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### The Acadia Athenxum

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1923

No. 6.

### AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems:—1st, F. W. Doyle '23; 2nd, E. R. Rafuse '25; 3rd, C. M. Spidell '24.

Articles:-1st, Janet A. Kinsman '23; 2nd, P. L. Judge '23.

Stories:-1st, H. V. Corkum '25; 2nd, C. M. Spidell '24.

Humor:-R. A. Thorne '25.

Science :-- 1st, P. L. Judge '23; 2nd, E. R. Rafuse '25.

Athletics :- No awards.

Month:-1st, E. Louise Morse '24; 2nd, B. I. Innes '23.

Personals:—1st, Adline MacKinnon '24; 2nd, M. P. Sylvester '23.

Exchanges:-1st, F. W. Doyle '23; 2nd, Dean Lusby '24.

Jokes :- Mary Brown '24.

Cartoon:-S. G. Seaman '25.

Snaps :- Catherine Black '24.

Seniors—12 Units. Juniors— 9 Units. Sophomores—9 Units. Pennant to the Seniors.

### PEACE

WHILE lonely, o'er our heads a single star of eve Shines through the slender, swaying limbs entwined. The woodland way is filled with dancing elves That lightly flit down dreamy April's wind.

While murmuring stream with soft, low song Athrob with longing, thrills through space, The lamplight glows through eve's dim mists That, clinging, clasp the land in cold embrace.

When sunset fades and darkness falls, When sounds of toil and struggle cease, I search the unfathomed, star-filled deeps And ask, Why more than this,—calm Nature's peace?

F. W. D. '23.

#### HOME

Within this fertile valley famed afar, Where orchards, lining slope and plain and rill, Flaunt pink and white in wanton winds of spring. And bend with luscious fruit at autumn tide: Here stands my home. No pompous palace built for princes proud. But just a humble, homely, low-roofed house: The clinging ivy climbs the mossy roof. And roses bloom beneath the whiskered wall. Through which the glinting beams of summer sun Fall soft and worm. Ah, Home! Could I but tell just what thou, art, I'd touch the heart-strings of a universe: And wake again old songs, old friends, old loves. No clanging clamor penetrates thy walls, But, in the solemn stillness of the eve, The wearied warbler wakes with wistful notes Old echoes in thy dear, dim, dusky rooms, Where mother love would lull my childish fears. Far have I wandered, many lands have seen, In palaces of kings and princes trod. But home and mother, and this valley green. Have brought me back to country and to God.

C. M. S. '24.

### THE POETRY OF MARJORIE PICKTHALL

JUST one year ago Canada, and particularly Canadian literature, suffered a great loss in the passing of Miss Marjorie Pickthall, who, as a poet, short-story writer, and novelist possessed rare distinction and was on the threashold of finer achievement and even wider recognition.

Although Miss Pickthall was of English birth, she had long been a resident of Canada, and was regarded by the people of the Dominion as their leading woman writer. She was born in London, England, in 1883, but at the early age of seven years she removed to Toronto with her parents, Arthur Pickthall and Helen Malard Pickthall, and the greater part of her brief life was spent in Canada. In 1913, resigning her position as assistant librarian at Victoria College, Toronto, she went to England to visit relatives. She was in England when the war broke out and did not return to Canada until after the war was over. At the time of her death, last spring, she was residing in British Columbia, a part of Canada which has furnished her with much material for fiction.

In the realm of fiction she has written a great many short stories but few novels. Her last novel, "The Bridge," was published by the Century Company shortly before her death, and was very favorably received, enjoying a considerable sale on both sides of the Atlantic. Her short stories are the stories of a poet,—dream stories, where plot and atmosphere are inextricably bound up with each other, atmosphere usually dominant.

It is not, however, either as novelist or as short story writer that Miss Pickthall attained her greatest reputation. In the realm of poetry she was hailed as a genius almost as soon as her first poem was published. When she was only sixteen years old she began sending contributions to the Young People's Corner of the Toronto "Mail and Empire". The first of her poems to appear in print was "The Song of the Nixies", a truly extraordinary production for one so young, full of color and melody, and revealing perfectly her wonderful, frankly pagan gift of nature painting. Even in this first attempt critics appreciated the value of her genius and the direction which it was to take, although only years of experience was to bring to it that artistic finish that characterizes it at a later date. "The Song of the Nixies," with other of her early poems, appeared in book form for the first time in 1913, under the title "A Drift of Pinious". Such poems as "Armorel". "The Little Fauns of Proserpine", "The Sea Witch", "The Bridegroom of Cana", and "The Little Sister of the Prophet", fulfil the promise of future mastery which "The Song of the Nixies" gave. Miss Pickthall did not at first adopt that spiritual interpretation of nature that later appeared in her work. She sings of nature as the embodiment of aesthetic fantasy. She peoples familiar haunts with fairies, nixies, elfs, and mermaids. A great deal of her imagery is derived from Canadian nature. She pictures woods in spring; Canadian fields, and Canadian flowers. But, unlike many Canadian poets, her poetry is not merely descriptive of nature. A theme runs throughout-a lilting undertone of pagan response to beauty, of pagan imagination, that makes her work as powerthough it is not as virile, as that of other Canadians, such as Carman, Scott, Wilfred Campbell and her contemporary, Robert Service. She was a lover of spiritual beauty, and strove always to express, with changing outlook upon life as the years went by, the aesthetic pleasure which contact with nature gave her. Her poetry had, at first, purely aesthetic values. She was at this time a worshipper of beauty, and, more especially, of the beauty of nature. One little poem, "The Green Month", appearing in her first volume, is an excellent example of her vivid coloring, powerful rhythm, and delicate touch.

In her later volume, "A Lamp of Poor Souls" (1916), many of her early poems are repeated. The first still shows a remarkable mastery of expression, a power of transfiguring the commonplace things of nature, and that imagination so peculiarly her own—a delicate and elfish fantasy. But added to this is a new quality, a subtle appreciation of spiritual truths and an attempt to interpret these in nature's own language, poetry.

Many of her poems deal with the mysteries and legends of the Roman Catholic faith. "The Lamp of Poor Souls", giving its name to the volume which it opens, is one of these. In "A Child's Song", appearing in both volumes, Miss Pickthall gives us the use of Canadian nature imagery brought in for the purpose of contrast in dealing with an Eastern theme. This is brought out most vividly in the first few lines.

> "When the Child played in Galilee He had no wine-clear maple leaves, No west winds singing of the sea Over the frosted sheaves."

She then goes on to a brilliant word-picture of Eastern nature.

A great many of Miss Pickthall's poems deal with Oriental subjects and are steeped in the Eastern atmosphere. Some are purely Greek in character and feeling. Such a one is "The Little Fauns of Prosperpine", which in rhythm is strongly reminiscent of Swinburne.

One of the most perfect lines in all her poetry is found in the descriptive poem, "Birds at Evening",—

"And the grey feet of the silence with a silver dream are shod"

This poem is a remarkably good example of her art in creating tone quality by alliteration.

A great number of her poems deal with the subject of death or immortality, with a strange, doubting wistfulness that has high emotional value. "Deus Miseratur" is one of these. The last four verses are a pleading prayer to the Divine Mercy,—

"Lo, our proud lamps are emptied of their light, Weary our hands to toil, our feet to roam; Our day is past, and swiftly falls the night; Lord, lead us home."

The same haunting tone of sadness underlies "Youth's End", which deals with the subject of approaching age, not with a spirit of dread, but with a sorrowful, musingly tender regret for the vanished kingdom of youth:

"I have held my life too nigh,

Spring and harvest, love and laughter, smile and sigh,

I should have held it lightly, like a young leaf rent in haste

From the willow in the waste.

A moment in my fingers; then it fluttered, then it fled,

A little flame of red,

To the God-beholding desert where the soundless years go by,—

I have held my life too high.

I have held my death too dear,

Shame or honor, peace or peril, pride or fear,

I should have held it softly, as the little cloud that flies When the heron takes the skies.

I should have held it kindly as a passing whisper,— 'Friend,

Here's the end,

Here the silver cord is loosened and the bowl is broken here',—

But I held my death too dear."

A wealth of tenderness, of sympathetic understanding of human nature, is the keynote of this little poem. It may have expressed her own personal sentiments. For Marjorie Pickthall did not possess a complex philosophy of life. "From day to day?' might have been her motto. And for this reason her memory lives.

J. A. K. '23.

### NERVIE

"THERE is the hotel, stranger. I see the boys are already here getting their gear ready for setting. You'll need to hustle to get ready for the first set, and Jim Duggan's not the boss to see his traps on shore after the other factories get theirs out." The speaker closed his last remark with a laugh, as he looked at the hands of his companion, and thought back over the conversation of the day.

For four hours they had dragged along in this mail team, the horse sometimes nearly to his knees in mud. Although it was the last week of May and Gerald Fitzmaurice had finished his term at College, yet when he reached the railway station, he found the mud still deep, and during his four hours' drive to Morristown, he had experiences for the first time a late spring in eastern Nova Scotia.

The "hotel" was a cookhouse of the old type, with rooms upstairs for the factory hands; and surrounded by small shacks where the lobster fishermen slept. At the first sight Gerald's heart sank, but when he thought of his next year at college his final year—depending on the work he must do here, he closed his teeth and prepared to get out of the mud-bespattered wagon.

Gerald left his bag of clothes on the doorstep, and looked for the boss. He soon found him, directing operations in setting up the large smokestack for the factory. It was his first introduction to his boss, as he had been hired by the manager of the company. After inquiring where he should sleep, and being pointed to one of the shacks, he was ready to believe that last remark of the mail driver. In one week he must have his hundred and fifty lobster traps ready to set.

During the next week he witnessed frequent manifestations of Duggan's impatience. The work was hard, though not altogether new. In spite of the fact that his arms ached and his hands were sore, he had his "lines" in his boat, and was waiting for daylight on the morning set for the opening of the season. He was new to the grounds, but by following the older men he got on good bottom. A week later, all were gathered around the table in the "hotel" playing cards, when a slight tap sounded on the door. It was new to hear anyone knock, and Sam Andrews drawled out, "Come in." The shout of laughter had not died out when the door was opened, and a boy stepped in. Something caused all to become quiet.

"Can you show me the boss, please ?"

The newcomer was, as has been said, a boy, a boy of apparently about fifteen, with a delicate face, and black wavy hair. As he asked the question in a very girlish voice, he stood there with his slender figure outlined against the unpainted door.

In answer to his inquiry all eyes turned to Jim Duggan at the head of the table.

"I'm the boss. What are you looking for?"

"I was enquiring on the road for work, and was told you wanted a boy to do odd jobs."

"Yes, I wanted a boy, but not a girl. What could you do?"

At these words the boy blushed, but answered in a steady voice: "I'm willing to try to do anything. Work's scarce and I must live."

Something in the stranger's voice caused the rough flow of talk to cease and also caused Jim Duggan to reply: "Well, sit down. We'll have a bunk fixed up for you, and give you a try. What's your name?"

With a very slight hesitation the answer came, "Jack-Jack Nerville."

"Well, I hope you're as nervy as your name, for you'll need it here."

There was a resumption of the game, but under a restraint, until after the boy had gone to his room; and then conjectures as to where he came from, why he was there, and so on, were rife.

The new boy soon got into the way of the odd jobs, and became a useful member of the company, but he was always reserved. The only person to whom he ever talked was Gerald, for whom he seemed to form an attachment immediately. One evening a week later they were sitting on the Bay of St. George, watching the lighthouse on the cape some ten miles distant, when Jack surprised Gerald by demanding suddenly: "You never talk about any particular girl at college. What is the reason? Surely, in your three years there you've found somebody whom you think a great deal of."

Gerald surprised himself by answering directly: "No I've never seen anyone at college of whom I could think a great deal. Somehow or other, you know, the girls there are merely playthings—playthings that must be handled carefully. To a man who makes his money for college in this way, they are too much the girl. I wonder how they would ever get along if they had to do real work for their college expenses."

The conversation was interrupted by loud voices near them, in the path leading to the "hotel". "I tell you someone must take that message to Thompson or he will be caught bringing his booze here. You know we want the stuff, and anyone I suggest to Duggan will go." It was Bill Anderson, a big fisherman from Pomquet, and he was answered by Sam Andrews in his drawling voice: "Waal, I've got work enough here without goin' Why not send Nervie?"

At the sound of this Jack looked a little afraid. "I don't intend to carry any messages to help a man break the law", he said to his companion, who admired him more for it. By this time the speakers had reached the two, and Anderson chuckled: "Why, how lucky we are. Here's Nervie and his daddie out for a walk. Say, Nervie, I want you to go to Cape George tomorrow and see a friend of mine there."

"Mr. Anderson, I could not help hearing what you said. I refuse to help a man to break the law."

"You refuse me, you mean. Well, you little monkey, I'll show you what that means."

He had picked up a stick which lay near, and had already raised it above his head, when Gerald grasped his wrist. Anderson looked surprised.

"Anderson, you've had too much booze here lately. This boy is right in refusing. Put down your stick and go home before more comes of it." "You sneaking college lady's man, I'll———". But his sentence was not finished. Three years on the football field had taught "Stonewall Gerry" some excellent holds. In a minute Anderson was on his back, ten feet from his antagonist. He was too wise to encounter that quick grasp again.

"I'll return this, Fitzmaurice", he snarled and walked away.

"I'm afraid he'll kill you."

"Don't think of that. He hasn't pluck enough. I'm glad you refused. Now let's go in; its late."

The next morning Gerald, after seeing that his gasoline tank was full, started for his "lines". The catch was unusually good that morning, and he was annoyed when his engine gave a few coughs and stopped, just before he reached his very outside "line".

"That blooming carburetor must be clogged again, and I cleaned it yesterday. She's not getting any gas, and the way it's blowing I'll be 'way outside my lines before I can clean this thing."

Still grumbling, he opened the engine house, and began to take the carburetor apart. This took him about half an hour. When he had at last finished, the perspiration was dropping from his greasy face.

"Now, will you go? And here I am half way to Tracadie. Pity they couldn't give a fellow good gas."

He spun the fly wheel a few times to draw in gas, and then threw it up quickly. He was surprised to hear no snap. Again he tried, but with the same result.

"Darned if I won't have to prime her. Something new for this girl."

His priming can was so seldom used that it was empty. He got under the carburetor to draw some gasoline, and stood up pale. There was no gasoline! Incredibly he opened the tank. It was empty. It had been full that morning. And then he noticed what he had not noticed in his hurry with his traps, the water in the boat was covered with an oily scum. The cause was soon discovered, a hole in the bottom of the tank the size of a small nail.

Gerald was disturbed. Here he was drifting towards the rocky shore of Tracadie, and no means of avoiding it. He sat down and began to think.

" A fellow should never come out without a sail; but the old girl was working so well."

After a few moments he got up again. His only hope was his oil coat tied to a gaff. Would he be able to steer her clear of the reef with this?

Hours passed, and still the figure sat crouched in the stern holding the rudder, and gazing first at the rocky shore and then at the engine, now useless. As he neared the breakers, he cast a glance now and again towards the factory at Morristown. The breakwater, then the factory, and lastly the white "hotel" on the hill, had faded from view, until now he could see only the white expanse of sea and a dim outline in the distance.

When he was within a mile of the rocks and his hopes swiftly fading, he gazed closely at what he took to be a speck on the sea away toward the factory. He almost forgot his steering in his eagerness, and was recalled to it by the sudden pitching of the boat. She had turned, and was rolling in the trough of the sea. He righted her, and then gazed again toward his late "home". This time he was sure. He could see the spray fly from a boat about two miles behind. Could they see him here nearly on the breakers ? It was his only hope. He saw now he could not avoid the rocks. The other boat had two miles to gain while he went less than one. Would she do it ? He must keep before the wind as his only hope, for the boat would roll over in the trough of the sea.

His attention was divided between the approaching boat and his steering. Nearer and nearer approached the boat, closer and closer he came to the reefs. The seconds seemed hours. The steady spray from the coming boat gave him hope of succor. He recognized the steady, sharp beat of a Fraser engine, and wondered who was coming. The minutes dragged on. He could not look behind now, he was only a few yards from the rocks and the waves crashing over them

ready to break his frail craft in pieces, and dash him to Eternity. He had not time to be afraid. The snap of the engine became so clear that he knew she must be near. She was up with him. Now was his last chance. Twenty yards away were the rocks. He turned in time to catch a rope thrown from the other boat. Quickly he ran to the bow and fastened his rope. The boat rose on a great wave right on the reef. As she began to race downward to certain destruction there was a sudden jerk. The bow flew suddenly round and the boat fell, ten feet short of the reef. Another wave went over her. Then she began to forge ahead. Not till then could Gerald look at his rescuer. There in the stern, grasping the tiller in one hand and steadying the tow-line with the other, was Nervie. Surely that name was appropriate now. Not ten vards of boiling sea had separated the rescuing boat from the jagged rocks. Now both man and boy were safe.

For a quarter of a mile they went on thus, the boy turning only once to look out from under his flowing wet hair to receive the smile of the rescued man. But at the end of this time a change came over him. Suddenly the boy dropped the tiller, and fell into the bottom of the boat. Quickly realizing what had happened, Gerald began to haul in the towline. Reaching the other boat, he jumped to the deck, and after securing the tiller, bent over the fainting boy. Quickly and deftly he began to open the neck of his coat and shirt. He stopped suddenly in his operations, incredibility written on every feature. Then he slowly began to restore the patient.

Slowly those grey eyes opened, lighted up when they rested on the face of Gerald. Then as consciousness returned, Jack felt the cool sea breeze on his chest and looked down. A blush spread over the youthful face. Then, drawing the clothes together, Nervie stood up.

Gerald was too surprised and embarrassed to speak for some time, but finally he asked: "Why did you come?"

"I heard Anderson and Andrews talking when you did not return, and I knew. Yes," the speaker continued after a pause, in answer to a questioning look from Gerald, "I learned a great deal about a boat at home: and I wanted to finish college next year, but not unless you did."

When Gerald could sufficiently clear his face of that wavy, wet hair, he could speak but one word: "Nervie."

H. V. C. '25.

### JOYS

I'd love to speed on an Arab's steed— O'er rolling plain, no path to guide, With goatskin chaps, and khaki shirt, Cantering pony, and biting quirt, All day to roam; And ride all day without a care, Ride, laugh, and breathe the cool, fresh air, Corral the lowing herd at eve, And list to lonely coyotes grieve; Then go back home.

I'd love to speed on an Arab stead— His lord close by the way to lead— To ride round ancient eity halls, And gaze upon the sculptured walls Of Moslem dome; And gallop o'er the desert sand— The sunburned cheek by warm winds fanned— And at a green oasis rest In palm trees shade, the Dryads' guest; Then go back home.

I'd love o'er wave with an Indian brave, Where wild winds roar and waters rave,

Close to the roaring falls to veer His frail canoe and onward steer Straight in the foam; Or creep along a ferny dale Upon an antlered monarch's trail, And climb a mountain peak in quest Of setting Phoebus' painted West; Then go back home.

Cowboy, Arab, and Indian brave Enjoy the beauties Nature gave To land and foam: By day—the earth, the sky, the air, The tossing waves, the wild beasts' lair; By night—a home.

E. R. R. '25.

#### THE END OF THE ROAD

YOU'RE sick of the world and all that is in it. The mud and the raintime have quite done for you Your life love is lost and some other can win it You're down and you're out and you're really all through.

But you know, and its true, I've been that way myself When roadsides were dusty, dead-weary, footsore, I was hungry and thirsty and lacking the pelf Yet strangely enough I fought just a foot more.

It is black and its drab to your out-of-sorts view. It was all but a desert where no hope could be; But keep on your way, for there's sunshine for you Like the tree-shadowed stream that was waiting for me.

F. W. D. '23.

#### THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

THE annual college anthology entitled, "The Poets of the Future" has established a reputation for poetic merit, and Volume Six is quite worthy of its predecessors. For several years this series has been of special interest to the Acadia constituency because of honorable mention of poems printed in the Athenaeum. In Volume Six the names mentioned are E. R. Rafuse '25 and H. S. Thurston '22.

Among the best poems in preceding volumes have been the nature poems. This may be said also of the last volume. but with a difference. Whether due to the students or the editor, there is relatively little representation of the beauty of nature for its own sake. What there is, is very well done, as in the description of rain, of the Hudson, of brooks, of a city garden, of poplars in summer, autumn, and winter, and of the cutting of a pine forest. In a few other poems fancy plays with the phenomena of nature in a pleasing way, telling us that hollyhocks are ladies, and that perhaps fireflies are shattered moonbeams or pixie lanterns or dancing stars. The majority of the nature poems are impressionistic. The student poets beautifully express the joy of spring, sometimes heightened by love, sometimes subdued by sorrow; the peace of autumn, and the power of love to banish its melancholy: the transiency of the autumn leaves, the apathetic neglect of the dead leaves; the pleasure of solitude with nature; the lure and loveliness of the sea; the strength of the everlasting hills: the mystery of the divine drama of the universe: the adoration of Nature to her God.

There are poems on art as well as on nature, but, as one would expect, not in such number and variety. One poet frankly admits that he finds Homer inferior to the movies, but others write, not always articulately, on themes drawn from classic literature. Sculpture, dancing, and music stimulate still others to poetic expression.

Instead of passing directly from descriptive and impressionistic lyrics based on nature and art to thought lyrics, let us consider next the natural intermediary group, emotional lyrics. When we remember the youthfulness of those whose work we are discussing, we can only wonder at the number of notes they have struck in the ganaut of human emotion. There are poems of disillusion and unfulfilled hopes; of the sorrow of separation and of death; of the tragedy of faithless love and of inadaptability of the loved one to a new environment; of mother love, perhaps most beautifully expressed in the poem on the mother of Judas; of the sufficiency, eternity, and redeeming power of love between the sexes, even when it does not culminate in matrimonial union.

On the borderland between emotion lyrics and thought lyrics are the poems that reflect the democratic ideal in a broad sympathy that includes the butterfly maiden, the emotional actress, and the baladine; the hurdy-gurdy man, the colored dancer, and the baleteur; the peddler, the vagabond.

The depth of the emotional experience of the college poets is at least paralleled by their thought. They are confronted with the problem of the meaning of life, and make their contribution toward the solution of the problem. They write effectively on the influence of environment on outlook; on the significance of the apparently trivial; on the redeeming power of beauty; on the need for world peace; on the necessity of soul longing as a stimulus to progress; on progress as the law of human life, all things working together for good, even in the chaos of Russia.

The preceding paragraphs give some suggestion of the rich variety of subject matter in "The Poets of the Future", Volume Six. Equally satisfying is the form in which the material finds expression. Whether the substance is a definite picture, a vivid impression, a deep emotion, or a noble thought, it is expressed in a form admirably suited to the content. One notices with satisfaction, in this volume as in the world of poetry in general, the passing of the fad for experimenting with loose forms—or with formlessness. The poems of our college poets show that those who let artistic conscience triumph over laziness are quite capable of creating an illusion of spontaneousness within the so-called limitations of conventional verse forms. A volume so excellent in content and form, bearing the title that it bears, and calling attention to the work of hundreds of college students suggests the possibility that the poetry of the future, which must be the poetry of democracy, will consist, not of the work of a few individuals each writing a large amount and that of uneven quality, but of the work of many individuals each writing very little but that little of superlative quality. However that may be, there will always be a welcome for the College Anthology. V. B. R.

### THE PROBLEM OF DOMINION STATUS

N 1867, when the British North America Act passed the Imperial Parliament, Canada was regarded as being a mere Colony of the British Empire having practically complete antonomy in internal affairs but having no voice in the direction of matters dealing with external affairs. Since that time the country has risen steadily from the position of a dependency of the British Crown to a position which, to all interests and purposes, may be compared with that of an independent nation. The representatives of the Dominion have been granted shares in the determining of Imperial Foreign Policy and the Constitutional development of Canada was greatly increased when Dominion representatives signed the Peace Treaty on behalf of their own Governments. The steady development that has taken place in the status of the Dominions was recognized in an official statement made by Lord Milner on behalf of the British Government:-

"The Peace Treaty recently made in Paris was signed on behalf of the British Empire by Ministers of the self-governing Dominions as well as by the British Ministers. They were all equally plenipotentiaries of His Majesty the King, who was the 'High Contracting Party' for the whole Empire. This procedure illustrates the New Constitution of the Empire which has been gradually growing up for many years past. The United Kingdom and the Dominions are partner nations; not yet indeed of equal power but for good and all of equal status—". Canadian constitutional development is practically complete and when these Canadian representatives at the Peace Conference expressed their views, were consulted on all matters, were signatories of the Peace Treaty and even regarded as being representative of a separate and independent nation in a Commonwealth of Nations, the last idea of Colonial status was thrown to the winds, and Canada stood independent and on equal terms with the United Kingdom and the other Dominions forming the great British Commonwealth of Nations.

When war broke out in 1914 Canada played her part by contributing military forces and expeditions necessary to carry on the work. Instead of breaking away from the United Kingdom, the fullest co-operation and assistance was rendered and great sacrifices were made. In view of the fact that Canadians contributed so much in view of the fact they have always taken an active interest in the welfare of the Empire as a whole, and in view of the fact that a close unity was steadily growing up within the Empire it is inconceivable that they should not be allowed some share in the formation of the Policies which concerned them so greatly, and that they should not rise from a position of a dependency of the British Crown to a position as a sister nation among a Commonwealth of Nations. The Colonial Secretary in 1916 made a statement in which he said that since one group of persons contributed the lives and treasure of their people this group should be allowed some voice as to how those lives and that treasure should be expended. There had to be some change in the system as it existed at that time-Canada was entitled to all the rights and privileges of an independent nation, to have complete autonomy in external as well as in internal affairs, but at the same time united with the Mother Country by bonds of sentiment and loyalty to a common Crown-bonds based upon the fundamental principles of British Justice-liberty, freedom and equality. And now Canada takes her place as a sister nation in a Commonwealth of Nations and the various portions of the Empire are now united, as never before, in a sisterhood of nations-positions which British Statesmen have based upon liberty and co-operation as being fundamental for the permanence and stability of the British Empire.

Yet now we must consider the problem that faces us today. Canada, as has been shown, is practically an independent nation but united by bonds of sentiment and lovalty to the Crown of Great Britain. The two alternatives offered for the solution of the problem are (1) complete autonomy. that is breaking away entirely from the Mother Country and acting independently in matters dealing with war, peace and foreign and domestic policies; or (2) remain as an integral part of the British Commonwealth of Nations but at the same time have some share in the shaping of Foreign Policy. The difficulty with this second alternative is great-Canada is far distant from Great Britain and Canadian Ministers, responsible to the Canadian people, cannot be absent for any length of time to consult with members of the Foreign Office in London. True the High Commissioner in London might act in Canada's interests but there are two serious objections to this—(1) the men who have filled that position in the past have not usually been men of any outstanding ability and (2) the High Commissioner is not responsible to the Canadian people. The difficulty of Canada having an adequate voice in Imperial Foreign Policy was realized recently when the situation was so critical in the Near East. Canada was asked her attitude on the question. But how could she be expected to contribute to a war for which she was not responsible and indeed in which she had no interests (English commercial interests were doubtless the cause of the critical situation) and had not even been consulted concerning the matter? In accordance with her present status in the British Commonwealth of Nations Canada must either sever all bonds that unite her with the Crown of Great Britain and act independently in all matters of Foreign Policy or some suitable means must be devised whereby Canadian ministers, responsible to the Canadian people, can be continually consulted regarding all matters of Imperial Foreign Policy. This, it seems, is the problem that faces us today and its ultimate solution will only be found as time goes on.

P. L. J. '23.

#### THE EYE-OPENER

THE rising sun was casting a golden glow over the tips of the Dirt Hills as Bill rolled over in his blankets with a sleepy yawn. He stopped in the middle of his roll and listened. A sizzling sound came to his ears, and the aroma of frying bacon tickled his nose. With a sweep of his arm he threw the blanket aside and sat up in astonishment. A stranger was seated by his improvised hearth frying bacon, the noise and the smell of which had caused his bewilderment. Bill's hand searched a certain part of his equipment and he withdrew it more astonished than ever.

"Say, stranger," he remarked by way of greeting," I guess, I wouldn't be far wrong if I was to state that you helped yourself to my artillery as well as to my chuck".

The stranger raised his head with a whimsical look, and replied, "No! guess you wouldn't and for your benefit I might state that you do sleep healthful. I took yer iron because I did'nt know just how you'd feel to wake out of yer beauty sleep and see a stranger makin' himself at home with yer grub. The things has a nasty habit of goin' off at the wrong time and, bein' a peaceable citizen, I felt it my duty to enforce peace until we got acquainted. Now, seein' how that important social function is o'er, here's yer gun''.

Bill, who had meanwhile risen to his feet, caught the gun, which was thrown to him from across the fire, and with a glance at it slipped it into his hostler saying, "Well, since you happen to be cook, don't forget me".

"Glad to find yer sociable", said the other as he cut off more bacon and threw it into the pan.

Bill ducked his head into a basin of water, and reached for his towel as the stranger said,

"Any objections to an Eye Opener?"

Bill dropped the towel, and stared at the newcomer, saying: "Friend! I remember once hearin' something about when you're entertainin' a stranger you might be entertainin' an angel—or something like that.—Where's the goods?" The goods was produced and Bill, holding the bottle at arms' length, slowly shut one eye in a prolonged wink, heaved a deep sign, and said, "Stranger here's to your prosperity".

The "Eye Opener" went down without further delay, and the bottle was restored to its owner, who repeated the performance.

Bill made some black coffee, "rustled" some hard biscuit, and the two new friends "fell to" their breakfast.

Bill's camp was situated on the side of a hill overlooking a plain on which herds of cattle were feeding, and while the breakfast was in progress the stranger, nodding his head in that direction, asked,

"What Outfit?" "Double Diamond." "Workin' for 'em?" "Yeah!" "Big outfit?" "Biggest in the country." "What you doin' way out here alone?" "Just watchin' things till round up". "How soon?" "Next week." The rest of the meal was finished in silen Bill around biggest here a biggest here."

The rest of the meal was finished in silence, during which time Bill surveyed his new-found friend. He was a man, perhaps forty years of age, of medium build, and dressed in the usual "rider" fashion. The sombrero which was lying beside him seemed to have seen many years service in an alkali country. The blue silk handkerchief around his neek was getting badly frayed: the black angora chaps had seen many years of hard riding: the butt of the six-gun at his hip was shiny and smooth. In fact, everything about the man bespoke an old timer. The horse he had ridden was feeding near by, and from the saddle sheath the butt of a Remington protruded.

Bill had no idea where the stranger came from, neither did he care. The "eye-opener" had warmed his heart, and the occupation of the newcomer was not questioned. Breakfast was finished. Bill proceeded to "clean up" while his companion filled a much used briar pipe with Irish twist and after some meditation broke the silence.

"Ever have trouble with rustlers ?"

"No, there was a gang workin' west of here a year ago but they cleared out".

"Ever hear tell of Badger Pete ?"

"Yeah, but he works mostly in Montana".

"Well, he's not there now".

"No?"

"No, he came up across the line some time ago".

"I've heard that he's the slickest rustler on the continent".

"Yes, I guess he is".

Bill looked toward his cayuse, which was nibbling the choicest bits of prairie wool, and said, "Well, I'll have to ride. Comin' along ?"

"Don't mind if I do''.

Bill saddled, and the stranger gave his cinch an extra pull. Then they set down the hill together.

It was early in the season, with the spring round-up just a week ahead. Unbranded calves and yearlings which had been missed in the fall round-up, were "running" minus the Double Diamond, which would have proclaimed them to be part of Al Drummond's thousands.

The stranger rode carefully and unobservingly, except when Bill was ont watching him. Then he would suddenly take an interest in his surroundings, the cattle and the lay of the land. Now and then a smile might be seen to play around his mouth. After locating all the scattered "bunches" they turned, and, skirting the foot of the hills, rode slowly back to camp.

On coming to the entrance of a small ravine, Bill suddenly pulled up his cayuse and stared at the ground. He pushed back his sombrero and stared harder.

"What's up?" inquired the stranger.

"What's up ? Look at that".

The stranger looked, and saw a little pile of ashes.

Bill sprang from the saddle and examined it more closely.

"Wha'd you think ?" he asked, looking up.

"Looks to me as though some one's been heatin' a brand", said the other.

"Just my idea".

"Bill rubbed his chin and, looking at his new partner, said, "Well, friend, if any sneakin' coyote's tryin' that game here, he's sure askin' for trouble. All I want is to see him and my artillery talks".

.. "Huh ! I thought the red coats did all the shootin' up here".

"They do mostly, except where rustlers are concerned. In that case we have a law of our own. Judgin' from your remark I would say that you came from across the line yourself".

"I did".

Bill said nothing more, but jumped in his saddle, damning all rustlers in existence, and started off. The stranger followed him.

That evening, after many suggestions and remarks from Bill, to which the stranger either nodded his head in the affirmative or voiced his opinion in the negative, they rolled themselves into their blankets and went to sleep.

The next morning when Bill awakened he was alone. Greatly puzzled over his new friend's departure, he prepared and ate his breakfast, saddled his cayuse, and started out on his daily ride. He skirted the foot of the hills again to see if any more fires had been lighted, but found none. Somehow he associated the stranger with the fire, but was partly ashamed of doing so, for he had accepted him as an honest man the morning before.

That evening, just as the first stars were beginning to flicker, the stranger returned, unsaddled, and asked for supper.

"Sure", said Bill, "help yourself".

The stranger cooked and ate his supper in silence, after which he filled his pipe from his curl of Irish twist, lit it, and said, "How would you like to see the gang that built that fire ?"

"Lead me to 'em", said Bill.

"All right, at midnight we go".

The night was clear, and the stars were twinkling in millions, when they set out, with the stranger leading the way. They skirted the plain for about six miles, and then rode into the hills, where these were broken into by high peaks and deep ravines, and rode along in silence.

Finally they turned north, and rode over the crest of the ridge into the head of a large ravine. The stranger stopped and dismounted. Bill did likewise.

"We'll leave our horses here", said the former, and added, "How's your iron ?"

"Right handy", answered Bill. "Lead on, my artillery talks".

They started down the ravine, which became deep and dark. Tall poplars grew from the banks on either side and at places it was so narrow that they could see only a strip of star-speckled sky above the tree tops. The stranger pressed forward as though he was familiar with every step of the way. Bill, having ridden over that ground the year before, remembered having seen the ravine but had never ridden through it, so followed cautiously. At places it seemed to end in an almost perpendicular wall, but turning either to the right or to the left a passage would be found. Behind one of these walls the stranger sat down, pulled Bill down beside him, and whispered, "They're in the next crook. Their camp is on this side of a "jutt" on the left. The stock is in a blind coolie on the right. I don't know how many are in the gang, but I do know that they are part of Badger Pete's outfit, and it's him I'm after. I got an old score to settle with that gent".

Bill gripped the stranger's hand. "Pard", he whispered, "I knew ye was honest when ye gave me that "eye opener", and if Pete gets away it's because we're both dead. What's yer plan ?"

"Sneak up on 'em and make 'em give up. The only drawback is they got a Russian wolf hound that might make trouble, and we daren't shoot, because if we wake the gang there will be shootin''.

"Well", said Bill, "the only thing I see is to run the risk of the dog ,and if we have to shoot make it short and sweet".

"U-huh, but shootin' in the dark is no picnic", said the other.

"Well, they're in the same box", was the reply.

"That's right. Come on".

They rose and crept around the bend into the crook where the camp was located. Suddenly the baying of the hound brought them to a stop. Bill cursed softly to himself as he dropped to the ground along with the stranger and waited for the baying to cease. It ended in a prolonged howl, and they listened for voices. None came. They began to creep cautiously forward. The baying began again, and taking advantage of the noise they moved swiftly until with a bound the dog sprang in their way. Bill's arm whipped forward, but the stranger, sensing the move, caught it before the gun spoke. "Don't be a fool", he said. "You'll wake 'em for sure if they're not awake now. I think we better lay here in the brush till it gits light, for if we go any closer and they're awake we'll get plugged sure".

Bill did not like the idea of waiting, but after a little thought consented.

. Pete spoke to the dog, in a low voice, and it slunk away in the darkness.

They waited. The stars began to fade and the grey light of morning entered the ravine. Peering through the badger brush, in which they were lying, Bill could see nothing but a deserted old pole hut with the side knocked in. He nudged the stranger and pointed to it. That individual's jaw dropped and his eyes opened in amazement. With an oath he jumped to his feet, and glared around. Everything was silent. Not a living thing was in sight except the big dog, which lay in front of the ruined hut. "One day too late, damn me, one day too late", he said in the tone of a beaten man. "Hold on", said Bill, "they can't be gone far; their dog's here".

They began a search but soon discovered that their quarry had escaped. There was the blind coolie, which had been tramped by the feet of many cattle, and that but a short time ago. They went up the ravine to their horses, mounted and rode down again. The dog followed them. That dog puzzled Bill, and the stranger could offer no explanation. They saw where the cattle had been driven out, the sight of which caused Bill to burst into his choice line of profanity reserved for such occasions. He knew that those tracks had been made by Double Diamond stock. "Well", he said, "the only thing I see to do is to pick up the trail and follow".

The stranger voiced his objections, saying that once on the "flat" there would be so many trails that they would be unable to strike the right one.

"Well", said Bill, "there's one thing sure, they turned south somewhere, and if we ride east across the hills we'll hit their trail. They'd naturally turn east when they left the ravine in order to keep as far away from the Diamond range as possible".

"No", said the other, I think you'd better notify the "red coats" and I'll trail Pete across the line".

Bill shook his head. "That's no good", he said. "The only way to save the cattle and my reputation is to catch them this side. Come on".

He wheeled his horse and started up the ravine, the stranger and the dog following. After coming out on the crest of the hills he struck east, and watched the ground intently. Two miles from the ravine he "picked up" a trail made by cattle, fresh and running south. Feeling sure that he was on the right track, he began to follow it, and rode as fast as he deemed wise. The stranger rode silently beside him.

Late in the afternoon they reached Willow Bunch Lake. Riding around the northwest end they saw the object of their pursuit a little in advance. They rode quickly behind a bluff and halted. "I tell you", said the stranger, "we'll wait 'till dark. They have to leave the cattle rest tonight. Then we'll ride into camp and see what's what. You let me do the talkin".

"All right", replied the other, "you talk, I'll keep an eye on trouble".

After darkness had settled they mounted again and were soon within sight of a little fire which marked the camping place of the men whom they were seeking. They rode up and the stranger said, "Evening boys,—how's chances for some chuck ? We're just takin' a jaunt north. Saw your fire, and thought we might get a hand-out".

"Sure thing", said one, "but how come you to be travellin' without grub ?"

"Well, we left town in considerable of a hurry", was the reply.

The other grunted. "'I get you; help yourselves".

There were three men in the party, and as Bill and his friend ate their supper these men looked at Bill with perplexed looks, and then at his friend, who kept eating with no apparent concern as to what was going on around him. Bill, on the other hand, was intensely interested. He studied the men, and wondered which one was Pete, or whether he was in the company at all.

Bill was waiting for the "fireworks", but felt confident that the stranger, who knew his men, was waiting with a purpose.

Supper finished, the stranger remained thoughtful for a few moments, and then turned to Bill, saying "Well, Pard, I guess we struck the right trail all right".

Bill shot a questioning glance at him. "Yes", the stranger continued, "you were hot to come, so I thought there would be no harm. I gave you one "eye-opener", here's another. I'm Badger Pete".

Bill jumped to his feet with a curse, pulling his gun at the same time, but, seeing himself covered from two angles, sat down again.

"Better throw yer iron over here", said Pete, "till we get our business settled. Now", he continued, "if you want to join the outfit, I'll take you on; if not, I'll take you to the border and you can go back. Once across the line we're safe. I sorter like you, that's why yer alive now. But what will Al Drummond thing of his star puncher?"

That was the question that bothered Bill. What would Al think ? Two hundred cattle punched right under his nose. What would Al think ? He pictured himself riding a new range, and cursed under his breath. Finally he turned to Pete and said, "Well, since you called a showdown, and since you happen to hold the cards, I'll go to the border, but remember, some day I'll return that "eye-opener".

Pete laughed. "Pard", he said, "you sleep too healthful; I'll not worry".

Pete told Shorty to unsaddle, and picket their horses, after which they made arrangements for the night. Each man was to stand guard for an hour and a half, Pete taking the first turn. Then all was quiet.

Bill lay on his back and looked at the stars. He saw it all. He would have hard work explaining to his boss, he knew that, and the thought caused him to grit his teeth in rage. There were two things which he must do. The first was to save the cattle, and the second was to return Pete's "eye-opener". But how to do it. Four to one, and no gun, but it must be done somehow.

One hour and a half had passed. Pete had awakened . him of the black whiskers and lain down himself. Bill had formed plan after plan, but discarded them as useless. Another hour passed. Then he began to feel among the grass until his fingers came into contact with a stone, which he began to dig, as quietly as possible, with his eyes on the guard. Several times the guard turned in his direction, during which time Bill would remain motionless. Finally he succeeded in getting the stone out and he had a missile the size of his fist. He lay still with the stone in his hand, his arm outstretched. Raising his head slightly he measured the distance to his jailer, who was sitting on the ground leaning against his saddle with Pete's Remington across his knees. Beneath the glimmering stars, his profile showed clear-cut against the western sky line. It was Bill's only chance-he must not miss. From his prone position his

body shot upright; his right arm snapped forward; and he fell sideways without a murmur. With one leap Bill had the rifle. The others still slept. He took the revolver from the unconscious man, and after making sure that he was still alive, bound and gagged him, carried him to the other side of the dead fire, and laid him down. He quickly and silently removed the guns from the sleeping men, and taking a position beside his first victim, he waited for daylight.

The dawn broke clear, and Pete, with a yawn, sat up to look down the barrel of his own Remington, which was resting across Bill's right knee, while the fore-finger of that individual's hand was twitching dangerously near the trigger. Pete's jaw dropped. Then he broke into volleys of profanity that awakened the other two sleepers. They also sat up and looked into the muzzle of the Remington, which was moving in peculiar little arcs seeming to cover them all at once, and they voiced their opinion of the bound and gagged man in unison until Bill interrupted them.

"Cut that", he said. "It would have happened to any one of you. Now get a hustle on and get breakfast, for it's Moose Jaw for us before night".

He was sitting on all their guns, which he had wrapped in a saddle blanket, and from there he directed operations with the Remington, slinging commands like a brigadier.

Breakfast was eaten. The horses were saddled and the bunch of guns were tied on Bill's saddle. These operations were directed by the shining barrel of the rifle behind which Bill smiled serenely. Then the cavalcade mounted and headed northward. When they had ridden in this fashion for several miles, suddenly the hound, which was loping beside Pete's horse, turned, and, clearing the intervening space with a bound, threw himself at Bill's pony. The attack was so sudden that Bill had not time to bring his gun into action before the pony reared. The big, white dog swept beneath and fastened his fangs into the right hind leg of the pony, which with a wild plunge, darted forward, breaking the hold of the dog and throwing him several feet to the rear. Pete, who was responsible for the actions of the dog, was watching the move and with the leap of the dog had swung his horse, and yelled to his companions to "get him".

The distance was small and the four men were closing on Bill. But the pony, terrified by the attack of the dog, dashed through the closing line and gave Bill a chance to use his rifle. Spinning the plunging pony, he wheeled; the muzzle of the Remington described a semi-circle in the air, and the great white dog, which was in a running leap ten feet from the pony's head, uttered a howl and dropped to earth while a wisp of smoke curled from the Remington, and vanished in the morning air. Standing in his stirrup, and swinging the rifle around his head, he dashed back through the astonished rustlers. Wheeling again, and pumping the rifle, he halted while his dismayed enemies cowed before the sweeping barrel of the repeater, behind which the dark eyes of Bill glittered with wrath.

"Well, since I happen to hold the cards still," said he, I guess we'll move on. But let me tell you gents something. The next time my artillery talks somebody's light goes out. Sabe ?"

The sun was setting as five men rode into Moose Jaw. The man in the rear rode with a Remington across his saddle. The party came to a halt before the R. N. W. M. P. station, and Sergeant Smith, an old friend of Bill's, stepped out.

"What's the row ?" he asked.

"Badger Pete and his outfit", replied Bill, "tried to rustle on the Double Diamond".

The sergeant smiled. "Bill", he said, "a good day's work. Montana is offering one thousand dollars for those fellows".

Bill's eyes widened, and he turned to Pete, saying, "When you're entertaining a stranger you might be entertain' an angel instead. How's that for an 'eye-opener'?"

C. M. S., '24.

# A SUMMER SUNSET

T is a summer evening, fair and bright, Fragrant the balmy air with peace serene. The sun's last lingering ray of radiant light, Suffuses warmth and color o'er the scene And renders clear each object to the sight. The trees stand glorified in brighter gleam, And lawn and garden do the eye delight, Where grass and flowers have donned a brighter sheen. The birds' soft fluting fills the tranquil air With sweet-toned vespers to the closing day, And people hurrying along the way Seem in the peace and happiness to share. Oh peaceful hour, that doth delight my heart, Why from my vision do you swiftly part ?

C. L. F., '25.

# THE STUDENT BOOK-AGENT

THE district was poor, and his book wouldn't sell, So he reached the last house with a sigh. But he rapped on the door with a business-like air,

Then nervously straightened his tie.

- "Good day ! Mrs. Brown", as he bowed to the dame Who opened the door at his din,
- "I'm Mr. MacNeven; I've called on your friends Up the street—er—may I step in ?"
- He took it for granted he was welcome, and so He did not await her reply,

But stepped in the parlor and put up his hat, With the good lady wondering why.

"I am sure you have noticed, my dear Mrs. Brown, How differently subjects of late

Are taught in the schools, 'till it almost would seem That parents are quite out-of-date''.
"Land sakes ! I should say so", the lady replied, "Ain't it awful how schools is run ? They go gallivantin' all over the fields— We're jest payin' teachers for fun !
Now, I ain't no scholar, but, when I was young, I l'arned how to figger an' spell. We didn't have bot'ny an' all o' that trash, An' things high-falutin' an' swell,—
An' often I sez to our Marthy, sez I: —Our Marthy is leadin' her 'school— All my eddication I got by hard work, An' not by jest actin' the fool''.
"Pardon me, Mrs. Brown, I know how you feel, But the old ways are going, I fear,— They tell me that Martha is leading her class; Miss Martin is second, I hear.
Now, if she is going to lead in her class, She must have the same chance as the rest; And I know you are anxious, where she is concerned, To give her whatever is best.
Now here is a book of which teachers approve, For it takes up their work the new way;

With maps and with tables the work is concise, —It's the best that is going, today.

Just notice how clearly this work is prepared:— —The teachers all tell me it's fine—

Now here are the battles with causes and dates, And here are the kings in a line. Don't you see how much easier their studies would be With a wonderful reference like this ? For it isn't the *number* of years that will count,— —It's an offer I know you won't miss.

There are four different bindings from which you may choose,

And the books are *all* beautifully bound:

The head-bands are silk, and the titles are gold,

The paper—the best to be found.

This double-A binding's the best that we have: Real leather, for only sixteen;

And here is a brown one for two dollars less, And here is a red, and a green.

Mrs. Martin was saying saying how nicely this brown Would match with her daughter's new dress,—

Will you have one like it, or this leather one here,

-It is nicer I'll have to confess''.

"Land sakes ! Ain't it awful how fixin's do cost ! But Lizer Ann Martin shan't brag

That my gal's lackin' in schoolin' and sich, If farmin' is seemin' to lag.

But then, I don't want to seem uppish or proud, An' since it is two dollars less.

I think 'at 'ere brown one will do us all right,— Our Marthy'll be tickled, I guess.

Four dollars down, now ? Well, ain't that a fright ! I swan, it seems like a sin

Fer a han'some young feller like you to demand— —Well, if others kin do it, I kin !

Is that my receipt ? Now, isn't that fine ! Yer writin' is wavy an' nice,—

Say, mister ! how many them books do you sell ? You must get a purty good price''.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Brown, I'll see you again, When I come with your book in July".
"We'd all be right glad to have you to tea, When you come a'gin, mister, good-bye !"

The book-agent took the first road to the train, Then said to himself with a grin: "When she finds Mrs. Martin didn't buy one at all— —Well ! if she can stand it, I 'kin',"

## R. A. T., '25.



# RADIUM

THE discovery of radium in 1897 by Madame Curie was a very important step in the problem of physical science. The properties possessed by radium give it a unique and important position in science, all the more unique and important because of the hope which was inspired by the possible healing qualities of the radiations from this new element—a hope that has been realized to a large extent. The element radium is much in demand by hospitals and by physicians and also by scientific institutions. Radium is very scarce and due to this it commands a very high price. There is great difficulty in obtaining the element from ore and great quantities of the latter must be used in order that a small quantity of radium might be obtained (taken on an average only a few grains of radium are obtained from a ton of the ore generally used). The difficulty of obtaining the element is realized from the fact that superior technical skill is required for the purpose of separation, and this of course makes the cost higher.

Let us consider for a moment the occurrences of uranium minerals from which the radium is obtained. Some important deposits of uranium ore in pegmatite have been discovered in the northern part of Portugal. Also some deposits have been found in Cornwall, England, and in Colorado. In the latter place the radium is obtained chiefly from carnotite, one of the most important of the uranium minerals produced in the United States. The carnotite occurs chiefly in sandstone. This mineral is also obtained in Utah. The minerals from which radium may be obtained have not been discovered in any great quantity in Canada, although there are some localities where small traces of radium may be found in minerals. Some sections of Ontario and Quebec have furnished to some extent the minerals from which radium is obtained. It will be seen that up until the present time the radium-bearing minerals are very scarce, and due to the fact that such large quantities of the mineral are necessary for the extraction of only a small quantity of radium the latter must necessarily be scarce and commands a high price.

The examination of the occurrences of uranium minerals will reveal the fact that they are nearly always associated with igneous rocks, such as granite and pegmatite dykes. They are usually found enclosed in these igneous rocks, such as in veins of granite. They probably have their origin in solutions given off by these rocks at a very early date.

The minerals from which radium is obtained are associated with a great variety of other minerals differing in various localities. For instance in Colorado they are associated with pyrite and galena, in Portugal with tin and tungsten minerals while in other localities with silver, cobalt, nickel and copper ores. Sometimes the minerals which have a high specific gravity and a dull or greasy lustre contain a small quantity of radium.

The most important uranium minerals which occur in such quantities as to make them of commercial value are uraninite, carnotite, and autunite. Uraninite is a brittle mineral having a dull or greasy lustre, a characteristic which seems to point to the presence of some radium in the ore, since it is usually minerals of this description from which radium is obtained.

Carnotite is a yellowish powdery mineral containing vanadium and uranium. Autunite is a phosphate of uranium and calcium. It is translucent, yellow in color and sometimes occurs in micaceous aggregates.

Various methods have been devised whereby different minerals may be tested for the presence of radium. Chief among these devices we might mention the electroscope but this sometimes proves unsatisfactory. It is a very delicate instrument and great care must be exercised in its manipulation.

Another method for detecting the presence of radium is the use of an instrument called the scintilloscope which consists of a closed brass cylinder, on one end of which is a lens and the interior of the cylinder is coated with zine sulphide. When a mineral containing radium is brought in the vicinity of this instrument a certain activity is noticed, whereby radium is detected.

The great value of radium from a medical standpoint lies in the intensity of its rays. These rays are important because they are capable of producing certain effects on the organisms with which they come into contact. The effects may be used for the cure of several diseases, and considered in this light, radium has great value. It is much used for the treatment of cancer. Due to the increasing demand for radium for use in hospitals, several factories have been established both in France and in America. These factories produce many grains of radium every year but there are still only small quantities to be obtained—quantities quite insufficient to meet the demands for it, hence its very high price.

Thus we see that radium is very scarce and that it is in great demand, on account of its properties, for scientific work and for medical purposes in hospitals. It is hoped that radium may be obtained in larger quantities in the years to come, and that its beneficial effects may be observed in a larger number of cases.

P. L. J. '23.

# THE GEOLOGIST IN THE ECONOMIC MACHINE

To many people, the geologist is a mere student of fossils, a useless explorer of rocks, a haunter of museums, doing little of consequence for the prosperity of the country. But this branch of science is becoming more and more of service to the government, and many industries look to the specialized student of the earth's crust for valuable information.

Among the more important duties of the geologist are searching for new mines, locating mineral deposits and the exploration of old mines. Less stress is being laid on the discovery of new fields and more and more attention is being paid to the complete development of those already in operation. Formerly, the mines of the country were exploited and, after the richer accumulations and best ore was removed, they were forsaken. Now, however, the citizens of the country have realized that there is a limit to the mineral resources of the land, and all mines are thoroughly explored to make sure that all valuable materials have been removed before they are abandoned.

In 1907, there was a great decrease in the production of gold in and around the Klondike where the metal had first been found, and most of the miners were leaving this district in search of gold in other places or for the outside world. A survey under R. S. McConnell was sent out by the Dominion Government to estimate the recoverable values remaining in the high level gravels along Bonanza and Hunker creeks and in the Klondike valley, and also to obtain information regarding the values remaining in the lower level sands and creeks but with no aim to prospect new fields. Mr. McConnell reported that in the exploited districts there was about \$53,642,-620 worth of gold dust still remaining which was an apprecia ble amount when compared with the \$94,750,000 worth which had been taken from that region previous to 1907. As a result of this survey, this fifty million dollars worth of gold was saved to the natural resources of the country.

Previous to this, an investigation of the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania had given the public valuable information regarding the limit of supply. In 1879 there was a rumor that these beds were almost exhausted and forthwith the mines were explored by the state geologist. The government was in due time informed that with the then present output the mines would continue to produce for seventy years or over. The same was the case with the Great Britain coal mines and many petroleum fields of the United States which were thought to be nearing exhaustion.

In the locating of new mines and the informing of the public concerning those of which it knows nothing except by unreliable rumors, the geologist does valuable service. In such cases, the report often deals not only with the kind of minerals found but also their quality, approximate quantity, and availability. The survey of Mr. McConnell investigating the copper deposits of the Yukon is a good example. When the expedition was finished and the report published, the public learned in detail of the rich deposits of copper in the White Horse district and also of the forests, the water power, the mining conditions, and the climate of the region.

Under the instruction of the geologist, the by-products of the mines are utilized and a great deal of waste averted. In Pennsylvania, large quantities of ore from the shafts were being handled, the iron crushed out, and the remainder dumped as waste. The state geologist easily detected the presence of zinc in the waste material and immediately machinery was installed to extract this metal. The mines at once began producing, along with the iron, zinc almost equalling the iron in value.

But minerals are not the only natural resources that the surveys of the geologist deal with. Nature's stores of all kinds are disclosed to the public and as a result of this information industries are founded or enlarged, adding to national and world prosperity. A summer was spent in the Rainy River district investigating the resources of that part of Ontario. In the report the forests were estimated, large tracts of land hitherto thought to be barren wastes but found to be suited to agriculture were mentioned, the possibilities of manufacturing plants on the waterways outlined, the topography of the country, the opportunities for roads, and the vegetation were stated in detail.

Another similar instance was the bringing to the notice of the public valuable lands in the Rocky Mountains. The surveyors reported the fertile, alluvial plains along the Stikeen and Skena Rivers and the valuable timber on the mountain slopes. But at this task, the geologist was of special value, for he could point out to the government those tracts that were valueless except for forests and those wooded portions of the lower slopes of the mountains which could be cleared and turned into farm land, while the possibilities of artesian wells in some districts were also touched upon.

The survey of the south of Alberta was equally valuable in connection with colonization. The descriptions of these lands had been classic and elaborate and nothing definite was known. The study of the soils, subsoils, rocks, water, water supply for irrigation, and vegetation all came naturally into the work of the geologist. - Mr. D. B. Dowling, under the department of colonization, explored the district and gave the government a practical report, one upon which a program of the colonization of this part of the province could be based.

Many other instances could be cited where the work of the geologist has been of great value in preventing waste of minerals and in developing the natural resources of the country. However, these few show the important and everincreasing part the geologist plays in the development of the industries of the country. E. R. R., '25.

# The Acadia Athenæum

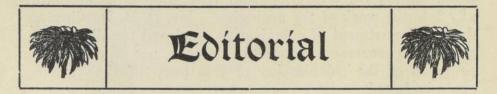
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WITH the college year drawing to a close, it is perhaps appropriate to review certain of the interests and activities which attract the attention of the students. Foremost among these is athletics. Practically every student is, in some degree, connected with the athletics of his college and is therefore vitally concerned with their conduct.

We are perhaps letting out no secret when we state that intercollegiate sport as conducted in the past year has not been entirely satisfactory. There seems to be too much misunderstanding existing between the various colleges. A certain amount of this is unavoidable, since mistakes are bound to occur. Nevertheless we feel that a great deal of the dissatisfaction caused by the present state of affairs is unnecessary. If, as college students, we cannot manage our own affairs in intercollegiate competition, how are we to arrive at any satisfactory settlement of the many problems of the country when we leave college and take our place as citizens ?

What is needed most of all is a little more co-operation, a little more of the get-together spirit. There are altogether too few opportunities for the representatives of the different student bodies to meet and exchange their ideas. This has been the case particularly this last year. The only meeting in connection with athletics was held in Truro to decide a protest. The protest was decided but the cause was not removed and until the point of view of each college engaged in intercollegiate sport is the same there will still be cause for protests.

It used to be that representatives of the six colleges met at Truro at the beginning of each year and discussed matters in connection with football. This conference was gradually enlarged so as to include the other branches of sport in which there was intercollegiate competition. For the sake of convenience, two leagues were organized, the eastern and the western, the winners of each to play off for the Maritime intercollegiate title. Thus far, arrangements were satisfactory, but when it came to the question of who should play and who should not, there was considerable difference of opinion. This was a matter which the faculty of some of the colleges had taken over. Their representatives drew up a comparatively uniform system of eligibility rules to which students representing their institutions must This tended to place the colleges where there conform. was no faculty supervision of athletics in an advantageous position. Realizing this, the students agreed that intercollegiate teams must be composed of players who could conform to the eligibility rules even though these rules might not be in force at their own college. Still matters were unsettled. There was the tendency on the part of some teams, where faculty supervision was not strict to play men who were ineligible. This, we feel, was due to the lack of co-operation among the faculties of the various colleges.

In an effort to settle matters in the western league, a conference of student and faculty representatives from the three colleges comprising it was called at St. John during the latter part of April, 1922. Here, the students met together to settle affairs which interested them alone. The faculty also discussed their affairs. At the conclusion of these two meetings, there was a joint meeting on matters of mutual interest. At the time, it was thought that considerable progress had been made in clearing up doubtful matters, but apparently the success was not all that was hoped for. Unfortunately, the colleges in the eastern league thought that the Truro conference was to be abandoned and so it was not held. If it had been held, doubtless some of the things not finished by the St. John conference would have been completed or revised so as to make them more acceptable to all the colleges concerned.

In the western league, a dispute arose over the hockey The St. John conferences had ruled that "in case situation. of a three-cornered tie, the season for athletics in that branch of sport should be considered at an end". Just such an occurrence as the above ruling was designed to cover happened. Instantly the agreement reached was forgotten by some of the contracting colleges, in one instance by the faculty. Now, unless agreements made by representatives of colleges are observed by the colleges, there is little hope of any co-operation or of a satisfactory basis of intercollegiate relations being formed. If such rulings are to be treated as "scraps of paper" simply because it serves the interests of one college, then any sort of co-operation is impossible. But we have enough faith in human nature in general and in college students in particular, to believe that, if they realize the seriousness of the situation, they will do all in their power to remedy it. The same applies to the faculty.

What, however, is to be done ? It is not for us to present a plan worked out in all its details. It would be doomed to almost certain failure. How can we know what would suit the needs of each college ? We can appreciate our own position and we hope we have some knowledge of the point of view of the other colleges; but to work out a scheme which all the colleges will accept is a task for all the colleges. If that is the case, why not have a conference of all the colleges at Truro or some other central point to talk over the situation and devise remedies ? Why not have a conference of *all* the faculties at the same time and at the same place, so that they may settle their rules and have one common program ? Then, as there are matters of interest to both, why not have a joint meeting and get the attitude of each other upon the various items that are liable to be misunderstood ? Such a scheme as this would require the participation of the student bodies and faculties of *all* the colleges. The absence of any one of these would only put matters back to where they are now. In proposing this plan, we do so because we feel that, if our intercollegiate sporting relations are to be harmonious and give complete satisfaction, there must be complete understanding of them both by the faculty and by the students.



## SEMINARY DEPARTMENT

The outstanding event of the past month has been the Eighth Annual Music Festival, consisting of the following excellent program:—

## TUESDAY, MAY 1ST.

## THE ACADIA LADIES' GLEE CLUB.

Mr. W. Arthur Jones, Conductor. Miss Miriam Bancroft, Accompanist.

#### THE ACADIA CONSERVATORY ORCHESTRA.

#### Mr. Carl Farnsworth, Conductor.

## PROGRAMME.

1.	Rosamunde	Schubert
2.	Chant d'Amour F. Newell	Barbour
3.	Cantata—The Three Springs P	aul Bliss

## GLEE CLUB

Chorus—Prologue Chorus—The Pool Incidental Solo, Miss Minnie Poole Chorus—The Brook Chorus—The Three Little Falls Obligato Solo, Miss Olivia Lamont Chorus—Midday on the River Chorus—The Great Waterfall

Chorus—Finale

4.	Meditation (Thais)Massenet
	La Guitarre Nevin
5.	Londonderry Air Old Irish Melody
	Dance of the Gnomes Carroll
6.	Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind Sarjeant

# GLEE CLUB

7. French Militaire March Saint Sa
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GOD SAVE THE KING

# THURSDAY, MAY 3RD.

# RECITAL BY JOHN PEIRCE Carl Farnsworth, Accompanist

# PROGRAMME

1.	Two	Operatic Arias
	(a)	Il pensier sta negli oggetti from "Orfeo" 1792,
		Joseph Haydn
	(b)	Qui donc commande (Henry VIII)Saint-Saens

# 2. Four Songs by Boston Composers.

(2)	The Eden Rose	Arthur Foote
(b)	In Picardie	Arthur Foote
(c)	In Maytime	John Adams Loud
(d)	At Nightfall	John Adams Loud

# 3. A Group of Classics.

(a) Dedication (Widmung)	Franz
(b) The Green of Spring (Erstes Grun) S	Schumann
(c) O Sunny Ray (Sonnenschein)	Schumann
(d) Faith in Spring (Fruhlingsglaube)	Schubert

4. Three Songs in Spanish.

# (a) Noche serena (Serene Night) .. Mexican Folk Song

(b) Preguntale a las estrellas (Ask it of the Stars ...... Mexican Folk Song
(c) Habanera, "Mi Nina" (My Nina) ...... Guetary

#### 5. A Group of Favorite Songs.

(a)	Songs of Araby	Clay
(b)	Gipsy John	Clay
(c)	Punchinello M	olloy
(d)	The Sword of Ferrar Bu	llard

## GOD SAVE THE KING

FRIDAY, MAY 4TH.

#### -ELIJAH-

## An Oratorio

## Felix Mendelssohn

Nathalie GiffordSo	oprano
Edith Weye Mezzo-Con	ntralto
W. Arthur Jones	
John Peirce	

# ACADIA CHORAL CLUB

## Carl Farnsworth, Conductor

Accompanied by the Acadia Conservatory Orchestra

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# ACADEMY DEPARTMENT

# THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

THE usual success attended the efforts of the Academy Dramatic Club in their annual presentation in the Opera House on Wednesday evening, March 28th. This year, as last, it took the form of two one-act plays.

In "The Ghost Story", the parts were cleverly taken. Howard as "Anna", with Hill as "George", deserved the happiness which they eventually found, after obstacles had been removed and "George" had gathered sufficient courage to say, "Anna, will you—?

The following list is the characters in order of their appearance:-

Anna Wilfred Howard
George Henry Hill
Mary Harold Chipman
Grace Harold Nickerson
Lennie Jack Zwicker
Tom Reigh Zwicker
Floyd Malcolm Outhouse
Lynn Arthur Sleep
Fred Stanley Steves

Those taking part in the special programme received warm applause, which they well merited. The numbers were:

Vocal Solo ...... Harry Mollins Violin Solo ...... Miss Joyce Clarke

Academy Quartette-

H. Spinney, G. Bryden, W. Spinney, J. Chisholm. Reading ...... Miss C. McLean

"The Trysting Place" proved to be a comedy which was enjoyed by all. The boys did the characters full justice, and,

in spite of the fact that some forgot they were ladies for the time being, and incidently gave the supposed trouser leg an occasional hitch, it only added to the general enjoyment.

The characters in order of their appearance were:

Mrs. Curtis, a fascinating widow......Percy McKay Lancelot Briggs, a boy.....Randolph McKinnon Jessie Briggs, his sister.....George Bryden Mrs. Briggs, his mother, also a widow...—Ralph Jenkins Rupert Smith, quite in love with Jessie.....James Neilson Mr. Ingolsley, in love with Mrs. Briggs...Hermon Spinney A Mysterious Voice .....J. Gordon Copeland

Much credit is due Miss Pearl Griffith, who used both tact and industry in preparing the characters of these plays for a successful presentation.

The Dramatic Club is also deeply indebted to those who so kindly assisted us with our specialty programme, nor would they forget Mr. Woodman, who very generously provided stage furnishings.

## SENIOR HOUSE PARTY.

Some thirty of the Senior Class enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the home of our principal, Dr. W. L. Archibald. With the addition of some thirty from the Senior Class, Acadia Ladies' Seminary, the enjoyment was increased thirty-fold. All entered heartily in the games and tests of skill which were provided. A radio concert was a feature of the evening, while the "east",—well as one fellow expressed it "By gosh they were good".

Mr. Hermon Spinney, president of the graduating class, in a few well chosen words tendered a vote of thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Archibald for extending to us the hospitality of their home. Miss Lamont, president of the Senior Class at the Seminary, fittingly seconded the proffered thanks.

Those of us who leave the Academy this year will carry away with us memories of a man, who, besides being head master in a boys' school, is a boy's true friend. Some one has fittingly said, that a friend is one "Who sees all our good points and all our bad points, and loves us still'.

Our tribute to Dr. Archibald is that we have found him such a friend.

# BASEBALL.

On account of the season being late little time has been allowed for baseball. To date the Academy have taken part in four games.

A. C. A. vs Engineers, 14-17

A. C. A. vs. Juniors, 17-0.

A. C. A. vs Sophomore, 6-5

A. C. A. vs. Wolfville High School, 12-3.

Baseball line-up—Catcher, J. B. Peters (Capt.); pitchers, R.
D. Johnson, H. Nickerson; 1st base, H. S. Thurston; 2nd base, J. G. Copeland; 3rd base, E. Phillips; short stop, H.
Nickerson, R. D. Johnson; right field, P. E. McKay; centre field, R. Himmelman; left field, R. Delaney; spares, McLaughlin, Outhouse.

#### JOKES.

(At Cad Reception) Miss C.—Miss Longley, meet Mr. Short.

Mr. C--k-m (English Class)—What is a periodic sentence ?

Sleep, '24—One in which you stop before you begin, sir.

The discussion waxed warm as to what racial group each belonged.

B-----y, '25—What are you Cecil ? R--ha-ds, '24—Oh, I'm a Sem---ite.

Ou-h--se, '24 (after explaining a knotty problem) :---D'you see the point ?

K---l--m, '24-Yes, I guess so.

Ou---h--s-e, '24---Well, don't run into it.

B-r--d-n, '23—Webster Spinney must be going to build a house this Spring ?

Ha--r-s-n, '23-What makes you think so ?

B-r--d-n, '23—Because he has been looking for a Carpenter all winter.

The course of our school year is nearly run, we are now making our last lap, soon we shall see the tape and the eager faces of friends and loved ones waiting to see us finish "strong". Let us then not disappoint them, but calling up our reserve power, let us make the exams our "sprint" to the tape, and finish, feeling we have run a good race.

#### SHOULD PREACHERS LEAVE THE MABITIME PROVINCES ?

Never before in the history of Christianity in the Maritime Provinces has this problem stared us in the face as it does today. At this moment let us scan over the three provinces: Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and we are able to name upon our fingers church after church with their doors closed and bells rusting in their towers.

Such a condition surely has not always prevailed in this land. Where are the men that instigated the building of these churches ? Where is the spirit today that reigned in the hearts of the generations before us; the spirit that drew the money from their limited collections to pay their respected pastor, and drew the crowd until they filled the little church to overflowing every Sunday ?

It was not the money which the preacher received that kept him there, neither was it the house which he was given to live in; because today the salary is larger and the houses are much better. Some even have cars given to them that they may go from church to church in the greatest ease; but this does not hold them. What then can be the matter ?

The preacher is like Milton's fallen angel. The latter would rather reign in Hell than take second place in Heaven, so the preacher with the right spirit would rather live in a cave or tent and be surrounded by friends, than be frozen out of a palace, which is the case today, and the reason why the preachers are bidding farewell to the churches of these provinces. Paul says, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." The same feeling holds today concerning the preacher. People may bestow upon him as many valuable gifts as they care to, but unless they are presented in the spirit of love and appreciation he would much rather they keep them. Unless they present him with the force of unity, and stand back of him in his endeavors to improve the moral and spiritual life of the community, these other donations mean nothing.

Suppose we look into the life of these churches today, what do we find ? On a fine Sunday morning we find the preacher standing up pouring forth his week's work to a string of empty pews, things that are dead—but not much more so than the few we see scattered about before him; and undoubtedly these will be separated part on one side of the building, and part on the other. It would never do for them to sit beside each other because of the grievances and spites which one holds against another. As he stands there, he sees cars sailing by the door loaded down with people that should be giving him the helping hand.

They are the ones that make up his church; but their preacher would have to have a flying machine if he wishes to speak to them concerning their souls, or how they should care for the interest of those 'round about them.

Surely no man or woman would blame a minister for wanting to crawl away from this criss-cross religion, and out of the company of these religious hardened hearts,—or hypocrites.

If we are in a position where we are obliged to go without food for any length of time, we become hungry and appreciate it when we are able to procure some, likewise the churches, if they are compelled to do without a preacher in their midst. As time rolls on, they might awaken from their sleep and realize the good that was being done by the church, and instead of standing by, criticising and back-biting, they would get behind the church, the only power that is able to make this world what it should be, and "push".

These are some of the reasons why the ministers are leaving the Maritime Provinces, and which make their cases perfectly legitimate. H. A. S., A. C. A., '25.

# A RUDE AWAKENING.

Down in the lane where flowers bloom, We strolled one summer's afternoon; The bird's sweet song rang on the breeze Which bore the hum of honey bees.

We wandered on towards the wood,

Where pine-trees toss their shading hood, Until at last, beneath the trees,

I dropped before her on my knees.

I told her of my love profound;

How love like it could ne'er be found;

That smiles which come from her sweet lips Intoxicate like honey sips.

And Oh ! That throbbing heart of mine She plainly heard, beneath the pine,

The word, she said, you need not guess— 'Twas heaven to hear those lips say "Yes".

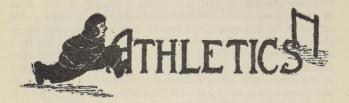
But, as I drew her close to me,

To kiss those lips which yet are free, My room-mate struck me on the head,

And dragged me from my nice warm bed.

# WEARY WILLIE, '23.

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THERE is at this time of the college year but little to write about in the realm of athletics save the past and the future. One has already been dealt with and the other is in the field of possibilities. Acadia has had this year a very good record in all branches of sport. Although she obtained but one championship, that of basket ball, she is proud of the work that her teams have done and feels that they have maintained the traditional standards of Acadia's athletes in every way, both on and off the field. There is more in the game than the winning of it. There is more in Intercollegiate athletics than the mere annexing of trophies.

Short weeks ago the campus lay feet deep in snow, which later turned into something resembling a large lake. But a few days sun and an occasional warm wind soon dried things up to such an extent that the Freshmen were once more called upon to fulfill their appointed tasks. As a result the track is beginning to take shape and should be in excellent condition by the 19th of May, when the track meet is to take place. The competition at the meet should be keen, as Acadia is turning out some good material and Mount Allison always has formidable men to defend her record.

Baseball is occupying a position of prominence which has in previous years been denied to it. Inter-class competition is close and the men who are turning out for the college team are showing unusual ability. It is proposed that a tour be made by the team immediately after the Commencement exercises and should it materialize the students may be sure that the team which represents the student body will be one well worth while. Earlier in the season it was expected that the Upper Canadian champion and his doubles partner would be in Wolfville some time before the end of the present session, but owing to the lateness of the season it was not deemed advisable that they should come. Nevertheless interest in tennis is keen and the courts after the work put on them are in excellent shape, and are occupied from morning till night by enthusiasts. It is being rumored that some are arising at an unprecedentedly early hour for the purpose of getting a set in before breakfast. Tennis is a sport which is beneficial to college students and from the foregoing it cannot be denied.





"And so the year is repeating its old story again." —Goethe.

PAGE by page the story of life at Acadia is being turned and again we are nearing the end of another chapter. We rejoice, however, that through the decision of the recent Baptist Convention our story is "to be continued". After the blizzards of the past month Spring sunshine is once more returning to us, re-awakening activity both in nature and in college life. The Easter recess has now come and gone. The all-important topic of Senior essays has been supplanted by that of graduation pictures—and, within Tully's halls, "graduation dresses". Already the reminder of approaching finals is commencing to make itself heard above other sounds, and amid the maze of varied activities the would-be student stands bewildered.

## Y. M. C. A.

Prof. Rogers was the speaker at the meeting of March 21st, his topic being "Student Life in Europe". His address proved most interesting and was greatly enjoyed by all those present.

The meeting of April 11th was addressed by Dr. Spidle on the subject "It is more blessed to give than to receive", his discourse being very helpful.

On April 18th Mr. Hardy was the speaker for the evening, his address on "Mission Work as an Empire Builder," being much appreciated.

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# S. C. A.

On March 18th Miss Armstrong was the leader of a song service which, as usual, proved popular. A feature deserving special mention was the solo by Miss Nita Tretheway.

Dr. Patterson was the speaker at the meeting of March 25th, choosing as his topic "How to know when we are Christian". There was a large attendance, and to say that there was equally great enjoyment of his talk is unnecessary, since all who have heard Dr. Patterson realize that it could not be otherwise. Another enjoyable feature was a solo by Miss Chipman.

The meeting of April 8th was addressed by Miss Lillian Bishop, of Greenwich, who told of her experiences on the foreign mission field. Her very apparent enthusiasm for her former work could not fail to inspire those who were fortunate enough to hear her. Miss Poole of the Seminary was the soloist for the service.

On April 15th the girls assembled before the fire at 10 p.m., when the meeting took the form of a song service, with Miss Bridges as leader. An interesting letter was read from Miss Bessie Lockart and plans were discussed in the interest of Russian Student Relief.

President—Eldred Bridges, '24. Vice-President—Evelyn Bentley, '25. Treasurer—Alce MacLeod, '25. Corresponding Secretary—Gwen. Belyea, '24. Recording Secretary—Mary Currie, '26.

## ATHENAEUM SOCIETY.

On Saturday, March 24, the Seniors and Freshmen debated on the subject: "Resolved, that to secure industrial peace in Canada, voluntary methods of conciliation, arbitration, and mediation are preferable to any form of compulsory legislation for the settlement of trade disputes. The Seniors, supporting the affirmative, were represented by C. W. Small (leader), A. E. Brownell, and P. L. Judge; while the Freshman team consisted of R. B. Curry (leader), H. W. Freeze, and A. Neal.

The freshmen put up a good debate, but the seniors were too skilful for them, so that another victory was added to the debating record of the class of '23. A. T. Smith was the critic for the evening and gave an especially humorous report.

#### PROPYLAEUM.

## Junior-Freshette Debate.

On March 26th the program of the evening was a debate between the losers of the first two debates. The subject was one of particular interest to the society: "Resolved, that co-education in higher institutions of learning is desirable''. the Freshettes, represented by Misses True (leader), McKeen and Hutchins, arguing for the affirmative. The Juniors were supported in their contentions for the negative by Misses Black (leader), Bridges and Armstrong, who put up a brave defence of a position in which we suspect they had little faith. The judges awarded the decision to the Fresh-Miss Smith presented the Synopsis and the meeting ettes. was brought to a close with the critic's report by Miss Mac-Leod. After the debate the Junior girls had a "feed" in Tully Club Room, at which their team were the guests of honor.

On April 11th a general programme was presented, consisting of the Synopsis by Miss Morse, a piano solo by Miss Creighton and a reading with encore by Miss MacLean. The programme was enjoyed by those present at the meeting, but the attendance was small, owing to its postponement. Miss True was the critic for the evening.

Junior Propylacum took place on April 16th, opening with the presentation of programmes in the form of wee

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black cats. Following the Synopsis by Miss Black, the significance of the programmes became apparent when a larger edition of the "black cat" appeared on the stage, furnishing the subject for a solo by Miss Walker. The next number on the programme was a burlesque "movie" entitled "Wild Nell, the Pet of the Plains", presented by the "Junior Film Co., Ltd—very limited". This was followed by "Claws 3— Chorus", which was an original and personal farewell to each of the Seniors, containing more than one remark verging on the shape of the programmes, but concluding with the assurance "We'll miss you yhen you're gone !" At the conclusion of this programme, Miss Fitzpatrick brought in the critic's report for the evening.

#### SCIENCE CLUB.

This learned body continues to feast the enquiring minds of its members on intellectual morsels which are regarded as most savory as well as nourishing. One of these morsels was presented by Mr. Prosser at the regular meeting of Mar. 27th, when he proceeded to enlighten the minds of his hearers on the subject of "The X-ray and its uses."

On Apr. 3rd Mr. Wigmore was the speaker for the evening discoursing to his scientific friends on "Prospecting in Mining Geology". His address was very interesting.

The Club was addressed on April 10th by Prof. Perry, who spoke on the "Southern Movement". This subject, dealing with the problem of science and religion is a vital one, and his exposition of it was much appreciated by the Club members.

## TULLY HOUSE PARTY.

What has been termed by a member of the Faculty as "an argument for co-education" took place on Apr. 13th when the Co-eds were at home to their colleagues of the sterner sex.

Gay Japanese lanterns and unintelligible signs akin to them served to decorate the dining room where an International program was presented, representing "dahkies" from the Southern States, Italians, Gypsies, Dutch girls, a Scotch lassie, and fair maidens from Hong Kong. At the close of this, refreshments put in a welcome appearance, followed by stunts by other International groups, perhaps the most original of which was "The Evolution of Tucker"—an ever-popular subject at Acadia. The evening came to a close amid the boys' assurances of its success, following which the girls very regretfully allowed them to depart on their way unescorted.

## JUNIOR PARTY.

The Junior girls for some time past have been inwardly pleased and proud of their class as interclass basketball and hockey champions for the year. By April 6th they were unable to contain themselves longer, and as a result the boys of '24 were invited to a class party in Tully Club Room. Music, games and refreshments filled up an all too short evening, which was voted by all as "the best yet". Miss Johnson chaperoned.

# THEOLOGICAL CLUB NOTES.

The Club has been "going strong" even though you have not heard from us for some time. We have been enjoying excellent addresses and profitable fellowship in our regular meetings. Now that Spring is here and examinations coming there is a tendency to stay at home and study instead of attending the meetings, but as long as they are as interesting as the Chairman of the Devotional Committee and other members have been making them, not a member of the Club will stay away without regret and sufficient reason.

Among the speakers since we last reported have been Messrs. A. A. McLeod, Blaisedele Hill, Darby, Flanigan, Morton, Ferris and Hirtle, and our College President, Dr. Patterson. To say which of these addresses gave more real enjoyment and profit would be presumption, as those who know the men will readily understand.

We find it difficult to write in suitable terms regarding the excellent banquet given us recently by the Wolfville U. B. W. M. U. Mrs. Martell presided, and after Scripture reading and prayer, addresses were given by Dr. MacDonald, Dr. Patterson and Dr. Hutchins, all of which were listened to with much interest. Not an unnecessary nor yet the least enjoyable part of the affair, even to Theologs, was the "eats" commonly so-called by college students. Before the guests departed Mr. Blaisedel, President of the Club, tendered a vote of thanks to the hostesses. Altogether a very enjoyable social evening was spent, and we cannot help thanking again our hostesses for past favours, and may we add, "in anticipation, for future ones."

We have undertaken what we look upon as a very pleasant work in visiting the members of the congregation of the Tabernacle Baptist Church. Every Saturday members of the Club call on these good people, and we feel that already much mutual benefit has been derived.

For our benefit as well as that of all members, we earnestly solicit continued attendance.



**T**T would seem from the experiment of our contemporaries, **1** and we are quite willing to verify it, that the outstanding problem confronting the editors of college publications is the difficulty in obtaining material from the undergraduates. And after all it is strange that such should be the case for day after day the student is questioned on phases of his particular line of work which are interesting to those specializing in some other branch. Extempore exposition at such times is not difficult and all seem ready to make the attempt. But when it comes to putting such information down in black and white for publication an unaccountable shyness seems to overcome them. With the result that when the next issue appears the editors are criticized because of its 'thinness'. Students should realize that the value of the magazine content depends upon them and not upon those in charge of the management. The task of the editors is selection and not composition. It is as such selectors that they should be employed and not, as it too often the case at the present time, as beggers for material.

# THE McGILL DAILY.

This sheet is the 'newsiest' of all Canadian college publications. The articles it contains show the influence of the daily press to a marked degree in that they are easy to read and digest and are at all times to the point. We appreciate 'The Dilletante', with his mixture of sense and nonsense which makes very readable matter and gives to the paper a literary touch which is very acceptable.

#### THE UBYSSEY.

The editors deal with matters of university interest in a very satisfactory manner though there is no literary material at all, a lack which we have begun to accept in publications of this type. We appreciate your views on Canadian Nationalism but it seems regrettable that they should be advanced with detriment to the University in the eyes of the world.

## THE GATEWAY.

From far Alberta comes the interesting information that the Student Council is holding the interest and receiving the support of the great majority of the students. We wish we knew your secret of success and could apply it to our Eastern Universities.

## THE BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL.

Of all the magazines on our exchange shelf this month this is by far the best balanced. There is no lack of literary material and the other departments are well filled. Unlike its contemporaries it apparently has the whole-hearted support of the student body, a matter which is in itself a cause for congratulation.

## THE MOUNT ALLISON ARGOSY.

It is always difficult to criticize a weekly as it is next to the impossible to get away from the fact that it is written almost exclusively for student reading. With such a purpose in mind the Argosy admirably fulfills its mission. However, we fancy (and is it only fancy?)-that we see the hand of the editor in almost every column, a fact which denotes nothing more substantial than 'talking'' support for the staff. The one exception to this was the literary number which contained a number of very interesting stories, and as usual James, The offus boy, and other features which brighten its pages every week.

#### THE XAVERIAN.

As usual this magazine contains very interesting and readable material which travels through the immense distance between dramatic dreams and serious, social studies. Might we suggest that you might enhance the value of your paper by the addition of departments devoted to, say, science and other special features which can very well be classified?

## THE BRUNSWICKAN.

The shortness of the articles and literary matter is such that, although they are interesting, not one commends itself to us in particular. Otherwise the magazine is well-balanced and from the number of contributors it seems that the students as a whole are interested in making it worthwhile, not only to themselves, but to the world outside which at times is lamentably ill-informed on college matters.

#### THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

This weekly, we admit frankly, disappoints us. It does not seem to come up to the standard expected of Dalhousie students. There is a lack of literary material which is not off-set by newsy articles. The latter it seems are not of true news style but retain some of the stiffness of ordinary exposition and little of its smoothness. It is difficult to run a college publication at the best of times and it is quite understandable that the paper should tend to drop off in value at this, the busiest time of all the year, Exam. weeks and their nerve-racking predecessors.

#### THE KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.

The editors of this monthly are to be congratulated for their successful efforts in their last issue. The poem 'Dedication' attracted our attention immediately and our only regret was that no name was attached to it. The optimistic tone of 'D. M's.' article also impressed us and it was with a feeling of

go-to-it-again, that we turned the page. The Commoner, while we are not familiar with all his methods always rouses our interest as many of his morals are quite applicable to conditions at our own university. We hope that the Co-eds are not permanently marred by the affliction of which he spoke.

#### THE ST. DUNSTAN, RED AND WHITE.

This well known paper from the Garden of the Gulf is better than ever this month and on the whole the material is well-distributed. We agree with your views on the toleration of religion and language and your criticism of the agitation for the elimination of French as a recognized tongue is wellfounded though perhaps you lay too much importance on a movement which it seems is bound to recur again and again, always to fizzle out as it deservedly should.

#### "ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW."

The Easter number of St. Andrew's College Review takes a prominent place on our exchange shelf this month.

Your many splendid pictures of the various hockey teams both "on" and "off" the ice lend a very helping hand in making the magazine attractive and interesting. We note an interesting history of ""King Tut", and a humorous sketch of "Tutty" shooting the bull. The many sketches and witty sayings are immensely entertaining. The magazine throughout expresses a humorous vein.

#### THE INTEGRAL.

In this magazine published by the Engineering Society of Tri-State College we find an article which the art of passing exams. is reduced to a science. Truly this must be an up-to-date college, we wish that we could accomplish the same feat here.

We are surprised to see that Tri-State is only now awakening to their need for college songs. Judging from our

life here college songs play an important part in the college life. Tri-State will surely soon remedy their "songless" condition.

## THE MCMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

This magazine commends itself to our attention again this month with its well-balanced pages. We notice that your university is faced with a problem somewhat similar to that decided by the Acadia Board of Governors recently, with the difference that you are in no danger of losing your individuality.

#### THE NORMAL GAZETTE.

This is a worthy publication describing Normal life at Truro, both from the standpoint of college work and social functions.





'91.—We extend sympathy to Dr. J. H. McDonald in the death of his brother, George W., which took place in Glace Bay, on Feb. 10.

'91.—Rev. A. B. Hemmeon recently lectured in the Wolfville Baptist Church on "Our New World."

'92.—Rev. Avery A. Shaw of Brooklyn, N. Y., is to be one of the speakers at the Northern Baptist Convention in Atlantic City on May 23. His subject will be "Not in Word but in Power."

'93.—Annie Marion McLean, Ph. D. of Chicago, recently published an article in "The Open Court" on her experience in gathering happiness from the commonplace. In the January issue of the "American Journal of Sociology" she published an article on "Twenty Years of Sociology by Correspondence."

'93.—We sympathize with Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, of Baltimore, in the death of his mother, which took place at Canaan in March.

'93.—Prof. Sherley J. Case of the University of Chicago, delivered a series of lectures at the Union Theological Schools, at Montreal, during the second week of April.

Ex. '17.—Col. Eric McDonald has recently been appointed Commissioner of Provincial Police for Nova Scotia. '18.—Philip S. Illsley of Wolfville, N. S., has recently returned from Los Angelos, California, where he has been spending the winter.

Ex. '20.—Donald Stuart, of Wolfville, has left for his former home, St. Louis, Me., where he expects to live.

Ex. '21.—Helen Schurman has recently entered the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal to train.

'23.—Rev. Gordon S. Vincent has recently been giving a series of addresses at the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Halifax.

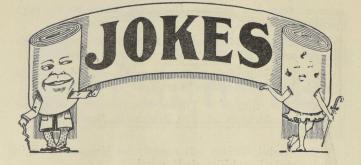
'22.—Isabel Murray left recently for Montreal to begin training at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Ex. '22.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kinsman (née Ethel Verge) at Lakeville, a son, in February.

Ex. '23.—At Wolfville, on April 9, to Prof. and Mrs. Roy Ross (née Arlene Bishop), a daughter, Janice Arlene.

Ex. '26.—Bernice Rand, has entered the Newton Hospital, Newton, Mass. ,to train for a nurse.

A. L. S. '01.—We regret to record the death of Mrs. George Boggs, (née Evelyn Starr) which took place at Woodstock, on April 15.



Math Prof:—"Parks, how did you get that problem?" Parks, Eng. '24—"With the ouija board, sir."

Smithy '24.—(at breakfast and referring to milk pitcher)—''I say, somebody chase the cow over to this side of the table."

Wig, '23.—(sarcastically)—"Here take the cow to the place where the calf is bawling".

Olmstead '23 (in psychology class)—"If one were to take a man's brains out would he live?"

Prof-"Yes, I suppose so, we often see men in that condition."

Prosser '23—"You ought to put a copy of your Senior Essay in the Library."

Pearson '23-"Too late-there's one there already."

Prof. (In Philosophy Class) "Would you call Hegel a pantheistic evolutionist?"

Camp '23—''Well I've heard him called worse than that.''

Professor—"I say Mr. Bl-kn-y, either spruce up or pine away."



Ferris '23—"What is the difference between a certain student preaching and his passing an exam?"

Oskar '23—''Well in the former case his cribs are read and in the latter they are written".

Voice heard calling Bea Innes: Spy '24—''She can't help you, she's engaged''. Bea '23—''Are we?"

There are in College eight married men, thirteen engaged, twenty expecting to be in the near future, thirty hankering, one hundred and sixty desperate and some Freshmen.

Dr. DeWolfe (In Freshman Bible) "Young man, this is May, remember those failings."

DeBlois '25—"Say Crossman why don't you take one of these pieces of toast that is ready.."

Freddy '26-"Oh, I want a nice Brown one."

Ede '24 (returning from the Library) "I brought Savage home with me tonight."

Dr. Wheelock (In Physics Class)—"What is a chord?" Moses '24—"It's a string sir."

K— '23—''What were you doing with your light on last night Bea?''

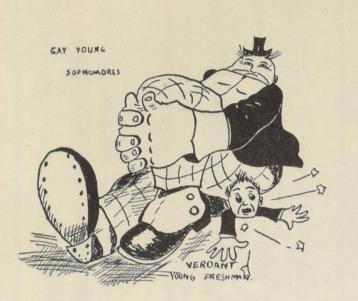
Bea '23—''I was walking in my sleep and turned the light on to see where I was going.''

Dr. Coit—"Now then are you the teacher of this class?" Reid, Eng. '23—"No sir".

"Well don't act like a blithering idiot then."

Henrietta '26 (arguing)—"Well I guess I have the right to change my mind.'

Annie '26—"Certainly, you can always change any unused goods.







THE COLLEGE GROUP

ACADIA

ATHENÆUM

Rah '23---- 'I just saw Smithy in the hall winding up his estate.''

Mac '23-"His estate?"

Rah '23-"His illuminated Ingersoll."

Biff (loosening his belt after the Senior-Junior Banquet) "That certainly was a swell affair."

Edith '25—''I have nothing but praise for this Church''. Jean 24—"'So I notice when the plate comes around."

Hoddy (Engineer '24)—"I shine in society". Shorty '25—"Then you must be a boot-black".

Nurse—"You appear to eat well". Anthony '23—"Yes, I've been practicing all my life."

Econ Prof—"What is the difference between Capital and Labor?"

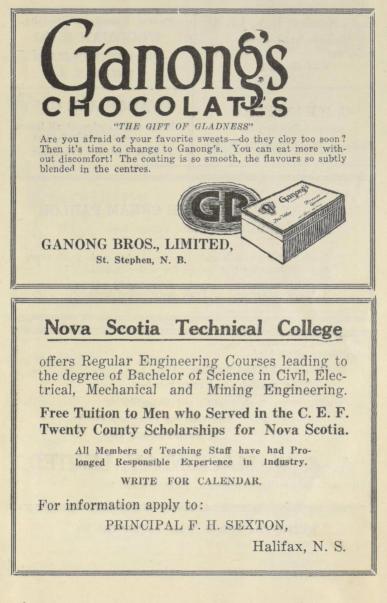
Doc. '23—''Capital is the money you lend and getting it back is labor.''

Freshman bashfully—"Do you think you could care for a chap like me?"

Co-ed-"'I think so-if he were not too much like you."

Pugs '24—"What things seem to be characteristic of Prince Edward Island?"

Dean '24-" 'Potatoes and Biff Howatt''.



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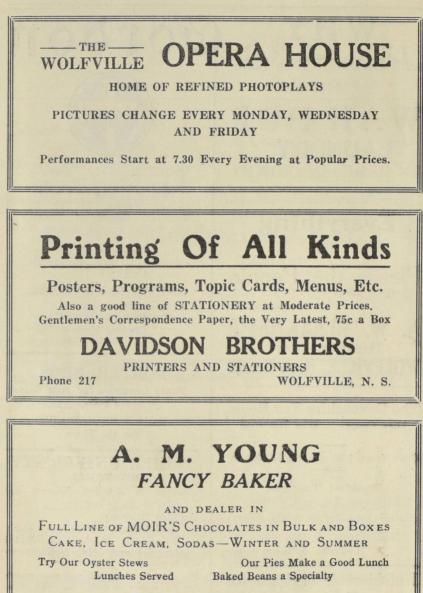
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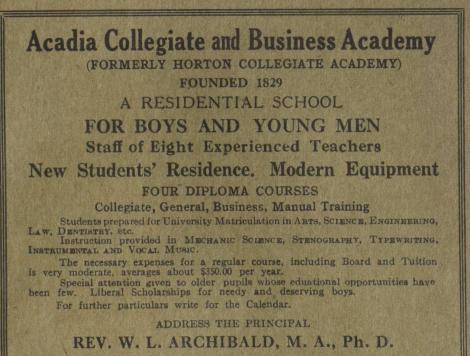
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