

*E. F. Taylor*

# ACADIA ATHENÆUM



Short Story Number  
February-March, 1920

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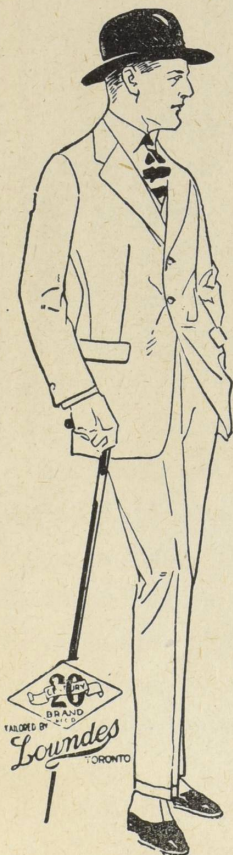
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# The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLVI.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1920

No. 4

## O, For A Smile !

O, for a smile !  
A cheering glance of glad surprise,  
A twinkle in those friendly eyes,  
A gleam to banish cares and sighs,  
O, for a smile !

O, for a laugh !  
A jolly laugh of glad good news,  
To give dull gloom its rightful dues,  
And joy and mirth and light infuse,  
O, for a laugh !

O, for a song !  
A happy song all full of glee,  
A song of gay hilarity,  
A song to make all shadows flee,  
O, for a song !

O, for a smile, a laugh, and a song !  
To cheer the weary-hearted throng,  
To roll this dark old world along,  
And lighten souls oppressed by wrong,  
O, for a smile, a laugh, and a song !

M. E. G. '21.

### Winners For The Month

Poems—1st, M. E. Grant; 2nd, D. D. Cameron, '22.

Articles—1st, K. Fitzpatrick, '21; 2nd, A. E. Warren, '23; 3rd, D. D. Foster, '20.

Stories—1st, J. M. Boyer, '20; 2nd, H. H. Wetmore, Eng. '21; 3rd, D. D. Cameron, '22.

Science—1st, R. S. Longley, '21; 2nd, L. P. Steeves, '22.

Athletics—1st, K. E. Mason, '21; no second.

Personals—1st, W. L. Chute, '22; 2nd, J. M. Boyer, '20.

Exchanges—1st, T. A. Meister, '21; 2nd, G. A. Porter, '21.

Jokes—1st, E. C. Prime, '22; 2nd, T. A. Meister, '21.

Seniors ..... 7 units

Juniors ..... 14 units

Sophomores ..... 7 units

Engineers ..... 2 units

Freshmen ..... 2 units

Pennant won by the Juniors.

For explanation of awards on a 3, 2, 1 basis see editorial page.



### A Sacrificed Leave.

THE 60th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, was enjoying a well earned rest in the villages of Ames and Amettes, Pas de Calais. The Brigade had just marched south from the Yprès sector, where they had spent November and December struggling against the worst combination of mud, shell-torn roads, terrifying night bombing, and death-dealing shell-fire, that had yet been their experience. Although Ames and Amettes were mean little farming villages that provided only haylofts and rickety outhouses for the billeting of the troops, still the men were content with the quiet routine that life in these villages provided. Their days were spent in a leisurely care of their horses and equipment; their evenings passed pleasantly in one of the village estaminets, presided over by a more or less pulchritudinous and always flirtatiously inclined servitress of Bacchus; their nights provided for them eight or ten hours of sleep, free from the fear of being called out to rush ammunition to the guns. As for the officers, their only care was to keep the men contented, and as comfortable as circumstances would allow, and to improve the condition of their horses. When evening stables was finished, the officers would repair to their several billets to dress for dinner in the mess, or to prepare for a trip to Lillers, a nearby town boasting an officers' clothing store and a café for officers. To add to the happy condition of the 60th, the influx of leave warrants had increased from the mere dribble of November and December to a gratifying stream, so that now they were daily setting out to gladden the hearts of their friends and families in "Blighty."

In the horse lines of A Battery, on the afternoon of January the seventh, the evening stable parade was just being brought to a close. A long line of shiny-backed, well groomed horses neighed and kicked in anticipation of the oat-filled nosebags that the trumpeter's call "Feed," promised them. Soon the drivers had fed their teams and had lined up, back of the horse line, for dismissal. Obedient to a nod from the

Major, the trumpeter sounded "turn-out." Immediately the men set out on a wild race for the cook-house, and the officers, after satisfying themselves that the horses were all fed, and secure, made for their billets. Kent, the senior subaltern, made his way to the farm building, where he knew he would find his groom.

"Dickey" Kent was the smiling, six-foot idol of his section, and the cherished friend of every officer in the brigade from the colonel to the newest-joined "one-pipper." His smile was just as expansive and his good humour just as contagious when the dugout candles had been extinguished by the explosion of a shell nearby as when he used to induce some mademoiselle of the estaminet to produce a drop of cognac.

Arrived at the door of the shack where his horses were stabled, Kent called to his groom:

"Wilson, saddle 'Peggy' and your own horse, and bring them around to the mess at 6.30. We'll go into Lillers to-night."

"Very good, sir. I'll be ready at 6.30." Wilson went back to his work.

After clothing himself in purple and fine linen to as great an extent as King's Regulations permit, Kent made his way to the officers' mess and burst in upon the already assembled officers of his battery.

"Hello, Dickey," the Major greeted him. "Why all the doggish attire?"

"Good evening, sir. I was thinking of pushing off to Lillers this evening, if you have nothing else for me to do."

"Go ahead, Dickey; but I hear you are getting involved with Germaine. Doesn't this make the third trip this week?"

"Getting jealous, are you, Major? Better come along with me to-night and see how you like her sister, Georgette."

"No, not to-night, Dickey. I'm going to play bridge at C Battery mess. By the way, you'll be riding past brigade headquarters. Take these returns to the adjutant."

Just then Ames, the mess waiter, entered the room: "Wilson is waiting outside, Mr. Kent."



"Tell him I'll be right out, Ames."

Kent put on his cap and British warm, gathered up his gloves and riding-crop, and left the room under a volley of parting adjurations to beware the charms of Germaine.

Five minutes riding brought the two to Brigade headquarters, where Kent dismounted and went into the orderly room to deliver his returns.

The adjutant, Robertson, greeted him boisterously: "Well, Dick, you're the lucky man of the Brigade just now. You're at the top of the leave list and your warrant should be here by the ninth."

"That is luck, Bobbie; I'll just be able to make the hunt ball at Lyminge on the eleventh and the meet of the Belvain pack the following day. Well, cheero, old thing; I'm away to Lillers now."

Arrived at Lillers, Kent dismounted outside the Expeditionary Force Canteen.

"Here's some money to buy your supper and pay for stabling the horses, Wilson. At ten o'clock go to the place where the horses are stabled, and wait for me there. Madame will let you sit by her stove."

Kent went into the canteen and ordered some mess requirements that the Battery mess care would call for the following day. Then he made his way to the Flatiron building, a well-known café and rendezvous for British officers fortunate enough to be in the neighborhood of Lillers. Here the three sisters, Germaine, Georgette and Yvonne, dispensed food, wine, and music to relaxation-searching warriors.

Kent caught sight of Germaine as he opened the door..

"Bon soir, Germaine. Comment ca-va-èce soir?"

"Très bien, Monsieur Dickee; et vous?"

As Germaine and her sisters managed English much better than Dickey managed French, the rest of the conversation was carried on in English.

"I'd feel much better for a champagne fraisettes," remarked Kent. "Bring one for yourself, ma chérie."

Germaine brought the two champagne fraisettes, and sat down opposite Kent to hear him tell of his good luck in



going on leave so soon. Kent was really immensely pleased at the prospect of going on leave in time to attend the hunt-ball and the meet on the next day. It had been five years since he had attended any hunting fixture; and hunting was as absorbing a passion to him as the accumulation of money is to men of less vigor and red-bloodedness.

In the meantime, another officer of the 60th Brigade was becoming greatly depressed in gloom, as Kent was elevated to extreme cheerfulness.

Captain Thomas Stringer, of D Battery, was a man of perhaps thirty years, capable, a strict disciplinarian, but, in spite of his sterner qualities, capable of experiencing an overpowering passion for the charming young girl whom he had become engaged to before leaving England early in 1915. Shortly after Stringer had left for France, his fiancée came to Boulogne as a V. A. D. ambulance driver, and since then they had not seen each other, as their various leave periods never coincided.

About 5.30 on the afternoon of this seventh of January, 1918, Stringer went to his battery mess and found the following letter waiting for him:

Boulogne,  
Jan. 5, 1918.

My beloved Tom:—

I am writing to tell you that I go on leave on the 10th. Of course, I am overjoyed to think of being once more in the bosom of my family, and I really need a rest. But ever since that wonderful rest we had together in Devon over three years ago, there has always been something lacking about my visits home. Tom, dear, do make every possible effort to get leave now, so that we may be together again after such an eternity of separation. I know it may be hard for you to get away, but surely, if your love is great enough, you will find a way to come to me.

Lovingly, your  
DIANA.

Stringer read the letter through twice, then rose, went to the 'phone, and called the adjutant.

“Stringer, D battery, speaking, Robertson. Where do I stand on the leave list?”

“Tenth, eh! Is it as bad as that? Any hope of getting special leave now?”

“No, I hardly hoped so. Good night, Robertson.”

Stringer went back to his chair in the deserted mess room, poured himself a stiff whisky and soda, and started musing on his hard luck.

“There’s simply no hope of leave for at least a month,” he thought. “If I hadn’t been transferred to this Brigade when I got my captaincy, I would be due for leave right now. Of course I couldn’t hope to transfer and still retain my chances of early leave. Wonder what’s happened to the other officers to-night. This is a d—— dull place. Guess the only thing to do is to go into Lillers. Heard Kent of A battery went in this evening. He usually cheers things up.

The resolution to go to Lillers was no sooner made than acted upon. Stringer sent for his horses, and in twenty minutes was on his way. Half-past seven found him at the Flatiron building, but no Kent in sight. He called Georgette to him, and asked if Kent were there.

“Oui, monsieur. ‘E is just now at dinner in ze leetle dining-room.”

Stringer followed Georgette into the little dining-room, where he found Kent debating with Germaine what kind of wine he would drink.

“Now, see here, Germaine, if you’ll help me drink it, I’ll order a bottle of Moët-Chandon. Hello, Stringer. What are you doing here? Sit down and have some dinner. Make it two bottles of Moët-Chandon, Germaine. You and Georgette will have to help with it. By gad, Stringer, I’m in fine fettle to-night. Expect my leave warrant day after to-morrow, old beau. Off for dear old Blighty and the meet of the Belvoir hounds, all that sort of thing. Just think how the scent must lie these fine, frosty mornings.”

“No wonder you’re full of beans, Kent. Wish I had your luck.”

“But, what’s wrong with you? Cheer up! You’re not



in a sandbag and sheet-iron bivvy\* at Kansas Cross now. By the way, had a letter from my sister yesterday. Asked me if I had ever met a Captain Thomas Stringer of the R. F. A. She's just confessed to the family that she got engaged to you in 1914. She'll be home on leave at the same time as I'll be there. Afraid I won't see much of her, though; I'll be in Kent for a week and then in London, while she'll spend most of her time with the family in Devon. How long since you've seen her?"

"I haven't seen Diana since early in 1915, Dick. Seems our leaves never coincide."

As the evening went on, Stringer grew a little less morose and Kent lost his spirit of utter irrepressibleness. A little after ten, they started home together, and on the way Kent gathered a slight idea of Stringer's great desire for immediate leave. After leaving Stringer at his billet, Kent went on to his own. Gradually he decided that Stringer really needed leave more than he did. Kent had known for some time that his sister was engaged, as she had given him hints of it in many of her letters, but he had not known, until the day before, that her fiancé was the newly transferred captain of D Battery. Also he knew that his sister was very much in love. So, from all points of view, it seemed better for Stringer to have immediate leave than for Kent to have it. Nevertheless, Kent badly wanted to be home for the hunt-ball and the excellent hunting that would inevitably follow it.

For an hour he remained awake, trying to decide what he was to do. At one moment he would see his sister, radiant at having her lover with her; the next moment he would imagine himself flying across hedge and ditch on the back of a pure-bred hunter. Finally, his naturally unselfish nature asserted itself, and, just before going to sleep, he determined to go and offer his leave warrant to Stringer early the following morning.

At ten o'clock the next morning Kent made his way to D Battery lines, and found Stringer in the mess.

\*Bivvy, the army term for bivouac.



"I've come to offer you my leave warrant, Stringer."

"Then you may as well go right back to your battery, where you should be at this time of day. I won't accept it."

"Nonsense, old man ! The leave is just as good to me a month from now. Take it; it really doesn't matter to me when I get my leave."

Persuasion was in vain. Stringer absolutely refused to benefit by Kent's unselfishness. On the way back to the Battery, Kent was intent on ways and means of attaining his end. Finally he decided to go to the adjutant, to see what could be done there. After a rather lengthy confab with Robertson, Kent issued forth from Brigade headquarters and made his way to his Battery mess, where he found his Major.

"Good morninng, Dickey."

"Good morning, sir."

"The Colonel tells me you'll be going on leave to-morrow or the next day."

"I was due for leave, sir, but I've just been to Brigade to get it postponed. Fact is my bank account won't stand leave just now."

Thus it happened that the adjutant 'phoned Stringer that a mistake had been made in putting his name on the Brigade leave list, and, as a consequence of the error being discovered, he was now at the top instead of tenth on the list. And, so far as all the Brigade officers (except the adjutant) knew, Kent postponed his leave on account of lack of funds.

J. M. B., '20



### The Des Moines Convention.

THE Student Volunteer Movement is responsible for the gathering together of that great throng of students to the Convention which met at Des Moines from December 31, 1919, to January 4, 1920. This movement is a comparatively recent one, having had its beginning in 1886, at a Conference held at Mount Hermon, Mass. One of the founders of the Student Volunteer Movement was Mrs. Robert P. Wilder, whom many of us recently had the pleasure of hearing.

The purposes of this organization are as follows:

(1). To awaken and maintain among all Christian students of the United States and Canada, intelligent and active interest in foreign missions.

(2). To enroll a sufficient number of properly qualified volunteers to meet the successive demands of the various Mission Boards of North America in their effort to give all living men the opportunity to know Christ.

(3). To help all such intending missionaries in preparing for their life-work, and to enlist their co-operation in developing the missionary life of the colleges and of the home churches.

(4). To lay an equal burden of responsibility on all students who are to remain at home as ministers and lay workers, that they may actively promote the missionary enterprise by their intelligent advocacy by their gifts and by their prayers.

So you see that this movement is simply a recruiting agency, summoning students to a world-wide crusade. It holds the same relation to the body of missionary workers as did the recruiting offices to the army, during the war. It is primarily a *student* movement, having for its field all the institutions of higher learning in the United States and Canada. One of the means by which it accomplishes its purposes is in the holding of these huge conventions every four years.



This Convention just held at Des Moines is by far the largest one which has as yet been gathered together, exceeding by over two thousand the number which met at Kansas City in 1914.

Our meetings were held in a huge building, known as the Coliseum. It is impossible for me to describe it to you, so that you might get even a slight idea of the impressiveness of seeing between seven and eight thousand students, from all parts of the world, gathered together in one building. There were two wide galleries running around three sides of the building, and I leave it to your imagination to picture the scene, as it appeared to the speakers on the platform, when they looked forth upon that sea of faces, the farthest so distant as to be barely recognizable. Besides the various speakers, there were on the platform returned missionaries, student secretaries and the leaders among the foreign delegates. Suspended from the ceiling, and reaching from one side of the building to the other, was an immense sign, bearing the watchword of the movement, which, as Dr. Mott said, "many believe to be the most distinctive, most original, most daring, and most truly notable contribution of the Volunteer Movement—"The Evangelization of the World in this Generation". Think what a responsibility that places upon our generation in the giving of money, of service, of life, and how great is our individual responsibility in the matter!

To be present in such a gathering gave one a feeling somewhat similar to that experienced on entering a huge church or cathedral, with its semi-darkness and softly-colored lights. No matter in how light a mood you enter, once you step inside you are overcome more or less by a feeling of awe; your levity is suppressed—there is something impressive in the very place. So, to feel that you were just one of that great throng of seven thousand students, made you feel more deeply that you had some responsibility, and that you, too, were there for a purpose,—for nothing less than a great purpose, worthy of achievement, and a spirit of consecration and enthusiasm for that purpose, could have called together such a representation as that.



We Canadian students were especially favored throughout the Convention. The first eight rows of seats in the Coliseum were reserved for the foreign delegates, and the next eight rows for the Canadian delegates, and we of the Maritime Provinces were privileged to have the first row of that section. The students immediately in front of us were mostly Chinese and Japanese, and two or three times we stopped after meetings to talk with them for a few minutes. The Chinese and Japanese girls were especially interesting—they were very small, just like little dolls, and so bright-looking, so naive and childish in their manner, and they seemed so anxious and delighted to talk to us.

One of the most interesting experiences of the whole Convention was a meeting we arranged with some of the foreign delegates. It was customary for two or three delegations to meet together for lunch or dinner in one of the churches. For instance, one day we were the guests, along with U. B. C., of the University of California,—a case of the East meeting the West. We tried to arrange another time for the Acadia, McMaster, and Brandon delegates to meet together, but could not find an hour that was suitable to all. So Mr. Albright suggested the very original plan of inviting some of the foreign delegates to dinner with us one evening. We appointed a committee to invite the guests and make the necessary arrangements, and it resulted in a very cosmopolitan gathering. We had five or six Chinese, four Chinese girls, five Koreans, four or five Hindus, one Parsee woman from South Africa. They were practically all studying in American colleges, but they seemed much more interested in meeting us, as Canadians,—especially those who were British subjects,—than did the American students, and it was far less difficult to make them understand just where the Maritime Provinces were situated. Perhaps it may seem radical to some, but I am sure that if the people of those nations who come to our country were of the type of those young students, it would not be very difficult to overcome differences of race and color, and to meet them on equal terms with our own race. Not the least of the results of the Convention was a deepening and strengthening of the spirit of international

unity. One notable thing about every one of these foreign students is that they are all going back home to their own people, to try and give them as much as possible of the advantages and opportunities they have enjoyed in this country, and which we, too, as college students are enjoying, without thinking of their value.

Looking back to the Convention, it seems to me that the leading thoughts of the various addresses can be summed up under these headings,—the Spirit of Sacrifice, the Need, the Opportunity, and the Responsibility.

Before the war broke out, or was even thought of, there were some who told us that civilization was decaying, that humanity was continually growing worse instead of better; they would not have believed it possible that we were capable of showing such a fine spirit as the war called forth. Then the war broke out; and the nations called for help to support principles, which, though couched in national terms, were after all, the principles of Christianity. And with a splendid spirit of self-sacrifice, millions of young men went forth, to the call of a great adventure, to give up their lives if need be. Now the war is over, but that does not mean that our work is done. The world is in a state of turmoil, and far greater danger than we, in our colleges, and in a peaceful land, begin to realize. To quote J. H. Oldham, one of the speakers at the Convention, "Their contribution, great as it was, could only be a negative one. They suffered, and they died to ward off a great menace, but the work for which they gave their lives, the constructive work is still waiting to be done, and that is the work which is calling you and me. They did not give their lives for the material prosperity of any country. That was not worth so great a price. They gave their lives for a moral and spiritual idea." If we are needed, can we show the spirit of sacrifice to any less degree than those who died on Flanders Fields? If we refuse to answer the call of Christianity for helpers,—shall we not "break faith with those who died"? It is not that we may carry out their trust, but we must.

As for the need, one of the speakers gave the following vivid illustration: In a certain district in Korea, there is a



single hospital which cost, including all equipment, \$10,000. They have a single doctor and a few nurses,—an entirely inadequate staff. In the city of Toronto, which has just the same population as this district of Korea, there is a general hospital, costing \$3,500,000, simply to put it there, regardless of the expenses of upkeep, besides numerous private hospitals, more than enough doctors, and hundreds of nurses. This is not an isolated instance, but one that could be repeated many times over in China and India.

Some figures of comparison may help to make the need more vivid. There are more Christian workers in New York city alone than missionaries in all India, with four times the population of the United States. In Bengal, with a population equal to the United States, there are 800 missionaries, as against 80,000 ministers in the United States. In Northern Bengal, there is one missionary to every two million inhabitants. With the same proportion, Chicago would have but one minister and New York city but three! Of 140,000,000 women in India, less than a million can read and write. In Africa the figures are equally appalling. In Northern Nigeria, with a population of over 60,000,000, there are not fifty missionaries in the whole district.

No matter what life-work we may decide to undertake here, whether as teachers, preachers, doctors or lawyers, there are hundreds of others here in America who can do the work equally as well. And they need all kinds of workers on these foreign fields. Whatever it is that you can do, you can find an opening for your kind of work,—college teachers and high school teachers of English, sciences, mathematics, teachers of art, such as music and drawing, industrial and handicraft teachers, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. workers and secretaries, doctors, nurses, and Social Service workers.

There is no need of dwelling on the opportunity. The need spells your opportunity. One of the speakers on behalf of the British Student Christian Association said that British students feel very deeply their responsibility for the advancement of Christianity, especially throughout the British Empire. It seemed rather a big and startling thing to say,—a group of students feeling such a responsibility, but after



all, is it not so, and are we not just as responsible? For what have we been given such opportunities as we enjoy, except to put them to the best use we can? You have heard various speakers talking about the call for a life of service. What higher form of service could you find?

This is, in some small degree, the message from the Convention. I wish that I could give it greater force and make it more appealing. In closing, let me quote the words of Charles Grauss, who was general secretary of the French Students' Christian Federation:—

“Do not forget that if humanity experiences moments in which it soars to the heights, it experiences likewise others in which it is drawn to the lower regions. Many men will retain the lesson of the war; still more will forget it, and there will be no lack of false shepherds to lead the human flocks back to their old paths. That will be the moment for you to intervene with all the passion of your youth, and all the ardor of our faith. You may be little or great. That is not the question, for the tragic ‘to the end’ of the combatants of the Great War will be also the intangible watchword of the great crusade of the morrow. The wise will accuse you of imprudence, the timid of folly; but you will leave to the wise their wisdom, to the timid their chimney corners, and you will follow all the paths which lead toward the light of thought and action, follow them to the end; to the extreme limit of your strength.

“If, perchance, weariness overtake you in the course of the struggle, you will think of those who died without experiencing a doubt, knowing that you would continue their work; and their gaze will at every step be fixed upon you, full of confidence and of gratitude. There will be no more tears, no more anxieties, no more fears; all together, in the shadow of our glorious dead, we shall throng with calm and assured tread, the foot-paths of the future.”

K. F. '21.

**The Murmur of The Sea.**

While my thoughts go floating backward,  
Drifting down the tide of years,  
Like the deep, majestic chorus  
Chanted by the choiring spheres.  
In my sadder, home-sick moments  
Nothing seems so sweet to me,  
While my thoughts go floating backward,  
As the murmur of the sea.

Oft I sported on its bosom,  
Oft I watched its racing tide,  
Oft I sought it funny treasures,  
With my comrades by my side,  
But the flying years have led me  
Far o'er life's uneven lea,  
Where no longer I can listen  
To the murmur of the sea.

I have watched it when the sunshine  
Touched its laughing waves with light.  
I have seen the starry heavens  
Mirrored in its depths at night.  
I have heard the throbbing music  
Of its mighty billows free,  
And my soul was stirred with rapture,  
By the rhythm of the sea.

I have seen it when the Storm King  
Raced across its foaming tide.  
I have watched its mountain surges  
Sweep the plunging ships aside,  
But in sunshine or in tempest—  
Whether storm or calm it be,  
Nothing soothes my weary spirit  
Like the music of the sea.

'Twas the sea whose vesper chorus  
Made my infant cradle song,  
While the night in sable curtains  
Round my pillow soft were flung.  
'Twas the sea, when rosy morning  
Opened all her portals wide,  
Called me from my boyish slumber,  
Glad to sport upon its tide.

Oft beside the sea I wandered,  
Where the wavelets lapped the shore,  
Or the rushing billows thundered  
On the sands with ceaseless roar,  
Or the salt winds ozone laden,  
With their songs so full of glee,  
Frolicked with the laughing surges  
Of the chanting, sunny sea.

Moaning Sea, within thy bosom  
Sleep old friends of other years.  
O'er their lone forms chant thy dirges,  
Blend thy sobbing with our tears,  
But the hour is swiftly nearing,  
When the dead that rest in thee,  
Shall be called to rise immortal,  
'Mid the anthems of the sea.

—Rev. J. Alexander Ford, M. A.

American Falls, Idaho.



### The Bite of Fundy.

ONE day in September, 1918, I received a special delivery letter from my chum, Norris Paynton, asking me to spend two weeks outing with him, prior to his return to Harvard, where he was engaged in the study of geology. As I had just been discharged from the army, and had not formulated any definite future plans, I decided to accept. Two days later I joined him at Weymouth, loaded down with rods, guns and other conventional sporting impedimenta. We hired a conveyance and drove several miles into the country; thence by an overland hike along country roads and lumber trails to a deserted part of the Bay shore, where my chum's camp was located.

This part of the Bay of Fundy coast is little known. Apart from a few scattered, weather-beaten, fishermen's cottages and the little fishing village of Petitfleuve, a few miles distant, there was no sign of life. The land, densely wooded, full of game, with mountain brooks full of trout and bass; the shore, rugged and picturesque. A more ideal vacation spot could scarcely be imagined.

Norris had been able, thru the agency of meagre French and rather more abundant legal tender, to hire from one Jacques Labiche, an unsavory looking Frenchman at Petitfleuve, a small power boat for the period of our vacation. The next day found us trudging up the dusty road along the cliffs. When we reached the village, we stopped at the corner grocery to get some fruit. One of a knot of fishermen who were idly standing around spoke up: "Is it that you boys figure to go out in dat boat belong to Jacques Labiche?" On receiving an affirmative reply, he winked at his companions and muttered under his breath, "If ferait beaucoup du vent avant nuit, je crois bien! Deux jeuns fous!" However, as we intended returning before night, we paid no attention to him.

Fifteen minutes later we were on the water, with a light breeze rippling the sun-splashed sea. Running down the coast a few miles we crossed the strait to Isle St. Agathe.

My friend was anxious to secure some photographs of a geological malformation and, if possible, to secure some fossiliferous specimens. Before he had completed his investigations, night was falling. We pushed off hastily and skirting the lee shore of the island, we hoped to reach the mainland with daylight. On rounding the jutting promontory that marked the eastern extremity of the island, we were met by a stiff breeze and a dirty chop, which shook our small craft badly. We cut straight across for the mainland. At one moment we were lifted high upon the crest of a foaming wave, immediately to be plunged into a black pit, our propeller racing. Rough weather was no novel experience to either of us, however, and we felt only a thrill of exhilaration.

Unfortunately, we were reckoning without our host, the boat. Presently our motor began to develop symptoms of acute bronchial affection, wheezing and coughing spasmodically. In a few moments, in spite of our best efforts to locate the trouble, with one last despairing splutter, she died.

"D——n," said Norris, and never have I known one simple word to express such a wealth of pent-up emotion. In vain did we peer into dark recesses of the engine and run over the parts where troubles commonly develop. We could neither discover nor remedy the defect.

Our condition was now perilous in the extreme. Night falling, the sea growing momentarily more boisterous, no other craft in sight and the wind already drifting us seaward. Added to this pleasant chapter of circumstances, we soon discovered that the tide was running us seaward at a disquieting rate. My companion attempted a jest, but his tones were rather forced, and I couldn't but feel that my answering smile lacked something of its usual spontaneity. Hastily we unshipped the oars and endeavored to deflect our course sufficiently so that we might make the point of the island. Our efforts were of no avail. We were the sport of wind and tide, and shipping water badly. It seemed that we could only hope to perish gracefully, and never having had any experience along that line we were a little dubious as to our ability.

Soon my chum, peering ahead into the now deep gloom,



descried a low-lying, dark mass, perhaps some hundred feet in diameter, on which the waves were beating furiously. It was apparently a water-worn outlier of the rocky ridge which formed the island. Two alluring alternatives: to be swept away out to sea or to be dashed to destruction upon the rocks. We were utterly unable to alter our destiny one iota, a sensation of infinite impotency, better imagined than experienced.

Tense, we sat awaiting onrushing eventualities, when, C-r-r-ash ! Our boat, plunging down into the trough of a wave, brought up with a sickening shudder on a concealed ledge, split from stem to stern, and threw us dazed and senseless into the welter of yeasty spray.

When I regained consciousness, I was lying part way up the sloping side of the rock, out of reach of the waves, half-choked with sea-water, chilled, and every bone and sinew aching like mad. I looked about for my chum and discovered that he had suffered nothing more than a few abrasions and a slight cut upon the temple. The remains of our battered craft had been driven up on the rock. The rock itself was practically bare. Was its slimy condition caused by spray or was it completely inundated at high tide? The second thought was by no means reassuring. We walked across it and on the other side discovered some drift wood and a gull's nest with six eggs. Now, surely no rational gull would lay eggs where, a few hours later, they would be covered with sea-water, and there would be physical disabilities in the way of any mentally unbalanced gull that tried to lay them under water. It looked as tho we were saved from a liquid demise.

There was nothing for it but to make the best of our new home. It was now quite dark, and getting bitterly cold. As luck would have it, I had some matches in a water-proof case, and our gasoline tank had not been punctured. Collecting some drift wood, and saturating it with gasoline, we lit a fire, with the double hope of warming ourselves and of creating a beacon which might be seen from the mainland. That night remains as one of my most vivid nightmares. We could not sleep, because of the cold, and every minute seemed an aeon.

The dawn found us stiff with cold, and the inner man pro-



testing vigorously. Jumping to our feet, we raked together the smouldering embers and added fresh fuel. We decided to try the gull's eggs, so we boiled them in a pail from the boat, and found them quite eatable, though personally I would have preferred a little toast and salad as "fixings". The wind and sea had gone down, and we were debating the feasibility of swimming to the island during the period of relatively calm water upon the turn of the tide, when, lo! round the point from outside a dory appeared, with a lone inmate an early morning lobster fisherman tending his traps.

. . . . .  
After a particularly enjoyable dinner, and clad in dry flannels, as we lolled on the shore in the glorious September sunshine, Norris somewhat cryptically remarked: "Well, I wouldn't have missed it for the price of two old tubs like that, but I wouldn't try it again for sole possession of the Vaterland."

J. I. M. '21.



### The Girl That Won The Game.

**I**N the centre of the New England States is a university known as Bridgewater College, around which this story centres. In a quiet corner of the grounds, one bright November day, a young man and woman were talking. The man seemed utterly discouraged with life, and the girl was trying to rouse him from his lethargy.

"Jim," she begged, "we've always been good pals, haven't we? And haven't I shared lots of your secrets before now? Then why can't you tell me what's troubling you? You know, Jim, everyone is talking about your football. They say you've gone all to pieces lately, and Stanhope will beat us awfully on Saturday unless you brace up."

"And I've told you before, Mary, that I can't play any better, and I won't play any better on Saturday, and I simply can't tell you why."

"Listen Jim," the girl went on, "there are lots of people even inside this college who believe that you are too afraid of Stanhope to play any better. You can't afford to get the name of a quitter. But how can you help it if you don't let us know what is keeping you from playing?"

The man was silent, and the girl spoke again more sharply: "Maybe you don't mind being called a quitter, but people aren't stopping there. Dozens of students here are whispering that you have sold the game to Stanhope, and are playing poorly to make an alibi. Jim, don't you care what people think of you? Don't you even care what I think of you? I've believed in you up till now, Jim, but if you don't give me some other reason, how can I help believing that they are right?"

The young fellow hesitated a few moments before he spoke: "I know very well, Mary, that you couldn't believe those lies if you tried, and I'm getting so I don't care what the sneaks around here think of me. If they're dirty enough to suspect me of these things, let them go to it. But

I might as well tell you the trouble, and you'll understand why I'm upset.

"You've met my young brother, Ralph. He's been working over in Williston with Smith and Fairweather, but about ten days ago he was discharged, accused of stealing. All I can find out is that some bonds disappeared from the office, and the next day he was trying to sell them. The thing seemed ridiculous at first, because Ralph has always been as straight as a string, and anyway no one in his senses would steal bonds one day and try to sell them the next, in the same town.

I know Ralph can't be guilty, but he's in a bad fix just the same. The firm didn't prosecute him, because they got their bonds back, but the story has leaked out and his future is about ruined. Some one has passed those bonds on to him in some way that he can't get out of, and so he's getting blamed for stealing them. But it's awful to think about. There's Ralph's future gone, and Heaven knows how soon the news will reach home. Father is very poorly just now, and I think this would kill him. Oh, if I could only think of something to do, but I can't. I've worried about it till my nerves have all gone to pieces. I can't think about my work here, or football, or anything else. It's worryin'g about Ralph's predicament that has made my playing so ragged lately. I've tried, and tried, but I can't keep my mind on the game. That's why Stanhope is going to beat us next Saturday."

The girl laid her hand lightly on his arm before she replied. "I'm glad you told me this, Jim. It makes a lot of things easier to understand. But I'm sure some one must be playing a mean trick on Ralph. Look, I can go over to Williston tomorrow and get his side of the story. I'll make him tell me about it whether he wants to or not. There must be some way out of this tangle, and I'll try to find it. You stay here and play football, and I'll get some good news for you. I have to run along now, so goodbye."

The man began to object, but changed his mind. Instead, he held out his hand: "Good luck to you," he said, grimly,



“and wire the minute you find anything.” He watched her walk down the hill, then he started to the gym to change for the daily practice.

Bridgewater College turned out a keen football team every year to try to beat their hereditary opponent, Stanhope University. The two colleges were usually well matched, but for the past three seasons Stanhope had been victorious. This year Bridgewater had developed a star half-back in Jim Lewis, and the whole college was counting on him to lead them to victory. Up to a week before, their prospects had looked bright, but then Lewis had suddenly gone all to pieces. He was still playing a wretched game, and this was Thursday, with the big game Saturday afternoon. Thus it was a race against time that Mary Williams was entering, as she took the train for Williston the next morning.

Time seemed to stand still to Lewis as he anxiously waited for news from Williston. Friday afternoon and evening slowly dragged past, and a sleepless night added the final ruin to his nerves. All Saturday morning he moped around, expecting every minute to receive a telegram from Mary, but no word came. He did not know that Friday night a broken bridge had destroyed direct communication between the two places, and Mary’s message had been delayed. Saturday slowly dragged along until finally it was time to change for the game. Until the last minute, Jim had felt the message must be coming, but when the coach called the team to go out on the field, his hopes died, for he felt the trip to Williston must have failed.

The next thing he knew, the whistle blew and the game was on. All through the first period, Lewis tried to forget his worries, but it was impossible. He was awkward with the ball and slow in his plays, and he plainly showed that his heart was not in the struggle. Worse than that, the rest of the team began to weaken. They had fought hard the first five minutes, until they realized that if possible, Lewis was worse than ever. After that, Stanhope pushed them steadily back. Along the Bridgewater side of the field there was

little enthusiasm. The rumours that Lewis was yellow, or had sold the game, went unopposed. When he dropped a beautiful forward pass with a clear field before him, even the Bridgewater rooters howled. All along the line, people were begging the coach to take him out. In short, in that first period Bridgewater was completely outplayed, and the score at the end was 13-0 in favor of Stanhope.

Just as the teams were coming off the field, a big car came speeding along the road toward the campus, carrying Mary Williams and Ralph Lewis, the same broken bridge that had delayed their message had delayed them. The car stopped in front of the gym just after the team had entered. The coach was just going up the steps when they hailed him, and spoke to him for a minute. 'I'll send Jim right out,' he answered, and ran down to the dressing room, where the team was resting. When Jim appeared, there was little need for speech. One look at the joy in Mary's face and the relief in Ralph's told the story.

"How did you do it, Mary?" he asked, as he caught both of her hands in his. "It's so long a story it will have to wait till after the game," she answered. "How is the game going anyway?"

"It's been going badly so far," he smiled, "but we've still got three periods to win in, and I'm feeling so happy now that that's two periods more than we need."

There is no need to describe the rest of that game. Lewis was back in his old form again, and the rest of the team rallied behind him. Bridgewater simply got the ball, took it down the field and scored. Then they did it again, and again. The end of the second period found the score 17-13 in their favor, and by the end of the game it was 29-13.

An hour later a party of two had taken possession of a corner of the college grounds and Mary Williams was telling about her trip. "I hunted up Ralph as soon as I got there, but I had an awful time getting him to talk. You boys are both awful that way. But after he told me the whole story, it was easy.

"It seems he went out one night with a man named Fairbanks, who worked in the office with him. They entered a poker game, and he lost all the money he had with him. Fairbanks lent him some, and two of the sharpers he was playing with did the same. Before the night was finished, he owed all of them a lot of money. He kept on playing for several weeks trying to win it back, but he got farther and farther in debt.

"It was Fairbanks who stole those bonds from the office. He had them in his pocket that night, and Ralph had a lucky streak and won them from him. As soon as Fairbanks knew that Ralph had been caught with the bonds he made a bargain with him that he would cancel Ralph's account with him, if Ralph would keep quiet about where he got the bonds. Ralph was so afraid that your father would hear of the poker business that he foolishly agreed. However, he had brains enough to get back his I. O. U.'s and notes when he made the bargain.

When he described Mr. Fairbanks to me, I found that I had met him before. He had worked for my father a few years ago, and stole some money from him. Dad didn't like to prosecute him, and so let him go. Then I hunted up a friend of father's who knew the story, and we convinced Fairbanks that we would send him to jail for the old crime if he didn't confess to the new one. As Smith and Fairweather weren't anxious to prosecute, and we were, Fairbanks confessed to taking the bonds, and cleared Ralph. Then we sent a wire to you—it's funny you didn't get it—and we hired a car and came home as fast as we could, because we didn't want to miss the game."

For a few moments there was silence between them. When Jim spoke, his voice had a deep, earnest tone that very few people had ever heard him use: "Mary, I don't think you realize just how much you've done in these two days. You've been the gamest sport I ever saw, and the truest pal I ever had. Just as soon as I start earning some money, you're going to be more to me even than that. And then think what you did today for Bridgewater. Listen . . . .



Out in the street someone shouted "What's the matter with Lewis?" and five hundred voices answered: "He's all right." "Mary," he said, "it's you they should be cheering for, not me,—you're the girl that won the game.

H. H. W. Eng. '21.

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### **Purpose of The Christian Student Association.**

**T**HE above question was the chief topic of discussion at the three sessions of the Canadian National Conference at Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 30-31, 1919, just prior to the Student Volunteer Convention.

At the third session a committee composed of the leaders of delegations from the various colleges, presented the two following statements, recommending that they be presented to the Local Associations for consideration and comment. It is hoped that these alternative statements will provoke thought and discussion and lead to a clarifying of thinking as to the real aims and purposes of the Association in college and hence to a new clearness of statement of our work and a greater definiteness of aim in all our activities.

Which statement does your Association prefer? What amendments would you suggest? Can you find a satisfactory basis of membership in either of these statements? Do you approve of using such a basis of membership with a declaration of purpose to unite with others, in securing the aims thus set forth?

Please discuss this in Cabinet or Executive, at Bible Classes or in Discussion Groups and in the General Meeting, reporting to me in writing in before April 26th, as we desire to make a further contribution to this subject at the Summer Conference this year.

L. S. ALBRIGHT.

## TWO STATEMENTS.

1. To seek to know God through Jesus Christ, and having discovered Him, to make Him known to the students of this University, and through them, to the world.

2. To serve as a bond of union and a means of maintaining and deepening the spiritual life of all students of the college or university who accept Jesus Christ as the supreme revelation of God, or who desire to understand and test the Christian faith and the Christian standards of conduct and society.

To bring the influence of this Association to bear upon the student body with a view to permeating the whole student life with Christian ideals of conduct and service.

To insist on the obligation resting on all students to consecrate themselves to lives of unselfish service in whatever vocations they may follow; to emphasize the special need of workers in the various social and missionary enterprises of the Church; and to provide, as far as possible, opportunities for definite service on the part of the students themselves while in college.

NOTE: Is it not the function of the Association to induce students to do their share of thinking (along with Labor and the Farmers) on the economic, social, industrial and international problems of the day, so that students may continue to supply their share of thought and leadership in the solution of these fundamental questions ?

L. S. A.

## RECOMMENDATIONS.

1. That copies of these statements of the purpose of the S. C. A.'s be sent out by the Council of Canadian Student Movements to all Canadian S. C. A.'s with a request for an expression of opinion of them before April 30th, 1920.

2. That the various Canadian S. C. organization be asked to consider whether the time has not now come to take

steps for the organization of a distinctive Canadian Student Movement; having regard to

- (a) the fact of our growing national consciousness and and the conviction which is shared by many students that the Student Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. are not a natural expression of the religious life of Canadian Students.
- (b) the fact that our Canadian S. Associations in practice, if not by constitution, do not accept the Y. M. C. A. basis of membership.

3. That the *adequate opportunity* for the discussion of these matters be provided in the program of the Canadian Summer Conferences; that such discussion be carried on as far as possible by *students*, commissioned to express the convictions of the institutions they represent; and that, if at all practicable, a representative Conference of Canadian Students be assembled at as early a date as possible.

4. That meanwhile, no obstacle be placed in the way of any Association desiring to take such steps as it may deem advisable to adapt itself to the situation and needs of its own institution.





**To Winter.**

O Winter,  
Wild and stormy,  
Once more we turn to greet thee !  
Mantled is the Earth, gaily bedight  
With flaky, flowing robes of wondrous white.  
O beauteous, awe-inspiring sight !

'Tis Night,—  
The air more chilled—  
The places round the fireside filled.  
Outdoors, howling winds that never tire  
Indoors, proudly the ruddy flames leap higher.  
O cosy, cheery winter fire !

But look,—  
Outside there stands  
A woman, old and gray, who scans  
The flickering flames, through blinds undrawn.  
Thence to her garret, dreary and forlorn,  
Dare she thy wintry blizzards scorn ?

Ah listen !—  
Jingling sleigh-bells,  
A happy winter's message tells.  
Toboggans and snow-shoes next appear;  
Echoes the clink of skates in accents clear.  
We are glad, O Winter, thou art here !

D. D. C., '22.

### The Theft.

THE summer was promising to be a most excellent one for boating and bathing and hunting trips. It looked as though it would be an exceptionally dry season and a most enjoyable summer for pleasure trips. Hence the summer resort called "Restawhile", which was built near the shore of a beautiful lake surrounded with woods of indescribable beauty, had been crowded to its full extent, and people were still seeking admittance. It certainly promised to be an exceptionally good summer for the landlord of the hotel unless something very unusual should happen during the summer.

Included among the crowd of boarders were: Two old maids, very sensitive indeed; one couple just newly married; one rich family of which the daughter was engaged to be married to a young artist who had come to this place for experience; and a man who was here merely to recover strength from a hard year's work in an office. The only company of this man was a tame monkey which walked about with him hand in hand wherever he went. There was also one other whom we must not forget to point out particularly. That one was a writer who was trying to obtain local color for a wonderful story that he intended to write as soon as he returned.

Up to the time that the two strange companions mentioned above came to the hotel, everyone thought this to be the best place in the world, and everything suited everybody—which is not very often the case in this world of ours. But one morning about three days after the arrival of Jacko the gorilla, as the boarders were seated at breakfast, the two old maids solemnly walked downstairs and into the room. One of them said that she had left a purse containing all her money upon a chair near the head of her bed, and that this morning it was not there. The other also said that she had been robbed of a string of beautifully graded pearls which had cost her nearly half of her fortune, and that she would be ruined if they were not discovered.

To these ladies the landlord replied that the house had been securely locked up during the night and that all the windows had been fastened down so that no thief could possibly have entered the house. He asked them, therefore, to go up to their room again and make a thorough search.

The two maids, arm in arm, then turned square around holding their eyes fixed on the circumference of a horizontally lying circle elevated to the height of about five feet. Thus moving swiftly away, they disappeared to return in about ten minutes saying that a thorough search had revealed no sign of the missing valuables.

Then the taller and the more stern looking of the maids spoke to the breakfasters: "The landlord declares that everything was safely locked up last night, therefore someone in this room must have committed this robbery." Thereupon, everybody lifted startled faces and peered into the faces of the others, wondering who could be the guilty one. Everyone feared the other and each was afraid that if he made a false move he might be shot by the robber, who might be sitting directly opposite him, for all he knew. Without any further comment, the stately woman walked to the telephone, and by a long distance call obtained conversation with her lawyers in the city. Stating the case, she ordered them to send down one of the best detectives available. The reply was that one would be there in about two hours, arriving on the next train, due in about two hours.

Scarcely had the receiver been hung up, when in rushed the newly married bride, dragging her abashed husband by the hand. She stated in no gentler tones than those of the maids that her expensive wedding suit had been stolen from her room and that the gentlemen of the place should make some hurried investigations. As an evident proof of the theft, she produced a piece of cloth which she said had been torn off in the haste of the thief to get away with the suit. This said, she burst into a flood of tears and fell on the shoulder of her amazed husband.

When the rest of the people heard of this second robbery, there was a grand rush for the stairway, that each one



might see what things could have been stolen from them.

In a few moments, the rich lady's daughter came running ahead of the others, shouting that a wonderful portrait given her by her artist had disappeared from her room.

The master of Jacko now appeared, saying that his dearly beloved companion, Jacko, had disappeared, although he had been chained last night to the bedpost, and he also said that he would sue the landlord unless the monkey were discovered.

Most of the others came down now in a hurry, reporting as stolen, some little trinket, a book, a new stylish hat, or a pearl headed hatpin, and so forth.

The only one who had not shown up at breakfast and who was not present now in the excited group was the young artist. Noticing this, one of the ladies asked where he might be at such an important time. Someone said: "Suppose he is the thief." Acting according to this suggestion, the men all rushed upstairs to the room of the artist and none too gently knocked at the door. In a few moments there was a sleepy response and soon the key was turned in the door. Without waiting for any further invitation, they all rushed in the room.

"Search the room, boys," cried someone. No sooner said than done. The poor bewildered artist was forced to stand by and see all the bed clothes thrown around the room and his wearing apparel likewise scattered among them. Then the contents of his bureau and trunks were strewn over the floor. At last someone suggested the idea of looking in the closet. There, in a corner were the lost goods: the coat; the purse; the portrait; the numerous trinkets; and many other articles. Hauling out these articles, they held them before his eyes. "See here! my overcoat"; "here is her portrait, and look! the maids' purse and beads"; "Now we've found the thief." Such were the cries that greeted his astonished ears. Jumping into a few clothes which he picked out of the huddled up mass, he demanded what kind of an outrage they were carrying on in his room.

Heedless of his wasted words, the men, dragging him down-stairs, presented him to the rest of the boarders gathered around the bottom of the steps. These seeing his be-draggled form exclaimed "Fie upon you"—"Shame on you; you look like an artist"—"Lock him up until the detective comes" this last by one of the maids.

Struggling as best he could to get away from this maddening crowd and to be left alone in a barn, or jail cell, or any place whatever to escape such a conflict, his eyes rested upon his fiancée who pulled off her engagement ring and handed it to him saying, "Find someone else to give this to who is better suited to your life.

Maddened by this "most unkindest cut of all," he fought like a madman but was finally forced to yield to the will of his captors. He was then carried away to be locked up in a shed outside the house with the owner of Jacko to keep guard over him.

During the excitement, everything else had been forgotten and everybody had run to see the thief. Even the cook and washerwoman had left their work.

When the various characters went back to their work, again there was raised the cry of "Thief" and there was a general rush for the kitchen from which direction the sounds were coming. The result of examination showed that a platter containing a roasted turkey for dinner had disappeared, also about a half dozen pies, and some silver knives and spoons.

This occasioned a general search around the house, but nothing was forthcoming.

The scene was interrupted just about this time, however, by the arrival of the detective. Having obtained all the facts of the case, he determined to go outdoors and examine the premises. He had no more than reached the back of the house when he saw the artist and his guard excitedly beckoning to him. Hurriedly, he approached the shed. What was his amazement to see Jacko calmly sitting down in the further corner eating away at the roast turkey, and every now and then shoving in his gaping mouth a huge junk of pie.

Upon seeing that, the detective went up under the outside of the windows of the hotel and sure enough, there were the tracks of Jacko in the sand where he had climbed down the water pipe to the ground. The mystery of the theft was explained. Jacko had not noticed the story in which his room was situated, and having obtained the articles through the open windows, he had placed them in the room beneath that of his master. Thus, the stolen articles had been found in the room of the innocent artist who, on that account had suffered so many disgraces and discomfitures.

The story was soon told to the inmates of the hotel and their anxieties were thereby displaced by regrets for having so wretchedly treated the poor artist. Accordingly, when the artist entered the hotel to go to his room, he was overpowered or overwhelmed by a volume of effeminate apologies which did not please him nearly so much as the expression of sorrow for having treated him thus, from the rich lady's daughter, and her renewed acceptance of the engagement ring.

M. H. M. '22.





**New Fables in Slang.**

*(With Apologies to George Ade.)*

**THE FABLE OF THE CHICKEN-FED THEOLOGUE.**

ONCE upon a time a heavy-draft theologue, who eventually became the Rev. Simeon P. McClure, hit the trail for Acadia.

Unlike the ordinary freshman, he was already wise to the joint's ideals and spirit. The big boys of the board of governors and the score and six of Wolfville's retired divines were old pals to him. He had heard them speak.

After the arrival of the three-fifty-one he breezed by Artie's Bean Buffet with the confidence of a junior.

For two years he had had the field at Squeedunk Ridge. He admitted to his closest friends (and to others) that the Squeedunk Hicks and Lizzies proclaimed him a bear.

He had the world by the tail wit ha down-hill pull.

Nor did the good people of Squeedunk forget him after he had gone to Acadia; they wrote early and often and addressed his mail—Mr. Simeon P. McClure, Lic., to indicate that he was no ordinary Bo.

Those who called at his rooms heard a swell line about the rotten condition of the Squeedunk church when he came to the rescue. Take the Sunday school, for example——.

But there were some wonderful people in Squeedunk. In particular he mentioned two of his deacons as fine types. And, too, there was Mrs. Squires—her husband not a very religious man—who was queen dipper at the ice cream feeds and a whale for work.

Meanwhile he was a freshman.

He signed up for the regular freshman dope, but set up a howl that it was a waste of time and mazuma for a theologue to study mathematics and chemistry. As he said, he "registered a protest".

In two weeks the profs. had verified their hunch that he was lame about the neck-band.

When he walked with another student he would massage the boy's arm and ask him how the work was going.

At the receptions he was lit up like a new saloon. He took a fatherly interest in the gathering and talked along with the chaperones. He pulled such words as vouchsafe and immaterial without backing up to get a start.

He pulled down one of the late forties in Bible in the mid-year exam.

With the coming of spring and the seed catalogue there came an invitation to resume his work on the Squeedunk field. Instead of grabbing the job he accepted the call.

It was a whale of a day at the Ridge when the pastor returned.

The fear of the deacons and dippers that the higher learnin' had spoiled their pastor was knocked cold with his first sermon.

When he pawed the pulpit he was dolled like a shop-girl's dream of elegance. He was cloth to the heels. He had been dodging striped poles for some moons and the Samsonian billows had swept up a reef of bear grease on his coat collar.

In his sermons he would say: "I believe it was Carlyle who said ———"; or ——— "You will remember that Victor Hugo in his 'Les Miserables' ———" when he was cock sure that there wasn't a Hick in the house who knew Carl or Vic from a new kind of chewin'.

Occasionally he slipped them a hunk of the original Greek which he translated freely when he was sure of his audience.

His hand-shake after church felt like the bottom of a cold blueberry pie.

No sermon was complete without a vigorous bawling out of science. Evolution and logarithms invariably caught it in place for the beads. Bob Ingersol and Charles Darwin were left without a pin to stand on.

Personally he selected no chimps for his ancestry.

But in regard to the fourth dimension he had an open mind. He had a friend at Garvard University who had made experiments in a dark room, which, though by no means con-

vincing, had indicated that time was the elusive member of the quartet.

The Rubes with trombone trousers and six-and-a-quarter lidsloved to whittle in the back seats during the discourse.



When he made his calls the parlor shades were raised and the chickens would make queer noises and hide under the barn.

The Squeedunk hens loved to beam upon him while he fed his face.

He was a bear on the whole line of tea chatter. He never gummed up the minor syllables.

The Hicks and Hickettes ate the legs and wigs and were pleased.

The little boys would fetch water and bring in wood until he had gone.

Finally October came and he again hit the pike for the Mecca.

It eventually leaked out that he had been a howling success on the Squeedunk field.



This time he registered in the B. Th. course.

But in order to become the all-round man he exposed himself to a course in geology. He would butt in on the prof. with "I disagree with you on that point, professor," as though it was a personal matter.

For the solution of some problem which had been hanging over for centuries his complete equipment consisted of a bald head, a heavy book, and a pine table.

This was his last year at Acadia.

When June came he made tracks for Squeedunk, and the fair Lizzie. He sopped up her own daddie's butter and eggs and swilled the top flat from the jersey juice.

Eventually these two were hitched.

Three years after his ordination he pried loose a call from Bingville, where there were real post office boxes and an Oddfellows' Hall over the hardware store.

Here it was found that he was a pest.

Moral: *Save the chickens.*

D. D. F. '20.

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## The Epicurean English.

(Continued from last issue.)

ALL Englishmen of sufficient means live a part of the year in London. The wealthier people have their town houses in Mayfair, Chelsea, or Kensington, and live in them several months during the year. The really proper time to be in town is from just after Lent until the end of May. During that time society activities are at their height.

One of the amusements that London offers is theatre going. One can enjoy the drama in all its forms, from farce and melodrama to Shakesperian comedies and tragedies, and from the crudest musical shows to grand opera. During the last few years the London stage has presented some very popular plays, both musical and otherwise. Among the musical plays "Chu Chin Chow" and "The Maid of the Mountains" have been most successful. "Chu Chin Chow"

owes its popularity to its spectacular qualities, and "The Maid of the Mountains" was favored on account of its really good music and on account of the fact that it actually had a plot, a thing that few musical comedies can claim. One of the good plays was "The Title", by Sir J. M. Barrie. This play was a satire dealing with the promiscuous bestowal of titles at the present time, and was extremely clever.

Another thing that makes life worth living in London is the plenitude of comfortable clubs. Most English gentlemen belong to at least one club in town, the Junior Army and Navy, the Junior Carlton, the Constitutional, the St. James, the United Services, the Conservative, or the Royal Automobile.

These clubs are all more or less exclusive and each has a community of interests for its members. For example, an army officer will belong to either the Junior Army and Navy or the United Services Club; a member of the House of Lords will belong to the St. James; a conservative member of the lower house will belong to the Conservative Club.

All the clubs are comfortably furnished and have excellent culinary arrangements. The Royal Automobile Club is probably the most luxurious in London. In the lower basement of the R. A. C. we find Turkish baths, a large swimming pool, and five courts; on the first basement are barbers, chiropodists, cloakrooms, and various domestic offices. On the ground floor is a large entrance hall, a reading room, a concert room, American bar, and club dining-room. The upper stories contain bedrooms for the use of club members.

London's restaurants do not lag behind the clubs and theaters in making London a pleasurable place in which to sojourn. The fashionable West End restaurants are easily described as being luxurious in their appointments, service, and cuisine.

There is one old-fashioned eating house in Fleet street, however, that I will attempt to describe. I refer to "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese". The entrance to the "Cheshire Cheese", in an obscure alley, leads one into the dining-room. This dining-room is small and dingy, the floor is covered with sawdust, and the tables are forms set between high-backed



settees. The interest of the place lies in the fact that it was the haunt of Dr. Johnson and his cronies and later of Dickens and his friends. It has undergone very little change either in its furniture or in its bill of fare since the time when it was the resort of the literary worthies of former days.

Now that we have discussed certain of the institutions that help to make London amusing, let us turn to the daily routine of a member of London society.

The social activities of the day really begin at noon with a luncheon party; if this luncheon is for men only it will usually take place at one of the clubs; if women are included, it will be at one of the West End restaurants. The afternoon is taken up with various activities. There may be a court garden party to attend, there may be an informal *thé dansant*, or the afternoon may be spent at the bridge table. The evening usually starts with a gay dinner party, which is followed by a theatre or a ball. If the theatre is chosen as the amusement for the evening, it must be followed by a supper party at one of the restaurants or at the home of some member of the party. This supper, with its attendant gayeties, usually lasts well beyond midnight. If dancing is chosen as the amusement for the evening, there is likewise no cessation until the small hours. After a few hours' sleep comes the time to rise and ride in the park. This morning-ride is very effective in neutralizing the bad effects of late hours and in preparing one for the activities of the afternoon and evening.

The English show in their apparel a deeply-rooted regard for the fitness of things. When bodily comforts are owed the first consideration, their clothes are chosen with that in view; when mental ease is of prime importance, their clothes are such as will promote that feeling.

In town, especially in financial and parliamentary circles, the proper day-time apparel for gentlemen consists of silk hat or "topper", black morning-coat, grey-striped trousers, grey spats, and black shoes. This is an extremely dignified costume and is only worn by people to whom dignity is of paramount importance. Most young men prefer the ordinary grey tweed lounge suit in the day-time. In the evening there



is only one proper form of dress for the fastidious Englishman, wherever he may be. Full evening dress, of course, is not necessary, except for formal affairs, as the more comfortable dinner jacket has taken its place to a great extent. But one must get into evening clothes.

In the country the proper daytime apparel is decided by the variety of sports engaged in. Golf, tennis, shooting, boating, and hunting, all have their own form of dress, and each form is particularly suited to its own sport. It may seem absurd to see a man going hunting in a high hat. But, if he gets thrown from his horse and lands on his head, the high hat will break the force of his fall to a certain extent.

Now this fastidious desire to be properly dressed for all the varied activities of the day may cause considerable trouble. Our Englishman awakes early on a sunny morning and feels that he would like a short ride before breakfast; so he dresses in riding boots and breeches. After breakfast a friend 'phones and asks him to join him in a round of golf; so he changes to brogues and golfing "bags". In the afternoon he has to appear in correct morning dress at some political function. Returned to his home for tea, he is induced to change into flannels and make a fourth for tennis. After the tennis he much change again for dinner. These many changes, however, cause more trouble to the servants than they do to the individual making them, and his trouble is more than made up for the satisfaction of always being comfortably and properly dressed.

Although the Englishman thinks it necessary to a well-filled year to spend a small part of his time in London, still he finds his most solid enjoyment in the pursuits of country life, which take up the greater part of the year. During the whole year the estate owner has numerous duties to perform in connection with the management of his estate, the welfare of his tenants, the care of his hunting or racing stable, and the increasing of his game preserve. Besides these duties different seasons have their several sports, such as shooting and hunting.

Game shooting, which starts on September first, is a very popular form of country sport. The game consists of part-

ridges, pheasants, and grouse. The partridges and pheasants are raided by gamekeepers on the estate during the summer and are turned loose in the fall to be shot. I am told that it sometimes costs as much as ten shillings to produce a single pheasant for the fall shooting. When September the first comes, the estate owner's house is usually full of guests, who have to join in the shooting. Each man or woman who actually takes part in the sport is known as a "gun". The gamekeeper's helpers who assist in game shooting are called "beaters". Their function is to encircle the birds and drive them along to meet the "guns". When the birds are driven within range of the "guns" and rise from the ground, the "guns" let blaze from one or both barrels of their shotguns and then collect the spoil. It is considered extremely bad sportsmanship to shoot at a bird on the ground; and to be successful in shooting them on the wing requires excellent marksmanship. The extent of the Englishman's devotion to game shooting is well illustrated by an incident that came to my notice in September of last year. An old gentleman of seventy-two years was determined to go shooting on the first day of the season. He was considerably put out because his wife wouldn't allow him to take a lunch with him; she knew that he would stay out all day if he had a lunch, and that otherwise, being a man of healthy appetite, he would finish his shooting by noon.

Fox hunting is probably the most exciting of England's rural sports. Its season is the winter and early spring. The expense entailed is considerable. It is necessary to keep at least one good hunting horse for each member of the family who is of hunting age. It is necessary to pay subscription to the upkeep of the local hounds and to share in the reimbursement of the farmers for damage done to their property by the hunt. It may be well now to attempt a description of a typical day's hunt. About seven in the morning the members of the hunt, all well mounted, assemble at the appointed rendezvous. The fox, raised by a local sportsman for this great day, is led out and set loose. The hounds are present, baying loudly in protest to their leashes. When the fox is loosed, he immediately sets off across country at top-speed. After



he has managed to get a generous start the hounds are loosed and follow hot-foot on his scene; and after the hounds gallop the assembled devotees of the hunt, over hedge, ditch, stone wall, and open field. Occasionally horse and rider part company at a hedge or ditch; the horse may go over the jump and leave his rider behind, or he may stop abruptly and hurl the rider out of the saddle to the other side of the hedge or into the ditch. However, all this is part of the sport, and if the rider breaks no bones and is able to catch his horse again, he remounts and carries on. The fox may be wily enough to break his scent by crossing a stream. In this case the hounds and hunters are delayed for a time until, by casting about, the hounds are able to pick up the scent once more. The object of every person taking part in this hunt is to be "in at the death", that is, to be present when the hounds finally catch and kill their quarry. Very few succeed, for usually it is a matter of at least three hours' cross country riding, with countless hazards, and it requires excellent horsemanship, an extremely well conditioned mount, and a certain amount of good luck, to follow the hounds to the very last.

Since our English gentleman spends the greater part of his year in the country, and since he frequently entertains large house parties, his country home must be commodious and comfortable. I can best show this comfort is attained by describing, as an example, Cole Orton Hall, near Asby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire. The main approach to the house is by a driveway, about a furlong in length, through the wooded park surrounding the house. The house is built of stone, which is covered with ivy. The main entrance is on the southern side and leads into a square entrance hall, which is hung with trophies of the chase. Doors from the hall give entrance to the billiard room, the study, or office of the head of the house, the drawing room, and the servants' quarters; also a grand staircase leads to the sleeping quarters. The drawing room is large and comfortably furnished; there is, of course, a huge fireplace on one side of the room, and the walls are lined with shelves of books. From the drawing room one passes through an arch to the ball-room, where hang the ancestral portraits. Folding doors at the opposite end



of the ball-room lead into the dining room. The drawing room, ball room, and dining room are all on the north side of the house, and all look out on the tennis courts and formal garden. The water and lighting arrangements of this house are all that could be desired; a steam engine in a nearby out-house pumps water and generates electricity.

Cole Orton Hall is especially interesting from a literary and historical point of view, chiefly because it is the home of the Beaumonts. The Beaumont of Elizabethan drama fame was a brother of Sir John, who owned the estate at that time. The Beaumonts have always been patrons of the arts, but it was in the early Victorian age that they especially befriended artists and men of letters. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Cowper were all frequent visitors at Cole Orton Hall. Sir Walter Scott occupied for a time a comfortable house on the estate known as the "Home Farm". Here he wrote the greater part of "Kenilworth" and "Ivanhoe". There is a beautiful, old-fashioned, informal garden, near the manor-house, that Wordsworth planned and in which he carved a seat out of stone, that became his favorite place for meditation. Besides the rich literary associations of the place it has historical interest in its chapel, which was used as a stable by Cromwell's soldiers.

Having discussed the sports and the dwelling places of the country gentleman, let us now turn to a description of the typical daily routine of a house party. Before breakfast, which is usually at nine o'clock, family prayers are held. The head of the household conducts this service, at which are present all the servants and as many guests and members of the family as have inadvertently come down stairs, too early for breakfast. Breakfast is always a "buffet" meal; that is, the oatmeal, eggs, kidneys, toast and coffee are arranged on the sideboard and each person helps himself. After breakfast the members of the party engage in whatever form of amusement the season, the weather, and their individual inclinations may indicate. The energetic may betake themselves to the golf-links or for a cross-country walk, the lazily inclined will loll in the garden with a book for companion. All assemble again at one o'clock for luncheon, which is also very

often a "buffet" affair. After luncheon the party motors to a neighboring house to spend the afternoon at tennis, and arrives home again just in time for the "dressing" gong. Shortly before seven-thirty all assemble in the drawing-room, and when dinner is announced take their places in the dining-room. Dinner is the formal meal of the day and consists of six or seven courses. After the dessert, the ladies retire to the drawing room, where they are joined by the gentlemen a few minutes later, after the port has gone around once more. The evening is spent in bridge or dancing until eleven, when the party breaks up. The women probably gossip together for a little while in their rooms, and the men chat for a time in the billiard room, over their night-cap of whisky and soda. Of course, this typical day that I have just described is capable of infinite variation, so that country life seldom palls.

On the whole, life is made very pleasant for the Englishman who is born a member of an upper class family. Of course, for many such men enjoyment of the ideal life that I have portrayed comes merely as an occasional respite from diplomatic, political, naval, or military service. And don't forget that the men of this class are always first and among the most gallant of all that come to England's aid in time of war; and the women showed great devotion in all forms of hospital and canteen work during the late war.

Indeed, England offers a life of refined enjoyment, and her people know how to get full benefit from it.

"He who of these delights can judge,  
"And spare to interpose them oft, is not unwise."  
J. M. B. '20.



### The Misadventure.

**I**T was in the summer of 'sixteen that I first met "Duck" in London. His full army title was No. 85 Sergeant Duckford, H. H., 1st Newfoundland Regiment. He had already "done his bit"—*pro tem*—at Gallipoli in 'fifteen, and had been invalided to "Blighty," unfit for further active service, on account of sickness. "Duck" was now a clerk in the Newfoundland Record Office, and, at this time, I also found myself among the host of scribes at the Canadian Pay and Record Office, London.

It came about in this wise. We were living at the same house in a certain square, in the fashionable district of Belgravia. This house was formerly the London residence of a retired English general, who had generously handed it over to a most esteemed and capable woman for the purpose of providing a temporary "home" for Colonial soldiers who were resident in London, on military duties.

There were twenty-four Colonials boarding at this place, more familiarly known to us all, as "number six." There were representatives from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland and Canada. The true colonial spirit was predominate. "Rank" was utterly disregarded. We were a cosmopolitan bunch, having in our midst a representative of nearly every rank—from the rockbottom depths of the time-honored private to the awe-inspiring heights of a staff-captain.

We lived together as brothers—on amicable terms. Still, we had our pet chums, and it so happened that "Duck" and I generally "did" London together.

It was Sunday afternoon in the middle of August—one of those glorious beautiful but sweltering hot days, when the Londoner finds it impossible to remain "in the city." The soft tar on the streets was already glistening, reflecting the azure blue of the sky overhead! It is strange how the populace of London seems to vanish on days like these. But it



is not hard to find them—the only wonder is, how do they slip away so quietly?

We chose the river at Richmond for this occasion. A small punt, several cushions, a tin of cigarettes, the latest magazines, a copy of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," and a small island up the river where we could get "tea," well, our joys were *almost* complete.

The river was alive with all manner of small craft—in fact, there were times when very skilful manoeuvring was required to keep out of the way of large river steamers, which passed up and down the river on their scheduled pleasure trips.

In a period of frantic haste to clear the midstream for the passage of one of these steamers, we noticed another punt, occupied by two ladies, who were having considerable difficulty in eluding the path of the on-rushing steamer, which was "tooting" defiant "toots" at the wayward punt. It was soon evident that the elder of the two ladies had "lost her nerve" in the excitement. It was one of those breathless suspenses when all normal persons literally "freeze in their tracks," and wait for things to happen. It was not so with "Duck." A look from him brought me to my senses and our punt plunged forward to the rescue. "Duck" seized the other punt with his hands—and thus we went across the river—to safety—by the margin of mere inches, much to the gratification of the terrified occupants, who had been spared the humiliation of an inglorious ducking.

The younger of the two girls was fair to look upon and comely withal. This fact did not escape the eagle eye of our Newfoundland friend—and thereby hangs this tale.

There were only a few words exchanged between us—mostly words of thanks from the girls for our timely assistance. I almost forgot to mention the glances and the smiles which were interchanged between "Duck" and the fair damsel.

We punted away upstream again, but, to "Duck's" great sorrow, the other punt had turned towards the landing stage. That finished our river trip for the afternoon! I must admit

that "Duck" was a straightforward pal, absolutely free from the obnoxious camouflage habit. "Don, we're turning back, too," said "Duck" to me. I answered him with a roguish grin, knowing full well that was useless to argue on the subject, besides, his remarks were becoming interesting. "I've seen that girl before . . . I've heard that voice somewhere—I wonder where? . . . I recognized that smile at once. . . . There was something in that glance which appealed to me—an indescribable something—and it means something to me!" And so on did the soldier rave. No wonder we were turning back. "Duck" was struck!

"Now, ease up a little on that pole-stroke," was his next injunction, "we don't want to overtake them." It was quite evident that I was becoming as anxious over this affair as "Duck" was.

"What's the plan, anyway?" was my next question, feeling that it was my legal right to be "in" on the scheme. "Well, we shall have to wait and see, Don." A pause, and then: "One thing, sure, I'm going to find out who *she is*." "You mean, who *they are*, don't you?" I said provokingly. "Well, maybe *you* might be interested in the other person," was the quick and stinging retort.

I could plainly see this was a serious affair as far as "Duck" was concerned, so I resolved to quit the fooling, ever anxious to play my part as a chum of the redoubtable "Duck." When we perceived the "parties in question" leave the landing-pier, we forthwith adopted the approved Sherlock Holmes method of following people. "Duck" took the precaution to explain to me that it would be well-nigh fatal if the ladies realized we were following them.

To the great joy and supreme satisfaction of my friend, the ladies made their way to the Underground Railway Station, and purchased tickets there. This simplified matters considerably, and as "Duck" pointed out to me at the time, we should certainly have encountered numerous difficulties if we had been forced to follow a 'bus or a taxi. Thereupon, I took occasion to remind my confrère of the fact that we might still have to follow a 'bus or a taxi, half-way



across London. His face fell. . . . I picked it up for him by answerinng his next question, the question which stares every man straight in the face. "How much dough have you brought with you?" I made a rapid investigation. At first, nothing was found, but a third look in one pocket revealed the pleasant fact that I had thirty-two shillings. "Good," he commented, "I've got two pounds fifteen, so I guess we can ride pretty near all round London in a taxi, with that much. I stifled a groan—because pay-day was a long way off.

The task which now confronted us, was to keep a constant vigil at the various "stops," in order that we might alight at the desired station. "Duck" undertook this important part of the work, because, as he observed, "That kilt of yours is so blinkin' conspicuous, anyway." Now, I could stand most of "Duck's" insinuating remarks, but I violently objected to my Highland dress being spoken of so rudely. This only made matters worse, and he simply went on: "I don't see why soldiers should be allowed to wear such frocks and frills anyway." His remarks were abruptly cut off by another stop. His immediate return to our seat in the car, assured me that "the fullness of time was not yet at hand."

In order to further the interests of the good cause, I offered to leave him to his own resources as soon as we should arrive at Victoria Station, providing there was nothing of interest to report before we reached there. Under normal circumstances, Victoria would be our destination, but surely to-day presented abnormal circumstances, over which we had little or no control. My suggestion was not necessary, because the ladies, ever and always under our strict surveillance, were now intermingnling with the crowd who were seeking the exit at Victoria.

"Dame Fortune" was smiling down on us. "Duck" was smiling up at her—but I don't mean "Dame Fortune." A cloud seemed to hover over his handsome face, when I said something about Victoria being one of the largest railway centres in London. This, however, proved to be the



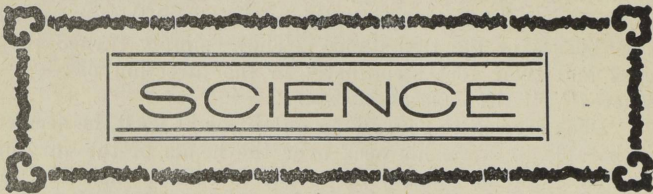
cloud with the silver lining, for these daughters of Eve did not seek out the Railway Station, neither did they approach the 'busses or the taxi-stand. They simply turned their eyes and their feet steadfastly in the direction of —— where?" "Ah! *nous allons voir!*"

Duck seemed to be walking on air, or at least, he seemed to be able to crane his neck over the heads of the surging crowds. In his anxiety he forgot to talk to me. He announced later that I was a hopeless conversationalist anyway. There was just the faintest suggestion forcing its way across or over his resolute face when I sought to console him with the information that this unknown fairy queen would be at least "get-at-able" in future, speaking from a geographical point of view.

"*Mirabile dictu,*" we were *not* following along the pathways and byways of strange pastures. To our intense stupefaction, we were steering the good ship "Fortune" in the direction of "number six." They had already turned the corner into "*our square.*" They passed number "one" and "two" before we dared to turn the corner. At number "three" we perceived they were slowing up. The brakes were on, so to speak, and I calculated, that allowing for friction, the bodies would tend to remain at rest outside of number "five." No, I had made a mathematical error, altho I had applied the correct laws of motion! They were now between "five" and "six," say "half-past five;" what was she looking for in that dainty hand-bag? Surely not a powder-puff. No, wrong again, it was that powerful little Yale production—the key! *Horrors*, they live at "*number six*"!

We endeavoured to look pale and uninterested as we followed them into the house. I could judge by the way "Duck" slammed the door shut that it would be useless to offer any consolation at that particular moment. Truth is stranger than fiction, and so it turned out that "Duck's" "phantom of delight" was a sister to one of the new "*maids*" at "number six". . . . Thus do the summer roses fade!

D. D. C., '22.



# SCIENCE

*What is the true end and aim of science but the discovery of the ultimate power—a seeking after God through the study of his ways.—W. H. Furnsse.*

## Some Facts of the Modern X-Ray.

THE 19th Century has often been called the Golden Age of Science. During this period, lived many of our ablest scientists. So remarkable was the advance along lines of biology, chemistry, and physics, that many were saying, as the century neared its close, that these sciences had their houses in complete order, and that any further advancement must come along the lines of precision.

This idea was rudely dispelled by the wonderful series of discoveries in the years just following 1895, so that people have now ceased to wonder if there is an end to scientific discovery.

All are interested in what composes our universe. Scientists had formerly reduced the knowledge which they had to the theory of atoms and molecules, when some one began to talk about the ion or electron, and at once the atom ceased to be the smallest unit.

Among the great advances in science during this period which have been of immense value to mankind are the electron theory of matter formulated by J. J. Thompson, and the discovery of the X Rays by Rontgen.

We have all seen an electric spark as it passes through the air. This, then, is our starting point. It was soon discovered that if a bell-jar were placed over the induction coil



and the air exhausted before the current passed, that the spark was highly colored and passed much more easily until, in a relative vacuum, there was no sound as the spark passed.

The two chief investigators at this time were Crookes and Lenard. Crookes soon invented a tube of lead glass from which the air was withdrawn before the poles for the current were sealed in the glass. With this tube he and Lenard made many experiments with the passing of the current through the vacuum.

The Crookes tube soon began to be used by all physicists for the discovery of invisible light rays, and it was through the use of one of these that the X Ray was discovered.

Rontgen, of Wurtsburg, was using a pear-shaped Crookes tube in an effort to find invisible rays, and had covered the tube with black paper to cut off any illumination from the tube itself. He had set the tube in operation and had turned around, when he noticed a distinct glow upon a barium platino cyanide plate which he had left upon the table a few feet away. The glow came from the direction of the tube, yet he knew it could not be the rays he was looking for, since the black paper excluded this possibility. Thus he concluded that the glow must be from the vacuum tube itself, and by the aid of a screen, he soon located the source which proved to be that part of the tube where the cathode or negative pole stream struck the glass.

Rontgen was much elated with his new discovery and spent much time in finding out the properties of the rays.

In describing these properties before the Physical Society of Germany, he used the following sentence, which at once attracted the attention of the world.

"If," said he, "a hand is held between the tube and a screen, the dark shadows of the bones are visible." At once doctors and surgeons saw the advantage of such a tube, and it was immediately in demand for medical purposes.

Now it was known that the glow came from the glass, where the cathode stream was reflected upon it, but the reasons for this were yet to be explained. Thus began the process called by Tyndall, "The scientific use of the imagination". The following theory was brought forward and



universally accepted. The impact of the cathode stream from the pole of the tube carrying electrons and moving at very high velocity, strikes against the glass walls, and the energy from the flying particles, is transformed into this type of vibration which Rontgen was pleased to call X Rays, just as radiant energy is transformed to light and heat; or a bullet striking a steel surface, has its energy transformed into heat, light and sound.

This gives in the simplest possible language the principle of the X Ray, and it would be impossible in one short article to more than touch upon the subject.

It can readily be seen that the demand for X Ray tubes by surgeons would necessitate considerable improvements over the Crookes tube. The first tube successfully used for medical purposes was one made by Professor Jackson, of King's College, England. This tube had all the essentials of the Crookes tube, but had a concave cathode in order to concentrate the stream focussed upon the anode, which now began to be called the anti-cathode or target. This target consisted of dense metal placed at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  with the cathode in order to deflect the cathode stream at right angles to the glass, where its energy is transformed.

The tube now in universal use is the Coolidge, named from its make. It has a cathode of flat tungsten spiral wire surrounded by a focussing tube of molybdenum, and it has a much higher vacuum than the Jackson or the Crookes tube. The cathode must also be heated by a special current before the regular current will pass.

The next question that may arise is the difference between the X rays and light rays, and the fact seemed to be that X Rays are not far removed from the ultra-violet rays. Without attempting to show the points of difference in detail, there are three essential points of difference:

- (1) The X ray is invisible to the eye.
- (2) Penetrates substances which are opaque to light.
- (3) The X ray breaks down the insulation of the air and forms a path for the conduction of electricity.

This point of difference may easily be shown by placing a charged electroscope in the path of the rays. Immediately the leaves of the electroscope collapse, showing that the insulation of the air has been broken down and a path formed by X rays. This process is known as ionization and is now an important subject for special study.

Let us now for the remainder of the article consider some of the uses of the modern X Ray. Most of us, no doubt, think of the X ray as something used by surgeons to see the inside of the human body, and beyond that we know very little. While this is, perhaps, the most important use, it is by no means the only one.

For the examination of the human body, the X Ray apparatus must be quite complicated. It consists of the tube itself with its stand, and the couch.

The couch is usually made of wood to prevent any danger of an electrical shock, while the tube must be surrounded by a screen or protective cover to prevent as many rays as possible from going in directions other than that in which they are desired.

The photographic apparatus is but little different from that of the usual dark room, the plate being generally exposed in two black paper envelopes. When the radiograph is taken, if there is any foreign body in the system, it shows plainly in dark shadow on the plate.

The X-Ray has been used in this way to great advantage in the late war for the location of bullets.

The next important use of the X Ray is in the examination of steel castings. The iron or steel with a flaw has been the cause of more than one accident. The X Ray proposed to do away with this danger by a thorough examination of all steel used for manufacturing. Already flaws may be detected in steel over half inch thick. As science advances and stronger tubes are formed, it will be easily possible to examine even the thickest steel used.

This same use has been also made in connection with wood, especially for aeroplanes.



The wings of the airship must be of strong but light wood; hence many accidents have been avoided by a thorough examination of all wood used for this purpose.

The biologist has also found a use for the X Ray. He has combined it with his microscope to form what he calls the microradiograph. This enables him to study to better advantage many minute animals which are opaque to light, such as the protozoans, and to see them in their natural state. It also enables him to study many of nature's plants intact, to see the spores of the fern, the insects which infect them, and it enables him to see the inside of many of our galls, such as those found on the thorns and rose bushes.

Then the X Ray helps in the study of Conchology, as it enables scientists to see the inside of the shell and its structure, and at the same time to study the life inside of the shell without disturbing it.

The physicist and chemist are using the X Ray. It is useful for ionization purposes, for the crystal structure, and for determining the atomic weight of elements.

Finally, the X Ray is used to prevent imposters from selling copied oil paintings for the originals. The radiograph of a painting shows every detail even to the finger prints. Hence it is impossible for substitution to be successfully carried on if this radiograph is carefully made.

This study is rather interesting. For example, a photograph of an oil painting in which there is a bright clear sunset, appears in a radiograph as rough and stormy. There are other points of difference which space will not allow to be stated.

These, briefly, are a few facts of the modern X Ray. In all the topics which have been mentioned, the aim has been to give but the outlines. The subject is so large that it could be covered only by a series of essays. Man is still seeking knowledge upon this important branch of science, and what the future has in store for us we can only conjecture.

R. S. L., '21.



### Academy Notes.

The Academy re-opened on January 6th with about twenty more students than last term. Early in the term Mr. Scovil was elected captain of the hockey team and along with the rest of the team has been doing some hard practice work to get in shape for the games of the season.

On Saturday, January 31st, the Academy team met and defeated the King's Collegiate team to the tune of 2—1. The ice was good and both teams played a fast, clean game. McDonald did some splendid playing for Kings and Eagles (Rusty) in the net did some fine work for the Academy, especially during the last five minutes of the second period, when King's made a determined effort to score and gave him a busy five minutes. The hockey team of the Junior Class met and defeated the team of the middle class on January 25, with a score of 5—3.

On January 23rd the members of the Senior Class went to Kentville on their annual sleigh drive. Mr. Hall accompanied the party as chap-a-long. After going to the carnival in Kentville the party assembled for a spread, speeches, etc. They arrived back at the Academy shortly after midnight.

Early in the term new officers were elected for the Lyceum Society and with Mr. Cox as President are planning for a series of weekly debates, entertainments, etc. for the coming term.

L. M. G.

## Around The Hill.

### HOCKEY.

It is too early as yet to predict the outcome of the hockey season. By the time this issue comes from press we shall know. As yet the Acadia team has played only one league game and lost by a very narrow margin after contesting it very keenly and stubbornly. Of one thing the hockey team may be sure. It has the entire support of the student body. It displays the same determined attitude and sportsmanlike manner of playing which characterized the football team in the fall.

### INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING.

This year for the first time since the adoption of Intercollegiate debating at Acadia work is being done on two intercollegiate debates.

The subject submitted by King's this year was: "Resolved that a political, and commercial union of Canada, Newfoundland and the West Indies would be advantageous to those countries." Acadia supports the negative.

The team chosen to represent Acadia is Lumsden, '21, leader; Nowlan, '20; Lank, '22.

The Propylæum Society is sending out an intercollegiate team for the first time. The debate is with Mount Allison on the subject: "Resolved, that a legislative union of the Maritime Provinces on terms alike equitable and agreeable, would be advantageous.

The team chosen is Miss Parry, '20; Miss Fitzpatrick, '21, and Miss Verge, '22.

Mount Allison chose the affirmative, so Acadia is supporting the negative.

# The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLVI. WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1920. No. 4

G. H. ESTABROOKS, '20 *Editor-in-Chief.*

HAZEL G. MORSE, '20 *Literary Editor.*

J. B. POTTER, Eng. '20, Science.

K. E. MASON, '21, Month.

J. I. MOSHER, '21 Exchanges.

L. B. GRAY, '20, Personals.

R. S. LONGLEY, '21, Athletics.

J. M. BEARDSLEY, '21, Jokes.

C. B. LUMSDEN, '21, Business Manager.

L. M. GRAY, Academy.

ELLEN SPENCER, Seminary.

HUGH BLACK, Eng. '20 Staff Artist.

A. B. COREY, '22 Circulation Manager.



## Editorial



THE recent social survey held under the department of Practical Sociology of the university was the first thing of its kind in the history of the town of Wolfville. If the facts gathered together are viewed in the right light and put to the right use, they may be the starting point for a great movement for the betterment of social conditions in Wolfville. The census does not reveal that social conditions here are any worse than in many another town throughout the Maritime Provinces, but rather is an indication of a healthy growth of public sentiment with respect to the matter.

The survey originated in the dissatisfaction of many of the prominent citizens with social and school conditions of the town. The college authorities took up the matter and decided to deal with it by the scientific method of a social census. This was designed to avoid any haphazard action and to provide a rational basis for work.



The work was authorized by the Civic Club of the town, who considered it the most important action of that club. It received warm recommendations from the I. O. D. E., the Children's Aid, the pulpit, and the press. It was announced in advance from every pulpit of the town and by two editorials in the local paper.

The information asked for was under the heading of name, age, grade in school or grade when person left school, religious affiliations, health, and attitude toward a night school.

A digest of the information received reveals many interesting facts.

The number canvassed was 1542.

The occupations of persons over twenty-one years of age, housekeepers excepted, were divided about as follows:

Farmers .....	45
Students .....	9
Business .....	72
Clerks .....	45
Rough laborers .....	124
Trades .....	55
Professions .....	55

At a conservative estimate, the number of persons now twenty or under, who left school under sixteen, is in the vicinity of seventy-nine.

Persons well acquainted with social and educational conditions of the town are much pleased with the information gained by the survey. In those respects it is surprisingly accurate. The information, however, regarding church and Sunday school attendance is unreliable.

The information thus gained under the department of Practical Sociology has been tabulated and submitted to the School Board, the proper authorities for such a matter. They will decide how best to use it. In event of any constructive work on the information gained they may feel sure of the co-operation of the college.

## COMPETITION AWARDS.

In this issue, for the first time since the competitive system was introduced into the Athenaeum, we are departing from our usual basis of granting awards in the Literary Department, and giving them for articles and stories on the basis of three units for first, two units for second, and one unit for third. This is only a temporary measure and to a large degree experimental, and will only be resorted to as occasion may demand. The literary editor has for some time considered taking this step in case the quality and quantity of material submitted warrant such a step. In several instances this might well have been done before this year. However, when the call for material brought forth ten stories and nine articles, practically all of considerable merit, the time had surely come to make the experiment. It may be seen by looking at the awards for the month that, for the first time during the year, every class is represented. This is indeed gratifying, for it is indicative that the Athenaeum is more or less, what every college paper should be, representative of the entire student body.

## THE SHORT STORY ISSUE.

On account of the number of short stories of considerable merit received this month, it has been decided to make this a short story issue. This is simply by way of variety for the magazine. This does not indicate that the articles received are not of merit, but simply that for this issue the stories have been given preference.

We are indebted to Rev. J. Alexander Ford, M.A., of American Falls, Idaho, for his poem, "The Murmur of the Sea". Mr. Ford was a former student at Acadia and a former editor of the Athenaeum. It is very gratifying to find this interest in the paper on the part of a former editor.



# The Month

*Hail, social life! Into thy pleasing bounds I come to pay  
the common stock, my share of service, and, in glad  
return, to taste thy comforts, thy protected joys.*

## POLITICAL CLUB.

THE girls of the Political Club were extremely fortunate in having the opportunity to have as their guest on January 9, Mrs. E. M. Murray, of Halifax. Mrs. Murray has been attached for a number of years to the editorial staff of the "Morning Chronicle" and "Daily Echo", and came to us with a reputation of being a splendid speaker. We were not disappointed. She was splendid, and the message which she gave us on "Citizenship" is one which we will long remember.

## SENIOR-SOPHOMORE DEBATE.

"THE Political Union of Canada and Newfoundland on a Provincial Basis" was the subject for debate when the Seniors and Sophomores met on the platform, January 10. The Sophomores, Fritz (leader), Ganong and Cleveland, were very much opposed to the union; but the Seniors, Nowlan, Tingley and Moore, succeeded in convincing the judges of the beneficial effects which both countries would enjoy as a result of it. The debate was good, and augurs well for the intercollegiate debate, which is on a similar subject.



## EXAMS.

January 19—24.

WHAT means this sudden lull in college activities? Nothing going on? Oh, yes, enough going on,—at least in the way of study. Except for an occasional visit to the rink, we were locked in our rooms, studying, studying, studying, as we certainly had not done this year before. The cause you have, of course, guessed was the ever-dreaded “Mid-years”. But at last they are over, and once more social activities break forth with increased force.

## LEAP YEAR. SKATE

THE action of the A. A. A. A. in securing Evangeline Rink has received the approbation and support of the whole student body. Skating, too, has been thoroughly enjoyed and the attendance very large each evening.

On January 28th, however, something in the way of a novelty was introduced in the form of a Leap Year Skate. The young ladies at first appeared somewhat dubious as to whether they would assert their rights in this field or not, but finally some decided to cast the die, and under their leadership the remainder took heart and rose to the occasion. Thereafter, things moved a little faster, and in spite of the large crowd everyone seemed to enjoy themselves—to all outward appearances, at least.

## SOCIAL SRVEY

EQUIPPED with maps, cards, and much good advice, the Social Service classes of the University set out on Friday morning, January 30, to make a social survey of the town of Wolfville. Altho the day was snowy, all enjoyed the experience and reported people generally as being very kind and ready to assist with their information. The ground had been partially prepared beforehand by the kind assistance given by the local press and ministers of the various churches in

explaining the purpose of the survey.

At the close of the day the classes gathered around a cozy fire in the Tully Tavern reception room, and, amid laughter and exchange of experiences, enjoyed the doughnuts and hot chocolate which Miss Macintosh had so thoughtfully prepared for them.

It is hoped that from this survey a knowledge of conditions may be obtained which will serve as a working basis for something further in the line of social work in the town.

### *THE SEMINARY FACULTY RECITAL*

THE first recital for this year was held in College Hall on February 6th, 1920. It seemed rather unfortunate that the weather had to be so unfavorable, for no doubt it helped to greatly reduce the number in attendance. In spite of this fact, though, a fair attendance turned out, and the character of the recital was such as to make them feel that they had been repaid for their efforts in getting there.

With the excellent talent we have among our Seminary teachers this year, we are looking forward to some good recitals a little later from the Seminary pupils.

### *SOPHOMORE PARTIES*

THE ever-energetic Sophomores had a most enjoyable skating party at Evangeline Rink on January 29. Nearly every member answered "Present" and we had a merry time, brought to a most pleasing conclusion with refreshments in abundance. Here's hoping we'll have another one soon.

The Sophomores are this year proving in reality to be a "gay" bunch. Monday evening, February 9th, saw them departing, happy and care-free, from the Tavern for a so-called "Theatre Party". The movies proved most enjoyable, as did also the ice cream at "Cecie's" afterwards. Much of the pleasure of their evening might be attributed to the happiness which usually follows victory, the Sophettes having that evening defeated the Freshettes in debate.

## SLEIGH DRIVES

THE month of January has this year been the month of sleigh drives. The abundance of snow and the keen crispness of the nights seem to have been made expressly for sleigh drives.

The Sophomores started the ball rolling on January 10. Their drive was fraught with difficulties from beginning to end, in the form of debates, fires, and "upsets"; *Sophomore* but nothing can quench the spirits of the irrepressible Sophomores, and accordingly we find them reporting a splendid time. Better luck next time, Sophomores !

For a time exams. interfered with sleighing activities, but immediately on their conclusion, Jan. 24, came another.

Seven o'clock saw a merry bunch of boys and *Stuart House* girls leaving Tully Tavern in two big sleighs, bound for Kentville. The "Engineers, Theologues, Arts, B. S.C." of Stuart House were entertaining, and they did entertain most successfully. Arriving at the American House, all found a chicken supper awaiting them. We wonder, in some cases, just to what extent the answers to those cross-questions were crooked. Even if all didn't guess 261, they had some of the chocolates. All, both great and small, joined in the ever-present "Tucker" for the "grand finale". They didn't want to do it, but they finally had to leave for "sunny Wolfville". Each and every boy made an admirable host, everyone entered into the fun, and the girls had a right royal good time. Fine, Stuart House boys

Monday evening, January 26, the Freshmen followed the good example set them and also wended their way, amid the merry jingle of sleigh bells, to Kentville. The *Freshman* Freshmen always have a good time at their class functions, and this was no exception. Many sleepy eyes the next morning testified to the



late hours of the night before. Professor and Mrs. Caviechia made splendid chaperons.

The evening of January 27th saw two more sleighing parties starting merrily off. This time it was the "Jolly Juniors" and the Rhodes Hall boys with their guests. For some of the girls, we suspect it was a question as to which one they should attend. Too bad they came off the same night! Those on both drives had a splendid time. The girls on the Rhodes Hall drive particularly will have something to remember for some time to come.

### PROPYLAEUM

AT the first regular meeting of Propylaeum, at the opening of the second term, the new officers were elected as follows:—

President—Gerda A. Holman, '20.

Vice-President—Helen Schurman, '21.

Secretary-Treasurer—Reta Cochrane, '22.

Teller—Vivian Vaughan, '23.

At the meeting on January 31st, the Freshettes entertained with a bright, interesting program. It consisted of—  
 Clause I. Synopsis—Madge Musgrave.  
 Clause II. Levity. Solo—Olivia Lamont.  
 Clause III. Laughter. Reading—Edith Goodwin.  
 Clause IV—Late Lights and Larks.

This consisted of a gypsy program, rendered before a camp fire. Incidentally, table II in the dining room was graced that evening by the presence of merry vagabonds, clad in gay-colored costumes, and afforded a scene of reveling and mirth.

### THE SOPHETTE-FRESHETTE DEBATE

ON the evening of February 9th, the Sophettes and Freshettes met in the club-room in debate. The question was: "Resolved, that trade unions are in the best interests of the

working-class." Miss Fitzpatrick, Miss Wilson and Miss Bowlby supported the affirmative, while Miss Davidson, Miss Verge and Miss Wyman upheld the negative. The debate was very closely contested and was won by a very narrow margin by the negative. Of the speakers Miss Verge, through her forceful delivery and poise of manner, was perhaps the most impressive. Miss Fitzpatrick displayed singular ability in dealing with her opponents' arguments and in holding them down to the terms of the resolution.

### INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING.

**E**SPECIAL interest in debating has been aroused in the Propylæum Society by the challenge to a friendly debate with the Mount Allison girls. In view of this the rules governing the interclass debates have been revised, and the schedule enlarged to include six debates during the year. These interclass debates are well prepared and keenly contested.

The Propylæum, in accepting the challenge to an intercollegiate debate, is entering an entirely new phase of its history. It is not yet definitely committed to intercollegiate debating, but is going to give it a fair trial. The debate this year will take place in Sackville, about the middle of March. The subject chosen is "Resolved, that a legislative union of the Maritime Provinces on terms alike equitable and agreeable, would be advantageous." Mount Allison has chosen the affirmative of the subject, so Acadia will support the negative. The team chosen to represent Acadia consists of Miss Parry, '20, leader Miss Fitzpatrick, '21, and Miss Verge, '22.

### Y. W. C. A.

**A** NUMBER of interesting, helpful meetings of the Y. W. C. A. have been held since Christmas. On January 25, Evelyn Colpitts and Kathleen Fitzpatrick, the Des Moines delegates, gave a report of that convention. The Acadia girls consider themselves well represented at the conference, so vividly and impressively was the conference presented to

them. Miss Colpitts gave a summary of some of the leading speeches, while Miss Fitzpatrick gave a general report and summed up the lessons of the conference.

On February 1st there was a song service, led by Laura Bagnall. On February 8th Erma Fash spoke on the message, "Come, Tarry, Go."

During the first week in February, Miss Bertha Hamilton, general secretary for the Y. W. C. A., met the cabinet and the association to discuss plans for the summer conference.

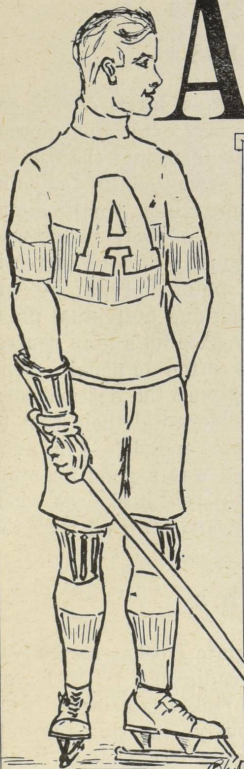
### *THE Y. M. C. A.*

**A**LTHOUGH the examination period interfered to some degree with our work, yet the month by no means was lost, for we had three services of special interest. On Jan. 7th Rev. Lou Buckley, secretary of the Maritime Boys' Work, gave us an interesting address on boys' work and what had been accomplished along this line. Then on Jan. 28th, C. B. Lumsden, one of the three Acadia representatives sent to the Student Volunteer Movement at Des Moines, gave a report on the services held there and the general impressions and benefits which he believed he had received there. We were also fortunate in having L. S. Albright, the Maritime Students' Secretary, with us that night, and he gave a short address concerning the Chinese problems dealt with at Des Moines. Mr. Albright also spent four days with us and helped to plan the work to be carried on this term.

On Feb. 4th Robert P. Wilder, general secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, spoke very forcibly of the present day problems facing us in mission work, and the importance of many able and energetic students devoting themselves to some phase of mission work. It is to be hoped that his visit may have good results here.



# Athletics



*"Health is the vital principal of bliss and exercise of health."*—Thomson.

ACADIA 4; KINGS 2.

ON Friday evening, January 23, the Acadia and Kings hockey teams met on the college rink for the first hockey game of the season. The ice was in splendid condition and a good crowd assembled to witness the first try out of our hockey team. The game was fast and hard fought from the beginning, but neither team showed a great deal of combination work. Individual rushes and heavy checking seemed to be the chief features of the game, and penalties were numerous. The work of the Acadia defence was exceptionally good. Smith of Windsor refereed in a satisfactory

manner. The game ended with a score of 4—2 in favor of the Acadia team. A return game at Windsor is expected in the near future.

#### ACADIA 7; RAMBLERS 4.

ON Saturday evening, January 31st, a large crowd assembled at the rink to witness the best exhibition of real hockey of the season, when the Acadia team met the Junior Amherst Ramblers. The game was exceptionally fast and clean throughout with only three or four minor penalties and scarcely any checking. The team work of both teams was excellent and the play seemed about equally divided in territory. Stewart, the Ramblers cover point and star player, gave a good exhibition of stick handling and individual playing, but was so outskated by Tingley, Acadia's star centre, that he was unable to find the net as often as usual. The shooting of both teams was good, giving the defence men some hard stops. Although the Ramblers did their best to even the score in the last period, the game ended 7—4 in favor of the home team. This game indeed was a good example of real sportsmanship and showed what real hockey is when played by true sports. This is in marked contrast with the following game of February 8th.

#### ACADIA 2; U. N. B. 3.

THE second game of the Intercollegiate Hockey series was played at Wolfville between Acadia and U. N. B., on Thursday night, February 5th. The rink was crowded with over one thousand spectators, anxiously awaiting the outcome of Acadia's first game of the league. The College Band, led by Mr. McAvoy, was present and furnished numerous selections both before the game and between periods.

Shortly after 8 o'clock the two teams assembled on the ice, lined up and tensely awaited the signal of the referee's whistle. As soon as the play was begun, the puck was rushed into Acadia's territory only to be returned in a similar manner, and so the play continued. From the first it was evident

that both teams were evenly matched in speed and the play seemed to be fairly evenly divided in territory. There seemed to be some difficulty in getting the puck out from behind the goals, especially around the Acadia goal, but Fraser, by his clever stick handling soon made some quick get aways and the play was kept well towards centre ice. It took some time for the Acadia boys to get on to the U. N. B. cover point who played well up with the forward line, and did most of their shooting, but Tingley soon had him watched and blocked most of his shooting. About the middle of the period, Beardsley, Acadia's left wing, took a wing shot for the net. The puck struck the iron on the inside of the post but bounced out. The goal judge's decision was—no goal, so that period ended without either team scoring.

The first part of the second period was nearly a repetition of the first period, but towards the end, the puck was largely in our opponent's territory with frequent rushes on both sides. In the last few minutes the puck was rushed out from behind the Acadia goal and was lost for a moment in a mass of sticks and skates. The U. N. B. wing finally got the puck and by an over head shot scored the first goal of the evening and the period ended 1—0 in favor of the visiting team.

In the third period both teams came on with a rush, and within a few minutes, a long shot from centre ice added another goal to the credit of U. N. B. Then in a mix-up near the Acadia goal, U. N. B. succeeded in making their third score.

Things began to look black for the home team, but the puck was soon rushed into the U. N. B. territory and before the smoke of battle had cleared away, Tingley had succeeded in finding the U. N. B. net for Acadia's first score.

The U. N. B. net now had its turn of bombardment and only the steadiness of the goal tender saved the situation. In a short time Dave Rogers slipped a wing shot into the net and the score was 3—2 in favor of U. N. B.

The Acadia team was now in action and we were treated to some real good hockey. In a splendid bit of combination work, the Acadia defense, Parker with Tingley and Beardsley



came down the whole length of the ice and scored. The play, however, was disallowed as an off side.

For the rest of the time, it would be hardly fair to call the play hockey. It was so evident that the visitors were playing for time rather than to play the game. The goaltender made every effort to get the puck off the ice altogether and another player threw the puck into the gallery for which he was suspended during the rest of the game which happened to be only two minutes. The game finally ended with U. N. B. as winners. Score 3—2.

Gladstone MacDonald of Sydney refereed the game and handled the teams to the satisfaction of everybody.

The line-up was as follows:

*Acadia.*

*U. N. B.*

Steeves .....	Goal .....	McKenzie
Fraser .....	Point .....	Shea
Parker .....	Cover Point .....	Jewett
Tingley .....	Centre .....	Flett
D. Rogers .....	Right Wing .....	Burgess
Beardlsey .....	Left Wing .....	Lounsbury



*"There is no such thing as luck. It's a fancy name for always being at our duty, and so sure to be ready when the good time comes."*

'83—Rev. O. C. S. Wallace is doing good work as chairman of the Editorial Committee of the Inter-church Movement of Ontario and Quebec.

'83—Mr. W. C. Goucher celebrated the Jubilee of the Union Baptist Church, St. Stephen, with his congregation. This is the thirty-second year that he has been with them.

'85—Rev. S. W. Cummings, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Pasadena, Cal., was recently east attending meetings of the Promotion Board in Chicago, and Foreign Mission Board of Boston, on both of which boards he is a member.—*(Maritime Baptist).*

'85—Col. Smith L. Walker is the head of the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment in Halifax.

'86—Rev. A. K. DeBlois, in a message to the "Morning Chronicle", New Year's Day, sent greetings from Nova Scotians in Boston and gave his approval of the Old Home Summer Plan.

'86—Rev. F. H. Beals and family were generously remembered at Christmas-time by their friends in Lawrencetown and vicinity.

'87—R. W. Ford, principal of the Wolfville High School, was recently in Truro, attending the meetings of the N. S. Teachers' Union, of which he is president.

'87—Rev. I. W. Porter has recently presented his collection of books to the Acadia Library.

'89—Rev. H. T. DeWolfe, chairman of the Promotion Committee of the Inter-church Movement, has been preaching on behalf of the movement in Central church, St. John.

'91—J. Edmund Barss is teacher of Latin at the Loomis Schol, Windsor, Conn.

Among the leaders of the Inter-church Movement in the Canadian West, we find the names of several Acadia men: C. K. Morse, '03; Dr. H. P. Whidden, '91; A. S. Lewis, '01; C. B. Freeman, '91; J. W. Litch, '91; A. F. Baltzer, '93; E. Scott Eaton, '03.

'93—Rev. F. E. Roop is supplying the pulpit at Gaspereaux.

'92—Dr. Moran Hemmeon as visiting in Wolfville for a time at the home of his parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Hemmeon.

'92—Rev J. B. Ganong, as assistant secretary of Home Missions, has made his first tour of New Brunswick.

'94—Rev. A. C. Archibald, after a very successful pastorate at the First Baptist church, Lowell, Mass., has resigned to accept a call to Brookline Baptist church, where he becomes a successor of Rev. O. P. Gifford, D. D.

'94—Dr. B. S. Bishop is moving from Freeport to Kentville.

'96—Rev. W. J. Rutledge is to be congratulated on his late poem, "John Barleycorn".

'97—Rev. E. D. Hatt has accepted a call to the church at Digby, N. S.

'98—J. S. Howe Cox was elected president of the Fruit Growers' Association at their recent annual meeting in Kentville.

'01—Prof. W. H. Longley, of Gourlay College, Baltimore, has made underwater photographs of the fish around Hawaiiis. These are supposed to be the first of their kind ever made.

'02—Rev. G. D. Hudson is having success in his pastorate in St. John, N. B.

'03—Mr. E. Scott Eaton is associated with the Success Business College, B. C.



'04—Rev. Gordon H. Baltzer has resigned his position as general secretary of the Sunday School Association for the province of Quebec. He intends taking up pastoral work again.

'05—Rev. E. S. Mason has been making his first tour of New Brunswick on Home Mission work.

'05—Frank Lewis has recently returned from a trip to Mobile.

'05—Rev. A. W. Warren is pastor of the First Baptist church, Gloucester, Mass.

'06—Rev. F. S. Porter attended the Jubilee Service of the church at St. Stephen.

'08—Mrs. M. R. Elliott was at home to the girls of the class of '22 on the afternoon of February 5th.

'09—Rev. F. C. Rideout has accepted a position as chaplain in the U. S. A. regular army. The regiment will be sent to Honolulu.

'09—Mrs. Moore (née Dorothy Manning) is spending the winter in Vancouver, B. C.

'10—G. F. Camp is achieving success as a pastor of the Baptist church at North Tewksbury, Mass.

'11—Rev. James D. MacLeod is carrying the double burden of the pastorate of the Baptist church at Lyons, N.Y., and a full course at Rochester Theological Seminary.

'12—We regret to record the death of Rev. J. G. A. Belyea, of Cross Creek, N. B.

'12—J. Ernest Barss is studying medicine at Michigan State University.

'12—Rev. Ross W. Collins is now on the faculty of Union Theological Seminary.

'12—Austen Chute is teaching at Buffalo, N. Y.

'12—William Card, musical instructor at the Loomis School, Windsor, Conn., has been in Kentville recently attending the funeral of his mother.

'12—Mary Porter is teaching at Grand Pre.

Ex. '18—Spurgeon Hirtle is supplying the Baptist Church at Mahone.

'13—H. F. Turner has completed his Dental Course.

'14—Rev. E. G. Dakin, who has been pastor of a Baptist church in St. John, has resigned and is at present at Bear River.

'14—Rev. Alex. Gibson has resigned from his church in Sydney Mines, and has accepted a call to the Annapolis Royal church.

'15—J. G. MacKay attended the Des Moines Conference.

'15—Prof. Dawson met the Maritime Delegation on its way to Des Moines.

'15—Mary Jenkins, was recently united in marriage to George Perry, of Havelock, N. B.

'16—Esther Clark attended the Conference at Des Moines.

Ex '16—Clayton Elderkin is attending McGill.

'17—Burton Angus has accepted a position on the teaching staff of Truro schools.

'17—Charles Schurman and Ralph Smallman are students at McGill this year.

Ex '17—Angus Elderkin has received his discharge from the Sanitorium and has taken up work again at Acadia, joining the class of 1920.

Ex '17—E. C. Leslie (Lofty) recently visited the Sanitorium.

Ex. '20—Rev. Herbert Blosse and family are now at Newton Centre, Mass.

'18—Muriel Roscoe spent a day in Wolfville on her way back to her school in Connecticut.

'19 and '20—Donald Grant and Angus Elderkin very successfully took leading parts in the play, "Adventures of Grandpa," presented by the N. S. Sanitorium.

'19—Ruth Elderkin and Isabel Magee have completed their course at Truro Normal College.

'19—Frances Archibald was unable to return to McGill, but is taking some engineering subjects at Acadia.

'19—Edith Mann is teaching at Rutland, B. C.

'19—Carl S. Beals is teaching at South Williamston.

'19—Josiah MacQuarrie is taking a medical course at Dalhousie.

'20—We wish to extend our sympathy to Minta Hatfield on account of the death of her father.

Ex. '20—We deeply regret to record the death of Cecil Riley (Hantsport).

Ex. '20—C. F. Ruggles is in Brown's Confectionery Store, Halifax.

Ex. '20 (Eng.)—O. Hirtle is at home in Mahone, where he is working in the bank.

Ex. '21—Jean McQuarrie has returned to Acadia, joining the class of '22.

Ex. '21—Brenton Hall spent a few days in Wolfville on his way back to McGill

'22—Sympathy is extended to Miss Ruth Hennigar, on account of the death of her mother.

Ex. '22—Gordon Boland recently spent several days in Wolfville.

'22—J. W. Lark has been awarded the scholarship for the highest standing in the work of the Freshman year.

Ex. '22—F. Herbin has changed his course from B. A. and has joined the Engineering Class.

Ex. '22—Theodore Rand is registered this year with the Engineering Class.

Ex. '23—Alvin Siddall is attending Truro Academy.

Ex. '23—Hermina Benisch spent a week-end at Bear River.

#### A. C. A.

'18—W. G. Fltecher and J. R. McGorman are at Gordon Bible School, Boston.

'18—Cecil Crockett is with the Hudson Motor Company, Detroit.

—Arthur Parker witnessed the U. N. B.-Acadia hockey game on February 5th.

Ex. '19—Vaughan Henshaw is in Perth, N. B.

Ex. '20—Harold Reid is studying at Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

#### A. L. S.

'15—Minnie Miller is teaching violin at Edgehill.

'16—Flora Beck has been visiting her cousin.



'16—Mrs. Otto Hatfield (née Ada Tower) is living in Port Greville.

'16—Mrs Charles Linkletter (née Pauline Schurman) is living in Austin, Chicago.

'16—Gladys Slack is at her home in Windsor.

'17—Lillian Kitchen, Leah Whidden and Gladys Gibbons are doing good work at the Leland Power School, Boston.

'18—Miss Ethel Fullerton is teaching music in Parrsboro.

'18—Mrs. George Atkins (née Geraldine Reid) is living in Brookline, N. Y.

'18—Hazel Lantz is at her home, Bridgetown.

'18—Dorothy Christie is at her home, Amherst.

'19—Violet Black has accepted a position in Westwood Hospital, Wolfville.

'19—Marjorie Fitch is spending the winter in the west with her brother.

'20—Claire Payzant is at home in Dartmouth, continuing her vocal course at H. L. C.

'21—Virginia Heatherington is pursuing her studies at "The House of the Pines", Norton, Mass. —

—Blanche Nicholson is now at her home in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

(Ex-Staff)—Miss E. E. MacPhee is on the staff of the Halifax Herald.

Connie Cann is studying at Bransome Hall, Toronto.

Nellie Caldwell (of Halifax), who is attending Dalhousie, spent the week-end in Wolfville.

Myrtle and Sophie Shaw have returned to the Seminary.

Miss Jameson is at her home, Truro.

Pauline Rodgers, of Charlottetown, is now attending Havergal College, Toronto.

Muriel Turner is at her home in Digby.

Mabel Grant, who was a member of the business class at Acadia last year, is head stenographer, Perth, N. B.

Gwendolyn Marr and Flora Manning are living in Halifax.

Enid Gross is at her home in Moncton.

Doris Starratt has given up her nursing course and is living in Moncton.

Ruby Bagnall is at her home in Bedeque, P. E. I.



*“To be a mere verbal critic is what no man of genius would be if he could; but to be a critic of tone, taste and feeling is what no man without genius could be if he would.”—Colton.*

Our exchanges are developing a considerable tendency to borrow from one another. It is more marked as the year advances and the available material becomes more abundant. This speaks well for those who are copied, but badly for those who do the copying. Cribbing is no better practice for a college paper than for a college student. Another thing we regret to see is so many of our exchanges mutilating the beauty of form and impressiveness of a well arranged and orderly paper by inserting advertisements all through the body of their paper.

#### MANAGRA.

The interest of an Agricultural College may run somewhat tangent to our own, yet we can read and appreciate “Managra”. The articles are of general as well as particular interest. “A Trip to Chicago” is especially well written.

THE GAZETTE, P.W.C., Truro, N. S.

Deals directly and entirely with teaching and teachers' problems, but omitted the table of contents.



## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

About one-half foot-ball items. Jokes all in two or three names. This paper doesn't seem to know there is any place but Toronto in the world.

## THE XAVERIAN.

This exchange contains a good editorial on The Universities and Canadian History. The world pays for the practical arts, but Canada needs the fine arts. This story, "The Blind Piper", is unusually well written. The setting of olden days in Scotland is successfully sustained and the true heroism and unhappy fate of the blind piper are effectively portrayed. "The Glory of the Common-place" contains some excellent description. The author must have the seeing eye. The omni-present exclamation marks in "First Experiences in a Pullman" remind one of an intermittent alarm clock on Sunday morning.

## THE MCGILL NEWS.

We are pleased to acknowledge this Exchange. It contains a good deal of graduates' work, on which it is not fitting that we comment. We are glad to be more familiar with the strife and achievement of both student body and graduates.

## KINGS COLLEGE RECORD.

The Dec.-Jan. number of the "King's College Record" contains some good articles and stories, though the burlesque and nonsensical seem to be a bit too much in evidence. But why not tell us who wrote your stories and articles? Also what has become of your joke column, and poets?

## DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

The number of dreams and visions in the Dalhousie Gazette leads one to wonder if Dal. hasn't got the sleeping sickness. Your new competitive system is enough like our own to warrant a forecast of success. Perhaps it already accounts for the appearance of "Song of the Used-to-Bees"



and "An Incident of Christmas Eve", the two flicking rays of literary light that penetrate your clouds of college gossip.

### THE ARGOSY.

We really felt like re-reading "Crumbs from the Pudding", despite the fact that the writer is so continually in evidence. But we fail to find a single joke of more than local interest. We are wondering if your poets have gone on strike or have taken the "flu".

### McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The chief interest is in the serial article, "How Old is the World," by Dr. McNairn. The article on Vaughan and Wordsworth is a good comparison and contrast of these two men. Some of the jokes are really worth remembering. We do not feel that it is altogether wise to eclipse student material to such an extent as the McMaster Monthly is doing this year. However, we cannot help feeling that the inclusion of such articles as "How Old is the World?" and Dr. Kierstead's address on the visit of the Prince of Wales would add quality to any paper. In its substance, in the beauty of its diction and in its sympathetic interpretation, that address of Dr. Kierstead's is in a class by itself, as compared with all of the other material in the college magazines this year. Any paper might well covet highly the privilege of publishing such an article.

### THE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

The U. N. B. must have an ideal lot of freshmen, for the college cat regards lack of interest in foot-ball as their greatest sin, and that's not nearly as bad as the upper classmen, who let the editor publish Longfellow's poems to recommend his paper, as "Concerning the Young Men of Sophomore" to fill his literary department. But the engineering and forestry notes are good.

### BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL.

The December number bears more resemblance to a scrap book than to a college paper. It is made up of items from

practically all the Canadian college papers, even the Khaki "Varsity, from the American press and the British poets. But amongst it all the few items of Brandon origin show up well,—especially "A Trip to Edinburg". We wish there were more of it.

### THE GATEWAY.

"The Gateway" is something like its own definition of brains (Dec. 4), something that might be occupied by the intelligent brothers "Thots and Ideas", but is sublet to Joy, Hangover and Co. The poem, "Spirit of the West", is rather good, also "Musings of a Soup Waggon". We would like to see the result of a real literary effort from the "University of Alberta".

### THE SHEAF.

The "veteran number" as such is a decided success. The articles and stories are all from "over there", are well written and teem with interest to every Canadian. It breathes the real Canadian spirit. We note, however, a shortage of poetry and the absence of the table of contents.

The chief interest of "Ubysey" is in athletics. These are so strong and robust as to be almost boisterous at times. We rejoice to see eastern culture and literary taste creeping in in form of the "College Cat". Your idea of giving resolutions and gists of arguments in reporting debates is a good one.

### MARITIME STUDENTS AGRICULTURIST

The editor need no longer fear that in trying to make his paper of more than local interest he has gone to the other extreme. He gives everything from scientific articles to college yells so will suit all tastes. We like the poem "Stop Your Kicking," but it attempts to cover too much ground.

The Vox Lycei contains some real good jokes, several of which we have never seen elsewhere—quite unique in a college paper. Better yet some of them are of general interest instead of local or lacking. Besides the jokes it contains some interesting stories and some fine fragments of poetry.

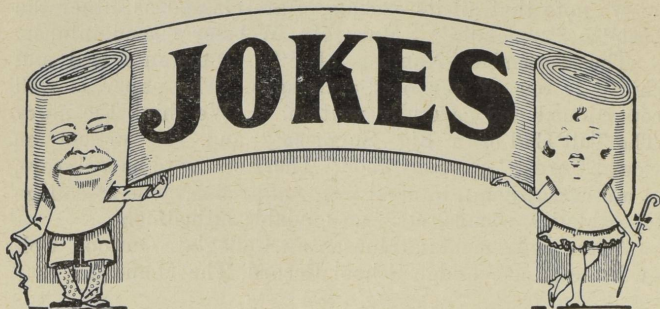
But we note that all its exchanges are classed as either the "best" or "splendid". Make Mr. Webster's acquaintance.

The December Number of "St. Dunstan's Red and White" is one of our best exchanges. The paper is well proportioned and carefully written. We think the story "The Tail End of a Big Surprise" and the article on "Social Unrest" specially good. There seems to be a sincere, but not extravagant, interest in the superficial side of college life—athletics, socials, etc.—an enviable adjustment.

Acknowledgements: Moose Jaw Collegiate Outlook, College Times, Lake Lodge School Record, The Memorare.







*"It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting."—Fuller.*

Boyer—Say, Hal, if your girl used you that way, what would you do?

T-t-s—I'd Walker.

The only two men who thoroughly understand the Einstein Theory are Einstein himself and C. B. Huggins, Acadia '30.

In Eng. 4—Mr. Ganong, what was Francis Bacon's character?

Ganong, '22—Well, sir, other men don't know where to place him and neither do I.

Prof. ——— Very becoming modesty in a Sophomore.

In Practical Sociology Class—Last day we dealt with the ignorant; today we shall begin with the insane. Mr. MacAvoy, what was———?

In Eng. 4—Mr. Miller, what do you know about Suckling?

M-l-l-r, '22—Well-er—calves and lambs do it.

Freshman—My, it must be great to know everything!

Ira C.—It is.

Cross, '21—The insane asylum over in St. John is quite nice. Sometimes they have dances for them over there.

Miss Mac—I hope that's not where some of you learned.

Dr. Thompson (in Latin III)—Miss Foote, will you begin the translation?

Miss Foote, '21—That's as far as I got.

Wetmore, '21 (at Junior Theatre Party)—Isn't this fine? I think our class should have another theatre party when East Lynne comes.

Mason, '21—No, I think the Marriage Question would be more suitable for us.

Dr. Spidle—Well, Mr. Nowlan, if a man should lose his temper, would you consider him responsible?

Nowlan, '20—All depends on who he was.

Eng. Prof.—“Classics are books which have endured.”

Fresh.—“Have been endured, I should say.”

French Prof.—“Don't be so literal, Mr. S-mms. Read between the lines more.”

S-mms—“I can't, sir, it's half erased.”

Anth-y, '23—“I rise by an alarm clock.”

Miss Pa—ee, '22—“I retire by one. There it goes now.”

Sem.—“Why do they say the Cads are like kerosene lamps?”

Mrs. R—s—“Well, they're not especially bright, are often turned down, smoke occasionally and go out nights.”

Lucy (anxiously)—Where's the Pohn of Case Kinsel?

Senior—“Do you support the Athenaeum?”

Soph.—“No, haven't they got a staff?”

Eaton (meeting Dummy S——, dolled-up and humming)  
What's the tune, old man?

Smith—Marching to Georgia.

Payzante—Do you know you looked fine at the reception the other night?

Co-ed, '22—Nonsense, I don't believe it.

Payzante—Oh! but you did. Actually I didn't recognize you at first.

Minerva as the goddess of wisdom; she never married.

Doctor (examining Mr. Weeks)—I can't find your heart.  
Weeks—Can't you trace it?

Doctor—No, it has passed through too many hands.

Sophomore—Is Miss Young going to turn Catholic?

Sophette—I don't know. Why?

Sophomore—She is often seen consulting with "the Bishop".

Horace Reid—Do you serve lobsters here?

Ceci—Yes, we serve anyone. Sit right down.

Miss Walker, '20—I've got to see that next U. N. B. game. Won't you take me along as spare puck?

D-b-n, '20 (to co-ed at rink)—Will you have the pleasure of this skate with me?

P-t-r, Eng. '20—I went to Dr. DeWitt to see about my loss of memory.

Chipman, 'Eng. '20—What did he do?

P-t-r—He made me pay in advance.



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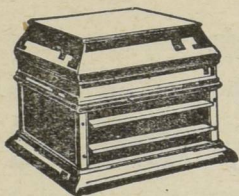
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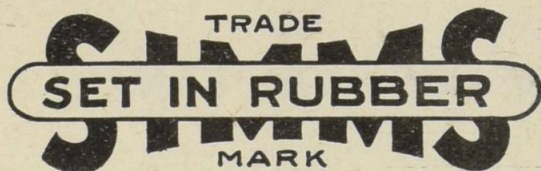
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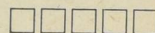
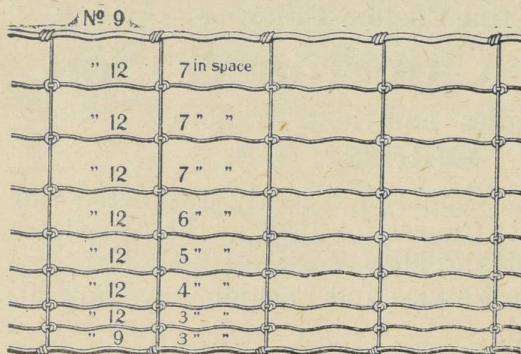
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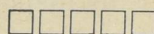
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