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The Acadia Athenaeum

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NO. 5

All thought begins in feeling,—wide
In the great mass its base is hid
And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray, who deems
That every hope, which rises and grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great heart of God.

James Russell Lowell.



Notes From Oxford.

It is indeed a rather bold attempt to make, to condense into the space of five pages, any account of Oxford life. The phases of the university life are so many and varied, the possibilities for description so great (though indeed far beyond my powers) that one is tempted to imitate the brook in its eternal journey. Accordingly these notes will be somewhat vague, I fear, and will give but a very inadequate picture of Oxford as it is; indeed I am afraid that in some cases interest will suffer to the advantage of brevity.

The Rhodes scholar, coming from Canada or the United States, or indeed from any other place, finds himself planted immediately in a new life, surrounded by people whose ways and manners are not his own, by customs, which he scarcely understands, and certainly often fails to appreciate; ingulfed in an atmosphere which breathes history, long years of tradition; and though the odor is often somewhat musty,

yet the newly arrived student instinctively feels a little of the reverence which we pay to antiquity. The very crooked streets, the massive buildings of the various colleges impress him with a sense of their distinctive nature, their difference from anything to which he has been accustomed. They are of the old world.

At first our new student rather puts on a little "side," feels somewhat of a superiority over ordinary carnal beings by virtue of the superior intellect, which he feels he has shown, in winning the £300 of the South African benefactor. But he receives a rather rude bump when he finds that the languid curiosity which this new species of animal had excited among the Oxford undergraduates, on its first appearance among the colleges, has long since died away, and that the Rhodes scholar has become a matter of course. He "comes up," and "goes down" like all other Oxonians, he wins a prize perhaps, or gets ploughed in "Pass Mods," and in neither performance does he win either more distinction or more ignominy than does the ordinary Oxford man. Among his own people, and in his own country, his successes are proclaimed from the house tops, in Oxford he is only one of many. In fact in some circles of the student body the Rhodes man is rather a subject of pity. "£300 a year! By Jove old man, you must have to jolly well scrape to get through to say nothing of the vacs." "Poor as a Rhodes Scholar" is becoming an Oxford proverb. This view of the matter is apt to daze to some extent the new arrived self-conscious scholar, and when he finds that his benefactor, his "patron," Rhodes himself, wandered from college to college when a prospective student, vainly seeking admittance, and was at last only admitted to Oriel as a very great favor, —for Rhodes was a very indifferent scholar, —his pride has gone completely. Humility of spirit has taken possession of him.

However, the strangeness of his surroundings soon loses its novelty, stone walls begin to have a very familiar appearance, college quadrangles and chapels become a matter of course, and soon the "fresher" from across the water throws off the garb of civilization to don the conventional dress of the Oxford undergrad—Norfolk jacket, sonorous vest, and trousers called by the singularly appropriate name of "bags"—grafts upon his limited vocabulary a few sprigs of choice college slang, and buds out as a typical Oxonian, a Canadian or American no longer, at least to a casual observer.

He is now ready to settle down to steady work, if he can find time from his numerous social engagements, and even in the department of study he finds much that is different. The Oxford system of instruction varies considerably from our own. There are of course many different sets of subjects from which to choose, indeed there are, I believe, about 2000 different ways of obtaining a B. A. degree, according to permutations and combinations. There are at first certain preliminary examinations which correspond to our Soph and Junior work, and then one finds about eight different "schools" or departments in which he specializes for his degree that is if he is taking the course for B. A. There are of course numerous other degrees but these are generally worked for after the B. A. has been obtained. The average Rhodes scholar has already completed work corresponding to the preliminaries, and in consequence is able to enter directly in the work of one of these final departments, such as Classics, Philosophy, History, Modern Languages, etc. A considerable number take special research work, corresponding to graduate work in American Universities, leading to degrees of B. Litt. or B. Sc. The work in these various departments covers a tremendous field of reading, and two years at the very least has to be employed to obtain a B. A. degree, no matter what degree a man has taken in his own college, while often three years work is desirable or even necessary.

There is a very sharp division made between Honour and Pass men. In our system of work in the Maritime Provinces for Honour men a certain amount of extra work is tacked on to the ordinary course. In Oxford it is different. Here the Honour man pursues a different course entirely. In fact no man with any ambition or any promise of genius or power for work is contented with anything less than an Honour degree. The Pass degree involves very little work, comparatively speaking, and could be taken by any Sophomore at Acadia after a few months work. It seems to exist largely for those various scions of noble houses, and others of the large style, who are not blessed with a superfluity of brains, but who like the social life and the name which Oxford affords, coming here term after term but doing very little work of any kind. During term time their life is one round of breakfasts, newspapers, clubs and sport. They do the necessary studying sometime during their four years stay,—at least some of them do, and if they have luck on their side, get through their examinations. The

Honour schools on the other hand are altogether different. To make a good standing in any one of these means hard, consistent work. There are four divisions, of which to obtain a first is about the highest Oxford honour. Knowledge alone will never bring a first. Literary style in the examinations, originality of thought, count for very much in these schools. A man who has studied well and knows his subject, can get a "second;" only the brilliant, the original thinker makes a first. Third and fourth class standing is much easier to obtain, and brings of course correspondingly less honour. In fact there is not a great deal of honour, anyhow, in third or fourth class. The very work required is often different, or rather less in these divisions.

The work in these final schools in its last stages amounts to specialization to a large extent, the man practically confining himself to one set of subjects. But he is trained to read so widely, to take such broad views, that what appears at first as narrow specialization proves to be the basis of a very broad and liberal education.

The work is carried on by means of lectures and classes, delivered among the various colleges by readers and tutors, supplemented by the personal supervision of each man by a tutor, who acts as a sort of educational father, directing work, setting essays, and giving general advice when asked. As to the tutor, there is no doubt that his work is invaluable, and that without him the student would drift helplessly in a sea of difficulties, but as to the lectures delivered for the various departments, I have not yet been able to decide whether they are useful or not. Certainly in some cases one could get far more good by staying away, spending the time in study, while in others the lectures are very interesting, though it is still doubtful whether, with the aid of his tutor, one could not work along without any reference to lectures at all. In fact there was a man last year in one of the colleges who, though he attended not a single lecture during the whole three terms, yet landed a first in the History school. Certainly, as one progresses, this attendance at lectures tends to become smaller, especially as the choice of whether he will go or not, lies entirely with the student. Oxford tutors themselves practically admit that to a great extent the lectures are instituted to keep those at work, who, not being industrious, would, if they had no lectures to attend, be simply wasting their time. The tutors have no hesitation in giving their opinions of each other's lectures. "Don't go to so-and-so's lectures, he simply

crams you for Exams." "I don't think you would like A, he is rather sleepy." "Shun B's lectures by all means, he is absolutely uninteresting."

Lectures or no lectures however, there really seems to be very little work expected of a man during term time. The vacations are for work; term time must be devoted to sport and the development of the social side. No man would think of studying after 1 o'clock, when lectures generally end; it would be too much of a brain fag. The afternoons must be given to sport, but perhaps a man can get an hour or so of studying done in the evening, provided of course he has no social engagement. That is really the programme of a large number, except that the morning is spent in attending lectures rather than in study, and the two hours of supposed labor in the evening are generally consumed over a social cup of coffee. I really think however, that there is a considerable number of men who do hard work, but they could hardly be called typical Oxford men, as far as I can find out. The really typical Oxford undergraduate spends two hours on his breakfast, allows sport to occupy his afternoon, and spends his evenings very rarely in study. However this typical man manages to imbibe a considerable, in fact a surprising amount of information, and after a period of work each "vac," comes out in the end high up on the lists.

There are, however, great opportunities in Oxford for the man who will work. He finds veritable treasure-houses under the guise of libraries, and if he can only get into the habit of applying himself at odd times—a thing by no means easy under the Oxford system—he can do a considerable amount of reading each day. The trouble is that periods for work and periods for lunches, foot-ball, etc., are so intermingled, that the whole day becomes a series of disconnected fragments of time, a state of affairs not conducive to the best results. The cup of tea with cake, etc., at 4.30 in the afternoon, in the room of some friend is certainly a very pleasant performance, but it manages to break up the whole afternoon. And though coffee in the evening with a few chosen cronies is a most delightful affair, it is rather a disturbing element to the calm flow of the mind, necessary for study, and besides is rather a hindrance to good sleep at night. However, there is far more education in Oxford than one gets in the class-room or in the study. Everybody takes a strong personal interest in the questions of the day. The Oxford man can talk with intelligence, though perhaps

superficially, on all topics, social, political and religious, which concern the present age, and he *does* talk about them most frequently. He has his own theories and opinions and can style them in a forcible manner. The vocabulary and general information which the ordinary student has at his disposal is really wonderful. Only when he relapses into talk on rowing or "rigger" or into complaints about the efficiency of the college kitchen, or into reflections upon the ancestry and character of the college cook, only then does he descend to the levels of ordinary man, and then we see at its best—that peculiar perversion of the English language—Oxford slang. Oxford slang consists in changing every imaginable noun or name so that it ends in "er," such as bedder, siltre, brekker, likker, ekker, rigger, soccer. I won't attempt to translate these words, but will leave the intelligent reader to conjecture as to their significance. There are very many others which I could add, but as they are more obscure in meaning, and as I cannot give the time for the tracing of their pedigree, I must pass them over. I will only add, however, as an example of human perversity, that if by any chance, they find a noun ending in er, they immediately take pains to find some more lurid conclusion for it. The whole performance is of course very foolish and to a college man from Canada it appears especially asinine.

No mean feature of the university life is the athletic side. In fact, to some people it is the whole thing. When these particular persons are not engaged in active practice, or in passive training, they are gathered together in some room talking over the day's game, or the prospects on the river. I am not quite sure but that they dream about athletics when they go to sleep. There is an infinite variety of sports into which a man can throw himself—cricket, rowing, football, hockey, tennis, riding, hunting, golf, and so on almost ad infinitum. Accordingly, there is no lack of opportunity for all who wish a chance. Almost everybody seems to go in for something, if it is only daily walks. The damp rheumatic climate of Oxford—the town is really planted in the middle of a swamp—makes a certain amount of exercise each day a matter of necessity. So one finds the most unlikely looking specimens rallying forth to fields with a hockey club, or in foot-ball garb. The impression of their "unlikelihood" is deepened when one sees them in a game, but they enjoy it, so what's the difference?

The various teams of each college, though they may include a few particular "stars" are thus really made up of players of no great brilliancy. They have learned the game when at school, they know the rules, and have the general idea of the thing, and that is about all one can say for them—this of course applies not to all, by any means. For instance in football, Acadia's team could beat almost any of the college teams here, except one or two of the best, simply because those who play go down merely for the sake of the game, the exercise and not for any systematic practice. Consequently the play is extremely loose. There is no decent scrimmage work, half the game consisting in a sort of a free fight with feet among a crowd of either side, somewhere in the middle of which is the much-abused ball. The halves think nothing of passing on their own line. If they manage to keep the ball, they have a very pleasant run down the field ; if the other side gets it, they score. But what's the odds, it's just as much fun for one side as for the other, it's all in the game. So the play becomes very lax ; in fact, such scores as 25-30 are by no means uncommon, and reflect very well the state of the game. Everybody on the field takes life very calmly. After a player makes a run, he feels entitled to a rest for a few minutes, while if the ball goes from one side of the field to the other, only those in its immediate vicinity makes any strenuous effort to get after it, while the majority stroll along in a very leisurely manner. There is really no need of hard work, nothing depends on the game.

With the Varsity team it is an entirely different affair. The men systematically train, and with two hard games a week they soon form a good team. In fact this year the Oxford team was the equal of almost any club in England. In the game with Cambridge they simply walked away with the ball to the tune of 17 points to nothing. Several Rhodes Scholars were on the team, the most of them being from South Africa.

One of the most noticeable features of Oxford sport is the gentlemanly manner with which all the players conduct themselves. The Englishman plays the game for the game,—the victory is incidental. But it must not be thought that the struggle is any the less strenuous, or that the players exert any the less of energy. There is no "slacking." From one end of the game to the other, each man plays for all he is worth. But when all is over, and victory lies with the other

side, the defeated team does not go home bemoaning its bad fortune. They know they have played the game, and consequently have enjoyed it. And so though defeated they are able to say "a jolly good game, better luck next time." There is much to admire in such a spirit. Our own games have become too much pervaded with that life and death attitude. The Englishman plays the game for the exercise, the fun and the exhilaration of a good hard-fought match. Then if the other side wins they deserve it.

Rowing is one of the most popular sports among Oxonians. It lasts right through the year. Every day the ambitious youth who has dreams of a seat in his college eight, must turn out in his airy costume to row on the Thames or Teas, as it is called during its poetic meander through Oxford. Now to a person who goes in for some other sport, and only views rowing from the tow path, this performance appears to be somewhat of a grind. Rowing men, however, seem to get so fascinated with the business, that they are not only eager to get back to the river every afternoon, but are so overflowing with the spirit of their sport that they can talk of absolutely nothing else. Even when the weather happens to be cold, and the unfortunate devotee freezes to his seat, his ardor is not dampened, though his clothes are. The boat races in February and in June are considered the greatest events in the sporting year.

After all, despite its antique regulations and other strange features, Oxford is really a wonderful old place. There is a culture, a scholarship here, such as one can only find in an old university town, in an institution with traditions and history. The education of Oxford is not a narrow learning; books play a small part in the scheme. The aim is so to educate a man not only that he might be a scholar, but that he might take his place in the world as a man among men, that he might live a life, not of seclusion or of mere speculation and study, but of useful activity. And so the broad views which the student learns to take, the social life to which he gets accustomed and the system of athletics of which he has the advantage, unite to turn out a man of broad culture, fine manliness and sturdy physique. Oxford's ideal is broad, and it is faithful to its ideal.

J. A. Estey, '07

Teaching as a Profession for College Graduates

AS the time of graduation draws near, the student is often brought face to face with the most momentous problem of his life. He is called upon to measure the forces within him and confront the question, 'What is to be my life-work?'

The majority of young men take a university course to fit themselves for a professional life. And even if they entered upon their college career with no well-defined purpose in life, the university would develop that tendency. Their studies have unfitted them both intellectually and physically, for a business or commercial career. That a higher educational training often urges the man into a calling for which he is not fitted either by natural gifts or inclination is a platitude, and is accountable for the human 'misfits' which are not at all uncommon. Education has its limitations. It cannot endow one with talents that he does not possess. The young man's natural gifts, not his education, must be regarded in his choice of a profession or trade. The answer to the question 'What shall I do?', depends primarily on the tastes of the graduate, and secondarily on the training he has received in his under-graduate course.

Thus our discussion is narrowed down to the consideration of those under-graduates who by ability, character and temperament have special aptitude for teaching and who would therefore find their highest pleasure in the profession. Let us now suppose that such a one is confronted with the question, 'Shall I teach'? What encouragement can we hold out to him and what is the prospect of success spread out before him?

There may have been instilled into his mind the idea that success spells honour, preferment, high remuneration and a life of more or less luxury; and he sees round him men occupying positions of responsibility and authority, with titles of honor: but among them he finds few teachers called—lawyers and successful business men bulk largely in the list. Even the college president has not that social rank and influence in the community that the prominent business man has. Promotion to the senate or to a foreign embassy is rarely

bestowed on the professor of the college, much less on a teacher in a secondary school. The teacher, he finds, is wholly out of the line of civic promotion. Not only so, but his very fidelity and absorption in his vocation with its total unlikeness to any other employment, quite unfits him for nearly every other occupation. He is seen to confine himself to his class-room, until he becomes to the public a sort of recluse, rather than a man of affairs. Other men are the producers, amassing great fortunes for themselves and others, and amid the plaudits of their fellow-citizens becoming the benefactors of the city and town in which they live. 'Cabined, cribbed, confined,' the teacher treads the daily round of petty duties. Hence our young friend is apt to be frightened away from such a career, repelled by its very uncertainties, vexations and limitations.

Now this is all true, and one might go on enlarging indefinitely on the discouragements and difficulties that beset the teacher—probably these are greater than may be found in any other vocation. But in spite of them no profession today offers ampler scope for great abilities and great enthusiasms. Education is a debt which the adult generation owes to that which succeeds it. Some must be found to pass on to the young those habits and customs which have the stamp of proved utility; and those who do this must not be the vagrant scholars who have no aptitude for the work, but those who for the love of it make it a life profession. "Teachers", said Henry Ward Beecher, "are of more value to the community than all the lawyers, doctors and ministers rolled up together." Little need be said on this point. The nobility of the teaching profession is a theme that is frequently sounded, particularly by teachers themselves.

If the graduate is seeking higher duties and greater emoluments than the common school or the academy is able to afford him, then he has offered him higher positions in the line of educational work to satisfy his ambitions. There is now especially a demand, which is not likely to grow less, for teachers trained in the theory and practice of education. We are told that last year when the authorities of one of our own colleges were looking for one competent to fill a newly founded chair of education, they searched in vain throughout Canada and were finally compelled to go abroad for a specialist in pedagogy. Many positions in common school work, such as school superintendence, demand men of thorough training, and such positions are becoming

increasingly lucrative. In view of these facts and many more, the writer is of the opinion that the line of intellectual work that opens up the grandest opportunities for success and usefulness lies in the professional study of the theory and history of education. There are a thousand questions that demand the immediate attention of an enlightened corps of teachers. The profession, we have said, is laboring under a disadvantage in that its leaders do not receive the same popular recognition that men of equal prominence in other professions do. There are reasons for this, chief of which has been the lack of a national and professional literature devoted to their interests. When teachers enter on their profession, and realize that teaching is for them something more than a temporary occupation, taken up for personal support and as a stepping-stone to a more lucrative position, then to secure for life in the employment of teachers, provided efficient service is rendered, will be acknowledged as a fundamental principle. There seem indeed at the present time sufficient inducements to draw the brightest intellects into the profession as a life work, with a certainty that industry and ability will find their reward in reputation and usefulness.

Yet as the teachers's responsibilities will be clearly greater than in any other of the great professions, so his preparation must not be inadequate. The possession of a college diploma is no guarantee of his usefulness or success in teaching. Scholarship, it is true, is indispensable. A right temperament likewise is needful. Teachers, like poets, are born, not made. It has been well said that "the real teacher is to be measured by the final result he can produce in the character of those who come under his care. The ability to leave a lasting mark on the mind and character of the pupil is the unmistakable sign of the true teacher." It must be admitted that there is such a thing as teaching genius, which is to a large extent independent of training. For many of our most gifted teachers have no knowledge of method other than they have imbibed while being taught. They have come perchance into contact with inspired teachers, and practically learned and unconsciously acquired the truest science of the art of teaching. Scholarship and method have gone hand in hand and they have been spared the mechanical methods of teaching which too many of our colleges by red-tape methods develop.

But these are rare exceptions; and the complicated problems of

present day education demand something more than scholarship and enthusiasm. They demand that the teacher serve an apprenticeship to the art of teaching, that he must be taught to teach. Investigation and experience have shown that the possession of knowledge does not imply the ability to impart it. The true teacher must study human nature; he must know something of scientific processes and principles of education, and be able to employ the best methods at the right time with a trained and discriminating judgment. Without such scientific training, the college graduate is no better fitted for the teaching profession than he is for that of law or medicine. No teacher therefore should be permitted to enter the profession unless certificated in the same way as practitioners in the other professions are.

The recognition of the fact that there is a science of education, and that the knowledge of its fundamental truths should form a part of the teacher's training has already borne fruit among us. Our leading universities are acknowledging the pedagogical necessity for training by the endowment of chairs of education. The great need for thorough professional training has indeed been long recognized as is evidenced by the establishment of normal schools which have become a part of the educational system in the several provinces of the Dominion. But it has not been felt, until recently, that such training is indispensable for the college graduate as well. Many of our college men in high positions are not in sympathy with the whole idea of professional training. For this reason graduates go forth to take the most responsible positions as teachers, supervisors and professors; and their ignorance of the whole science of education is a blight on the work of their subordinates, who through experience know at least how to teach. Friction arises between the cultured teacher without experience, and the less cultured with experience. The Normal School has been instituted mainly for the training of teachers of elementary schools, under the supposition that this class of teachers need not be college graduates. Such schools are therefore unadapted to those who seek to fill higher positions; and the natural result has been the introduction into the college curriculum of a department which might deal with the science, art and history of education. When such opportunities are afforded in all our institutions of higher learning, and the teacher's course made compulsory on all who enter the profession, then and then only can the

calling take rank with the other professions and command the respect due to it.

The ideal system, which will sooner or later be realized, would be the establishment of post-graduate schools, in which a course for a few years would be exclusively devoted to the theory and practice of education. In such seminaries, corresponding to our medical and law schools, ampler opportunities could be given to practical work in the school-room; for the drawback in the immediate future will be due to the fact that the theory of teaching will predominate in the collegiate course.

Thus a beginning has been made in the right direction; an immense gain educationally over past systems, and one which will tend to bring more college-bred men into the profession. Future progress is to be in the line of the study of the problems of education.

A. J. Eaton, '73.



Sunset

Thou golden sun with never-fading glare,
Thou parent of this scattered universe,
Thou source of vast and boundless power
Around whose throne the countless orbs revolve,
Beneath the sway of that Almighty hand
Which shapes the destiny of men,
Good-night.

E. G. D.



How Robin Red-Breast Got His Name

YEARS and years ago, when the new world was untraversed by the white man, with his axe and gun—enemies of the woodland—there was a vast area called 'The Birds' Paradise.

This paradise was situated in the Northern Continent; over it ruled a King, whose subjects comprised one family, of each of the species of birds in the country. Fear of this mighty organization kept all intruders from working harm to any of the privileged members. The Indians of the country regarded it with superstitious awe.

The kingly domain was one of the choicest parts, and consisted of a large feathered palace, with smaller ones around for the attendants, and a lovely garden in which grew a famous cherry-tree. From all parts the birds flocked to behold, wonder, and go back unsatisfied. This tree was watered and tended by a Great Horned Owl. Around the enclosure was a high pebble wall, built by the birds themselves. A wood-pecker had carefully carved a pole leading up to the entrance, which was always fastened at night.

It was the early summer, and all the birds were making journeys, "To see how the King's tree was looking."

Among the visitors came the Grayling. He looked for a long while, then the looking grew to a longing—for he had a special propensity for cherries—which ripened into a wicket purpose and rankled in his feathered breast.

Not a word did he say to Mrs. Grayling, who had remained at home, looking after the young Graylings, and all the while the thought was becoming a canker—till the days of the pilgrimages were over.

One fine night, Father Grayling flew away—straight to the pole leading into the King's domain. He smiled to himself at his audacity, as he peered over the wall. Everything was still and even the owl slept soundly. A quick little dash brought him among the branches and coveted fruit. The very smell of the fruit, and the taste of one cherry went to his little head. He was darting among the branches insensible of any disturbance he was making. The old owl awakened sleepily, felt for his eye-glass and peered in all directions, just as the Grayling, instinctively aware of his danger, darted over the wall, and

lost himself among the shadows. The owl still bewildered by what had taken place, went to the king's palace and narrated the occurrence. The king thus roused, chided his guardian for sleeping at his post, and promising further investigation on the morrow, committed himself to his slumbers.

Two days—three days—a whole week passed before the Grayling again ventured out. Getting impatient one night he gave business with the Blue Jay as an excuse, and flew away. Now this was a wicked fib, for he had no intention whatever of seeing the Blue Jay. Straight to the pole again flies the naughty Grayling, and as usual takes his stand where he can just peep over the wall. The court is illuminated and the nightingale is singing the last verse of one of her own compositions. As the last note dies away, the audience enthusiastically encores the singer. Impatiently, the Grayling listens to another selection. At last the lights are extinguished and all is silent.

With a little spring, the intruder flies into the forbidden tree; taking care this time, however, not to make such a disturbance in the branches. Two cherries are safely disposed of, and no alarm is given. A third better than the others calls forth a chirp of pleasure. The owl raises his sleepy head and listens. The fourth cherry calls forth a distinct chirp. Now wide awake in a moment, the owl runs and calls, and the royal household is awakened. Away the Grayling flies laughing saucily. The King and his company rushing out find nobody. The King, whose peaceful slumbers are thus rudely broken, scolds the owl for his stupidity in leaving the tree while alarming the household. He gives instructions that in case of an alarm, to guard the tree, in order that he may be able to detect the thief. Home, home flies the Grayling, never stopping till he reaches his snug little nest. His mate brushes him crossly, as he guiltily settles down. A feeling of remorse stirs within him, and thankful for his recent escape, he resolves to go no more.

Faithfully he adheres to his resolve and is so agreeable that Mrs. Grayling is inclined to overlook what seemed to her his recent coldness. *Faithfully*—for two weeks when a feeling of desperation and recklessness comes over him. Despite Mrs. Grayling's remonstrances at his going to a supposed party and leaving her alone with the babies he flies away, easing his conscience somewhat by saying hurriedly, at parting, that he will return early.

There is no difficulty in finding the way. Father Grayling goes directly to the pole, for the third time, and leans against the wall.

He sees the owl and retainers with fire-fly lanterns, tramping round the tree. These attendants begin to grumble at the owl and complain of marching round in this fashion for a fortnight, all to no purpose. The owl exceedingly sleepy himself gives way against their complaints, and lets them go. A sense of responsibility comes over him after their dismissal and he fights against the overpowering lethargy. In vain—his head droops, and soon he and all his attendants are sleeping soundly.

At last the Grayling may embrace his long waited for opportunity. The wait has been longer than usual, and as he flies for the tree, the young thief's breast feels queerly. "Cold, against that pebble wall" he tells himself and hastens to enjoy the cherries.

The Grayling guards himself against making any response to his surroundings. The cherries are so very nice, still he preserves a discreet silence. But alas—off guard—a special one, so red and so juicy, makes him involuntarily give a shrill little cry. Instantly the owl awakes and he and his retainers set up a great clamor, as the Grayling flies away.

Mrs. Grayling storms and scolds, and will not be consoled. Still having the queer, unaccountable feeling about his breast, the Grayling awaits the dawning. Thankful to have escaped the clutches of the King's guards, he accepts the scolding with good grace.

Now it chanced that the King, wishing to make his surroundings still more beautiful, had had his wall veneered with the juice of crushed strawberries, and dusted over with the brilliant petals of the red cactus. Further angered by the damage done to his wall, he sends his royal heralds all over bird-dom to proclaim a great convocation at high-noon.

As the Grayling makes his toilette, Mother Grayling's attention is turned toward his breast,—then to her own, and her babies'. In vain they wash and strive to make themselves presentable. The wall—the wall, flashes through poor Father Grayling's head like a death knell. He had heard the Sparrow talking about the strawberries for the King's wall.

Nothing can be done; he tells the whole affair to his astonished mate. After which he is quite overcome—Mother Grayling joining in sympathy, and the babies also, not knowing what else to do. Realizing

the ordeal before them they make a last attempt to improve their appearance, and set out for court.

Their efforts to rub off the staring red glaze have made them late. Slowly they make their way up the crowded aisles to the very front row. The feathered occupants, rows back, seeing these new-comers appear in this manner, nudge each other, and whispers go round.

There is talk of the wall, and the cherries, and dimly, in the periphery, now of his left eye, now of his right, the Grayling sees his neighbors and acquaintances pointing and nodding at him. He actually heard someone behind say, "He's been robbin', stealin' ; look at his breast !" The Grayling was too overcome to crush this impertinent bird with so much as a scathing look from his sharp little eye.

The court is brought to order by the arrival of the King with the council of the elders. The case is stated, concerning the cherries and the damaged wall, and as the Grayling is at the front, the discussion is first addressed to him.

Shamefacedly the culprit admits all. The judges confer, while the Assembly sits spell-bound. The decision is made at length; that, whereas this is the first offence, and the Grayling has unreservedly confessed his guilt, his punishment of remaining always marked is great enough. The court further decides that the owl must be punished for neglecting his duty, and sleeping at his post. His punishment is that he must always remain awake at night. The stupid owl seeing the gaze directed to him says, "Who, who !" "You," says the judge sternly as he demands order, for the jealous acquaintances of the Grayling had set up a great hub-bub at his sentence. They think his punishment much too light and whisper about "robbin the tree" etc., in audible tones. The judge decides a new name must be given to suit the changed conditions. "Robin, robin," shriek the crowd. "Robin' . . ." it shall be he declares and the Assembly is dismissed.

Thus the Grayling lost his identity in Robin Red-breast.

H. E. Vaughan, '08.



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Editorials

NOTWITHSTANDING the temptation which the time-honored custom of editorial comment on the past term's examinations offers we shall rather advance a few thoughts on a less-discussed topic, yet one which ought profitably to engage the consideration of the student, namely, the attitude which shall be maintained toward the use of slang. We shall not attempt an exhaustive or extended discussion of the subject but mainly by suggestion to present the question to our readers. That the tendency toward the use of slang is increasingly prevalent in our college community is a fact established by a slight observation. Very probably the character of our round of activities invites the habit, for on every hand we hear our mother tongue held in scant respect. Do we discuss the sports, incidents of every day life, even our college work and a large proportion of words of doubtful origin and questionable taste is called forth. But in spite of this fact should we not as students guard well against the inclination to their use?

We are told that slang is the mark of a young and changing people, springing from the love of youth for metaphor and imagery. All

of the many walks of life contributes its quota of strange word images to our vocabulary. The technical language of the workshop has its corruptions, the athletic field affords its peculiar terms, from hither and yon such words are brought and merged into the common speech—a motley throng. Some of these words or phrases, at first considered slang, arrive at a more or less honorable position in our language. We do not intend to speak of those expressions of whose final status we are at present doubtful, but of those which Webster defines as the “vulgar, colloquial forms of expression.”

A survey of the field of literature shows that Walt Whitman and George Ade are the only writers of any repute who have indulged in a vulgar or slang form of writing and of those who composed their schools none have succeeded in gaining any recognition in the literary world. In our own circle, among the productions in regular college work, slang is not tolerated and in fact is not thought of. However, it sometimes appears in a clearly objectionable form in the papers read before the Athenæum Society, thus defeating the end for which the society exists by lowering the standard of its entertainments and creating an appreciation and expectancy on the part of its members for only such work. Certainly slang has no recognized place in writing. Thus we are confronted by the question, shall there be two standards for language, one for the spoken word, the other for the written?

It is conceded by some that in familiar conversation a measure of freedom is permissible, that slang may be excused on the grounds of relaxation, comparable to recreation from work. It is also held that in some cases slang is preferable to the more dignified and standard phraseology. It must be admitted, however, that the user of slang is, as a rule, the possessor of a very limited vocabulary. Further, it is the tendency of slang to usurp the place of the generally recognized form of speech. Hence we have to face the uncomfortable conclusion that with the use of slang our vocabularies become more and more restricted instead of being enlarged and enriched. We seek cultivation by associating in our studies with the great minds of the past and as we attempt to gain something of the spirit and content of their teachings we also aim to acquire something of the clothing which they gave to their thoughts. Language thus gained need not make our speech stilted and rhetorical. Slang is not the only free and natural form of expression by any means and because the prevalence of the slang word

makes it the most readily available to the individual is no excuse for its use. The aptness and expressiveness of some slang phrases is very apparent, yet to be dominated by one form of expression, which is made applicable to the discussion of any topic on every occasion is not in the best interests of the formation of good habits, whether they be habits of speech or general character. We must gainsay the fact that character is based upon habit if we argue that slang may be used with impunity.



Mr. James T. Kemp of Columbia University in the late February number of the Educational Review presents a very interesting article on "Athletics in Colleges and Universities." It appears as a review of the movement for reform in college athletics of the past few years and as a rather pronounced criticism of present conditions. In discussing the subject he draws no wide distinction between the professional school and the college for he claims that every good college should be, not an organization where so-called college life and college spirit are chiefly cultivated, but a place of insistent and regular work. The proper function of athletics he says, "is that of recreation and refreshment from the inroads of sedentary life. Colleges and universities are places of pronounced sedentary life and of great drain upon nervous vitality. For most men the life is unnatural and tends to throw them into various disorders which are combated and eliminated by physical exercise preferably in the open air." In his opinion the proper function of athletics is that of "working toward wide and general participation in less intense sport than is commonly practiced, in curtailing the struggles of a few who have occupied the stage to the exclusion of the rest, and of multiplying the players and diminishing the rooters." For these reasons he believes we would be better off in all the main purposes of a college if we did not have intercollegiate contests at all.

As we should always be free to consider both sides of a question in its relation to our own conditions we must admit the justice of much of his reasoning while we urge that athletics in our Maritime colleges has not been attended by the grave abuses prevalent in the American universities.

The Library

THE LIBRARY ought to be the centre of the intellectual life of a college. Acadia's library has not yet fully attained this place ; nor can it until much more accessible to the students than at present. The reference room, however, is now open three hours a day, one hour more than in previous years ; and is better organized and better equipped to meet the needs of the students than ever before. It is an encouraging sign that the number of students who make almost daily use of the library is steadily increasing. There are many, however, who find the library hours either inconvenient or insufficient. For these especially, and for all, it will be welcome news that the President plans to have the library open all day at the earliest possible date, and probably by next autumn.

In the meantime it may be helpful to some, if their attention is called occasionally, through the pages of the ATHENÆUM, to the most important of the recently acquired new books and periodicals. A partial list of papers and magazines for the ensuing year is as follows :

The New York Daily Tribune, The Weekly London Times, The Spectator, The Maritime Baptist, The Canadian Baptist, The Baptist Times, The Freeman of London, The Missionary Review of the World, The Baptist Missionary Review, The Biblical World, The Expositor, The Hibberd Journal, The Philosophical Review, Mind, The Forum, Fortnightly Review, The Nineteenth Century, The Contemporary, Nature, The Journal of Geology, Modern Language Notes, The University Magazine, The Education Review, The Journal des Debates, The Atlantic Monthly, The New Shakesperiana.

The Y. M. C. A. has presented to the institution several volumes as a nucleus of a special library adapted to the needs of that important organization. To this collection of books have been added by the Theological Department ten volumes on China. The students hope to add new books from year to year.

Some of the helps for the study of missions are : ' Candidates in Waiting,' (Home Preparation for Foreign Mission work) by Georgina A. Gollock, 'The Foreign Missionary,' by Arthur J. Brown, 'Protestant Missions' by A. C. Thompson, 'The New Era in the Philippines' by Arthur J. Brown, 'Protestant Missions in South America' by

several authors, 'The Pastor and Modern Missions'—a plea for leadership in world evangelization by John R. Mott, 'Africa Waiting' by Douglas M. Thornton, 'The Call, Qualifications and Preparation of Candidates for Missionary Service' by 'Missionaries and other authorities', 'Japan and its Regeneration' by Otes Carey, 'Village Life in China' by A. H. Smith, 'New Forces in Old China' by A. J. Brown, 'Mission Problems and Mission Methods' by J. Campbell Gibson, 'A Typical Mission in China' by W. E. Soothill, 'The Real Chinese Question' by Chester Holcombe, 'China's Only Hope' by Chang Chih-Tung.

Four important reference books recently acquired are :—'A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels' by James Hastings, D. D. vol. 1, 'References for Literary Workers' by Henry Watson. This book and the two following will be found helpful in preparing debates or arguments—'Briefs on Public Questions' by Ringwalt, 'Briefs for Debate' by Brookings and Ringwalt.

R. P. G.



Hockey

THE executive of the Intercollegiate Hockey League met in Truro on Dec. 21st. Kings College and the University of New Brunswick had decided to enter the league this year. Acadia, St. Francis Xavier and Dalhousie constituted one division and U. N. B., Mt. A. and Kings the other. Acadia was scheduled to play Dalhousie in Halifax on Jan. 20th and St. F.X. in Wolfville on Feb. 14th.

WINDSOR 6. ACADIA 2.

When College re-opened after the holidays we found no ice in the Wolfville rink. A week went by and still no ice so we had to look elsewhere for practice. A game was arranged with Windsor for Jan. 15th.

Our team went to Windsor without being on the ice together, so was consequently handicapped. The first half of the game was characterized by heavy checking, mostly of a legitimate order. Windsor had distinctly the better of this half, and netted five goals before the bell rang for half time.

Shortly after the second half began Shaw scored the sixth and last for Windsor. Acadia then began to get down to business and carried the play into their opponent's territory with the result that we scored two goals and kept the Windsor goal tender busy for the remainder of the half.

Mr. Ralph Smith of Windsor made an impartial referee, and saw fit not to inflict any penalties.

DALHOUSIE 6. ACADIA 2.

On account of not being able to make arrangements with the rink management the game scheduled for Jan. 20th was arranged for the 22nd.

The weather turned soft the night before the game and the ice was in poor condition when referee Harry Young of Dartmouth started the play shortly after eight o'clock.

The following is the line-up :

Dalhousie		Acadia
McKenzie	goal	Allen
Ralston (capt.)	point	DeWitt
McLellan	cover	Lewis
Munroe	rover	Hughes (capt)
Learment	centre	Faulkner
Thomas	r. wing	Eaton
McLean	l. wing	Bates

Play started in Dalhousie ice but good defence work saved a score and carried the rubber out of danger and into Acadia's territory. Honours were about even until McLean shot from the wing, scoring Dalhousie's first goal in 12 minutes. Shortly afterwards Munroe scored no. 2 for Dalhousie on a long shot. At this stage Bates went to the pen for five minutes and Lewis followed him in short order. With Acadia playing five men against seven, things looked blue, but Faulkner managed to get through the Dalhousie defense and missed an excellent chance to score by shooting wide. The Acadia forwards worked hard, and Bates soon came on and McLean went off. Play hovered around first one goal and then the other. McLean and Lewis came on just as the bell rang for half time with the score two in favor of Dalhousie.

The play started off fast after the intermission and in quick order Dalhousie added another tally. Acadia then took a brace and rushed

matters. Ralston went to the boards for an illegal check, and with him off Faulkner shot successfully past McKenzie who was guarding his nets in grand style. Acadia took new life and rained a shower of shots on McKenzie but was only able to get one more past him. With the score three to two both teams were working like Trojans on the heavy ice, the blue and garnet forwards breaking through, and it looked like a sure score but McKenzie made an excellent stop of Hughes' shot. The Tiger forwards added two more scores on easy shots and scored a third from a scrimmage in front of the net. This finished the scoring and the gong sounded soon after with the score six to two in favor of Dalhousie. In this half Ralston and Faulkner were each penalized twice and McLean once. Mr. Young refereed in a very satisfactory manner, being especially strict on rough play.

Acadia had perhaps the better skaters and combination, but Dalhousie's defense saved the game for them, while Acadia's defense proved rather weak in stopping the rushes of the yellow and black forwards.

The Acadia team was entertained at a supper after the game, and the two teams parted that night with the best of good feeling and each wishing for the other's success.

ST. F. X. 10. ACADIA I

Considerable interest was shown as the date for the St. X.-Acadia game drew near. Dalhousie had held St. F. X. down in their own rink but St. F. X. had strengthened their team by the addition of "Toby" McDonald, the goal tender of the Sydney Nationals.

Long before the time for the game the rink began to fill up and those who came late stood a poor show of seeing much of the play. About a thousand people were present, a large delegation of St. F. X. sympathizers coming from Kentville.

The two teams lined up as follows with Percy McDonald of Truro holding the whistle :

St. F. X.		Acadia
McDonald	goal	Archibald
Tully	point	DeWitt
Dunlop	cover	Lewis
F. McDonald	rover	Hughes (capt.)
Doyle (capt.)	centre	Faulkner
McArthur	r. wing	Eaton
Brown	l. wing	Bates

The game started off fast and the St. F. X. forwards swooped down on the Acadia goal but were called back on an offside play. The puck hovered around Acadia's end until Faulkner and Hughes went up the ice on good combination, but lost to Tully. Play stayed around the St. F. X. goal until Eaton poked the rubber in the net, but the score was not allowed as Eaton had been off side. Doyle secured the rubber and the St. F. X. forward line came down the ice in excellent form but lost to Acadia's defense. Bates got away but lost to Tully at point. Faulkner was sent to the boards for a trip and a minute later was joined by McDonald who strenuously showed his disapproval of being interfered with. Archibald was called on to stop a hot one from McArthur. Dunlop rushed and shot wide of the net but a moment later shot successfully from centre ice. From the face-off play went to the St. F. X. end where Dunlop secured the rubber and started down the ice, passing to McArthur, who was checked into the fence. Archibald stopped Brown's shot and Eaton took the rubber off side, and a face-off took place in front of Acadia's net, but no score resulted. Brown shot into the net from an off side play but was called back. The play then became quite fast. Faulkner came on and secured the rubber, going up the ice and shooting wide. The blue and white forward line came down fast but lost to DeWitt who went up with Hughes. The defense relieved and Doyle secured the puck at centre ice, avoided both cover and point and shot the second goal for St. Francis in 18 minutes. From the face-off Faulkner and Hughes rushed and Bates scored from a mix up in front of the net. Play went into Acadia's territory and remained until Hughes got away and passed to Faulkner who shot from the wing, but McDonald was in his place and turned the shot aside. St. F. X. came down the ice but lost to Acadia's defense. Bates and Hughes got away but Doyle secured the rubber and after a nice run netted the third for the visitors. Shortly after McDonald scored on a pass from behind the net. A minute later Brown shot successfully from the wing. Faulkner and Bates went up the ice but McDonald stopped the shot, and Dunlop brought the puck up to DeWitt who carried it up to the St. F. X. goal and the bell rang with the play in the visitors' territory.

One minute after play started in the second half McArthur received a pass from Doyle and scored the sixth for his team. St. F. X. rushed from the face-off and Hughes and Faulkner went down the ice

and Bates shot wide after a pass from Faulkner. The blue and white forwards rushed but DeWitt carried the rubber back into St. F. X. territory. Here Tully was ferociously trying to put Bates through or over the fence when Faulkner took a hand with the result that both Tully and Faulkner were given five minutes with the time keeper to think it over. Two minutes later McArthur joined them. With two St. F. X. men off the ice Acadia forced the play and rained shot after shot on the net, but McDonald gave the best exhibition of goal tending ever seen in the Wolfville rink. Doyle and F. McDonald broke away and Doyle scored No. 7 for his team. Acadia again tried hard to score but with no result. The St. F. X. goal tender came out at Faulkner who retaliated and was again ruled off. Two minutes later Doyle scored on a brilliant rush. A moment later McArthur shot successfully from the wing. Acadia carried the play into the visitor's territory and here Doyle took hold of Bates in a friendly manner to keep him from falling and it was mistaken by the referee for an attempt to throw Bates and Doyle went to the boards. Acadia again pushed matters but the man from Sydney stopped everything that came his way. McDonald picked the puck up in front of the net and threw it aside, but Doyle cleared from the face off. The puck went to the other end of the rink where Doyle, after a short run, scored the last for his team. Lewis and McArthur went to the boards just as the bell rang for mixing it up in the corner. Thus ended the fastest exhibition of hockey seen in the Wolfville rink for a long time.

The ice was in good condition when play started, but towards the finish was getting heavy and sticky. The work of Doyle, the speedy little St. F. X. centre, deserves special mention. He figured in every combination play, scoring five goals for his team, and played a good defensive game. The game was fast from start to finish and not as one sided as the score would indicate. St. F. X. is to be congratulated on the hockey team she has this year.

The St. F. X. team was given a turkey supper at the Acadia Villa after the game. Among the guests present were President Hutchinson and Rev. Dr. McPherson of the St. F. X. faculty. The best of feeling prevailed before, during and after the game.

ACADIA 5. MT. ALLISON 4.

On February 20th Mount Allison lined up against Acadia in the Wolfville Rink for an exhibition game. We were unfortunate in again having poor ice and consequently the game was not as fast as it might otherwise have been. The line up was :

Acadia		Mt. Allison
Archibald	goal	Beer
Lewis	point	Doe
Faulkner	cover	Boone
Hughes (capt)	rover	Fawcett
Huntington	centre	McDougall
Eaton	r. wing	Russell (capt)
Bates	l. wing	McKay

From the start the puck went to the Mt. A. goal and was returned by Doe. The garnet and old gold forwards kept Acadia's defense busy and Fawcett scored the first for Mt. A. on a long shot in five minutes. Two minutes later Russell scored the second for Mt. A. From the face-off play went into Acadia's territory and Archibald was called on to look out for his net which he did in good style. Hughes and Faulkner carried out of danger and Doe returned. Lewis started up the ice but checked Boone rather roughly and was given five minutes in the cooler. Eaton got away and after a nice run scored Acadia's first in eleven minutes. One minute later Fawcett again tallied for Mount A. Eaton and Huntington rushed to Mt. A.'s defense, which returned to Hughes who went up and shot wide. Eaton went off for a slight offense and one minute later Hughes rushed from cover and shot successfully. The puck was lifted from one end to the other for the remainder of the half which closed three to two in favor of Mount Allison.

Mount Allison started out strong in the second half, rushing the rubber into Acadia's territory, where it lingered until Faulkner got away fast and made the most sensational run of the evening, going the full length of the ice and scoring Acadia's third. Both teams tried hard to score and Russell landed the rubber in the net, giving Mt. A. the lead. Two minutes later Huntington again tied the score on a pass from Bates. Eleven minutes before time was called Hughes and Faulkner got away and Faulkner scored the fifth for Acadia. The re-

mainder of the half was a series of rushes by the Acadia forwards and good work by the Mt. A. defense.

One victory and three defeats is the result of the season's hockey at Acadia. Acadia was unfortunate this year in having heavy ice for every game that she played, and had no chance to demonstrate what she might do on hard ice. The weak spot in her line up was goal, but a marked improvement was noticed in that position towards the last of the season.

The Hewson Trophy, emblematic of the Intercollegiate hockey championship of the Maritime Provinces, will again rest with St. Francis Xavier. This being the third year in succession that it has been won by St. F. X. it will remain in Antigonish. It is to be hoped that another cup will be presented to the league.

Lewis, '09.



The Month

"Now o'er the one half world Nature seems dead. . ."

Macbeth Act II., Sc. 1, 49-50.

THE first part of the month of February is probably, so far as the social side of college life is concerned, the dullest and quietest period in the college year. This however cannot be said of the latter half of the month, for when exams are over a strong reaction seems to set in at once. Although many of us, perhaps, do not feel confident that our marks are high, we cannot help feeling a sense of relief that the ordeals are over.

Parties occur in rapid succession as well as sleigh drives, when the weather is suitable, and the college begins again what might be called its little "society whirl."

On Monday, Feb. 22, after a lapse of nearly two years, gymnasium classes were reorganized under Mr. Bradbrooke, who is proving himself a thoroughly competent instructor. Mr. Bradbrooke is a veteran of the late Boer War. Being in the Canadian West at the outbreak of hostilities, he at once returned to his native country, England, became

a member of the mounted infantry and was among the first to go out from that country. He remained with the army throughout the war holding the rank of sergeant. Mr. Bradbrooke is at present engaged in Y. M. C. A. work, a fact which makes him the more fitted for his duties with the students. In taking up the work with his classes he purposes to proceed from the elementary rudiments of military drill to the more complicated movements, aiming rather to produce a healthy man than an acrobat. We consider the college fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Bradbrooke and wish him every success in his work.

Immediately following the close of the examinations the '09 class girls entertained a select party of their class boys at the home of Miss Elderkin. A pleasant sleigh drive was first in the evening's entertainment, after which the party returned to the house where games were played and refreshments served. Following this the party broke up in the old time honored way by singing college songs.

St. Valentine's night was marked by several joyous functions. Although the snow was fast disappearing, the Freshmen successfully carried out their drive and banquet. About sixty were present including Prof. and Mrs. Gray, who acted as chaperones. The sleighs arrived in Kentville about nine o'clock and soon after dinner was served. Mr. Britten proposed the "King" in a neat little speech and the class sang God Save the King. Mr. Morton had the privilege of proposing the grandest toast of the evening, "Canada." This toast was warmly responded to by singing "The Maple Leaf Forever." The remaining toasts included the Ladies, the Faculty and the Freshman Class. All are agreed that the 1911 drive was a grand success.

Miss Evelyn Starr made St. Valentine's night very pleasant for a number of her friends by a sleigh drive and afterwards a supper, which was served in a bright and original way suitable to the event. All the upper classes were represented and are indebted to Miss Starr for a delightful evening.



The Lyceum of Horton Academy

Editors :—W. L. Kingdon, J. B. Grant

THE chief features of the Lyceum this month were, first, an entertainment given by the Senior Class on Friday evening, Feb. 7th, and second, a debate on the subject, "Resolved that Canada be annexed to the United States." The latter was both interesting and profitable. The affirmative was supported by Christie, Palmer and Dow, while Hayward, Locke and Lewis spoke in favor of the negative. Some good arguments were brought forward by both teams and it was hard for the audience to decide which side would have the better of the question. The judges awarded the decision in favor of the respondents.

A new constitution has been framed for the Lyceum as the old one was deficient in several points.

It has been decided to change Lyceum night from Friday to Thursday on account of the many entertainments that generally occur on Friday nights.



Athletics

On Saturday morning, Feb. 1st, Horton Academy met King's Collegiate School in hockey for the first time this year. The game which was played in the Windsor rink resulted in a hard earned victory for the Collegiate School, the score being 6-3. The game began with swift playing on both sides, and at the end of five minutes the home team scored their first goal. A minute later the Academy boys carried the puck right through the Collegiate defence and Black scored on a pass from Steeves. For the next few minutes the play was good on both sides, the puck being alternately near one goal and then the other. Bulluck, however, by some speedy rushes scored twice for the Collegiate School. Shortly after Sweet and Harris by good combination play carried the puck up the ice and Sweet shot the second goal for the Academy. Just before the end of the first half the Collegiate School scored another goal, making the score 4-2.

During the second half some rough play was indulged in, and players on both sides were ruled off. The Academy forwards rushed the puck up the ice time after time but the playing of the Collegiate defence kept it from the goal. Harris, however, scored again for the Academy after ten minutes' play. During the remainder of the half Bullock netted two more goals for the home team. When the whistle blew the score stood 6-3 in favour of the Collegiate School.

Bullock and Dupuis played best on the Windsor team, the former scoring five of the six goals. On the Academy team Black and Steeves were the best men.

The line up was as follows :—

Collegiate		H. C. A.
Binney	Goal	Robinson
Rothwell	Point	Sweet (Capt.)
Dupuis	C. Point	Sharpe
Bullock	Rover	Black
Connor	Centre	Harris
Lawson	R. Wing	Steeves
Handsombody	L. Wing	Gray

However, in the return game with the Collegiate School on February 8th, at Wolfville, the Academy showed to much better advantage. During the first half the teams seemed very evenly matched. For the first ten minutes the puck was all over the ice until Bullock netted a goal for Windsor, Harris scored soon after for the home team. Then until the end of the first half the puck hovered first near one goal, then near the other without either side scoring. During the second half the play was much faster and the Academy by some clever combination work scored goal after goal. When the bell rang the score stood 6-1 in our favour.



The Pierian of Acadia Seminary.

EDITOR : —Beatrice Shand, '08.

Current Events

AT the close of the month of January the Seniors were beginning to fear that their plans for a sleigh drive to Kentville would not materialize. Therefore when the first day of February arrived in a snow-storm, great was the delight of '08. We made plans to have our drive on Tuesday, the fourth, but in some mysterious way we learned that the Juniors were also making arrangements for a drive on the same night. Of course we were very anxious that '09 should go and enjoy itself to its heart's content, but we thought it would be a kindness on our part if we should go first and see if the roads were in a fit condition for them to venture forth. Accordingly on Monday afternoon at four o'clock, '08 assembled on the door-steps and waited for the sleighs. We kept ourselves warm by giving *our* yell and that of the *Juniors* much to their chagin. Where did we learn the yell of '09? Let that ever remain a mystery! Presently the sleighs arrived and in a few minutes we were off.

After a glorious drive we reached Kentville and went to the Aberdeen Hotel where our supper had been ordered. After supper we paid a visit to the "nickel" where we saw some truly wonderful sights. We left Kentville at nine o'clock and reached the Sem. at ten-thirty. After giving three cheers for Miss Bool and Miss Bisbee, our delightful chaperons, we said good-night to each other and in a short time we were fast asleep, dreaming of the good time that is over forever for the class of naughty-eight.

The class of naughty-nine is also worthy of mention. The members are a jolly crowd of girls who aim so high that they do not wish to be outdone even by '08! With this aim ever in view they made plans for a sleigh drive on Wednesday night. After tea ten sleighs arrived and the Juniors set off giving their yell which was *almost* drowned by the yell of '08. They drove to Kentville, and were entertained there at the home of Mrs. Porter. After spending a very

pleasant hour, '09 turned its face toward Wolfville and reached the Sem about half-past ten.

They say that they had a better time on their sleigh drive than '08 had on theirs !

According to custom the evening of St. Valentine's Day was spent in merry-making. The dining-room was decorated in a very appropriate manner, hearts and cupids predominating. There we spent a very pleasant hour, and when the bell rang for study, we went to our rooms feeling that our Valentine party had been a great success.

We beg to inform those who are interested in archæology, that the Seminary has become the possessor of two valuable relics from the excavations made at Syracuse. One is supposed to be a standard used on the battle-field by the ancient Sicilians. It has not yet been decided what the other curio was used for by the ancients, but it is thought by some to be the knapsack of a Sicilian soldier. As soon as they are placed in the Seminary museum, they will be on exhibition every Saturday afternoon from four to five.

Last month we were visited by Miss Harriett Latter, the travelling secretary from headquarters of the Canadian Y. W. C. A. at Toronto. She stayed with us five days and we enjoyed her visit very much. She gave us a very interesting address on the Conference at Silver Bay and also helped us by giving many suggestions for carrying on better work in our Y. W. C. A.

Since our last issue appeared Miss Eliza T. Harding for many years a teacher in Acadia Seminary passed to her reward. In our next issue will appear an appreciation of her noble life. "To know her was to love her."

In our next issue will appear the names of the artists who will assist in the Festival Programme. It is likely that the Symphony Sextette will be engaged. This Sextette, all the members being players in the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, will be heard with great delight. The rehearsals for the Festival indicate that great progress is being made.

Forty new slides have been purchased for the use of the class in the History of Art. A lecture illustrating these views will be given in the near future.

The Art Department congratulates itself upon having so gifted a member as the work illustrated in the last issue of the ATHENÆUM would indicate.



College Jester.

"A joke on Jekyl, or some odd old Whig."—Pope.

Prof. Jones—(to one of the Freshettes in Latin) "Can you decline *osculum*?"

Whereat the pretty freshette blushed and said she couldn't.

Prof.—(examining a Freshman for matriculation—"How far have you gone in your conjugations?")

Freshman—"As far as *possum*, sir."

On account of the mildness of the winter the caterpillars have not woven cocoons as usual but have sought a home on some of the students' upper lips.

M-l-r—(at the drug store) "Have you any wax?"

Clerk—"What do you want to use it for?"

Miller—"er my MOUSTACHE."

Clerk—"Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't notice it."

COLLEGE LIFE.

Do not halloo till you are through the exams.

A friend at Young's is a friend indeed.

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands, and man loses his breakfast.

New Profs. mark hard.

It's merry in the Hall when beards wag all.

Dear Sister

Restful are the cigars of a friend, but the cigars of an opponent have comb teeth in them.

The chamber maid knocks but once at every man's door.

Prof. Archibald—(in math.) "Mr. Eaton, what is $\overline{\overline{11}}$?"

Eaton—(looking dumbfounded but suddenly brightening) "I have forgotten sir, you know I live in Chip Hall."

OVERHEARD AT THE RINK.

Fair Sem—"I've had a very pleasant skate, Mr. M-g-er."

M-g-er—"Don't mention it; you're perfectly welcome."

Duffy—(hearing McKinnon's laugh at the Junior table) "Why fellows that must be where the Juniors get their eggs for breakfast."

AN OLD COMPLAINT.

Dr. Chute—"For what purpose did Elijah assemble the people?"

Steeves—"For a *test* I think."

HOW HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

Ages ago Diogenes went up and down the world with a lantern seeking for an honest man : 23 centuries after R. Br-wn '11 went up and down the streets of Hantsport with a girl seeking for a lost Freshman class.

It's all gone now—Denton's whiskers.

WANTED—Somebody's sister to occupy the village parsonage. For further particulars apply to H. S. Bagnall.

ACADEMY PHYSIOLOGY CLASS.

Teacher—"Grant, describe the spine."

Grant—"The spine is a long bone reaching from the skull to the heels. It has a hinge joint in the middle so that you can sit down, otherwise you would have to sit standing."

First Cad—"Have you heard the latest?"

Second do.—"No, it isn't out yet."

First do.—"Oh yes it is ! Color-Sergeant Hopps of the Sem has been degraded to the ranks."

Acknowledgments

1908 :—Prof. Wortman, \$3.00; A. Kaiser, \$1.00; Miss L. E. Brown, \$1.00; C. DeB. Denton, \$1.00; C. R. Higgins, \$1.00; M. F. McCutcheon, \$1.00; Miss Curry, \$1.00; C. L. Sanderson, \$1.00; Miss A. MacKinlay, \$1.00; Miss Helen Haley, \$1.00; E. W. Bigelow, \$1.00; L. R. Fairn, \$1.00; H. M. Watson, \$2.50; F. H. Eaton, \$1.00; Dr. Chute, \$1.00; W. H. Longley, \$2.00; Dr. Cohoon, \$17.00; Miss Flo Harris, \$1.75; R. D. Miller, .10; Miss Etta Yuill, \$1.00; W. T. Denham, \$1.00; V. E. Chute, \$1.00; W. B. Foster, \$1.00; Rev. L. D. Morse, \$1.00; Rev. A. A. Shaw, \$1.00; C. M. Harris, \$1.00; J. E. Barss, \$1.00; Mrs. Edgar Card, \$1.00; Dr. G. E. DeWitt, \$1.00; Prof. E. W. Sawyer, \$1.00; Dr. Barss, \$1.00; T. E. Hutchinson, \$1.75; R. D. Colpitts, \$1.00; R. Churchill, \$1.00; Miss I. M. Green, \$1.00; Fred Porter, \$1.00; A. V. Rand, \$6.00; Gordon Keirstead, \$1.00; H. A. Wilson & Co., \$12.00.

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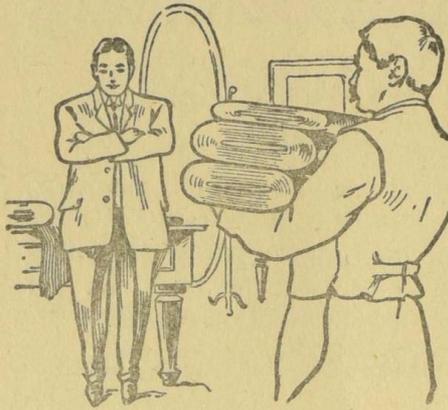
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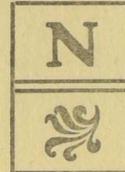
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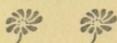
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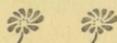
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