hobby. It is a man's own. Properly trained it is his obedient servant. Well chosen it suits him perfectly. Wisely adapted it is always at his hand. In its enjoyment he finds his second self, while his first self, the workaday self, is dismissed into grateful forgetfulness and rest. . . .

Would you never break down through over-work and worry? Have a hobby. Would you keep out of ruts that turn men into machines and make it impossible for them to adapt themselves to new conditions. Have a hobby. Would you be young at eighty? Have a hobby."

Mt. Allison is about to adopt a scheme, which seems to be practical and worthy of consideration in any college, in the form of an Athletic Accident Insurance Fund. The idea is to make this a means of meeting the expenses for medical attendance of those injured in any of the college sports.

Overheard at gentleman's dinner when toast list nears completion:  
 "Here's to the light that lies in woman's eyes  
 And lies and lies and lies."—Ex.

Other exchanges received:—Queen's University Journal, Dalhousie Gazette, Allisonia, University Monthly, Manitoba College Journal, McMaster Monthly, Toronto University Monthly, The Theologue, Bates Student, Xaverian, King's College Record, University of Ottawa Review.



## The Month.

*Solvitur acris heims, grata vice veris et Favoni*

(HORACE BK. I ODE IV.)

THE past month has been one of vital interest in our college life. While not marked by numerous social functions connected with the institutions, yet things have transpired which are deserving of special mention. Without doubt the revival and its effect upon the student body has the place of preeminence over everything else. We cannot help in passing, to mention the addition to the constitution of our Literary Society, brought in by W. B. Foster, '08. The new clause stipulates, that in the interclass debates, each class shall have as a member of its team at least one new man. When the same team is seen on the platform time after time, we are led to believe that it

represents the only ability for public speaking which the class may hold, but this is seldom the case. Already the good results of our recent step are manifest, for the majority of the new men in the later debates have shown that the talent is but waiting an opportunity to display itself.

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The first debate following the examinations was held on Saturday evening, February 22. The resolution was as follows: Resolved that the Senate should be abolished. The question is one attracting considerable attention at the present time and consequently brought forth a good attendance. The Senior team made up of Messrs. Ackland, Bates and Bagnall supported the resolution; the appellants for 1911 were McLeod, Harshman and Roy. Much pleasure was expressed by the judges at the showing made on both sides, more especially that of the Freshmen, to whom they gave the laurels. The remainder of the evening's program consisted of music by the "Cloudee" Male Quartette Messrs. Denton '08, Hopkins '09, Thomas '10 and Stailing '09. Denton '08, read an original paper, which although a departure from the usual form of such productions, was both entertaining and amusing.

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Mr. and Mrs. John Tabor were at home on Monday evening, February 24th to the foot ball team and a few of their girl friends. First in the order of the evening's entertainment was an hour of pleasant skating at the rink, after which we returned to the house, where games were played and refreshments served of the kind that football boys can always cause to melt away. Mr. Tabor has so often accompanied the team on its trips, as one of Acadia's most enthusiastic rooters, that we have come to regard him as one of ourselves. At the close of the evening, as a slight mark of our esteem and appreciation of his kindness, Capt. Keirstead on behalf of the team presented Mr. Tabor with a picture of the squad who represented Acadia in the season just passed. Mr. Tabor's acknowledgement by a few well chosen words of thanks, in which he assured his guests of his loyalty to Acadia brought forth the college yell which closed a very happy evening.

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The last Inter-class debate of the year came off on February 29th, when Messrs. Simpson, Foshay and Stailing contending for '09, "that

an old age pension scheme would be beneficial in Canada," went down to defeat before Messrs. W. S. McIntyre, Keith and Mallory who represented 1910. Without doubt the Sophomers had the better of the Juniors, both in argument and delivery, although Foshay's forceful speech and Simpson's imposing array of facts made the issue at times doubtful. Concluding the program for the evening two very pleasing selections were rendered by the College Quartette.

Sunday afternoon, March 1, under the auspices of the college Y. M. C. A., Edwin Smith the noted America traveller and lecturer spoke in College Hall on the Power of the Church in Moral Reform. Mr. Smith made a special point of the importance of the Temperance Question, dealing with his subject in a bright forceful way that was much appreciated by all.

On Friday evening, March 6th, the Freshman Class spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Hutchinson. Several members of the faculty were present, this being an opportunity to show their personal interest in all the new students. Games followed the words of welcome. A picture-guessing contest created especial interest and no little amusement; the prize for the largest number of correct solutions was finally awarded to Miss Christie. Refreshments were then served and the party dispersed with the best of good feeling towards Acadia's new President.

The Sophomores will long remember the pleasant evening spent on Saturday, March 7, at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Gray. Following the line of the period in history, which 1910 is covering in the English course, each member of the class represented in costume, some character in Spenser's Færie Queen or illustrious personage of the Elizabethan Age. The sight of such a gathering in the dress of those "Spacious Days" was indeed picturesque and interesting and one not soon to be forgotten. Many of the costumes in their accuracy to detail showed marked skill as well as originality. A. G. McIntyre and C. R. Dyas as "Red Cross Knights" with Steeves and Kierstead personating respectively Edmund Spenser and Francis Bacon ranked first among the boys, while Miss Chambers as "Queen Elizabeth" and Miss Henrietta Crandall as "Una" in the Færie Queen were most worthy of note among the girls. Games characteristic of the age represented provided amusement until supper was served and the merry Elizabethan Masquerade broke up.

## The Lyceum of Horton Academy

Editors :—W. L. Kingdon, J. B. Grant

IT was stated last month that the time for meeting of the Lyceum was to be changed from Friday to Thursday night. However, it has since been decided to hold the meetings fortnightly on Saturday night

THE Y. M. C. A.—Although the Y. M. C. A. is in a very good spiritual condition, it is not as good as we had looked forward to. Lately, a larger number of the boys have attended the meetings which have been interesting, as they were conducted by experienced leaders. We are looking for great results to come from the special union meetings in College Hall and feel that the Academy will be blessed.



### The Reception

The annual reception of the Academy was held on Friday evening, February the twenty-first. Everyone agreed that it was the most successful social function of this school year. The Hall was tastefully draped with red and white bunting and the artistic arrangement of the cosy corners showed the excellent taste of the decorating committee. The guests arrived promptly at half-past seven, and were received by Principal and Mrs. Mersereau, Miss Wortman and Mr. Hayward, President of the school. Miss Gertrude Beckwith had kindly consented to supply the music of the evening, and Mr. Watson favoured us with a cornet solo which was heartily encored. Soon after ten the evening's enjoyment was brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.



### Athletics

Several challenges have been received by our hockey teams during the last month, but as the Faculty could not see their way open to allow the boys out any days except Saturdays, only one game was successfully arranged for.

On Saturday morning, March 7th, our first team lined up against Second Acadia in the Wolfville rink. The game was a good one throughout. Two minutes after play began Corey shot the first goal for the College on a pass from Huntingdon. Then for ten minutes neither side seemed to have any advantage over the other. Near the end of the first half, Sweet, who proved himself the best man on the ice, shot two goals for the Academy within two minutes.

The second half proved even more interesting than the first. Simms, by some clever play, placed the puck in the net for Acadia about the middle of the half. Then for some time it appeared as if the Academy would score again, but the College defence was too strong. Messinger shot the winning point for the blue and red four minutes before the bell rang. Simms and Messinger played a good game for Acadia, while Sweet and Gray played a fine game for the red and white. L. Eaton refereed the game satisfactorily.

L. Black has been elected base-ball captain.

A number of the Academy boys have lately had this truth vividly impressed on their minds :—

You can fool all the Faculty some of the time,  
You can fool some of the Faculty all the time,  
But you can't fool all the Faculty all the time.



## The Pierian of Acadia Seminary.

EDITOR :—Beatrice Shand, '08.

**T**HE month has been filled with many events of great interest to Seminary students—some of which we report.

### Voca Recital

The following report is from the Halifax Chronicle, March 3 :

The vocal recital of the pupils of Acadia Seminary in College Hall last evening, under the direction of Miss Elise D. Merson, in charge of that department, was in every way a most pronounced success. A leading feature of the evening was the work of the Glee Club of Seminary students, consisting of fourteen sopranos and twelve altos, who showed the result of their splendid training in their effective rendering of Denza's "Barcarolle" and Mendelssohn's "The May-bell and the Flowers."

Mr. Fred Bishop of Wolfville, sang with admirable effect, "Nita Gitana" by De Koven, and Miss Eva Smith, of Marysville, N.B., gave a spirited rendering of Raff's "Spinning Song." Miss Helen Beckwith of Wolfville, always a favorite, was at her best in a selection from Mascagni, and Miss Jean Kempton, of Liverpool, who has a peculiarly sweet voice, elicited rapturous applause in "Love the Pedlar," from the German.

Miss Nellie DeWitt, of Wolfville, sang most sympathetically "Knowest Thou that Dear Land," and Miss Annie Frost met with a splendid reception in another of Denza's songs, "A May Morning."

Miss Nellie Phinney, of Spa Springs, and Miss Florence Johnston, of Londonderry, gave a most impressive rendering of "Down the Vale," by Moir.

Miss Goldie Sweet, of Bridgetown, gave an excellent piano selection, "Bolero," and Miss Florence Knowles, Newport Landing, won persistent applause in Sullivan's "Sleep, My Love, Sleep."

A trio and solo, "Crucifix," from Faust, by Misses. Kempton, Barnaby Hamilton, and Edwards, was admirably given and formed a fitting close to this enjoyable evening of song. A very pleasing feature of the entertainment was a reading by Miss Eleanor Wood, of Wolfville. Her selection, "A Woman's Courage," gave admirable scope to her well trained voice.

Miss Evelyn Starr, of Wolfville, added much to the enjoyment of the evening by her mastery of the violin in "Concerto G. Minor," from Max Bruch.

Miss Charlotte Layton, of Truro, made a splendid accompanist and contributed materially to the success of the evening. In the whole programme there was evidence of great thoroughness in this department of Acadia Seminary.



## German Play.

The first German Play ever presented by students of the Seminary was given in Alumnæ Hall on Saturday evening, March 7. The programme was as follows :

### "DIE HOCHZEITSREISE"

#### PROGRAMME

- |                                |                                         |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| 1. Flute Solo                  | Prof. Baumbach (Etta Hall)              |
| 2. German Comedy<br>by Benedix | Die Hochzeitreise<br>(The Wedding Tour) |

#### CHARACTERS.

Otto Lambert, High School Professor	Hazel Chute
Antonie, his wife	Evelyn Starr
Edmund, his assistant	Ella Vance
Hahnensporn—servant	Hortense Spurr
Guste, a neighbor's maid	Beatrice Shand

The flute solo by Miss Hall, delivered in German, was most enthusiastically received. The entire presentation of the play,—costumes (of the early nineteenth century), acting and mastery of German was exceptionally fine and reflects great credit on Miss Bishop, our efficient teacher of Modern Languages. It was an evening of rare enjoyment.



## Miss Elise T. Harding

### *An Appreciation*

The February number of the ATHENÆUM contained a brief notice of "the passing on to the greater mystery" of one who for many years was closely identified with Acadia Seminary.

From 1879 to 1894 with the exception of a year spent in Germany Miss Elise T. Harding was one of the teaching staff, and during the absence of Miss Graves was for one year Principal.

The Art Department was under her charge, and she proved herself a most patient and enthusiastic instructor, ever striving to raise the standard of the work she so truly enjoyed.

Through her efforts there was placed in the Studio a fine collection of casts, we understand second to none in any school in Canada.

Miss Chipman, now at the head of the art department of the Seminary, began her studies under Miss Harding's instruction, and another pupil, Miss Edith Brown, has attained to a position of distinction in Boston.

Two of her finest pieces, Studies in Still Life, painted while in Germany under an eminent instructor, Herr Grönland, by her request, have been presented by Miss Harding's sisters to Acadia Seminary.

The influence of her sweet unselfish life, and noble character upon the young students by whom she was surrounded for so many years, cannot be estimated.

She possessed the happy faculty of making friends and keeping them. Precious tributes to her memory have been received by the bereaved sisters from the many by whom she was beloved.

Her beautiful life appears so large and grand that words fail to express our sense of loss.

We may well rejoice in the thought of the fuller life to which our dear friend has been promoted—but for ourselves alas! We can only say with a recent writer: "When a person like that dies an impoverishment falls upon us: the texture of life seems thinner."

M. C. B.

On February 29th, Alumnae Hall was the scene of a very interesting debate between the Senior and Junior English class teams. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved that every girl be taught to be self-supporting." The Juniors had the affirmative and the Seniors the negative side of the question. The arguments on both sides were well presented and well supported. A standing vote, as to the merits of the arguments presented, was taken of the audience, and strange to say it was a tie! The judges, Mr. DeWolfe and Mr. Oakes, decided, however, that the Juniors were the winners. This is the first debate that has been held in the Seminary for a number of years, and naturally proved to be of great interest.

The advanced pupils in the Domestic Science Course, served luncheon to a number of friends on St. Patrick's Day. The decorations were in green and white; the Shamrock naturally holding a very prominent place. Everything was most delicious and very daintily served. The luncheon was certainly a great success and a credit to Miss Bool our most excellent teacher in the Domestic Science Department.

Great interest has been taken in the work of the Y. W. C. A. all through the year. Last term prayer circles were held in the different corridors and as a result many were led to accept Christ as their Saviour and fifteen publicly confessed Him in baptism, while others were aroused to a more active service for the Master. This term the prayer circles were continued, our regular services were largely attended and the whole spirit of the school seemed changed. We never realized so much the power of prayer. We prayed that in the special meetings led by Mr. Cummings many of our girls would take their stand for Christ, and we can truly say "the Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." Every girl in the Seminary is now a member of our Y. W. C. A. and as a united band of Christian girls we hope to do better work for the Master. Verily more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.



## May Festival

The dates fixed upon for the May Festival as previously announced are Thursday and Friday, May 7 and 8. The evening of May 7 will be devoted to choral work, when the Chorus will present :

'Hiawatha's Departure' by S. Coleridge-Taylor.

'The Ballad of a Knight and his Daughter' by Horatio W. Parker.

'Omnipotence—Solo and Chorus' by Franz Schubert.

On Friday afternoon the concert will be given by the Artists whose names appear below :

On Friday evening, Hayden's 'Creation' will be sung.

The Choral Club have pleasure in announcing the following artists:

Soprano	Marie Zimmerman
Tenor	J. H. Rattigan
Basso	H. Nelson Raymond

Orchestra composed of members of the Boston Symphony :

Solo Violinist	Fred Mabee
Viola	W. W. Swornsbourne
Viola	J. C. Mullaby
Cello	Arthur Hadley
Bass	Max Kurize
Flute	Arthur Brook

The excellence of this Sextette renders comment unnecessary. Mrs. Zimmerman will prove to be the best soprano ever heard in Wolfville, a great favorite in Philadelphia. Mr. Rattigan whose tenor voice so delighted his hearers two years ago is now doing his best work, while Mr. Raymond is regarded by those who know his work in Boston as "the coming man." Though the expense incurred is large, the tickets will be placed at the same figure as last year. Watch for the fuller notices. Special rates will be secured on the railroads and steamers. A fine illustrated programme will be issued, dainty and unique. Everything points to making this festival "the best yet."



## That He Who Runs May Laugh

We have been requested to make the following announcement : —

### CURLING

The play-off between the first and second flats for the Chip. Hall championship will take place on Saturday evening, April 11. Afterward the rink will be open to the public. Everybody come and bring their *stones*.

Foster—(to Thomas) “What do you have down at the Central for dinner?”

Thomas—“Holy Cats !”

Freshman—(to White after T. S. Simm’s lecture) “Why did the fellows all laugh when the White Star Line was mentioned?”

White—(stammering) “I don’t know ; I couldn’t see any joke.”

N-wl-n was asked why he wore such a conspicuous moustache. “Oh, it tickles the girls !” was the reply.

Br-wn—(after the N. B. elections enthusiastically) “Hazen has at last taken the long suffering people under his protecting wing.”

W-tm-re—(sadly) “He’ll take them in all right.”

Simms says that he has found the pretty freshette who couldn’t decline *osculum*, referred to in last month’s issue.

Miss Mitchell—“Professor Haycock, what is the proper way to pronounce s-i-l-l-i-c-a-t-e?”

Prof. Haycock—“Oh ! Silly Kate.”

G-ud-y—(at Seminary pupil’s recital) “Come on fellows, let’s take off our coats and encore that duet.”

Some freshettes were coming out from Barss’ store. “Oh girls,” said one, “I just love Barss’ kisses.” Then she blushed.

## BEFORE CHEMISTRY TEST

Young—"Say Green, do you know anything about **Molecules?**"

Green—"Mollie Cules!—Oh Brigham I wish you would stop thinking about the girls."

## IN MATHEMATICAL TERMS

A flirt is a simple freshman contained by one line called sentimentality.

Dyas—"Chute, when does the Leap Year skate come off?"

V. E. Chute—"When the screws come out, I suppose."

## AFTER DICKIE'S ICE CREAM PARTY

Dr. Tufts—"Mr. D-ck-e what is the significance of the 'Boston Tea Party'?"

D ck-e—(awakening from deep sleep and rubbing his eyes)  
"Won't you have another dish of ice cream!"



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