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Winners for the Month.

Poems—1st, Helen Starr, '19; 2nd, Marjorie Harrington.

Stories—1st, Marjorie Harrington; 2nd, Violet M. Sleep.

Articles—1st, Helen Starr, '19; 2nd, Lalia Chase, '18.

Month—1st, Wm. McLean, '19; no second.

Athletics—1st, Marjorie Harrington; no second.

Personals—1st, Faye Marshall, '17; 2nd, Margaret Chase, '18.

Exchanges—No competition. Why?

Jokes—Elizabeth Starratt, '17; no second.

WINNERS OF THE W. H. CHASE PRIZES.

1st—Marjorie Harrington, '17.

2nd—L. B. Gray, '20.

Honorable mention—Dorothy Alward, '17; Helen Starr, '19; Helen Cushing, '17; Ruth Ward, A. L. S.; Myra Barnes, '17.

Miss Marjorie Harrington, '17, has the honor of being the second Co-ed to win the distinction of the Literary "A"

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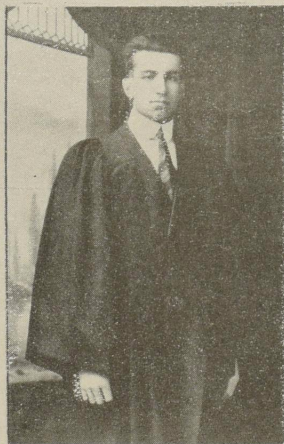
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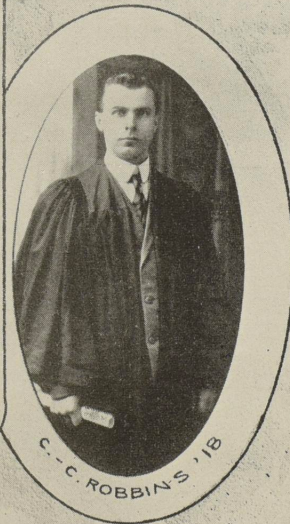
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R. B. SMALLMAN '17
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1916-1917
Winners from Mount Allison

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLIII.

WOLFEVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1917

No. 4

To England.

IF thou hadst failed!
If in that hour supreme,
That ending and beginning of a world,
That day of fate when Heaven cried down on thee
And bade thee choose twixt truth and faithlessness,
'Twixt ease and travail, thou hadst said farewell
To duty and to honor! If thine hand,
Which God made strong for deeds of righteousness,
Had sped a Judas palm to meet the bribe
Which Satan's guile had wrought to palsy thee!

If thou hadst failed!
Oh, age-long leader of men
Up Freedom's shining heights, all freemen's friend,
And savior of the shackled and oppressed;
Who, taught of old the song of the free seas
That fenced thee from the tyrant, hast achieved
Ever some new and fairer liberty
Wherewith to light the world! If thou hadst failed!

If thou hadst failed!
Grey Mistress of the realm
That girts the globe! Mother revered and Queen,
By our hearts' choice, to all thy daughter states,
The free young nations of the west and south,
Which yearn to thee across the severing seas—
That yet do bind us to thee, Mother-Land,—
With loving hearts and loyal, proud to wear
Thy name upon us!

For a painted peace
Hadst thou forsworn thyself, hadst made a mock
Of truth and honor, hadst betrayed thy trust
And them that trusted thee; hadst left thy friend
In peril's hour unaided; hadst put shame
On all on whom thy once proud name was called;
Hadst to all earth been false, and hadst denied
That Heaven which for this time had strengthened thee
To smite or succor!

In a baleful hour
Hadst thou thy birthright bartered for a mess
O' the devil's pottage; with a craven heart
Hadst sat debating by the water-brooks
Far from the conflict; hadst unheeding ears
When shrilled the summons through the farthest east
And farthest west, Up! to Jehovah's help
Again the mighty! and hadst disobeyed
The heavenly vision! Ah, if thou hadst failed!

If thou hadst failed!
What words might paint thy fall!
What tears beweept thee! to the shame of it
What crimson blush be equal! Thou hadst been
The scorn unwasting of all noble souls
Within the circuit of the Seven Seas.
The very Mephistopheles who lured
Thee to thy ruin had mocked thee.

Thou wouldst lie
Victim of thine own sin, unloved, unsung,
Thy brightness vanished, thy white glory stained,
Thy name accursed, thy kingdom reft from thee,
Thy scepter given to thy neighbor's hand.
The future ages would account thy place
With Babylon and Tyre. Their scribes would write,
Weaving the story of an ancient world;

Then England rose, and God was good to her,
 And dowered her with beauty and with strength,
 And wide dominion passing Caesar's dream.
 But when her day of visitation came
 She loved herself too well, and lost herself,
 And fell to the dead nations.
 Thou didst not fail, thank God!

Thou couldst not fail!
 Thy great past called. The prophets of thy land
 Who wrought for truth and freedom called to thee.
 The voices of thy future called to thee,
 Thine unborn sons and daughters, heirs to be
 Of all thy greatness. Duty called to thee,
 The Angel of Jehovah stern and strong
 Which goeth before thee. Wrote thy poet not,
 Thy poet and ours,

Neither once nor twice
 In our brave island story duty's path
 Hath been the way to glory?
 Yea, the voice,
 Crying and sparing not, of thine own soul
 Called, a sthe Voice of God. Thou couldst not fail!
 Thou didst not fail, thank God!

Thou holdest yet
 Thine honor and thy truth. Thy name hath still
 Its fragrant beauty. Thou dost wear undimmed
 The crown which God has set upon thy brow.
 Thy very enemy that seeks thy life,
 Chanting her fierce unholy hymn of hate
 Deep in her bitter heart doth honor thee,
 By thy just deed condemned. Some happier day
 Her nobler bards in love shall make thy place
 With the world's saviors, who from her own self
 Didst save thy foe, e'en when thou smotest her,
 Thy hand the hand of God to bring her back
 To God and greatness.

By thy happy choice,
 Brave, righteous, noble, hast thou made us thine
 In new, glad fealty. Henceforth do we love
 And honor thee beyond the scope of words.
 In passion of joy and pride our souls leap forth
 To fellow thee upon the Dolorous Way
 Which duty sets thee, way of tears and blood,
 To whatsoever goal God wills for thee.
 Our tears with thine, with thine our blood committ,
 Shall be God's chrism on awful fields of fight
 To blossom to strange splendors by and by.
 See! all our eager coasts lean forth to thee.
 The seas are foam beneath a thousand keels
 Of far-sailed fleets that bring our sons to share
 Thy grief and glory. From the Austral Lands,
 The veld of Afric, India's ancient usles
 And coasts remote which thy great name defends,
 Our flags stream forth to battle.

We had loved
 White, smiling, beauteous Peace. With lover's gaze
 We watched while thou adventuredst thy soul
 Unto the utmost verge of what man may
 To follow her fair feet. Now God for Peace
 'Gainst them that wound her, sends us forth to war,
 To suffer on a thousand gory fields,
 For thy sake, and the world's, and His high Name;
 That war through war may perish, nay, through Love,
 The love that leads us up this Golgotha;
 That war cease from out the heart of man,
 The old bad order pass, a new world shine,
 The age of earth-wide brotherhood, which sneers
 Hailed from the dawn of time, and poets sang
 Leaning across the future. Such our faith!
 The morning breaks!

Thank God, thou didst not fail!

—C. K. HARRINGTON, Class of '79.

Karuizawa, July 21st, 1915.

Some Historical Back-grounds of Nova Scotia.

THROUGHOUT this fair Province of Nova Scotia there are scattered everywhere places of historical interest. So much history has been enacted on its shores, that memories of those thrilling days still hover over such places as Annapolis, Grand Prè, Chebucto, Halifax and Louisburg, and the ghosts of contending armies come back to gaze again at the sunny fields, nestling villages, or dim forests, that they loved during life.

Let us glance first at Nova Scotia merely as a part of the great North American continent, the happy hunting ground of tribes of picturesque Red Indians. There indeed could the peninsula lay claim to the forests primeval which have with each succeeding generation faded away, ruthlessly levelled by homesteader or lumberman's ax. Rolling forest-clad hills, and valleys, winding streams and the almost encircling cold, blue Atlantic, while scattered here and there in little groups were the dwellings of the Red man. The only sounds that broke the silence, his guttural tones, the hiss of the speeding arrow, the twang of the bow.

It was one of those blue gold days that heaven lavishly showers upon our land during the short spring and summer seasons. Washing up cool wave on wave, the tide rose in the basin, and on its gentle bosom were born the white-winged ships of the Pale-face. On the high deck glowed the bright velvets, satins and feathers of the Frenchmen. De Monts, nobleman and soldier, commanded the expedition, and near him was Poutrincourt. They gazed admiringly at the scene before them. It was different indeed from the rugged slopes of the North Mountain.

When they had sailed slowly along the shore, a town site was chosen on the north. "Je vous le donne," said the leader to Poutrincourt. But the white ships sailed away again, and it was not until the next year's sap was running in the trees and spring showers were coaxing the shy *Arbutus*, that Poutrincourt came to claim his land and build the town of Port Royal.

Fall found the colonists settled. In the autumn air rose the blue smoke from their chimneys, but the owner could not stay to enjoy his possession. Back in France rivals were acting against De Monts, and immediate return was imperative. In France the Acadian proposition looked pretty hopeless, but Poutrincourt was:

not to be easily daunted. Across the Atlantic he sailed, his ships laden with provisions, and high time, too, for he found Port Royal on the eve of famine. He found only two of the colonists, the rest had gone to seek food. He sent the two to recall the others and on the return there was a celebration.

While a great bon fire gave it lumination, its red glow accentuating the black shadows of the surrounding forest, a hogshead of wine was opened in the public square. White men and red drank and sang; and Poutrincourt walked among the crowd telling of the friends in France, and listening to the trials of the little colony.

The following winter was a long gay holiday. A committee of entertainment was organized, a member of which put on a programme each night. When the snow lay thick and white on the ground, within doors the colonists gathered around the glowing fire. Song, recitation, dancing, the ready vivacity of the French, good humor, light hearts, love of life and adventure,—all these combined to make the winter months pass swiftly.

In the spring planting was begun. Lescarbot, chief entertainer during the cold weather, now led in agricultural activities. But the colonists did not take the matter seriously. They looked on their land as a play thing, and their work as a form of fun, with the result that when De Monts lost favor in France, Port Royal had to be abandoned through lack of provisions.

Three years past, Poutrincourt refused to give up his pet hobby. Gaining a new charter he returned to Port Royal. Alas! it was the beginning of the end. Troubles came thick and fast upon the little colony. Poutrincourt had to return to France, there was constant quarreling between his son Biencourt and the Jesuit priests, food became scarce, and finally came the unscrupulous Pigall from Jamestown.

It was autumn when he arrived. Before their eyes as they sailed up the bay in their armed vessel, lay the peaceful scene of harvest. The English band plundered the fort and laid it in ashes, and scattered the burning brands through the grain fields. In a few hours only smoking ruins marked the place.

In the following years Port Royal changed hands many times before its final acquisition by the English, in 1710 when it was rechristened Annapolis Royal in honor of the Queen then held the sceptre of England.

From Port Royal was sent the party of Frenchmen who formed the settlement of Les Mines on the land which is now called Grand Prè. The settlement grew rapidly. Little by little dykes were built to shut in the rich land from the hungry sea, and Les Mines became the richest, happiest part of the Province.

When Acadia was ceded by treaty to the English, the question rose of the disposition of the inhabitants, or Acadians, as they were called. England wished them to take the oath of allegiance, which they gently but persistently refused to do. It is in this period that the massacre of Colonel Noble and his band took place. Creeping up on snow shoes, Coulon and his men surrounded the houses containing British troops. Roused from sleep, the English were shot down before they were fully awake to their danger.

Then followed years of unrest. Finally the Acadian participation in the fight at Beausijour aroused British ire. At this time Governor Laurence ruled over the Province, a man who was to cause to be painted one of the blackest pictures of injustice. Under the cover of indignation over the conduct of the Acadians at Beauséjour, he stirred his council to take action against the people. The stern decision was reached to remove them, while as a cloak of charity redemption was offered through acceptance of the oath of allegiance. Delegates were sent to Halifax to represent the people who refused to accept the oath. Then Lawrence sent word to seize the Acadians and place them on vessels together with what little personal property they could carry.

The thankless task of removing the Acadians from Canard, Minas and Grand Prè fell to Col. Winslow. Once he had won fame for his daring as a soldier, but now he was a hardened, grizzled old veteran, to whom the years had brought *avoirdupois* but no tenderness.

He commanded the boys and men to meet in the Grand Pré church to hear an order of the King. When they had filed in, Winslow, standing at the altar, reminded them of Britain's leniency and rebuked them for their ingratitude, adding that they were prisoners and that the vessels of their deportation lay in the harbor.

In the morning all thoughts had been of the splendid harvests. The grain lay garnered in the barns, or here and there a late patch gleamed golden in the sun. The orchards were tinted as by the hand of rosy dawn. Everywhere simple peace and contentment. And that evening—a heart-broken people. The husbands and sons

in the church had exhausted the relief of cursing and tears and were wrapped in the black atmosphere of despair. Outside the lonely women and children gathered together for comfort.

A few days of half existence, then the Ember Ration which Longfellow has so ably pictured—

“There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking,
Busily plied the freighted boats, and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers too late saw
their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaty.”

All day long the work went on, but night found it unfinished. Around the blozing bonfires on the shore, crowded the sad faces of the homeless people. In the village, silence reigned through the deserted streets, and night wrapt her cloak over the unhappy country.

A great contrast to Port Royal and Grand Pré was Louisburg, lying on the southeast coast of Cape Breton. No gentle verdure clothes the land—hard grey rock and straggling shrub, ragged stunted forest growth, these and the never ceasing roar of the Atlantic are its charms. It is a favorite haunt of sea birds whose wild cries add to the desolation. Certainly no smiling garden of Nature, but ideal as a naval station.

It was founded soon after the treaty of Utrecht, to supplement the great water highway of the St. Lawrence, so many months blocked by ice. A strong fort was erected; next to Quebec the strongest, and called the “Dunkirk” of America. High walls rose on the land side capped by parapets. Seaward stood Battery Island.

Louisburg soon proved a convenient refuge for privateers, who going from its sanctuary, harried the coast of Nova Scotia, causing the good people of Massachusetts to elongate their faces to a still greater degree—and to good purpose. Four thousand volunteers under Pepperell were sent against the fort.

After a seven weeks siege Duchambou surrendered. Most of the captives returned to France. But danger still lured in the form of a deadly fever which claimed hundred of victims among Pepperell's men.

Four attempts to regain Louisburg failed, the fleets not even gaining sight of their object.

Aix-la-Chapelle gave the fort back to France to the great annoyance of Massachusetts. This led to a second siege, also of seven weeks (seven certainly was Louisburg's unlucky number). The place had fallen into bad repair. The stone work of the ramparts was in a poor condition, the earthen embankments broken down, the cannon carriages rotten.

Drucour was forced to surrender unconditionally, and Louisburg passed into the hands of the British.

At Port Royal are the remains of the old fort, at Grand Pré the row of willows, the well, and the stone raised to Colonel Noble, and at Louisburg the crumbled, almost effaced remnants of the embankments and ramparts, with an occasional piece of shell neglected by hunters after curios. Just a few details which remain to mark the scenes of former times, but memory and imagination easily people the old haunts and the every winds and waves echo the voices of long ago.

There are many more places in Nova Scotia where history has left its endible print but these three are, perhaps, the richest in action and color.

—MARJORIE HARRINGTON, '17.

The Life and Works of Thomas Haliburton.

NOVA SCOTIA has always been noted for her distinguished men. She has sent out into the world great explorers, soldiers, preachers, and statesmen: Belcher, the eminent Arctic explorer; Inglic, the defender of Lucknow; Williams, the hero of Kars, were born in Nova Scotia. In every political event of importance in Canada this Province has taken a prominent part; and the names of such men as Howe, Tupper, Johnstone, Borden, and Fielding will always live in Canadian history. To add to her glory she has produced the greatest writer in British North America, and the "father" of her literature. This honor is due to Thomas C. Haliburton.

Thomas Chandler Haliburton was born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, in December of 1796, in the year that Burns died, and a year after the birth of Carlyle. He received his education at the grammar school of his native town, and at King's College, from

which institution he graduated in 1824. At college one of his fellow students was Sir John Inglis, K.C.B. HaliHaliburton was a brilliant scholar; he excelled in composition, and carried off a number of prizes. After a visit to England he entered the legal profession and began practice in Annapolis. Soon he moved to a larger field of activity and took a seat in the Legislative Assembly as the member for Annapolis County. Here his fine intellect and splendid debating powers gave him a leading position. As an orator he was earnest, impressive, and dignified, and always showed a strong propensity for wit and humor. On his most important speeches he would take great pains in preparation. Joseph Howe, who reported the speeches in the House of Assembly, would be often so captivated by his eloquence, that he had to lay down his pen and listen to his sparkling oratory. One of his most celebrated speeches was on the Roman Catholic Test Bill. In 1828 Haliburton was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and in 1840 he was transferred to the Supreme court. In 1856 he resigned his office and went to England to live.

After three years' residence in England Haliburton entered the Imperial Parliament as the Conservative member for the borough of Launceston in Lanchester. But he took little interest in politics; his former zeal for debating was gone, and parliamentary life was irksome. His chief interest was in his village, Isleworth, which he benefited by many charitable gifts. He died at Isleworth on August 27, 1865.

Haliburton was a noted jurist and a celebrated politician, but it is chiefly as a writer that he will live in the memories of his countrymen. His first important work, "An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," was published in 1829. This work is of special importance as it was the chief inspiration and source of Longfellow's great epic poem "Evangeline." At the time of its publication the work was so esteemed, that the House of Assembly tendered a vote of thanks to the author in his place in the House. In 1835 the first of his papers on "Recollections of Nova Scotia" began to appear in Joseph Howe's paper, *The Nova Scotian*. Two years later these papers were collected and published as the "Clockmaker." At once Haliburton became famous, and "Sam Slick," the Yankee pedlar, was a new character in fiction, creating a great sensation. Concerning this character Haliburton said: "Sam Slick was a pure accident. I never intended to describe a

Cankee pedlar or Yankee dialect, but he slipped into my book before I was aware of it, and once there, he was there to stay." Haliburton's most important other works are "Kentucky," "The Leather Bag of the Great Westerner," "The Bubbles of Canada," "Rule and Misrule of the English in America," "Yankee Stories and Yankee Letters," "Traits of American Humour," "Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances," "The Old Judge or Life in the Colony," "Americans at Home," "Nature and Human Nature," and "The Attachè or Sam Slick in England."

Haliburton's place in literature is permanent. His history of Nova Scotia will bear comparison with any later histories of the country; it is written with ease and elegance, and constitutes a most valuable contribution to the literature of the Province. But it is as a novelist and a humorist, and not as an historian, that Haliburton is famous today. To the world he is known as the author of that most delightful and entertaining character, Sam Slick. "The Clockmaker" has been republished several times in England and America, and every year tourists visit "Clifton," which he made his home while in Windsor.

As a story teller, the author of Sam Slick is inimitable, and he has command of a quaint and luring dialect. He was a man of great creative powers and versatility. His humor seems to embrace the genius of Benjamin Franklin, Charles Dickens, Josh Billings, and Mark Twain. The humor of these men merely amuses, but Haliburton's not only amuses, but instructs too. In comic character drawing Haliburton takes a place alongside of Cervantes, Dickens, and Mark Twain. The Clockmaker is a character exhibiting originality, force, humor, sagacity, and sound sense rarely found in any character. Combining so many human traits in this wonderful character, Haliburton portrays human nature with an exactness seldom surpassed. The Yankee pedlar is not only intensely human himself but understands human nature. One of the best examples is from the "Clockmaker." The pedlar has just started a clock going and left it with Mrs. Flint to keep while he is gone to River Philip. He pretends he does not want to sell the clock, and has just refused to do so to Mrs. Steel, one of Deacon Flint's neighbors. When a short distance from the house he says to his companion: "That I call human natur'! Now that clock is sold for forty dollars; it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal, nor will the

deacon learn, until I call for the cock, having once indulged in the usage of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we never had; but when once obtained it is not in human natur' to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this Province, twelve thousand were left in this manner and only ten clock were ever returned; when we called for them they invariably bought them. We trust to 'soft sawder' to get them into the house, and to human natur' that they never come out."

Haliburton contends with D. Richardson for the place as the "father" of nativistic fiction in Canada. As Charles Darwin and Alfred Russell working apart, simultaneously formulated the law of organic evolution, so did Haliburton and Richardson writing independently and a thousand miles apart, the former in Nova Scotia, the latter in Ontario, write the first nativistic fiction. The honor, however, is generally given to Richardson as his novel "Wacousta or the Prophecy" is generally believed to have appeared a few years before his contemporary's "Clockmaker." Haliburton's work is much superior to his rival's, and to him, therefore, is the honor of producing the first important fiction in Canada.

Artemus Ward declares that Haliburton was the founder of the American school of humor, and Mr. Marquis, an acute Canadian critic, says, "American humor received its first impulse from 'Sam Slick'." Others, however, such as J. D. Logan, maintain that the real "father" of American humor was Benjamin Franklin, who in 1765, produced what is popularly meant by American humor. No doubt the critics who hold the latter opinion are right, and again Haliburton is denied a place of honor. But if he did not give the first impulse to humor in America, he certainly gave it its greatest, for the great humorists, Ward Billings, and Twain are imitators of him, and not of Franklin.

Haliburton, however, holds certain positions in literature that cannot be dispute. Though he is not the "father" of Canadian nativistic fiction he certainly is of Canadian literature. He is indisputably the "father" of Canadian romantic history. He created Canadian colloquial humor, and has no successors. He was the first to use the so-called American dialect for wit and humor, and to employ wit, wisdom, and kindly satire—not exaggerated nonsense after the American manner—as humor. He is the only native-born Canadian writer whom we can justly call "great."

This we are assured of, that he has not only won a unique and permanent place in Canadian literature, but also in the literature of the world. As Mr. Marquis puts it: "Of him we can say, as Ben Jonsen said of Shakespeare, 'He is not of an age, but for an age.'"

—L. B. GRAY, '20.

The Federation of the World.

"THE federation of the world." This phrase, the climax of a prophecy by the greatest dreamer of his time, has been cherished by almost all English-speaking peoples, whether militarist or pacifist, as descriptive of the organization when disputes will be settled by law instead of war,—by right in place of might. All over the world, men are trying to condone the gigantic tragedy and crime of war with international development, and to form some future safeguards of the rights of nations.

Mr. Asquith defined the chief aim of the Allies in this war as: "The destruction of the military domination of Prussia." The old England, slow to anger, has at length been roused; slow to move has at length fastened its grip on the enemy; slow to comprehend, it has revealed quite wonderful aptness at improvisation. And out the turmoil and dissensions, internal and international, through days of darkness and fields of blood, one great ideal is evolving for all nations—the crushing for all time of Militarism. Two methods have been suggested by which this object may be attained: Firstly, a decisive defeat of our foes, so decisive as to enable us to impose our own terms on them, but this would require that we in self-defence should go in for an elaborate system of Militarism to keep Germany down; secondly, the adoption by the Allies of a scheme of international Government controlling of the armaments of nations and the inclusion of this scheme in terms of peace. Great Britain is the nation which should take the initiative in this step.

The British nation, after the war will not be known as "Great Britain and the Dominions beyond the Seas," for the close of the war will make the moment when the claims of the Colonies for admittance to the Administrative Councils of the Empire will become irresistible. England today is not the England of 1914. The social standards of birth, ancient traditions held with them

ancient prejudices, and England was not a Democracy but an Aristocracy, controlled by professional politicians, with their political formulæ and stencilled maxims. There is no politics at the front and the boys in the trenches damn politicians most heartily, for they said "Peace" when there was no peace, and left the country half-prepared to meet its engagements.

With England, in the refining crucible, the Colonies have voluntarily placed themselves. Their motives are different, however, for while England was bound by the ties of national honor to push back and chasten those who had violated the chastity of once-beautiful France, the Canadians at Ypres, and the Australians at the Dardanelles fought, with supreme devotion, for what to most must have been simple abstractions. The presence of hundreds of thousands of Colonials in England has widened the view of English people, and they are learning geography. New Brunswick, Halifax, Toronto are something more than dots on a red square,—they are the homes of Tom or Bill or Jack, who has described with all the overseas soldiers' love of home this sector, which has been "out in the Colonies" to the majority of English people.

A remarkable result of this intermingling has been the triumph of efficiency over old traditions of birth and age. The young man—and young woman—has come into his own in all professions and is entering Civil Service and Administrative Departments, regardless of family tree or wealth. The efficient Senior is remaining, too, but the inefficient is being weeded out, regardless of his influence or his gray hairs.

The Prime Minister of Great Britain has not failed to realize that, since Colonial boys are helping to dictate the terms of war on the fields of France, even so must those who handle the engines of life and death be advised by Colonial statesmen. On the shoulders of this Imperial Council will be the responsibility of accepting or refusing proffered terms of peace. To them be also the task of molding all parts of our far-flung Dominions into one vast unit, with a common wealth, a common task, and a common creed of national morality and justice. This will be the forerunner and protégé of an international government which will establish machinery to insure against the recurrence of this great tragedy, and so establish it that no nation or coalitions of nations can upset it?

Mr. Asquith has pointed out that such a system must secure the principle of equal rights for all civilized states, and must not allow any state to be at the mercy of a nation whose predatory instincts may cause her to forget solemn covenants and treaties. A book recently published by H. E. Hyde, entitled, "Two Roads" contains some very definite suggestions for the establishments of an international government. He would organize:—

- (1) A Parliament composed of representatives of all nations.
- (2) A Law Court presided over by a body of Judges nominated and elected by that Parliament.
- (3) An International Armament sufficiently strong to enforce the decisions of the Court.

The Government would not interfere with domestic affairs of its States, but would confine itself to administration of international law and control of international forces. The Law Court would deal only with interstate relations. The basis of representation in the Parliament would be in the ratio of status and importance of nations. Judges would be elected by the Parliament for life, subject to approval by Parliament: their decisions to be final and binding.

The international armament would be formed by levies, naval, military and financial, according to the status and importance of each nation. It would be controlled and administered solely by international Parliament, and component parts would be in no way answerable to individual nations. This would not prevent States from maintaining an independent army for enforcing her own laws within her own boundaries.

He emphasizes the great care necessary in the manufacture and distribution of ammunition. Parliament should control all plants manufacturing munitions and any attempt, by nations or individuals to manufacture would be punishable in the most drastic manner. Ammunition would be distributed among the States in quantities sufficient to guarantee against reasonable contingencies in domestic affairs. In case a nation rebelled against the decision of the Law Court it would be disarmed and placed under military detention. The Government would undertake to quarter sufficient troops in all parts to guard against any contingency with a state not in the Union. In the event of a state not in the Union unduly accelerating the manufacture of armaments this shall be deemed to

be sufficient "casus belli." In all contests the costs shall be borne by the International Government.

In support of his scheme Mr. Hyde points out that it is a continuation of civil organization;—as the individual carries his complaints to the highest power in the land and abides by their decision, so nations would substitute law for war, the lawyer for the soldier. It is a far step but events forecasted make some action necessary. The deep sullen roar of Asia's dissatisfied millions is yearly becoming more ominous. "Germany does not occupy the whole of the horizon and, assuredly, when China's multitudes awake to realize their power, if she be a student of Militarism, the international situation will assume vastly different proportions. The continuance of European civilization demands a European partnership, as substitute for forces, for competing ambitions,—to use the words of Gladstone, "It means the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics."

No nation has done as much for the cause of Freedom as has Great Britain. Right back from early pages of history the outstanding characteristic of British people has been the inherent love of freedom. The British Empire has an ideal, and it not too proud to fight for it, viz., "International problems must be handled by free negotiation on equal terms, and no longer be hampered and swayed by the overmastering dictation of a Government controlled by a military caste." Hence it is but fitting that Great Britain should lead the way towards international organization, this she will do by the adoption of these principles within her own bounds of Empire?

The close of the war must mark a close federation of all parts of our Empire, whether it necessitates a change of Imperial Government or not; a federation, with a better understanding of the ultimate purpose of civilization, with a determination to secure for all time for a freedom from the horrors and tyranny incidental to war, and a nearest endeavor to make impossible the great sacrifices this Armageddon has involved.

E. D. MACPHEE,

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An April Day.

“MOTO San, Omoto.San,” the clear boyish voice called, and from the hastily pulled back paper window, smiled the face of the girl-wife. Soon came the sound of softly padding feet, and the doll figure, in its robes of embroidered silks and satins flitted across the wide, dark veranda, and down the stone steps. There she paused, like a butterfly, arrested in its flight by some bright flower, her fingers touching lovingly the heavy clusters of purple wisteria.

Jack Morden looked at her. No, it was *impossible*—he could *not* tell her he was going away,—see those smiling lips droop, and those soft brown eyes fill with tears—*no*. He would pretend—she was only a baby, and he could so easily fool her; it required but little skill to play that game. So instead of blurting out the truth as he had intended, he took one of the soft white hands, and like a pair of happy children they wandered about the big garden, stopping before every new flower.

Around them played the soft breeze of April; far below lay the great ocean with its sorrow and mystery, about which its waves were forever whispering when they washed up against the grey cliffs.

But in the garden there was only the humming of the golden bees, and the soft voices of the young sweethearts. As if the black shadow of some passing tragedy had touched her, Omoto started, and gazed up at the sky and around. There was nothing—the garden lay bathed in perfume and sunlight; Jack stood there smiling and patting her little troubled face. With a tiny frown of pretended austerity, she told him “not to do that, it is so very childish.”

In the other side of the city, Sato stepped into his carriage and drove away to a reception. His face was white and cold, and no one would have dreamed that in fancy he was talking to Omoto. Alas! that was the only time he could talk to her now, since her marriage with the hated “foreigner.” In his mind rose the image of the young Englishman—gay, careless, handsome in his fair Saxon way. Sato carefully shook out a fold in his robe, and answered mechanically the greeting of an acquaintance. The carriage stopped before the house, and he entered.

After tiffin they had moved to the veranda, shaded by a hanging wall of plants. He lay in the hammock, smoking, and she sat on the divan plying an industrious needle. Around them was the hush of noon, with its undertones of samees and other insects. 'Sa-me-me-me-' drone da big brown fellow at the foot of the garden, and "Sa-me-me-me-me-me-" echoed a friend outside the wall.

Soon Jack slept, and Omoto crept away to household tasks left undone at the wish of her lord.

A low growl of thunder woke the boy, and seeing the coast clear, the decision was formed in his mind to escape. With a guilty glance at the open door, he stepped softly across and down the steps. At the foot lay a bit of lace. He picked it up and crushed it into a pocket, then sat down and hurriedly scribbled a few lines. At least he could tell her he was going. Out through the gate he passed and down the street. Already the sky was darkening and he must hurry to catch the liner. As his step lengthened, his spirits rose—the thoughts of Omoto fled and were replaced by those of home. England in May, and Alice—he had not thought of her for a long time. They had just been boy and girl, and then he had had to leave because of the scrape at school—but now everything had smoothed over and he was going back.

By the time he had reached the pier, all regret had vanished; if he thought of the Japanese girl again, it would be as of a pleasant bit of color in a rather dreary grey of exile.

Omoto was used to her lord's irresponsible ways, so was quite undisturbed by his absence from dinner. She ate it in state, a queer little figure in the big dark room; for according to her economic scruples four candles were quite enough.

As the evening lengthened, from time to time she would leave her cushions where, she sat embroidering, or lost in thought, and wander about the rooms. The first threatening of the storm had passed, and a great golden moon swang in the cloudless sky, laying a veil of silvery mystery over the garden. The quiet of early evening changed to the intense hush of night.

Very tired, she decided at last, not to wait any longer, and went to close the door. Outside the perfume of the flowers hung heavy on the breathless air. It lured her forth. Against the dark wall of the house showed a square of white. Curious, she touched it, and found it was paper. Tearing it way with fingers numbed by an unknown fear, she unfolded, and tried to read the note. The

few words were quite plain in the moonlight, but conveyed no meaning to her brain. Then she *KNEW*, and an icy hand closed around her heart. There were no tears, no moan, only the small face was set as if in marble, and the soft brown eyes had become fixed.

A moment she stood motionless, then stepping softly as if not to disturb the sleeping night, she passed down the stairs, and out through the garden to the white and dusty road. Still with a quiet almost stealthy step, she walked along. Dimly at first, then gradually growing plain, came the sound of the restlessness ocean.

When the road swerved to the cliff, she paused and stood absolutely still; then hastily brushed through the grass and stepped to the edge. Below, dark blue laced with white, where the breakers washed the shore, lay the sea. In the night, it alone broke the silence. The waves laughed up, and invited her to join their game. Then the tension broke, and like a tired child, she slipped, and fell down—down, into the waiting arms of the ocean.

* * * *

The day with all its sadness and trial had faded. Sato slept, and in dreamless slumber rested for the work of the morrow.

Like a diver coming to the surface from beneath fathoms of clear green water, he came up through the layers of unconsciousness. A servant was speaking, apologizing for so rudely disturbing his rest, and proffering a note. By the light of the flickering flame, he read it. His eyes glowed, and the firm lips became a straight line. Hastily, yet calmly he dressed and drove to Omoto San's. Here all was confusion—the servants awaiting a voice of authority. While they were talking, the cook entered, followed by Gyp, the spaniel, which Jack had given as a birthday present to his wife. The little dog was whining; he gazed at the strange faces, and yelped eagerly, as if asking for his mistress. Sato encouraged him, and gradually calming, he tried to obey the order to "find her," and led them through the garden, and down the road.

Sato felt his heart sink, for this was her favorite walk—to the bluff where she could gaze down on the sea, and listen to its music. If he could but once catch that white throat in his twitching fingers, and watch the blood enpurple that debonair, boyish face. The desire for murder raged within him. Gyp stopped—he only confirmed a well-grounded fear.

Sato stood where *she* had stood so short a time before. The waves far below, hissed at him mockingly; he could almost imagine he heard her moaning softly down there. Expressionless, he turned away, and forbade the servants to speak of the affair. Cold, white, hard, he drove home and sat down to plan his revenge. While Jack, already lulled to sleep by the gentle rocking of the big ship, dreamed happily of England. And kissed by the silver spray, Omoto lay, a tiny crumpled child, lost in that last long sleep from which no rising sun could wake her.

—M. H (88|&79*&, '17.

The Night Watch.

O H! broad winged sailing gull,
 What was it that you saw last night
 As peacefully you rode the rising deep?
 The moon above had hid her face in shame,
 To close from view the horrors without name
 That happened down below, by might made right.
 Did you too fly away in fear
 As shrieking through the water came the foe?
 Or did you loudly call—Alarm—too late!
 A hiss, a crash, all silent save the deep
 Still moaning on, awaits the hearts that sleep.
 Then through the darkness, on the wings of night
 Scenes of confusion, strident sounds of woe.
 Small wonder that your cries are loud and harsh,
 As day by day more terrible the deeds
 More horrible the common sights.
 Oh! moaning gull, the time will come at last
 When peace will reign, and horrors all be past,
 And Love float down the silvered path
 Where morning leads.

—HELEN P. STARR, '19

Intercollegiate Debate.

ACADIA VS. MOUNT ALLISON.

Resolved, That the Government of Great Britain is more democratic than that of the United States.

Democratic means "reflecting the wishes of the people."

The resolution does not refer to municipal or local governments.

The resolution is not to be interpreted as referring to any modification of government which may have arisen or which may arise in either country on account of the exigencies of the present war.

There is no reference in either case to "overseas possessions."

Government: The way in which the affairs of a nation are administered.

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Speeches delivered by Acadia men in the intercollegiate debate at Wolfville, March 30th, when Acadia defeated Mount Allison.

Mr. Chairman, Worthy Opponents, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:

If you will examine the resolution in the light of the definitions, you will see that its final form is:—*Resolved*, that the central government of Great Britain more fully and promptly reflects the people's wishes than does the Federal Government of the United States. The resolution does not refer to municipal or local governments: The States of America are distinctly local legislatures; and therefore the comparison must be made between the respective central governments with no more reference to State or other local legislatures than if they were not in existence except in so far as these aid or retard the reflection of the people's wishes taken as a whole. The people are to be dealt with in the mass whose government is a majority rule through elected representatives.

Remember that tonight the only legal meaning for the word democratic is "reflecting the wishes of the people," and any other use of the term is illegal and must be ruled out of consideration.

If we thus examine the resolution we at once see factors that have no bearing on the question.

It is not a comparison of the relative worth of the two systems. It is not a matter of social justice but only of the correspondence of Parliament to public opinion. These opinions may be just or unjust—it does not matter so far as the debate is concerned. It is clearly not a question of efficiency in administration. Neither is it the degree of social democracy—but of civil democracy in allowing each person a part in the government irrespective of race, rank, or wealth.

On what facts then must the decision be granted? The resolution by its very nature can only be judged on the following facts and on these alone. All other considerations, however true they may be, are seen to be illegal and of no value. The resolution is:—Which central government more fully and speedily reflects the wishes of the people as a whole? That means:—

1st. Which government more easily, promptly, effectively, remains day in and day out in accord with public opinion.

2nd. Which government is more responsible to the people for every move.

3rd. Which government can more easily be removed or brought into harmony with the nation's majority if once any discord arises.

4th. Which government, if in harmony with the people, can more promptly execute the public will in legislation and administration.

This is the meaning of Democratic, and accordingly on these fundamental points must the decision be granted.

Let us compare the two central governments:—

130 years ago the American States constructed the present confederated republic, in which the States were to remain, in as far as at all possible—sovereign. These principles were set down in a written rigid Constitution, which they endeavored to make unchangeable in the future because they thought it embodied perfect government. The founders did not build wisely but they built most strongly for the Constitution has been almost impossible to alter, having had but seven minor amendments in the last 126 years. Thus the American government has not changed and is today the same as was suited for the conditions of a century and a half ago. Now it is self-evident that with changing conditions,

different problems are presented and therefore the function of a government should change with time. But not only have the physical conditions of the country completely changed—but ideals of government have been revolutionized. The Constitution was strictly built in the *Laissez-Faire* theory, which was the universally predominate, which claimed but three functions for government:—

1. To defend the State against other States.
2. To maintain such public institutions that would not pay individuals.
3. To give each individual the greatest freedom and to prevent other individuals from interfering.

So, in order that the Federal Government might not encroach on the individuals, that clause was put in the Constitution which has hampered the government ever since, "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness." The ideas of government have completely changed in 130 years and, whether rightly or wrongly, all governments today consider the group to be more important than the individual, and therefore legislates to control the individual in the interests of the group. The United States is noted as being one of the most backward countries in the world so far as the modern scope of government is concerned, namely, social welfare. It is not the people,—but it is their unchangeable government that makes it more backward in these respects than even Spain or Russia. The little social legislation that come has been through the State Legislatures, and since these are not included tonight, it does not enter into consideration. England's government is up to date, and England is noted as having the best welfare legislation in the world.

We maintain that since public opinion today cannot be reflected through the American system which was especially designed for absolutely different conditions both physical and mental, it is therefore undemocratic. England's government is in complete harmony with modern conditions and is democratic.

Not only did the founders of the American Constitution give both States and individuals freedom of action, but they were afraid to place power anywhere—and so they made a government of divided powers and of checks and balances. The government is divided into three distinct departments, Congress, President, and Supreme Court, each in their mutual relations to be sovereign and

to act as checks on each other. Here another great fallacy of the Constitution arises for if "you cannot serve two masters," how can the United States obey three sovereign and conflicting departments which are in daily strife, lack harmony, and thus friction prevents results. Also, human nature being what it is, divided responsibility means inevitably—Graft.

England has concentrated power and made a close union between all departments. This has lead to harmony and the speedy execution of the public will.

Another great undemocratic feature of the Federal government is that all elected offices are for set periods of time during which they cannot be removed in any way. They remain in power for better or for worse for their full term; there is no way to force them to reflect the people's wishes. The English officials remain in office just so long as they reflect the people's wishes, and no longer. Naturally England has its wishes acknowledged while the United States has not: England is clearly more democratic.

The fact of sovereign States in the light of the debate tonight often makes the Federal government incapable of reflecting the people's wishes because a single state can block the expressed wishes of all the people. This has occurred many times, and even now the States of Idaho with less people than Toronto is passing a law which will prevent Japanese from owning land. Yet the whole United States has a treaty with Japan stating that no such distinction will be made. That is—300,000 people are blocking the expressed will of 91 millions. It is absolutely undemocratic as that term is restricted tonight. No such thing could happen in England.

Now, honorable judges, let us contrast this undemocratic American government with that of England which has had a perfectly natural growth of fourteen centuries, during which it has been continually changing until today England has the most up-to-date, effective, democratic government in the world. One has only to recall the notable struggles that Englishmen have made for political freedom to show this growth of democracy—arising from the Magna Charta, through the Bill of Rights, Habeas Corpus, The Act of Settlement, the Reform Bill of 1832, until in August 10th, 1911, the last vestige of hereditary privilege was wiped off the British constitution, and complete democracy came forth—a government by public opinion.

The English constitution is unwritten and all authorities agree that it is extremely flexible and plastic in the hands of the people—while that of America is written, is rigid, almost impossible to change, and so very often makes the reflection of the people's wishes impossible. The supreme people of the United States, as they pride themselves, have only with great difficulty and after thousands of attempts, been able to show their sovereignty, or power to change the supreme laws of the land, seven times in 126 years—while the sovereignty of the British people is seen every time Parliament is assembled or a bill becomes law. Therefore, honorable judges, in the very structure of the two governments, public desires can much more readily find expression in England where the people are always sovereign, than in America where that power has been used seven times in 126 years.

Thus the British central government is more democratic because: The American government restricted by an out-of-date, written Constitution which makes the whole system so rigid that it cannot change with public opinion. The English Constitution is unwritten, and so flexible and plastic in the hands of the people.

The Americans have made the great mistake of placing their officials in office for set periods of time with no direct responsibility for actions. The British keep their representatives in power just so long as they reflect the public wishes. England's Parliament must keep in harmony with the nation's majority because its existence ceases whenever that harmony is broken. America's government is independent of the people for set periods.

The fallacy of making the States equal in power in the Senate has made that chief part of the system completely incapable of reflecting the people's wishes as a whole, as our third speaker will show, while the House of Lords is completely democratic since 1911.

All departments of State in America can disagree for years and thus legislation is held up for four years at the least because there is no way to dissolve either House—to turn out the President or his Cabinet until their terms are up. Thus the American government which is so undemocratic in normal times, absolutely fails in a crisis. England can always dismiss an inefficient executive or Parliament and call in their strongest and most capable men. United States cannot, she must wait until the terms of office expire, and trust to God's goodness to preserve the nation in the mean-

while. In America here is no way to force the Government to reflect the people's wishes.

Also in America party is but a contrivance to manage elections. Legislation and administration are not run on party lines. There is no struggle as to which party can more fully reflect public opinion in government as there is in England. President Wilson says, "The British system is perfected party government." The whole system is a struggle to carry out the national will. President Wilson also says, "Power and strict accountability are the essentials of good government." England has carried out these requirements in all departments, while United States has divided power and so divided responsibility.

The American Cabinet is absolutely and completely divorced from Congress. That principle is as ridiculous as trying to separate the brain from an organism. Neither part can perform its function—Congress is blind—the Executive is powerless and irresponsible.

The American Supreme Court is undemocratic since it enforces the antiquated principles of the Constitution and thus prevents the Supreme people from legislating as it desires.

Now, honorable judges, we the affirmative maintain the British central government is more democratic, because:—

1st. The English government can more easily, promptly, effectively, remain always in accord with public opinion since Parliament must daily vindicate its action before the people—while the American does not.

2nd. Because the British administration is responsible continually for its acts—while the American is responsible only at set periods of time.

3rd. Because the English government can be easily removed or brought into harmony with the nation's majority if any discord arises since either the King, Cabinet, Lords, or Commons can call for a general election at any time. It is impossible for the British government to be out of harmony with the people. In America the President, Cabinet, Congress, Supreme Court may all be out of harmony with each other and with the people for years.

Finally, because the English government can more promptly execute the public will in legislation and administration. It is not hindered by a rigid constitution, sovereign states, divided responsibility, a system of checks and balances—all of which imply friction

—friction implies wasted energy. The British system is smooth running—the people's will can be promptly expressed.

Therefore, honorable judges, when we the affirmative have shown the superiority of the British system in these great fundamental issues at stake, I submit, we have proved our case.

SECOND SPEAKER—J. C. NOWLAN, '19.

Mr. Chairman, Worthy Opponents, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the light of the definitions which have been submitted to us, it is clearly seen that the most democratic government is the one upon which popular opinion can more readily and more swiftly be brought to bear. I will prove to you that in these respects the Constitution and the Lower House of Great Britain are more democratic than are those of the United States.

The American Constitution was manufactured one hundred and thirty years ago when America consisted of only thirteen States and the population was only 3,500,000 people. This Constitution cannot be amended unless two-thirds of the States agree to it, and, moreover, no bill can become law unless it absolutely corresponds with the Constitution. Today the population of the United States has grown from 3,500,000 to over 90,000,000; America from embracing only a strip of seacoast along the Atlantic has developed into a mighty Empire, stretching from Alaska to Panama, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and with overseas possessions extending into the Orient. Yet her Constitution, upon which all of her legislation must be based, stands as it did 130 years ago, save for seven short amendments. Since the founders of the Constitution, could not foresee the destiny of their country, how then could they draft a Constitution which today is expected to meet with these new circumstances? Our opponents may claim that it can easily be amended or that it is worded in general terms and so can adapt itself to new circumstances. Neither of these statements are true. In its seven articles the Constitution deals with every branch of the government and states how it is to be run. Moreover, it is practically impossible to amend the Constitution for it is very rarely that a piece of legislation can be found which will interest two-thirds of the entire country. Thus out of over 2,000

proposed amendments only seven have gone into effect. Even if an amendment is accepted many valuable years will be wasted. In 1892 an income tax bill was introduced in Congress. This was declared unconstitutional and so was referred to the separate States. Finally two-thirds of the States reported in favor of the amendment, and in 1913 it became law. That is, it took the people of the United States just twenty-one years to obtain a piece of legislation which they had demanded. Contrast this with Great Britain, where the same income tax bill passed in one session of Parliament.

England has no written Constitution. Here the acts of Parliament alone serve as the basis of legislation, and the last act cancels all former acts on the same matter. Thus in Great Britain the sovereign power lies in the hands of the people, while in the United States the sovereign power lies with the Constitution, that is, with the opinions of a people who lived one hundred and fifty years ago.

In this connection must be mentioned the Supreme Court. This is a body of nine men, appointed by the President, ratified by Congress, who hold office for life. The sole purpose of this body is to examine all bills passed on by Congress in order to see if they agree with the Constitution. If a bill does not, then the ironbound system under which they work forces them to throw it out. Thus the written Constitution forces nine men who are not responsible to the people to block the expressed wishes of the nation.

The American people had so hated the autocracy under which they were held by George III., that they resolved never to grant any great power to their government, and so they divided it into three departments, in the hope of preventing either from becoming too powerful. Each department is made all powerful in its own sphere, and as the term of office is fixed for each, no matter how badly the members abuse their powers the people cannot get rid of them. Thus the Constitution grants absolute power without requiring any responsibility. Moreover, this undemocratic system often causes a great deal of friction between the different departments, and so the will of the nation is thwarted. During the last fifteen years there have been fifty-nine deadlocks between the House of Representatives and Senate alone.

Our opponents may claim that since elections are generally held more often in the United States than in Great Britain; that therefore the American Government better reflects public opinion,

but this is far from true. The American Constitution will only permit an election to be held once every two years, while in Great Britain an election has to be held whenever the people call for one. Thus in the one year 1910 the English people called for two elections. In other words, the life of the English government depends on the people themselves, while the life of the American government depends on the calendar.

Let us now make a comparison between the House of Commons and the House of Representatives both as to their mode of election and business procedure.

In the Southern States there are laws which prevent practically all of the negroes from voting. One of these laws states that any man whose forefathers were not allowed a vote prior to the civil war cannot vote now. Thus all of the descendants of the freed slaves are prevented from voting. It is estimated that, by these laws, over 1,400,000 fully qualified citizens are deprived of the franchise. Certainly laws which prevent a man from voting simply because of his color cannot be called democratic.

Another difference in the franchise laws is that certain States have granted woman suffrage. This means that more people will be allowed to vote but unless those votes can influence the government, they do not contribute towards democracy. It would make no difference if in the United States every man and woman, black and white, were granted the franchise yet the government of Great Britain would still be far more democratic than that of the United States, for the English representatives are responsible to the people, while since the American representatives are elected for a fixed term, they are not responsible to the people. The essential test for a democratic government is responsibility not suffrage.

Congress is divided into 62 committees, arbitrarily appointed by one man. These committees consist of men of both parties and by them practically all of the legislation is accomplished. Each bill introduced is referred to the committees on railroads or post offices, etc., without any discussion, and the report of that committee is received without any discussion. In other words, all of the discussion is done by little groups of from five to ten men behind closed doors.

This system reduces responsibility and bewilders the people. Since there are no public debates the people are unable to know the attitude of the different parties towards any piece of legislation.

Moreover, since the parties are composed of men of both parties, the legislation is the work of both parties, and so the people can hold neither party for bad legislation.

Again the most obvious result of this system is graft. Responsibility is divided over both parties and through 62 committees, and divided responsibility leads to graft. In a small committee the individual vote has its power increased to a great extent, and thus individual considerations are satisfied at the expense of the nation. The entire expenditure of the national government is controlled by a committee of fifteen men. This committee meets only while Congress is in session, and so has to spend the most of its time in formulating plans rather than in submitting plans already formulated. Thus the huge budget, involving hundreds of millions of dollars, has to be rushed through during the closing days without being debated, criticized or understood. Certainly in this small committee, which does not give the House a chance to criticize its work, personal considerations, and those of influential supporters, are responsible for the millions of dollars which annually are unaccounted for.

In this connection it must be remembered that many of the Representatives have obtained their seats through corruption. It is true that there is a law requiring each candidate to file an account of his election expenses, but as the most of the States do not require any sum to be mentioned under ten dollars, the letter of the law has killed the effect.

Again, Congress does not meet until one year after the election and on a certain fixed date it must dissolve regardless of the legislation accomplished. This results in a terrible rush during the closing days, the rules are suspended and bills are moved, seconded and passed with no discussion. As many as 800 bills has been rushed through during the closing sitting of Congress.

Now democracy, as that term has been defined to us, means "reflecting public wishes," that is in the readiness with which parliament follows public opinion, in the promptness with which the public will is expressed, and in the degree that Parliament is responsible to the people. Now in the light of the facts which I have shown you, I submit that the House of Representatives is not democratic.

Every man in England who is in possession of an income of \$45 is allowed to vote. This means that England has universal male suffrage.

To the English House is granted full power of legislation, but it can hold that power only so long as the people consent to it. At any time an election can be called for, and thirty days after the election the new government meets.

The English House legislates through its majority. Thus the people know whom to hold responsible for bad legislation, and also whether the party is carrying out its pledges, neither of which things can happen under the American system.

All of the expenditures of the government are controlled by the "committee of the whole house." Thus the individual vote, and consequently individual considerations, lose the power which they have in a small committee, and so the British Government is more free from graft than any other in the world.

Now, sir, I have shown that the American Constitution prevents the expression of the people's will, while the English Constitution is the expression of the people's will itself; that the term of office of the American Representatives is fixed by the Constitution, while the term of office for the English members is fixed by the people themselves; that the American committee system reduces responsibility and causes graft, while the English government is a responsible government. On these grounds I submit that the English Constitution and House of Commons are more democratic than those of the United States.

THIRD SPEAKER—C. C. ROBBINS, '18.

Mr. Chairman, Worthy Opponents, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The resolution before us tonight declares that government to be more democratic in which the sovereign power is exercised to the greatest extent by the people themselves. In accordance with this definition, the second speaker for the affirmative has shown that the British government is more democratic than the American government in regard to the Constitutions and Lower Houses, I shall prove that the British House of Lords, Cabinet and Prime

Minister express the will of the masses better than the American Senate, Cabinet and President do, and hence are more democratic.

The Senate has equal legislative power with the House of Representatives. And, although it cannot originate a revenue bill, yet it can amend such a bill as much as it likes and by this means be as influential as the Representatives in determining its final form. Besides this, it alone exercises important executive and judicial functions which makes it a much more powerful and important body than the Representatives. If, therefore, the government of the United States is going to be democratic, it is imperative that the Senate should be democratic.

The Senate is composed of 96 members, one-third of whom are elected every second years for a term of six years. Two are chosen from each State, regardless of the population, and because of this Nevada, with a population of 81,000, has as much power in originating, passing or checking the laws of the land as New York with a population of 9,113,000. Now, equal State representation might have served a useful purpose 130 years ago, and conceivably the Senate may be of some use today, but it never was democratic and never can be so long as one man in Nevada is equal to 113 men in New York, because no elective body can be democratic which is elected on any other basis than that of proportional representation.

Moreover, when once elected the Senate is omnipotent for four years. If it fails to carry out the people's will it cannot be got rid of, and is therefore undemocratic. It cannot be dismissed as a whole nor can its individual members be impeached or dismissed. In 1898, the legislature of Kentucky asked Senator Lindsay to resign as he was misrepresenting his party and State. Senator Lindsay refused and his reply was, "My term of office is fixed by the Constitution of the United States." Let our opponents explain if they can, how a government can be politically democratic in which one man can continue to spurn the wishes of an entire State for six years. Again, the Senate has power to block the entire government of the United States, and as our second speaker has shown, it has caused fifty-nine deadlocks in the last fifteen years. It can refuse to pass any bill, and no bill can become law which does not pass the Senate. He brands not only the Senate but the whole American government as undemocratic, because no

government can be democratic which gives absolute, uncontrolled, power to any legislative body for set periods of time.

A specific instance will show its undemocratic working, a bill to make the water power of the United States available for industry has been blocked by the Senate throughout the last two sessions of Congress. And, although it has been twice passed by the Representatives and has the support of the President, to this hour it is unpassed nor is there any power known which can force the Senate to yield to the people, either on this or on any other measure. Thus the American Senate is most undemocratic in theory, composition and operation.

The Senate cannot be directly compared with the British House of Lords because their functions are different. The Senate, as I have shown, has equal legislative power with the Representatives, beside having important executive and judicial functions while the English Lords is but a suspending and revising body not in any sense equal in power to the Commons, yet its functions are most democratic. To illustrate: Suppose a bill has just passed the Commons for the third reading and is sent up to the Lords. If they believe that the bill has the support of the people they pass it at once, but if they are in doubt, they refer the matter to the people themselves by calling for a general election on the question,—nothing could be more democratic. Suppose, however, that the people express their approval by returning the same party again to power and yet the Lords hesitate to pass the bill. They are forced to obey the people's will, either by the creating of new Peers, or by the Commons refusing to vote supplies or by the prerogative of the Prime Minister. To prove that this is so I have only to refer to the reform bills of 1832 and 1885, both of which the Lords were forced to pass by a mere threat of creating new Peers. This is much more democratic than the workings of the United States Senate as seen in the Conservation bill. This bill has been under consideration for the last two years and has been twice passed by the Representatives yet the Senate stubbornly refuses to pass it. The Lords can be forced to yield to the people, the Senate cannot. Moreover, by calling for a general election on all vital questions, it forms an indispensable check to hasty legislation by the Commons. This fear of being turned out of office makes the Commons most zealous in carrying out the people's will. Again, the Lords are democratic in that they are completely in the hands of the people

who can abolish them at any time by an act of Parliament. The very fact of its continued existence expresses their approval of it, while the American people cannot abolish the Senate, neither can they force it to obey their will. Remembering then that democracy is the expression of the will of the people. The Lords is by far the more democratic of the two bodies.

Let us now compare the Cabinets of the two countries. The English Cabinet is a committee of the leading members of the party which has the support of the majority of the nation, men who have made a recognized success in government. They are chosen by the Prime Minister and also by the people themselves as their representatives and they hold office only so long as they have the support of the people. To show this I will refer to what happened during the Crimean War. The government, through some mistakes, sent an order of boots to the British soldiers in Crimea which were all for one foot. This made the British people justly indignant and the result was that the Cabinet was forced to resign and a new one was put in its place.

The American Cabinet, on the other hand, are not elected by the people, but they are appointed by the President from men outside of Congress. They are, therefore, responsible to the President and not to the people. This means that so long as they are in harmony with the President they need not express the wishes of the people at all. They cannot be called to account except for the very grossest crimes, nor made to explain their actions, neither can they be forced to reveal any public documents or papers. Their term of office is fixed for four years, no hostile act of Congress can effect them. All of which things stamp them indelibly as undemocratic.

The great advantage of the English system over the American, is the close union between the legislative and executive bodies by the Cabinet, which is in vital contact with the legislative powers, sitting in the same room where they are forced to answer each and every question which the Commons care to ask concerning their acts and policy. No cross-examination is more searching than that to which a minister of the Crown is subjected by the all curious Commons. If any minister refuses to answer the questions put to him he is immediately dismissed. Lord Palmerston was dismissed from the office of Secretary of Foreign Affairs simply because he refused to give desired information. Moreover, this close union between the two bodies makes a perfect working machine; the

Cabinet has full information for acting and the people are informed of all that is done, while the members of the American Cabinet cannot sit in Congress or otherwise get in direct touch with the people. The Cabinet is therefore isolated from the people, and must be undemocratic. Thus the English Cabinet, which owes its appointment to the people and ceases to exist as soon as it fails to express the will of the people, must be more democratic than the American Cabinet which is appointed by the President and is in no wise responsible to the people.

If you will compare the functions of the Prime Minister and President, from the standpoint of democracy you will see that the Prime Minister is more democratic for the following fundamental reasons. First, the Prime Minister is allowed to remain in office only just so long as he expresses the will of the majority of the people. To show this I need only refer to Premier Asquith who was forced to resign because he was out of harmony with the people. He was replaced by Lloyd George, a man in favor with the majority. The President, on the other hand, holds his office for four years regardless of whether he expresses the will of the people or not. He can be removed only by impeachment, and past experience has shown that this is but an empty menace.

Secondly, the Prime Minister is more democratic than the President because he cannot block the expressed wishes of the people by vetoing any bill which they wish passed. The only veto in England today lies in the hands of the people, through a general election. That is where it should be in a democracy. The royal veto is absolute, not having been exercised for over two hundred years. Contrast with this the veto power of the President, which makes him equal in legislative power to 85 representatives of the people and States. For, he can veto any bill, and if he does it, will require 85 representatives of the people and States to make the majority required to pass the measure against him. In fact, the bill regarding the educational test for immigrants, which passed both Houses, has been successively vetoed and prevented from becoming law by Presidents Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson. The will of the people has been blocked for twelve years. Whether the bill was beneficial or otherwise does not matter. The people wanted it and they did not get it. In democracy the people rule, but a one man rule is called an autocracy.

Thirdly, the Prime Minister cannot act unless he has the support of the majority in the Commons, and besides the people may check him at any time by the Lords calling for a general election. The President, however, exercises great power entirely independent of Congress or people. He can declare martial law at any time and then he becomes absolute. President Taft declared that he could appoint 993 officers in the civic service, and dismiss 308,370 entirely independent of Congress. As a proof that this is done, President Harrison dismissed 30,000 officers from the civil service in a single year, simply because they did not vote for him.

For these three reasons, I submit, that the Prime Minister is democratic, according to the definition given to us, namely, that of expressing the will of the people, while the President who violates all three cannot be otherwise than undemocratic.

I take it, that there is no higher authority today on the American government than President Wilson, who, in an article called "The New Freedom," written since he became President, sums up the American government thus: "The masters of the government of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States. The government of the United States in recent years has not been administered by the common people and it is at present a foster-child of special interests. We have come to be one of the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated governments in the civilized world, no longer a government by the free opinion, no longer a government by conviction and the vote of the majority, but a government by the opinion and duress of small groups of dominant men."

President Wilson fully agrees with the affirmative of this debate tonight in declaring the government of the United States undemocratic.

Now, sir, I have shown that the American Senate is undemocratic because:—

First: It is not elected on the basis of proportional representation.

Secondly: It is not responsible to the people because it cannot be removed for bad government or made to do as the people wish.

Thirdly: It can and does block the expressed wishes of the people.

First: It can be abolished at any time or made to do as the people wish.

Secondly: It finds out what measures the people wish passed and prevents the Commons from passing laws which the people do not want.

I have shown that the American Cabinet is undemocratic because:—

First: It is elected by the people.

Secondly: It must do what the people want done or it is immediately dismissed.

Thirdly: It is in vital contact with the people.

I have shown that the President is undemocratic because:—

First: He cannot be dismissed for bad government.

Secondly: He does block the wishes of the people.

Thirdly: He exercises great power entirely independent of the people.

Whereas, the Prime Minister is democratic because:—

First: He can be dismissed at any time for bad government?

Secondly: He cannot block the wishes of the people.

Thirdly: He can act only when he has the support of the majority of the people.

Now, honorable judges, we of the affirmative have shown that in every department of state the British government more fully reflects the wishes of the people and is therefore more democratic than that of the United States.



Scenes from the History of Saint John.

THE ivy-covered castles of Europe, relics of mediaeval times, the age-old cathedrals, the battlefields upon which kingdoms have been won and lost, all have power to thrill us with the mighty suggestion of the past. We sigh for Europe with its glamor of the ancient, and we forget, or never realize, that we are living on historic soil, and that the ground over which we walk with careless and accustomed step is the stage whereon stirring scenes have been enacted in days gone by.

Those who have not been so fortunate as to have been born in Wolfville or Grand Pré are prone to ask, when Fate or a sight-seeing quest leads them here, "How does it feel to actually live in the land of Evangeline?" If we answer truthfully, the most of us must say, "It doesn't feel at all," and this amid scenes immortalized by Longfellow. How much more, then, are we unconscious of the charm of association with the past which lingers around places less widely celebrated, with which we are familiar. Yet no more fascinating tale can be read than the story of the early vicissitudes of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

For the purpose of illustrating this thought I shall use a few historic incidents in connection with the city of Saint John, New Brunswick. When the venturesome Champlain first entered the mouth of the beautiful river, which he named the Saint John, he entered a harbor and viewed a land which had been long familiar to the Indians. The very name Ouygoudy, which means a high-way, by which the Indians called the river showed that they made constant use of it as a means of communication. Two little islands in the harbor and one just outside were to them monuments to the kindness of their great legendary hero, Glooscap. With awe they told how, many years ago, the beavers built a dam across the river. Such strong and cunning beavers were they that the Indians could not overcome them, and it began to be feared that the fertile land would all be flooded. Great Glooscap looked with pity upon their trouble, and with his mighty club he dashed the dam to fragments. Three of these fragments floated down to the harbor and became the islands called Navy, Partridge and Mahogany.

On the cedar-clad rocks which overlooked the harbor the Micmac Indians had a strong village. For years after the settlement of other parts of the country then known as Acadia by the French they were unmolested save by an occasional Jesuit priest who labor-

ed amongst them in the hope of bringing them under the refining influence of the Church. Then Tragedy set her mark upon that peaceful spot. Charles LaTour, as bold and adventurous a spirit as ever cast in his lot with a new country, now laid claim to the land at the mouth of the St. John River. He came from his fort at Saint Leavis to erect a new fort at the mouth of the river which was the road to the wealth of that wilderness of country now known as New Brunswick, Quebec and Maine. Like a feudal baron LaTour lived in state within his garrison, and grew rich through his trade with the Indians, who could not match wits with him in a business deal. His wife was his companion in what must have seemed exile to her, while fortune favored him, and later, when troubles arose she was his strongest supporter, whose fidelity never wavered.

LaTour was not alone in his ambition for wealth and power in this new country. The sieur d'Aulvay Charnisay was his constant rival. Charnisay tried, through his influence at the French Court, to bring about LaTour's downfall, but the latter, since he was far from France, ignored the orders which he did not care to carry out, and refused to give up his property or his person when commanded to do so by the King himself. He tried, with only slight success, to enlist the help of the people of New England. For a long time the struggle went on. Charnisay made several attacks on Fort LaTour, but he was always repulsed. At last LaTour perceived that, unless he could obtain help, he could not hope to hold out against his enemy. He left his wife in command of the fort and went to Boston in search of the much-needed assistance.

Charnisay had been made more angry and more determined to succeed by his many failures. When he learned, through spies, that LaTour was gone, and that the fort was much weakened, his heart rejoiced in anticipated triumph. At once he made an attack, in the hope of being immediately successful. But he reckoned without the spirit of Lady LaTour. She directed the defense of the garrison with such vigor and skill that Charnisay was forced to retire with heavy casualties.

Within the fortress, Lady LaTour was waiting vainly for her husband's return. When he did not come within a reasonable time she realized that Charnisay must have effectively blockaded the Bay of Fundy. She knew then that there was no hope of making

a continued resistance, but she determined to fight to the last. A second attack on the fort was begun, and for three days she and her little company of brave men held at bay the larger force. On the fourth day, Easter Sunday, 1645, Charnisay succeeded in bribing one of the sentries, and before Lady LaTour was aware of his approach he and his men were scaling the walls of the fort. Despairing but dauntless, Lady LaTour urged on her men to the defense of the garrison, with so much success that Charnisay was constrained to offer terms of peace. He promised life and liberty to the defenders if they would yield. Lady LaTour thought that in this way she could do the most for her men, and she accepted his terms. Then was revealed the baseness of character of the man whom a noble act could inspire only to revenge. He caused every man in the garrison to be hanged, except one, who was given his life in return for acting as the executioner of his fellows. He compelled Lady LaTour to witness this dreadful spectacle with a rope around her neck. The strain which she had undergone which culminated in this last indignity broke the spirit and the heart of Lady LaTour. She survived the double catastrophe only three weeks, and then was laid to rest, the first Acadian heroine, beside the river which she had loved so well.

For many years the fort at the mouth of the Saint John River was merely a trading post. There Indians bartered priceless furs for paltry trifles, and many a French lord grew rich upon the ignorance of the Red man. There minor skirmishes between the French and the English took place at frequent intervals. Finally, in 1700, the French abandoned the fort, by order of the government, on the ground that the harbor was too small. Thus France, through her own ignorance, lost one of the most strategic points in Acadia.

The last event pertaining to Saint John which I shall relate took place eighty-three years after the abandonment of the fort by the French. On the eighteenth of May, 1783, there sailed into the harbor of Saint John the vessels which carried the founders of the sturdy, loyal race with which New Brunswick is peopled today—the United Empire Loyalists. As these exiles from their homeland stepped upon the shore which is now the site of the city of Saint John, they did not see, even dimly in the future, the city which now watches over the entrance to the river, but they did see a land of promise of new life and new liberty, a promise which has never been belied.

—DOROTHY ALWARD, '17.

Day Wise and Otherwise.

DAYS—wise or otherwise ! How few of them are wise, and how many are otherwise ! Go back and review them, and we may waste precious, flying, never-again moments because we have so very little worth looking at after all ; but one does cherish foolishness that had better far go into the rubbish pile of cast off experience, our heads are like the lumber-room of a house, cluttered up with useless trash that, like the house-wife, we can't bear to throw away. Then every once in a while we have a spring house-cleaning, for we are pretty slovenly brain keepers, and put in a few hours in the garret taking a peep into a nook here, delving into a corner there, getting, cobwebby, but emerging at last with a rather crestfallen, yet deliciously comforted feeling. The past is done with, we can put away for another stretch of time our worthless treasures, and turn to a further accumulation of days.

Is it wrong for us to keep the store-house of memory so full of stuff that seemingly doesn't matter ? How can it be ? We had our fun out of our days, we had our full value for them long ago, and we can always fish out a bit from our memory as grandmother could always pull out a bright-colored bit of silk or cotton to help out a very urgent need. There is the day we first went fishing. All we have to do whenever we go now is to think back to what we did the first day, then take care not to do it, and we may be fairly sure of catching fish. There was the day we went to our first afternoon tea and got too many things on our saucer, and we can always get along feeling only moderately miserable by avoiding that mistake.

And then there is the day we first came to college and made about seven thousand mistakes. We can't help thinking of that, and pitying every single callow freshmen that ever has come or ever will come to college, and yet, though we pity, we smile, unloading the accumulated mass of gratuitous smiles we got when we were new to college. Unasked-for smiles are hoarded up pretty much as are specially bright bits of cotton, not for their actual worth, but because

we may be able to give them to somebody else. A Freshman gets a lot in his first year that goes into the Days Otherwise piece-bag, but did you ever have a piece-bag you prized more and laid away in lavender more carefully? And, too, it's a bag we gloat over on every possible occasion, and try to make others gloat over also, little as they may care to dig out other people's possessions.

And then there's the piece-bag that contains your first beau, or his memories, rather. That's a bag we take out and laugh at as often as we have a clean-up day, and for some reason or other, that worthless affair goes back in its old corner and there it stays until dug out again. What a wonderful set of days those were, how serious it all was, and how little its real value in all the rest of our Days. Yet, at the time our whole horizon was filled by just one idea; like all things, though, it had its time and place and ended in the lumber-room of personality. Ah, truly, that couldn't be classed among the Days Wise!

The whole stock of memories, how little they are worth to other people, how small an insurance policy we could get on the whole business; yet we value them, wouldn't part with a single thing if we could help it. Some things we're proud of, others we don't talk about, and then there are things we keep only for our own self-abnegation, and they perhaps are worth most of all to us.

—M. HARRINGTON, '17.

Barnes

A Tale.

DO you know what makes the pine trees moan and wail? It sound like the lament of some lost soul, and it is, for it came about this way: Long ago a certain king by the name of Vitzman had a beautiful daughter whose name was Isabel. This beautiful girl was carefully guarded by her father all her young days, for when her mother, who could foretell the future, was on her deathbed, she called her husband to her and told him that unless their daughter died unmarried their wonderful kingdom would be taken away from them.

So, during all her childhood days Isabel saw no one except an old woman who tended her, and her governess. Only once in a while did a tall, grave man come to visit her. This man, her governess told her, was her father, the head of a large kingdom and such a busy man that he could only visit his daughter infrequently.

So the days and months and years passed and Isabel grew to be the most beautiful lady in all the courts. No one had ever seen her except a poor villager who, passing the apartments of the princess one day, saw her dreamily gazing out of a window. He stood amazed at her beauty, but only for an instant, for as he gazed the old woman appeared also and took Isabel from his view. But the mischief was done, the man spread the news of the hidden princess' beauty throughout all the land, and many were the suitors who knocked at the king's gate for admittance and for permission to win the fair Isabel. But the king was firm and all were refused. One adventurous knight, however, gained the hall leading to the princess' apartments, determined to at least see the wonderful beauty, but sad and dreadful was his fate. All went well from that day until a messenger from a neighboring prince came in great speed one day with an urgent message for the king. Vitzman was compelled to depart for another kingdom in all haste, leaving behind, however, strict instructions regarding his daughter.

Things went on as before until a prince came on day to claim Vitzman's hospitality. Entertained he was and sumptuously too, but the story of the "caged beauty," as Isabel was called, aroused his pity and curiosity. He determined to see her at whatever cost and day in and day out he haunted the garden below the princess' window, but all in vain.

One day the old woman who tended Isabel was taken sick with rheumatism and in her haste to go to her aid the governess of Isabel left the door leading to the public hall unlocked. Isabel was about to enter fairyland! She entered the hall and was gazing at a beautiful painting which hung there when, hearing footsteps, she turned about startled, because she knew she was being disobedient, altho' she saw no harm in it. She had thought of fairyland before and surely she had been right for here was the fairy prince!

The prince, for it was he, stood wonderstruck at her beauty for a time and then approached her and started to speak to her. Surely, though Isobel, no one was ever gifted with such silver speech as he and no one was even quite so handsome. As for the prince, he fell completely and entirely in love with the maid whose innocence and beauty so charmed him. Isobel hearing more footsteps turned to return to her room but not before shyly promising to see the prince again if possible.

Several days later they met again by stealth, and they agreed that at midnight Isobel would escape from the castle run away with the prince, to another kingdom and there they would be married. The return of Isobel's father, who was expected on the next day, made it imperative for the lovers to escape that night. Although Isobel had some compunctions about leaving her father in this manner, she loved the prince so well, although having seen him but twice, that she agreed to his proposal.

That night Isobel escaped from her window by means of sheets tied together, with one end fastened to the bedstead. When at length she reached the ground and her waiting lover, her conscience began to trouble her about the way in which she was leaving her father. The kind had never told his daughter the reason for her imprisonment and so it was easier for the prince to overrule her objections than it would have been had she known what her marriage would cause.

Isobel mounted the prince's horse in front of the prince, who was an expert horseman, and thus they rode along. It was a lovely moonlight night and both enjoyed the journey. To Isobel, especially, it was a new experience and she was happier than she had ever been in her life.

After an hour's journey, in passing through a certain village by the name of Emena, they had the misfortune to meet Isobel's father and his escort returning home. The king suspected an elopement and determined to find out who the lady was, for since Isobel was heavily veiled he did not recognize her. He stopped the prince, who, not daring to disobey, impatiently reined in his horse.

The king asked to see the fact of the prince's companion so that he might, according to the old custom, kiss the

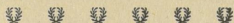
bride-to-be on the forehead and wish her joy. In spite of the prince's efforts to escape, the king was insistent and in the end had his way.

When the trembling Isobel raised her veil and disclosed her pale but beautiful countenance, great was the amazement and anger of her father. In the heat of the anger which Vitzman felt at the deception and action of his only child, he called a curse down on them. Before his eyes they were turned into two stately pine trees. Then, seeing the destruction he had wrought, the king tried to call back the soul of his daughter, but only in vain.

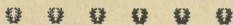
And so when the pine moan and murmur remember that it is the prince calling for his lost Isobel.

—VIOLET M. SLEEP, '18.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it, and conquering it.—*Richter*.



Whatever you do, you will not do anything better than to keep a light heart and a bright face. Whatever you give, it will not be more precious than cheeriness.—*Weldon*.



Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.—*Bacon*.

To-morrow.

Shall I come back in the morning ?
Tonight like a weary rose
You lie, and your fragrant petals
Are folding your soul in repose.
Day's dreary strife almost ended,
Now down the pathway of dreams
Your feet are wandering slowly,
Parting its silvery gleams.

Scarcely your white hand doth answer
The love that my lips confess;
Already the world is fading
Out of your consciousness.
Your dark lashes quiver so slightly
Against your quiet face;
Up in the mid-night heaven
The moon pins the stars in place.

Swift as caress of a moonbeam,
Like breath of the summer night,
I press my lips to your forehead,
And leave you still, and white.
Tomorrow you'll wake, and greet me,
Tomorrow we'll love, but to-night
I leave you to sleep in the silence,
Guarded by dim star-light.

Ah yes, there are many tomorrows,
"A life of tomorrows," we say,
But sometime the sunset glory
Will fade, of that last long day.
For one of us there'll be tomorrow,
With sunrise, and flower and lark,
The other will whisper a message,
And voyage out into the dark.

—M. HARRINGTON, '17.

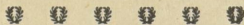
A Picture.

LAST night I stood before a beautiful painting, a painting whose sublimity and majesty, whose radiance and glory were too intense to bring but awe and wonder to the one who stood before it. The picture was hung in no ordinary gallery, but in one whose walls were space—vast and limitless—and yet formed a fit background for the canvas. The frame was only a dim undefinable something which never obtruded into the consciousness; it was the horizon; the wonder and glory was the picture itself.

Upon the canvas of the sky, the hand of Evening had boldly, and with perfect surety, painted a very rhapsody of color, a festival of cloud, a riot of light. The last dying radiance of the sun had burst into a golden glory, and bathed in its flood the little, errant clouds till they themselves were pure gold in their fleecy beauty. The golden light merged imperceptibly into a pale yellow which deepened into rosy amber, and then melted into a deeper, more glowingly pure rose. Where the evening sky met the radiance with its even line of grey-veiled blue, the rose had faded into a tender, gentle tint of palest green. Over the whole picture, there seemed to be the shadow of a shadow, an incredibly thin, yet altogether perceptible veil of mist that only served to make more beautiful the colors that it softened.

A moment more, and the picture was gone, wiped off the canvas by the jealous hand of a fellow-artist, night; and in its place was blank shadow, as yet untouched by the Creator's brush.

—MYRA BARNES, '17.



He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—*Charron*.

On the Field of Honour.

THE story opens on that never to be forgotten date, August, 1914. The evening sun sank in splendour, the glowing rays of the golden west fell upon the calm sweet face of a woman who, seated in her pleasant sitting-room, read the following head-lines: "Britain has declared war on Germany. Lord Grey has said, 'Germany will have war, let her have it in full measure.'" She closely scanned the head-lines to a finish then thoughtfully gazed with clasped hands into the dying radiance of the west.

The shadows darkened and deepened, the paper slid unheeded to the floor, voices and laughter floated through the open window from the street, the city lights began to twinkle in the distance, the creaking street-cars passed and repassed the door; the woman saw not, heard not,—her thoughts were busy with memories of by-gone years.

She saw once more in fancy her home in England; her happy girlhood days; herself a blushing bride; her life in Western Canada. Then came that dreadful day when her gallant husband kissed the bravely loyal lips that would not bid him stay and marched away—never to return again.

"How it all comes back," she whispered to herself in the darkness, "but I must not let it make me sad. Jack, dear boy, would be worried if he saw his mother looking this way," and she actually started back from her reflection in the mirror, as she switched on the light, it was so wan and ghostlike.

She tried to smile. It proved too great an effort. Seating herself at the piano she began to play but the melody jarred on her nerves. Softly she closed the instrument and retired to her room, where she soon poured forth her whole heart to Him who heareth alike the cry of the weak child or the strong man in agony.

A great peace stole into her soul and when the hasty footsteps of her son, Jack, entered her room a half hour later, he found the moon-beams gently stealing over the saint-like face of "little mother," as she lay on her snowy bed.

Then in a voice so like his father's that it made her heart throb, he asked anxiously, "Sick, mother?" "No, Jack, only tired," and she smiled at him reassuringly. He sat down by her bedside but appeared restless and preoccupied. He seemed worried and distraught. "Mother," he said suddenly, "you have heard the news—about the war I mean—isn't it dreadful?" "Yes, dear," she said gently, "I read it all to-night. It seems a pity that civilized countries must resort to war."

"It is beastly mother, beastly. Germany has outraged all civilization. Think of the way she is using little Belgium. Oh mother, England would indeed have been false to her best ideals had she refused that call for help. Lord Grey is right, 'Let her have it in full measure'," Jack sprang up and began to pace the floor. "Yes, and she will need many men, Canada will surely send her share."

His mother looked at him curiously. What had come over Jack? It seemed as though an icy hand had clutched her heart. A sudden awful suspicion was dawning on her mind. Would Jack? Was he? But no, Jack would not leave her—he was all she had—they could not take him. Jack grew silent, resumed his seat and seemed lost in thought. Her little clock on the mantle breathlessly ticked the moments away. The very air seemed surcharged with the importance of coming events. The moonbeams danced idly on the floor, the clock louder, more insistently than before.

"Oh what can Jack be thinking?" thought his mother. The big town clock boomed one, two, Jacked raised his head and listened—ten—he finally announced, straightened himself and said, "Well, little mother, I have been doing some pretty hard thinking these last few hours and I have arrived at the conclusion that the country which has always stood by me, needs standing by now, and if you are willing here am I ready to do my tiny bit."

"Jack," breathed rather than spoke his mother, "Has it come to this? Of my boy, my darling, the very image of your dear departed father, must you go? O God, must I sacrifice my hope, my all upon the altar of atonement for my country, must I see the blood of my blood flowing a crimson

flood to make black seem white?" She buried her face in her hand and wept convulsively.

Jack gazed at his mother in open-mouthed wonder. Never, never as long as he lived had he ever seen his mother thus excited. Was she not always the sweet, serene, gentle lady mother whom he adored, aye worshipped with all the fervour of his young heart? Surely there must be some under-current of which he was unaware, some vistas into whose sacred chambers he had never been admitted else she would not have been thus so sorrowfully stirred. After all she was his mother. Was not her claim the stronger? Surely the mother who bore him must rank higher than his country. This was a new view of the matter. Before he had seen only the other side.

"Mother," he said, advancing eagerly, "Mother, listen to me, believe me, I never meant to cause you pain. Never for a moment did I realize what this might mean to you. I did not look at it under this light. Certainly I shall not even offer my services without your consent. I read the call for men and when I thought how nobly little Belgium stood up for honor and what she believed to be right and then how cruelly she had been outraged, I felt at a white heat. How trustingly she turned to England and asked her for help. Our dear Mother Country has accepted a great and noble trust. Surely her children must prove true. Is not Canada her favorite child?—her spoiled baby, as the world calls her? Will she leave her mother to face the dangers, the heartaches and the trials alone? Does not England stand for our whole British Empire, her fate the fate of all? And when she is at war does it not mean every living subject under the glorious ensign—the Union Jack?

Red, white and blue,
Brave, pure and true

Yes she has won the title, deserves it will, God bless the noble lives who made it thus. Shall we today prove unworthy sons of noble sires? Shall we let our honor fall?" Jack was lost to the world. He forgot his mother, everything; his heart's emotions were painted on his face, all the patriotic

fires of his ancestors burned and glowed in his soul as pacing to and fro he gave full vent to all his thoughts and feelings.

His mother listened at first in head-bowed silence, then raised her head in wonder. A new expression crept over her face a look of bewilderment, surprise and finally, rapture. With clasped hands and shining eyes she breathlessly drank in every word. So this was Jack's view. Noble boy. How much truer, wider, grander had been his outlook, how forgetful of self, how loyal to all his training and traditions of the past. Give her boy? She thanked God she had a boy to give. Gliding from her bed she clasped her arms about him. "Jack," she gasped, "can you forgive your selfish mother? Oh, how small I must have looked to you. Enlist? Indeed you shall. You'll make a grand soldier in khaki. You would not have been your father's son if you had not been ready to go. How splendidly he looked the day he left for South Africa—he did his duty well and died like a hero." Her voice broke and she gave a little sob.

Jack tenderly held her to his heart. "Go to bed little mother, you are far too tired to think any more tonight." She raised her face and kissed him.

"Good-night," she said simply, "when my boy clasps me to his heart and kisses me a long good-bye, I'll tell him the story of my past, and then dear you will understand why I was weak tonight.

One week later:—

Jack entered the little rose-arbour at the end of the garden—his mother's retreat—softly whistling, "I'm Marching Away to be a Soldier" and truly he looked his part. His splendid six feet of glowing manhood was well set off by his khaki suit that softened yet added a manly dignity to his face and figure.

He entered the arbour softly but the ears of mother love are keen. She turned, rose quickly, advanced towards him and the next instant her head was pillowed on his breast. "Jack" she whispered, then smiled as she lifted her face to his.

Jack led her to a seat, placed himself at her feet saying, "Let me be your little boy again and listen to your story as I used to in my happy childhood days." Mrs. Burton gently

stroked Jack's blonde head, her eyes grew dreamy and in a far-away tone she lived aloud the events of other years.

"My father was a Church of England clergyman. We lived in a beautiful village in Cheshire. I had only one brother five years my senior who attended Oxford. My mother was an invalid. I was taught at home and lived a happy secluded life. I think the first glimpse of public life I ever had was at my brother's graduation. How proud of him I was as he so modestly received his honors.

We returned home. My father had always hoped he would help him in his church work. For six months our united family led a life of happiness and love. But my brother Frank felt the call of Nature, of hard places and victories to be won in a rugged vineyard. So one autumn day we stood on the wharves of Liverpool and waved a tearful farewell to a white handkerchief fluttering from the top deck of a majestic ocean liner. Frank was bound for Canada.

Three months later we laid my sainted mother to rest among the flowers and ivy vines of that peaceful little graveyard. Many an evening I stole softly over to the churchyard and sat by my mother's grave in the full glory of a summer moon. She seemed so near the very flowers breathed her presence. A year later saw my father take another bride and ere a moon had waxed and waned, I was far on the broad rolling Atlantic. My brother met at Montreal and together we went to his mission field in the Rockies. Then I met your father.

He was one of those splendid types of manhood that inspire trust and confidence by their very presence. How he used to thunder down the steep trial on a magnificent black steed and whirl by our cottage like the very spirit of restlessness. He was a revelation to me, shy little English girl that I was, used only to the presence of stand elderly men and my dreamy brother. Frank often spoke of him and praised him highly. He said, "If he were only a Christian his manhood would be complete."

"Jack, dear, it is too long a tale and perhaps too sacred to me to go into details over the two years of our acquaintance. Frank never ceased praying for him and when I met with that fearful accident—Jack interrupted eagerly—"When

you fell over the cliff and father swam with you, until it seemed you both must sink from weariness and father promised God that if He would save your lives he would be a Christian?" "Yes," smiled Mrs. Burton, "God heard that prayer and next Sunday Frank baptised him into the church. We were married quietly the next day.

For two years we lived a life of joy and gladness. I had learned to love those mountains, they were mine and his and God's. We came to Toronto to visit his mother. As Frank was now married my husband and I planned on a happy winter in the East. Then came black news from Africa. My husband eagerly read the papers—each more anxiously than the last. When he laid the decision in my hands I could not bid him stay. England was at war. She needed me. Why should I selfishly keep him at home? Perhaps, who knows, he might come back?

"When he held me in his arms and kissing me goodbye said, 'Name our boy Jack, Amy,' I knew I should never see him again."

Mrs. Burton paused, the glory of the sunset on her face. Jack waited in silence. He felt rather than heard the next words. "But the blow was terrible when it fell. I read the telegram. It seemed so bare, so cruel: 'On active service, Lieut. Jack Burton, 55th Battalion. Killed in action.'

The world grew black. I felt lost, lost, all alone, space—a sense of falling and I knew no more.

"Weeks afterwards I opened my eyes only a shadow of my former self. I lay there, idly wondering where I was but thought by thought my memories returned. They came fast enough now—Jack was dead—a cry of agony escaped my lips. If I could only die. Why didn't I die? A little form stirred beside me. A baby hand was laid upon my heart. 'Jack,' it was little Jack. I had something to live for after all. A tender flood of mother love filled my heart. It was a sacred trust. I would prove worthy of my charge and the tears that washed the bitter sting of sorrow from my heart christened my baby boy with brighter hopes of a better future. I never left Toronto. My old home in the west was too full of bitter-sweet memories of one I would never see again in this world to ever care to go back. We have been

happy Jack. You are the exact image of your father when I first saw him, and tonight you looked as your father looked in his uniform nearly twenty years ago."

Mrs. Burton rose, Jack stood up also. They gazed at each other in breathless silence, too eloquent, too deep for words.

Tenderly, sadly, she gazed at that dear face as if to burn his image on her heart. Whatever else may come she must not forget how he looked tonight.

"And now farewell. Already you must be gone. Trust in God and remember a mother far across the sea is always praying for you." She strained him to her heart one vital holy moment, pressed her lips to his brow and with eyes that saw not, turned away.

The shadows darkened and deepened in that little rose arbour, the moonbeams played on the white dress and still whiter face of "little mother" alone, all alone. Already she was praying for the strength that would surely come from Him on high.

At a late hour she crossed the garden with a look of sweet peace and resignation on her face. God was her refuge, in time of trouble.

Fourteen months later came a fluttering message from across the sea: "On the Field of Honor at Mons, Lieutenant Jack Burton, Toronto, Canada, Killed in Action." Underneath was written: "He loved honor more than he feared death."

Surely "little mother" had paid the price of war.

"My flesh cries out for its own flesh.

My heart demands its own heart's blood.

The thunderous roar of cannon is the answer to my call.

Give me back my flesh and blood.

To bring forth I did pass through dark Gethsemane

And bear with Him the tortures of the Cross;

And to what end? To add one more unto the martyred dead
Upon the field of battle.

His dear face covered with my kisses

Upturned in marble coldness, blood-stained,

Mangled, the death-dew on his brow

His sweet voice lingering fondly
"Farewell mother" forever stilled.
His loving arms entwined about me
Mangled, torn with shot and shell.
O Mother of the Christ.
Again I pass with thee through dark Gethsemane
And bear with Thee the tortures of the Cross."

The following Sunday the great pipe-organ of the city church thundered, sobbed and wailed the loss of that brave hero. The notes rose and fell like the heaving restless ocean then tenderly played in softest melody the tender soul-satisfying notes of the "Rosary."

Mrs. Burton reverently bowed her head and murmured with the music:—

"The hours I spent with thee dear heart
Are as a string of pearls to me.
I count them over every one apart,
My rosary—my rosary.
Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer
To still a heart in anguish wrung
I count each bead unto the end
And there—a Cross is hung.
Oh memories that bless and burn
Oh barren gain and bitter loss
I kiss each bead and strive to learn
To kiss the Cross—to kiss the Cross."

—LELLA W. GIBERSON, A. L. S.



Vulnerable Panama

THE great new waterway of America, which is such a boon to the commerce of the world and is looked upon with envious eyes by certain nations, would in a time of war form a splendid point of attack from the sea. Although many many thousands of men, dollars and days have been spent in the construction of this stupendous passage, one point has been sadly neglected, namely that of defense.

It seems almost unbelievable, but the best authority shows that this "greatest prize in the world" is practically undefended.

At the time of construction, congress directed that in order to insure the unhindered use of the canal for legitimate purposes, and to make it a means of strengthening the efficiency of the U. S. Navy, it should be thoroughly fortified. This resolution passed, the people felt secure that the result would be the last word in American military science.

It is rather a shock, therefore, to discover that instead of being the Gibraltar of the north, it is one of the most vulnerable points, and the most easily attacked on this side of the water. Certainly a well placed shell here could do most serious damage.

The Gatun Dam, a structure representing millions of dollars and incalculable labor, is the vital spot of the canal. Upon it depends the whole operation of the waterway. Nevertheless its position is such that an enemy warship, lying well out of range of the forts guarding the Caribbean approach, could with a single shell so shatter the mechanism of its locks and spillways that the whole of its pent-up waters would be set free.

Outside of the Pacific terminus there lies another area known as the "dead area," where an enemy ship out of range of the guns on Naos, Perico and Flamenco Islands could smash the drydocks the locks at Miraflores and even those at Petro Miguel.

It will be asked how such a state can exist when the whole zone is supposed to be fortified and protected by every possible means. That is exactly the point. It has neither artillery, garrison nor fortifications sufficient to compete

with even a weak attack, as for aircraft, or anti-aircraft guns it has none whatever. Surely nothing but most painful short-sightedness on the part of those whose business it was to lay out the scheme of defense, could tolerate such a state of affairs.

The preparations which were made for defense were somewhat as follows:

1. Forts were built on several of the outlying points and islands, and the character of these has nothing left to wish for as far as fortifications go, yet their position is such that the islands lying a few miles farther out would afford shelter to an attacking fleet which itself could direct its fire through the openings without being entirely exposed.

2. The dredged channel of the canal only allows one ship to pass out between the islands at a time. This means that for a mile or more a single ship would be subjected to enemy fire, before others could come up and assume battle formation.

3. The vital organs of the canal were at tremendous expense, surrounded by belts of land cleared for fighting, behind which a system of trenches was dug. It does not require a great deal of knowledge to realize that this is simply so much waste labor. These clearings are within shouting distance of the dams. Should the enemy advance to this point fighting would be of little use.

4. Another piece of useless labor was the construction of a stone barricade behind Fort Sherman. This, however, is a standing joke even among the zone officers, for the embrasures in it open in, instead of out !

5. In order to protect the forts and country a garrison was necessary, thoroughly equipped, not only with artillery and munitions, but with every means of transportation. Instead of this the garrison is scattered, has not even a road across the isthmus, no means of transportation or mobilization and absolutely no aircraft either for defense or reconnoitre. Unless roads are built through the jungles, railroads brought in, and above all, the garrison enlarged, it is a waste

of men, money and material, as in the present condition any one, most of all the Germans, with their minute knowledge of the topography and conditions of the region, could walk in, take possession, and meet with very little resistance.

—HELEN P. STARR, '19.

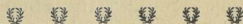
Good-Bye Bill

Some lovely girl with eyes of blue,
Or other bright and dazzling hue,
May frequently receive from you,
A billet doux.

Although she may seem fair to you,
And fill your thoughts the whole day through,
To other friends, oh please be true !

Oh Billy do !

And now I fear with sad boohoo,
In muffled voice and sobbing too,
The time has come to say to you
Oh Bill Adieu !



The best portions of a good man's life

His little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.—*Wordsworth*.

Literary Notes and Comments

WILLIAM DEMORGAN.

A remarkable man passed away recently in the person of William De Morgan, who died a short time ago in London, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. Mr. De Morgan began his career as an artist, which would be abandoned a few years later, and set out to design and manufacture stained glass, art tiles and pottery. In this work he established a sound business reputation and amassed a considerable fortune.

Throughout his life Mr. De Morgan devoted much time to the study of minute detail. He possessed a type of mind which gradually gathered up a "treasure" of fine, delicate, unique ideas about life, so that his first novel "Joseph Vance" published when the author was sixty-four, was exactly what might have been expected, devoid of plot, and the characters finely drawn and elaborately described in the diffuse style of Dickens or Thackeray.

The book may be described as the life history of a boy rescued practically from the gutter, and educated by a kind-hearted cultured gentleman for whose younger daughter the boy conceives a romantic attachment which prompts him towards the end of the story to shoulder the guilt of the girl's brother in order to spare her pain. This is the barest outline, yet mention must be made of Lossie, the heroine of the story, who remains with us as the embodiment of all that is good and lovable. The secret of her charms seems to be that she is so vaguely described that each is able to picture her according to his own fancy.

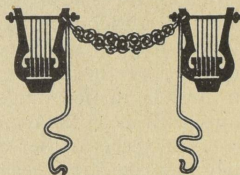
"Alice-for-Short" is in a sense a companion book to "Joseph Vance," but does not seem to have the same sustained quality. It is the unravelling of a mystery of which one person holds the key.

Other works which followed in rapid succession are "Somehow Good," "It Never Can Happen Again," "An Affair of Dishonor," "A Likely Story." None of Mr. De Morgan's books can be read hastily for either pleasure or

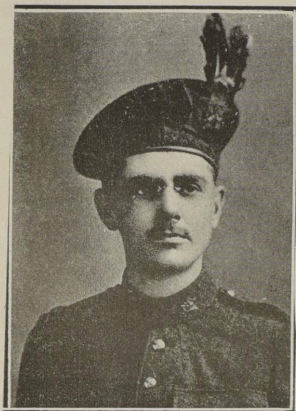
profit. They are meant for the leisurely minded reader who can wait without impatience until next week or the week after to learn whom Lossie married, or whether Joseph proposed a second time to Janey, etc. The interest lies not in the suspense but in the kindly optimism, the humor and in the author's own obvious share in the reader's enjoyment of each and all his characters.

At first sight it may seem somewhat strange that a book of the type of "Joseph Vance" with its Mid-Victorian viewpoint should attain such wide popularity in our time as it did. But for more than half a century William De Morgan had been studying people, absorbing life, formulating his own philosophy, and through all these years his thoughts were slowly ripening so that "when he brought them forth his manner harmonized with his matter." Had he "never written another line after 'Joseph Vance' his fame would rest on an assured foundation."

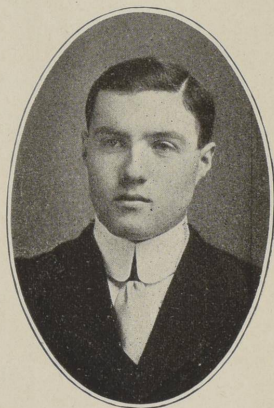
—L. B. C., '18.



OUR FALLEN HEROS



LIEUT. F. C. MANNING '16



LIEUT. J. H. FEINDEL '16

Acadia Boys in Khaki



ACADIA has learned with the deepest regret that, one of her most brilliant students of recent years, LIEUTENANT FREDERICK CHARLES MANNING of the Class of 1916, died of wounds on April 15th. He entered college as a Junior, with a reputation of having done exceptionally fine work throughout his high school career, and at once took an active part in all the college activities where his pleasing personality and fine voice soon made him a favorite. Through his interest in all athletics, he was appointed President of the Athletic Association for the latter part of the year. But it was especially as a student that Fred outshone all others. Seldom has Acadia had among her students a more remarkably bright and vigorous mind, and seldom has an Acadian student given more promise for a noteworthy career. He enlisted before the close of the term, but was graduated with honors in classics, and delivered his oration in uniform. He held his commission in the 85th Nova Scotia Highlanders.

We are proud to claim as a son of Acadia one of such unusual talent and sterling character. We cannot but grieve that a life so full of promise has been cut short; and yet, brief as was his stay among us, it was not without its influence. We are the better for having known a man of high ideals who was ready to sacrifice all personal ambition to that more urgent call of his country's need.

A cable has been received containing the sad news that **LIEUTENANT JOHN FEINDEL**, ex '16, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Feindel of Middleton, N. S., was killed in action on April 9th at Vimy Ridge. He was among the first to volunteer his services for King and Country, and went overseas with the First Contingent in a hospital unit, as he was unable to pass the physical test for the ranks. A year ago, however, he took an officer's training course in England, and received his commission in the 25th Overseas Battalion.

He was a member of the Class of '16 in the Freshman and Sophomore years, but did not return in the Junior year. He was quiet but well-liked and dependable, in short, a worthy son of Acadia whose death cuts short a career full of promise.

CAPTAIN ERIC R. DENNIS. We have learned with deep sorrow that Captain Eric R. Dennis, elder son of Senator Dennis of the Halifax Herald, has been killed in action in the recent drive. Eric graduated from the Halifax County Academy and then took two years in the Arts course here at Acadia. For some time he worked on the staff of Halifax Herald, but at the outbreak of the war he became lieutenant in the 63rd Halifax Rifles. He soon was transferred to an overseas battalion and in the autumn of 1915 went overseas in command of a company. That winter was spent at Salisbury Plains; but Captain Dennis wanted to get to the front and so offered to go in any capacity whatever. Eventually he and a companion by the name of Doane were assigned lieutenancies and were the first two Canadian officers to thus get commissions in France. Eric had been through the heavy fighting since early in the summer of 1916 and three times within forty days was recommended for the Military Cross, which later he received. As a further mark of his ability, he was promoted on the field to a captaincy and given charge of his company. We

grieve to think that the war has called for the sacrifice of such a promising Acadia boy.

Another Acadia boy has made the supreme sacrifice for King and Country in the recent drive on Vimy Ridge, KARL DOUGLAS WOODMAN of Wofville. Karl was a member of the Class of 1917 during the Freshman and Sophomore years; and then, feeling the calling for men, he gave up his college course to enlist in the 85th Nova Scotia Highlanders. The winter of 1916 was spent in Halifax, then after the summer at Aldershot, Karl and his battalion left for England. A short stay there and then he was drafted to France and the front line trenches where he heroically met his death. Karl was always well liked while at Acadia because of his cheery and bright disposition which readily won a place in the hearts of all who knew him. Alas! his life was required as a part of the price the world is paying for the cause of right.

The altar of war has called for the sacrifice of one more son of Acadia, PRIVATE ARTHUR T. JONES of Sunny Brae, N. B., who fell on March 15th while fighting with a Scottish regiment. Arthur spent two years at Acadia Academy, graduating in 1913, and entered college with the incoming Class of '17. He did not return for the Sophomore year but went for a year at a Theological Seminary in Toronto. From there he went to the United States where, as a side-work, he learned a factory trade. He left Boston accompanied by a party of college boys for England and was soon placed in a factory in Scotland. After some time he changed to the active service, and following several months in the trenches was wounded and sent back to England where he met his brother, George W. Jones, who is now one of the instructors at Bramshott Camp. After convalescing, Art was placed on duty during the Irish Rebellion; and presently rejoined his regiment in France where, in less than a month, he met his death.

Letters from the Front.

(PASSED BY CENSOR)

France, April 30, 1917.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

I greatly shocked and embarrassed the other day to receive an urgent request from you for an article to publish in the ATHENÆUM. Now, Mr. Editor, you surely must have acted in extreme haste and with very little forethought to have hit upon *me* for such a task as this, for really I have never written to the press before in my life, much less to a leading journal like the ACADIA ATHENÆUM. No, I speak the honest truth—no one can yet accuse me of having “rushed into print” with my “experiences,” either upon my first arrival at the front or during my subsequent nine months in France, three of which were spent on the Somme. But since you will insist I have decided to put aside all precedent for the time being and shoulder the task rather than see you “up against it” for want of something to publish. So with apologies to nobody I herewith make my initial bow to the readers of the ATHENÆUM. (Say, do I get any units for this article?)

You asked, Mr. Editor, for something which would be suitable for your “Acadia Boys at the Front” column, so I suppose you expect me to “come across” with some interesting details of exciting experiences on the Somme, hair-breadth escapes, and such like—but I beg to be relieved at the start from any obligation to refer to such startling topics as these. The people at home have all read and heard so much about the Somme already from the home papers that they must be well nigh “fed up” with the subject by now. Moreover, you must remember that the would be writer at the front is always handicapped by the “blooming” censor, and I shall certainly consider myself fortunate if this manuscript reaches its destination fully intact.

I will start with that most pleasant of all topics to the boys at the front, namely, “leave” to Blighty! It so happens that I have just returned from spending my first ten days leave to England. You may be sure that I took full advantage of this opportunity to have a real good time—and who doesn’t? My programme took me first to Bramshott Camp to look up the boys of the N. S. Highland Brigade where, as might easily be surmised, I had the pleasure

of meeting a great many old friends from "The College on the Hill." Let me say this, "The Breed of Manly Men" have certainly made a very favorable impression throughout England, and Nova Scotia may well be proud of these her sons who will soon be crossing to France to take their important part in the decisive battles of the whole war which are soon to be staged here on the Western Front, and which we all have the fullest confidence will bring decisive victory to our arms.

Before leaving the camp I came across Murray Millett ('16), and we both decided to spend our leave together. You will remember that Murray was my platoon sergeant in the 4th Universities Company but was given his commission shortly after arrival in England. We made a most interesting trip to Edinburgh and to the big naval base near by. On our visit to the latter we put up the earnest plea that we were colonial officers just back from France on leave, and so finally prevailed upon the good-natured Admiral to consent to our being shown around the "shop." It turned out to be our good fortune to be taken aboard one of the very latest of the battleships and shown all through her from bow to stern. The battleships of this class have received the nickname of "Hush!" boats by the public—and judging from what we saw we can most certainly testify to the appropriateness of such a name. You will understand then if I pass on without further remarks on this subject—except to call for "Hats off" to the Navy, boys, it's a wonder!

Leaving Edinburgh we returned to "town" (London) where we spent the remainder of our leave, visiting places of public interest by day and going to the "shows" at night. As is usual with all holidays, the ten days appeared to go all too quickly.

So here I am back again "on the job" at the front. On rejoining the battery it was to my great pleasure to find that we had moved into a very comfortable position—and you may be sure we are going to make the most of these comforts while we have the opportunity, short indeed as I expect the time will be. There is not one of us who does not rejoice in the part we were able to take in the big battles and victories on the Somme last year, but at the same time we are only human, and accordingly enjoy to the fullest extent a temporary sojourn on a comparatively quiet part of the line where we can get something in the nature of a rest.

You are doubtless experiencing in Canada these days the usual extremes of cold weather customary to January and February, but I do not think we are far behind you here in France at the present time. Really we have never before experienced such very cold weather on this side of the Atlantic as we have had for the last few weeks, the thermometer registering as low as 5 degrees above on several occasions, and today the ground is covered with a blanket of snow four to six inches deep. The French folk tell us it is really quite rare to have it like this in "Sunny" France. "Ill blows the wind, etc."—and 'tis true that for the time being one certainly gets rid of the awful mud, but nevertheless this extreme cold is almost as hard to put up with, at least under the conditions prevailing at the front. But please don't take this as the consensus of opinion out here, for I readily confess to being rather a tenderfoot to the cold. However, "I should worry"—for this evening at any rate—for just now I am very comfortably located in a snug little dug-out by the side of a good warm fire.

This same dug-out, I might explain, is known officially as the "fire control pit" of the battery, and it happens to be my turn tonight to be on duty at the guns.

(Censor)

So now when next you read in the official communiqué something like this: "The enemy attempted to raid our trenches but failed even to leave his own parapet," you may be better able to understand the why and wherefore of that failure.

If you care to take the trouble, Mr. Editor, to look up the June, 1914, *ATHENÆUM* I believe you will find at the head of my "biography" a quotation something like this, "He Soars to Heights Unknown." Well, whoever my historian at that time may have been I would like to give him the satisfaction of knowing that in a measure I have succeeded in living up to this lofty standard he set for me. To explain, a friend who is a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps has taken me up in his machine several times lately as a passenger. Of course he had to fly over the German lines, otherwise I would not have been satisfied, and I also gave him the hint to put his machine through all the "stunts" he cared to, such as spiral dives, banking, side slipping, and the like, just to see if he could shake my nerve. The result? Today I have to confess to being a most ardent enthusiast of aviation.

The "sensation" of flying I found to be simply wonderful and beyond all expectations. It certainly feels great to be rushing through the air so fast and yet so smoothly, while far beneath, you behold with wrapped interest an ever changing panorama of town and country rolling by mile after mile! Of course as we passed over the German lines and German country everything we saw was of particular interest from a military point of view if not from any other. At times the thought occurred to me—"What if something went wrong and we were forced to make a landing in the enemy's country, we would then be in a h— of a fix—as prisoners of war!" But everything went "jake" as the Tommy would say, and on each occasion we landed safely back again at our own aerodrome. The British aeroplanes give one the impression of being remarkably steady and reliable machines, and I do not have to point out to my readers the splendid record of the British Flying Corps from the very start of the war. Their work is of the utmost importance to practically all the other arms of the service, in a hundred and one different ways—spotting hostile batteries and controlling the fire of our big guns upon these, bringing in daily information of the greatest importance concerning the enemy's movements and his constantly changing systems of defence, photographing every square inch of his ground to reveal the location and nature of every yard of trench he constructs, albeit even at times swooping down from great heights to within a few hundred feet of the ground to sweep with machine-gun fire some cleverly hidden trench packed with unsuspecting Huns, and in countless other ways the flying man performs a most efficient service—and indeed an army today would be well nigh helpless without him.

Now cheer up, Mr. Editor, for I am going to bring this letter to a speedy close, for I am mindful of the fact that if I did not you would certainly have to bring out a supplement to your paper—either that or the printer would run out of type. But in any case you must admit that I have at least supplied you with "something" to publish even after allowing for the most extensive blue penciling by both the censor and yourself, all of which I have quite fully anticipated, and I trust, amply allowed for.

Before laying down my pen I would like to take this opportunity to be remembered to all the Acadia students, both past and present, who perchance may read these lines, and in no less a degree to Billy Oliver and the other members of the Faculty, and to one and

all I wish them the very best of success and good luck for 1917. I do not want them to think for a moment that the Acadia spirit is forgotten by at least one of the boys at the front, or that his thoughts never wander back to "The Old College on the Hill" where so many pleasant associations were formed and enjoyable times spent. To tell the truth, I frequently find myself unconsciously starting off with "O'er the fields, the Blue and Garnet"—and here's hoping for a speedy return of that day when I shall again be able to join in with the crowd on the same old song in the same old way.

Yours sincerely,

F. C. HIGGINS, Lieut., ('14)

3rd Battery, B. E. F.,

France.

France, February, 1917.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

I was very glad some weeks ago to receive the December issue of our ATHENÆUM. But I cannot say that your requests for a letter to print were as welcome. Your last one seemed to assume the form of a reprimand so I have at last prevailed upon my lazy nature to make a try, as I have the afternoon off. Whatever ability I may have acquired from attending English classes for two years I do not know; but I am sure that I have long since forgotten it, and the present life is far from being conducive to letter writing.

Well, first a short resumé of the past year or so. Since watching the lights of St. John disappear on the horizon the first evening of last year, I have had many varied and interesting experiences. I have found myself in many odd and unenviable circumstances. On the whole, however, I realize that I have had a "cinch" as compared to the lot of so many other Acadia boys.

While in England, for about five months, our Unit had charge of Shorncliffe Military Hospital; and it was there that I was initiated into the ways, by-ways and routine of a Military Hospital. It was there that I got my first insight into surgery. It was there also that I found out the remarkable value of the universal "No. 9," which seems to be the army issue of the family remedy for all coughs, cramps, aches, and broken bones.

I was lucky enough to get several passes. Two days were spent in Cambridge, presumably on escort duty, but I was fortunate in seeing most of the colleges and in gaining admission to the library which is the third largest in the kingdom. I am afraid that our little Acadia library would be lost if it were there. However, the catalogue system is extremely simple, and I was able to find a book in less time than it used to take me in our own.

At other times I gained a good impression of Folkestone, Dover, Canterbury, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, and also passed an enjoyable and well spent week in that wonderful old city of London.

But all those times seem but as a dream to me as I am here at our tent hospital in France under none too good climatic conditions. I believe there is some old saying about "Sunny France." It seemed true enough last summer, but whenever I think of it now I am forced to think also of that old proverb, "all if not gold that glitters."

During our first few weeks in France it was our lot to be at the base during the British drive of last July, when the Hun offensive which had been stemmed for some time had been first decisively broken. The wounded continued to pour down the line to the large General Hospital. At the docks where the hospital ships were waiting for their precious cargo, the line of trains seemed unlimited. When two trains were emptied two more seemed to automatically take their places. The same can be said of the ships. And so I continued working on a business end of a stretcher it seemed for sleepless weeks, but in reality was only three days.

But the question is asked what kind of treatment did the men get on their way down the line? This rather interesting trip may take anywhere from two days to a month or so. First of all, in dressing; and at the first opportune time, probably at night and under fire, they are carried out by the stretcher bearers to their dressing station. This is as near the front as possible, and the necessary dressings are attended to and the patient rushed back to a field ambulance. Of course, those able to walk do so, while the less fortunate are transported by ambulances or stretchers.

Here at the field ambulance their injuries are again attended to, as before, "at the double." He is now about two miles from

the front and at the next stoping place, the casualty clearing station, he is practically safe and out of range of enemy guns.

In getting the wounded from the front line to the C. C. S., many casualties, of necessity, occur both to the already once wounded and to the A. M. C. boys. But here their dirty condition, which can scarcely be realized, is somewhat improved upon. It is here that he holds out fond hopes of making "Blighty," but instead possibly after a few days rest he finds himself again facing the Hun. The boys are also here gladdened by the sight of nurses, and many an operation which would be dangerous to be longer delayed is done. In most cases this clearing station is near a railroad and the journey continues on one of the well equipped hospital trains. Probably during a drive the train is full of cases for England only and the train goes direct to a hospital ship.

However, under normal conditions the patient would next pass through a stationary hospital.

Next from the base hospitals if he is not fit to return to his unit, after a short convalescence, he is marked for permanent base duty or sent across to England.

There are innumerable hospitals everywhere in the British Isles, and as in France, it is impossible to keep Colonial and Imperial troops in their respective hospitals. Consequently one often sees men from England, Scotland, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand and Canada together in the same ward; and many interesting anecdotes and arguments ensue. It certainly helps one to realize a little the greatness of our Empire.

Well, "dig in" boys and keep the dust off some of the old volumes in the library. It may seem dry work now, but after the war you will be relieved as I think anything *dry* will be a welcome change to most of us.

I have met a great many Acadia boys over here, and it surely makes one happy to see them again and to talk over old times we used to have in Wolfville. It is to be hoped that we shall meet again at Acadia some day to continue our education, and to again unite in the old college yell.

PTE. PAUL R. TINGLEY,

No. 7 Stationary Hospital,

C. E. F.



The Month

SPRING has come, and soon the final examinations will be here. Every student finds it hard to study, the call to be out of doors is so strong. But before we are aware of it, the days will pass and vacation will be upon us. There has been no competition whatever in the Month department, consequently we cannot give much news. Either the students are too busy to write, or they are not sufficiently interested. Under the circumstances we must do the best we can with the material at hand.

On the evening of March 30, the Intercollegiate Debate between Acadia and Mount Allison took place. The platform and hall were decorated with flags and banners. About fifteen minutes before the hour the Co-eds and College boys assembled in the east gallery and the hall resounded with their yells and college songs.

Inter-collegiate Debate Mr. MacAvoy might be mentioned in particular in this connection, as his splendid voice was much in evidence. Promptly at eight o'clock, Dr. Tufts, accompanied by the two teams took their places upon the platform. By this time the hall was well filled, and the three judges had taken places. Dr. Tufts read the resolution, "Resolved, that the Government of Great Britain is more democratic than the Government of the United States," and he called upon Mr. Smallman of Acadia, the leader of the affirmative, to open the debate. Ralph stepped forward to the accompaniment of much cheering and clapping of hands from the audience, particularly from the east gallery. His speech was good, and his arguments were clear-cut and well presented.

The leader for the negative was Mr. Withrow. His speech was well prepared and his presentation good.

The other speakers taken in the order of their appearance were Mr. Nowlan of Acadia, Mr. Curtis of Mount Allison, Mr. Robbins of Acadia, and Mr. Smith of Mount Allison.

The speeches were interspersed by college songs from the east gallery, and more songs were sung while awaiting the decision of the judges.

After conferring for a short space of time, the decision was passed to Dr. Tufts. Acadia students who have attended Inter-collegiate Debates in College Hall in years gone by can imagine the intense silence tinged with anxiety with which Dr. Tufts was greeted. Finally when the fateful words "Acadia wins" fell from his lips, the shout which arose was by no means inferior in volume to those which had been given on similar occasions in past years. Of course, the boys lost no time in reaching the platform and tossing their champions in the air to the immense amusement of the audience.

The next in order was the large bon-fire on the campus, around which war dances were held for upwards of an hour. Then, forming in a long procession, they marched to the accompaniment of a drum and a number of miscellaneous musical instruments, to the Acadia Villa Hotel, where the judges and the two teams were having a banquet. Finally after much yelling and singing Mr. MacInnes of Halifax found his way to the veranda and there he addressed the students for a few minutes. He was followed by Mr. Withrow of Mount Allison in a few well chosen words. Then hoisting the Acadia debaters upon their shoulders, they marched to the Seminary, and the fair occupants of that building were awakened from their beauty sleep by the noise they made. Tully Tavern next was the objective, but by this time the word was passed that the old store-room on the campus was afire and the crowd hastened to the scene. As a strong wind was blowing, it was soon reduced to ashes. The student body as a whole felt that the good time had been spoiled in a way because of this happening. When the fire had finally died down, the wee sma' hours had arrived, and weary heads sought the pillows eagerly.

On the evening of April 23rd Mr. Auld, the Y.M.C.A. Secretary, and Dr. Thompson were the guests of the College and Academy students at supper. After supper was over Mr. Auld spoke to the boys on Y.M.C.A. summer conferences. He described

something of the doings at Northfield; and in the course of his remarks he stated that there was more or less dissatisfaction with the place of meeting for Canadians, and so they had decided to hold a strictly Canadian Conference at Knowlton, Quebec, this coming summer. He outlined what a day's programme would be, described the situation of Knowlton and its facilities for the holding of a conference, gave an estimate of the cost, and then urged as many of the boys as possibly could to attend.

Dr. Thompson spoke a few words upon the benefits of conferences of this kind, and he too advised the boys to go if possible.

Y. M. C. A.

On March 7, Rev. N. A. Harkness spoke to us from 2 Cor. 3:18, "But we all with unveiled face are changed into the same image." In this verse there is the law of growth of Christian character. Everybody can be transformed into the ideal if they submit themselves to the well known law of nature. The law requires that we behold the glory of God. Paul says that we can see it only as it is reflected by mirrors. There are two well known mirrors, namely, the word of God as found in the Scriptures and the glory of God in other lives. We must even seek to find God's glory in evil lives about us. The reflection is more apparent in the lives of those who ardently seek after Jesus. Voluntary Christian service transforms us into mirrors. We lose the glory of God because we are absorbed in trivial things that are worldly. These trivialities are veils. Three familiar veils are, selfishness, prejudice and conscious sin. By coming under this law we develop day after day.

On March 14 Mr. W. R. Auld, Intercollegiate Y.M.C.A. Secretary for the Maritime Provinces, addressed us in our meeting with a challenge "To Pay the Price" The question, "What cause am I putting first this year?" confronts each one of us. Do we all answer "The cause of God and man." We must if we are Christian. The cause of God and man costs something. It cost Lincoln the pain of the Civil War. It cost Livingstone fever, sickness and

finally death. Is our standard of success service? It ought to be. How could the soldiers determine that their standard was to fight which is the greatest opportunity of service and sacrifice? The cause of God and man demands that one should increase his physical power by making time for the necessities of life, demands that he increase his intellectual power with school work, and his spiritual power by religious work. We should face our life work with the resolution to live for others under God. By meditation we should search for the place where we are best fitted, the place that will be of use in the advancement of the kingdom.

On March 21 Dr. Smith spoke to us upon "Eternal Life." The Bible is the only book that deals with the origin of life. The stars are numberless. Eternal life is the life that is numberless with respect to years. The Bible promises that if we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ we have everlasting life. Eternal life simply means placing oneself in the hands of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit leads you to God. Eternal life is begun in this world. Many people make the sad mistake of believing that eternal life begins with our physical death. Eternal life begins when we make the decision for Christ. If we have eternal life people see it in our face, our actions, and speech.

On April 4 several of the delegates to the Y.M.C.A. Conference at Truro gave their reports. Those who spoke were Dr. Thompson, Mr. Copeland, Mr. Gray and Mr. Densmore. The chief aim of the conference was to hear of the Y.M.C.A. work done in the various colleges of the Maritime Provinces, their successes and failures of the past year, and to help the cabinet of the coming year to meet the problems they will have to face. Among the speakers of the conference might be mentioned Mr. Auld, presiding; Mr. Corbett of McGill, National Y.M.C.A. Secretary; Mr. MacAllister, Maritime Y.M.C.A. Secretary; Prof. Truman of Truro Agricultural College; Prof. Bigelow of Mount Allison; Dr. Bronson of Dalhousie; Dr. Woodbury of Halifax; and Mr. Buckley. At this conference the Knowlton Conference was discussed. It will be an epoch in the life of Y.M.C.A. work in Canada.

On April 25 our meeting was led by Miss Roscoe and Mr. Densmore. The topic was Social Service. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Miss Roscoe opened up the discussion. Our

social work is largely a failure because we leave the burden and work upon the committee. All around us work is to be done. How little we do. We have time and ability for this kind of work just as we have time and ability for the work that is pleasant and interesting. This work is both pleasant and interesting if we make it so. Our social work must be done by the whole membership of the Y.W.C.A. or Y.M.C.A.

Mr. Densmore continued the discussion further. There is war and strife today because the principles of Jesus Christ have not been acted out in everyday life. Nations have not linked themselves together socially as friends. Each has allowed sin to prevail. Who are to be the leaders of the future? The answer is evident, the college trained. We are to be the leaders. There are a hundred eyes on each one of us. We leaders are to start the moral reform. It is our task to prove our mettle. With the principles of Christ as our shield we can build up character in the community.

—WM. MACLEAN, '19.

The O. P. Goucher declamation contest was held Friday afternoon, April 20th, in College Hall. Only three competitors presented themselves this year for the contest, but the speeches were well delivered, and the subjects were of a fitting nature. The contestants were as follows:—

**Declamation
Contest**

W. M. McLean—"Shall America Betray Herself?"

Charles Corey—"The Elizabethan Age."

C. G. Copeland—"Reflections on the War."

As the judges had difficulty in their decision, the prize was evenly divided between Mr. McLean and Mr. Copeland.

Recital.

On Friday evening, April 20th, a Recital was held in College Hall, under the auspices of the Acadia Seminary Conservatory of Music, by the Junior pupils, assisted by Misses Mary McLean, Gladys Gibbon and Edith Staples, pupils in Voice.

The following programme was well rendered, and a large and enthusiastic audience listened with appreciation to the rendering of it.

Village Festival	Mater
MARJORIE MASON	
Indian War Dance	Brownoff
MARY BRADY	
Santa Claus Guards	Krogmann
VERNE GRAHAM	
Chiming Bells	Grojelli
MARGARET BRADY	
Hope March	Papini
Violin Ensemble accompanied by LILLIAN RUSSELL	
Elf's Story	Armstrong
HELEN HARRIS	
The Robin's Lullaby	Krogmann
ELIZABETH FORD	
Who is Sylvia	Schubert
MARY McLEAN	
Constanet Dance	Grojelli
RALPH GALLISON	
Slumber Song	Busch
RALPH PERRY	
Second Valse	Godart
Minuet in E flat	Mozart
JEAN CREIGHTON	
Mud Pies	Jamieson
DOANE HATFIELD	
Duett-Stouette	Grunwald
GRACE AND RALPH PERRY	
Cymbals and Constanets	Schmoll
GRACE BEARDSLEY	
Cabaletta	Lack
LEICESTER COIT	
Evening Song	Moffat
LILA BENNET	
Duet—Sailing Away	Stuart
GLADYS GIBBON AND EDITH STAPLES	
Le Ruisselet	Bartlett
MIRIAM COIT	
Reveries	Folliwest
JOYCE CLARK	
Mazurka Brilliante	Heins
MARIE HANRIGHT	
GOD SAVE THE KING	

Seminary Notes

THE girls of 1916 and 1917 have left to the Seminary a permanent reminder both of themselves and of the Great War. Feeling a desire to express their patriotism in some form and realizing the lack of really good flags in the institution, they decided that here was an opportunity of both showing their love for their country and of meeting a long felt need.

As soon as the suggestion was made, the money was rapidly subscribed, and the flags were ordered. On the evening of April 3rd they were presented with appropriate ceremony to the school. A paper on the "Duty of Canadian Girls in War Time" was given by Leah Whidden. Lella Giberson read an original poem explaining the meaning and spirit of the flag, and Leta Colpitts, the President of the Senior Class, made the presentation speech. The flags, a Union Jack and a Canadian ensign, were unveiled by the little Brady girls, the youngest members of the school, and were greeted by an intensely enthusiastic demonstration. Dr. DeWolfe accepted the flags for the school, and the exercises closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

RED CROSS NOTES.

The work of the Seminary Red Cross Society this year has been confined largely to gifts of money rather than to much expenditure of time. The decrease in the number of socks knitted is perhaps due to the fact that during this session we failed to receive the nightly reminders that last year proved such a stimulus and an encouragement.

We have, however, reduced our giving to a system so that we can count on a certain amount each month. Each of the dining tables is supplied with a box decorated with a red cross, and theoretically each girl puts in a penny a day. A record is kept and at the end of the month the boxes are opened and a report made. There is quite a rivalry among

the tables, and it is usually found that the various boxes contain much more than the stipulated "penny a day."

During the month before Easter additional funds were brought into the treasury through the industry of several of the girls who offered to the public their services, at moderate rates, in almost any line of business—repairs a specialty. Another addition to the regular monthly sum was made when some of the members of the Society gave a vaudeville show and afterward served cocoa and sandwiches. The programme of that show really deserves a place in the school paper unfortunately, suffering the fate of many other good things, it has been lost. However, we feel quite sure that on that occasion at least the audience did not have to give something for nothing.

The school year has almost ended and the Red Cross Society of 1916-17 will soon have adjourned its last meeting. Although we know that we have not done our whole duty, yet in some instances at least, real sacrifices have been made, and the year's work may perhaps not be considered a failure.

Academy Notes

THE school year is nearing a close, and we are rapidly approaching that period, when class work ends and we enter the intellectual contest, called "Examinations." Some are anxiously awaiting this test of mental ability with light hearts, for they feel that the year has been one of labor and success. Some look back with keen regret to the many long hours which, instead of being spent in study, were passed parading the streets of the town, or going to the rink, especially on Saturdays, in order to catch an inspiring glimpse of their favorite "fairy" or rudely imposing on the blunders of fashion-makers. Some to the long blissful evening spent in their rooms snoozing in the feathers, reading "forbidden literature" or feasting on friend chicken and other ill-gotten delicacies. Doubtless we all feel that we have come far short of what we should, or might have done, but taking both good and bad together, we feel that the year has been a

successful one, and we are glad that we had the opportunity of spending it at Acadia, and we shall, in years to come, look back to these happy days, with glad hearts and pleasant memories.

On March 16th the students held their annual "Reception" in College Hall, which proved to be as successful as usual. The introducing committee were as follows:—A. C. A.: Messrs. V. H. MacNeill, F. Anthony, K. Keith, H. D. Hay; College Messrs. A. C. Hayford, R. B. Smallman, the Misses E. Starratt, V. Alward; Seminary: The Misses G. Herkins, N. McDonald. The evening was divided into ten topics. Solos were played by Mr. Spencer, the Misses E. Payson, A. Bayer, N. Knickle. The Misses L. and H. Kitchen played a duet. There was a large attendance and all spent an enjoyable evening.

During the past week we have heard, with much regret, that a number of our classmates of last year have been wounded, while doing their bit for King and Country in the trenches in France. Those reported are C. K. Ganong, R. E. Hennigar and W. S. Frail.

We are glad to be able to report that one of our members, Mr. Gerald Lovely, who has been ill for some time is recovering and will soon be able to be out again.

GEOMETRY.

Geometry is lovely stuff,
We like it.
Although we find it mighty tough,
We like it.
We all do heartily agree,
It's hard to get without a key,
Yet from our hearts we gladly say,
We like it.

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLIII.

WOLFFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1917

No. 4

R. B. SMALLMAN, *Editor-in Chief.*A. C. HAYFORD, '19, *Month.*RUTH WOODWORTH, '17, *Exchanges.*C. G. SCHEURMAN, '17, *Jokes.*HELEN GANTER, '19, *Personals.*F. ARCHIBALD, '19, *Mgr. of Circulation.*HELEN CUSHING, '17, *Athletics.*B. G. SPRACKLIN, '18, *Business Mgr.*GORDON HERKINS, *Seminary.*J. A. SMITH, *Academy.*R. ELDERKIN, '19, and R. ROBERTSON, '20, *Assistants.*

Editorial



YOU are living in the most important and tragic time since Jesus Christ was crucified. More than 44,000,000 men are in uniform, and the United States is bringing in many more; 4,000,000 men have given up their lives for what lies dearest to their hearts; as many more are suffering on beds of pain in hospitals; at least \$27,650,000,000 is being spent yearly. This war is the biggest thing that this world

has ever seen or can hope to see for years to come. No former war has had even 2,000,000 men in uniform. No enterprise of man has ever dreamed of such an undertaking. A whole world is at each others throats—and why? It is just because a nation, or rather a war-class ruling an army, has tried to use all their advanced science of the twentieth century in order to bring back to the world the ideals of the Hun, the outlook of the savage, the idea that might is right. It is a class of civilization with scientific barbarism, of democracy with autocracy, of right with wrong. Your Empire is leading the world for the defense of small nations, and the principles of democracy, of civilization, and of right. Your brothers, friends, and college-mates are undergoing fearful sufferings

Wake Up!

and freely giving up their very lives to defend these sacred principles—but: What are you doing? How are you spending your time? What share are you having in the salvation of the world? How are you as an individual helping the cause of Empire? *Be honest with yourself, your Empire, and your God. Think it over.*

Subscriptions.

The ATHENÆUM staff cannot but feel that the paper has not received the support of the outside subscribers as it should. The students have certainly done their part, and we thank them for their support, but we are sorry that only one-third of our outside subscribers have paid up. Why they have not paid we cannot discover. This fact, of course, makes our financial position very difficult because we started the year with some \$350.00 debt. Not a former **Subscriptions** literary contributor or member of the staff came back, so we have accomplished at least something by keeping the paper in existence. But a fact that is especially hard is that we are sending some \$65.00 worth of the ATHENÆUM to the Acadia boys at the front, for which we cannot expect any remuneration. The boys are deeply interested in the paper which keeps them in closer touch with their college than anything else, and we have received many letters of appreciation from the trenches. When the staff considered the situation, we agreed that we could not do anything else than continue to send them across. This naturally added a great burden to our already heavily loaded shoulders, and accordingly we made an appeal to all Acadia supporters for contributions for this worthy purpose. To our deep surprise and regret, up to the present time, we have received only \$5.00 to send the paper to our gallant Acadia soldiers. These two facts, first, that only one-third of our outside subscribers have paid, and, secondly, that we are giving away \$65.00 worth to our soldiers, have combined, with the old overhanging debt, in placing us in hard financial circumstances. Therefore, we hope that not only will all

subscriptions be paid at once, but that enough money will be received to repay us for our sacrifice in sending the paper to the front. *No June number will be sent to any unpaid subscription.*

Not much has been heard lately of the activities of the Student Committee, but nevertheless, it has been accomplishing much work. The Song Book, of which two hundred were ordered, was the means of producing the best singing that we have heard at Acadia for two years. That was the singing on the night of the Debate, when the College students filled the East gallery and there gave their songs and yells. We are still over \$6.00 in debt for these Song Books, and since there are a number still on hand, we would be delighted to sell fifty or more. The price is 25c. delivered. Let us have your order.

The Committee handled over \$66.00 worth of College pins. This year, since some of the students desired the pins put in the form of rings, an amendment was passed extending to the ring the same distinction as the pin.

Events took place at Acadia last month that were of the utmost interest to the students, namely, the burning of the barn on the night of the debate, and the burning of the grandstand on April 10th. Both fires were mysterious in origin and up to the present, no cause has been discovered. The burning of the grandstand especially hit the students hard since they practically regarded that as their building. There is now no place from which to watch a game, and thus it will be difficult to charge the same prices as formerly for admission. Some rumors had been heard about the town that the students had desired the burning of these buildings and caused the fires; but since the students felt that this rumor was absolutely false, they therefore, together with the Academy boys, signed the following statement which asks for an investigation into the causes of the fires.

"We, the students of Acadia College, hereby wish to set ourselves on record as utterly repudiating the idea, which seems current, that we have desired, aided, or abetted, in any way whatever the burning of the buildings on the campus. Such a desire has been completely foreign to us, and

it is with deep regret that we have seen these buildings destroyed.

"As a token of the above, we, as a student body, would urge that an investigation into the causes of the fires be held. We promise collectively and individually to assist in every manner possible, and, if necessary, will appear for testimony on oath without the procedure of summoning."

It is our hope that such an investigation will be made and that it will be attended by satisfactory results.

The idea seems current today that since we are at war with Germany, that therefore we should hate everything that is German, and have nothing to do with their science, language, or culture. Some would even go so far as to banish German music, inventions, and products. This idea is false: it is but a way of cultivating hatred that does not injure our enemy in any way but only makes us weaker, because we voluntarily handicap ourselves by refusing to use the advantages that Germany has produced. We are not fighting German progress along the true lines of advance, but we *are* fighting, that which has spoiled her culture, namely, her perverted ideals. Our foe cannot be allowed to retain these

ideals, and it is our first business to see to it that her national thought is changed: but still we must remember that Germany is a great nation that has made wonderful advances in many lines—and as soon as she becomes democratic with changed ideals, she will continue to be a mighty factor in the progress of the world. All she needs is a new birth—a change in outlook: and that she is indeed getting in this war. Thus we, though enemies, must avail ourselves of whatever advantages Germany has discovered; for they are many. The Germans can teach us much in organization, education, municipal government, social welfare, manufacture, and commerce. We are not true to our opportunities if we do not profit by the progress that the Germans have made and use it to our own betterment and advancement.

It is clear that not only the French but also the Germans can give us pointers in one respect as far as language is con-

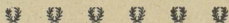
cerned, namely, phonetic spelling. We need an English Academy of Fine Letters whose task shall be the standardization and revision of the language. Why cannot we English people free ourselves from the dead hand of the past, and use our brains to aid us in becoming a more efficient people? At present, we voluntarily handicap ourselves by continuing to keep our language among one of the most difficult to acquire and write, while it could be made simple very easily. We cling to the antiquated and complex forms of spelling, we love everything in our language that is old and cumbrous; we hang on to every "ough" as though the purity and perfectness of our language depended on it. Now it is certain that obsolete and antiquated forms are all right in their proper place—and that place is the museum. The Chinese worship their ancestors; we go farther for we are continuing to revere and use language forms that our common sense should have shelved years ago, but which our respect for the past has retained. Why cannot we English enlarge and change our alphabet so that there will be a distinct sign for each simple sound and thus make it capable of spelling our language? Then our language would be spelled as it is pronounced without using two letters to represent a simple sound. For example, we have no way of spelling the long "i." We spell it:—

**Phonetic
Spelling**

"ie" as in "pie"	"igh" as in "sigh"	"uy" as in "buy"
"y" as in "shy"	"ye" as in "rye"	"i" as in "idea"

Nor is a very violent change called for in revising the language. In English there are thirty necessary voice sounds, nineteen of which are consonants and eleven vowels. At present, we have nineteen consonant signs, but three are useless. These three signs we might use to indicate the sounds (th), (zh) and (sh), and thereby we would have a complete alphabet so far as the consonants are concerned. The vowels are more difficult to handle but by the use of "y" we would need only five new signs to make a complete English alphabet whose spelling would correspond to the pronunciation without using two letters for a simple sound.

This would result in the greatest boom to the English language, the British Empire, and to the fulfilment of the English ideal, that could be possibly given. It would rival in importance in the world's history the great war, because the whole English-speaking world would gain a phonetic alphabet that would lead to the easy acquirement of the language, an incalculable saving of time and mistakes, and bring aid, relief, and blessing to millions of people the wide world 'round.



How much pain the evils have cost us which have never happened.



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THE campus has come into its own again, and every sunny hour from six a. m. on is enjoyed by tennis and baseball enthusiasts. Great was the rejoicing when the news came that the courts had been rolled and the tapes put down.

Tennis committees have been appointed, and the usual tournaments are expected.

A schedule has been made out for inter-class baseball. Unfortunately there is no grand stand for spectators.

Basket-ball has occupied the interim between ice and campus sports.

Inter-class basket-ball has been played with the following results:—

March 12th—Sophomores vs. Freshmen: 9—8.

March 15th—Seniors vs. Academy: 25—20.

March 19th—Seniors vs. Sophomores: 15—25.

March 22nd—Freshmen vs. Academy: 19—7.

On Saturday, March 31st, the Girls basket-ball team played the Kings County Academy Girls' team in Kentville.

The first half was refereed by Roy Hiltz. At first our girls were rather puzzled by his ruling. The period ended with the score 13—6.

The second half Charlie Schurman refereed. The playing was faster. All our team worked well. The score ended 19—10. The line up was as follows:—

Acadia		Kings Academy	
	Forwards		
Mildred Harvey	B. Harvey	
Betty Starratt	P. Young	
	Centre		
Helen Cushing (Captain)	K. Lightle (Captain)	

Guards

Faye Marshall	D. Redden
Ruth Elderkin	H. Kinsman

After enjoying refreshments, served by the K. A. girls, our team drove home, cheerful losers.

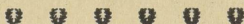
A crowd of about thirty rooters went to the game, and supplied suitable music and comments. Both the game and the drive were enjoyed by the "bunch."

The girls also played inter-class games, in which the Sophettes showed themselves champions. Following is the result of the games played:—

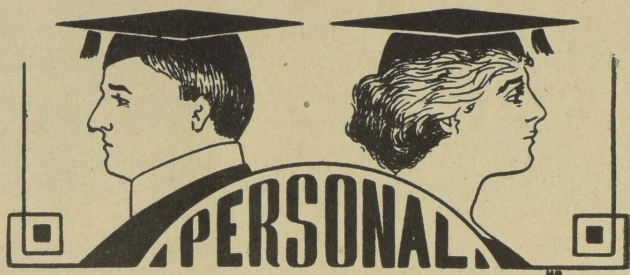
Mar. 9—Juniors vs. Freshettes; won by Freshettes 7—3.

Apr. 16—Seniors vs. Freshettes; won by Seniors 15—3.

Apr. 20—Seniors vs. Sophettes; won by Sophettes 17—7.



"The man who estimates his future wife merely at her *face* value, generally makes a big matrimonial mistake."



'91—Rev. R. Osgoode Morse occupied the pulpit of First Baptist Church, Halifax, on Sunday, April 22nd, and gone to Clark's Harbor, where he has accepted a call.

'94—Rev. F. H. Beals has accepted a call to Lawrence-town.

'03—Rev. C. K. Morse, who was unable to return to the trenches on account of ill health, is in charge of the Y. M. C. A. work at Tunbridge Wells, Eng.

'05—Ralph K. Strong received his Ph. D. in Chemistry and Physics at the March Convocation of the University of Chicago where he has been teaching for the last two years.

'10—Willard S. MacIntyre has been reported wounded at the recent struggle at Vimy Ridge.

'12—Lieut. Ernest Baker recently took a draft from the 246th to England.

'14—Lester Andrews has been appointed Collector of Customs at Middleton.

'14—Loring Andrews, who is recovering from a nervous breakdown, is now at his home in Middleton, N. S.

'14—Elizabeth Eaton is teaching at Lower Canard, N.S.

'14—Flora M. Reid is at the head of the English department at Olivet University, Illinois.

'15—Sue Baxter is teaching at Grand Pre.

'15—Hazel Clarke spent Easter in Wolfville while attending the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Home and Foreign Mission Board.

'15—Hazel Smith is teaching Kindergarten in Halifax.

'15—Lieut. George Morrison has been transferred from the 104th Batt. to a Flying Corp.

'16—Blanche MacLeod is teaching at Isaac's Harbor, Guysboro Co.

'16—Gertrude Eaton is at her home in Lower Canard.

Ex '16—George Elliott is teaching Manual Training at Middleton, Bridgetown and Annapolis Royal.

Ex '17—Herman Porter has been reported wounded at the recent fighting at Vimy Ridge.

Ex '17—Flora Best is teaching at St. Croix, Hants Co.

Ex '17—Claude Moore is recovering from an attack of diphtheria and is now in an English hospital.

Ex '18—E. D. MacPhee is now Sergt.-Major in the 17th Reserve Battn.

Ex '18—Charles Messenger is working in a bank at his home in Middleton.

Ex '18—Dean Rogers is now doing scout work with the 85th Battn. in France.

'19—Edna Pickels is at her home in Annapolis Royal after spending the winter in Florida.

Eng. Ex '18—Percy Bentley is in the motor transport section of the A. S. C. now stationed at Halifax.

Sem. '14—Lois M. Cross and H. Douglas Kitchen were married on April 25th in Germain St. Church, St. John, by Rev. S. S. Poole, '100. Miss Helen Marr, Sem. '14, acted as bridesmaid.

Sem. '14—At New Haven, Conn., April 7, Florence Morse and Dr. Harold Jost of Montreal were united in marriage.

A. C. A. '15—W. S. Frail and R. E. Hennigar have been reported wounded.

A. C. A. '16—Willard Read is in the Cycle Corps now stationed at Halifax.



AT the eleventh hour the weary editor has been forced to furnish his own material for the Exchange column. Competition, never very vigorous in this department, ceased entirely this month. Evidently tennis and walks to the "Ridge" are proving more attractive than units toward that elusive Literary "A."

We have read with real enjoyment the exchanges from our sister colleges in Antigonish. They are to be congratulated on having published exceedingly well-arranged magazines. Evidently old Erin is represented there, for we notice that the racy story "Blood Will Tell," is besprinkled with the brogue, and "By Ballyshannon Town," swinging along in lilting, sparkling vein is surely Irish through and through. As at Acadia, Economics and Sociology seem to be very popular subjects.

Our nearest neighbor, Kings, announces that the Governors have undertaken to raise \$100,000, but they seem a bit fearful of the outcome. Courage, Kings! We wish you success in your work.

We wish to congratulate the girls of Mount Allison on being the victors on the first girls' intercollegiate debate of the Maritime Provinces, and hope that some day the Acadia girls may meet them on the debating platform.

As is right, the spirit of patriotism does not seem to be flagging at U. N. B. Besides two poems, there is a well-expressed essay on the subject, which, after thoughtfully defining the term, gives reasons why a university ought to

share in the feeling. The *University Monthly* is short, but interesting.

Variety is certainly a characteristic of the *M. S. A.* This energetic paper publishes contributions on every subject from "Rhubarb Culture" to "Ode to the Moustaches." In spite of a comparatively short term, there seems to be plenty of real college spirit.

The *St. Andrew's College Review* contains some articles that are highly amusing. "Some Annotator" is evidently directed against books inflicted upon suffering pupils, which will be appreciated by the teachers who have endeavored to make such books interesting. The clever pen-and-ink sketches add to the attractiveness of the magazine.

We like the tone of the editorial in the *Managra*. Says the writer, in speaking of college life, "We learn to hold our ideal in abeyance and to follow instead the line of least resistance." Then he proceeds to urge his mates to work in earnest. "The Spring Campaign of the West Wing Gold Party" does not quite equal Rochefoucauld in its maxims, yet some of them would probably appeal more strongly to us.

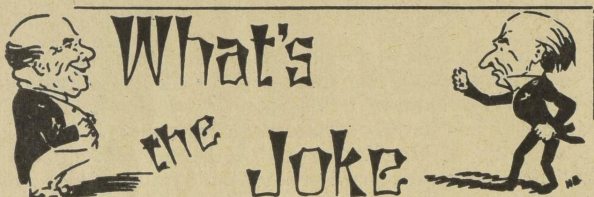
The fourth, "Portrait in our College Chappel," in the *McMaster University Monthly* is of T. H. Rand. We have sometimes found that Ontario people are singularly ignorant as to the existence of Acadia. Strange, when such men as Dr. Rand have gone from here to become the head of an Ontario University!

We welcome to our desk the *Ubicee*, and have found it perhaps the most entertaining reading among this month's exchanges. "Mordax Cynicus," in particular, has cheered us on our way.

And now we have come to the last Exchange column of the ATHENÆUM to be published this term. We feel that we are better acquainted with the colleges of our Dominion because we have followed with interest their activities as rec-

ordered in their different papers. We crave forbearance with our shortcomings. If we have been guilty of the sin of omitting praise of some deserving article, or of offending some sensitive contributor by criticism that sounded harsh, we are sorry. May the one who fills the editorial chair next year profit by our mistakes.

Acknowledgments:—*Xaverian, Kings College Record, Argosy, University Monthly, Brandon College Quill, Rocket, McMaster University Monthly, St. Andrew's College Review, M. S. A., Ubicee, Managra, McGill Daily, Memorare, Queens Journal, Collegiate Outlook, Jabberwock, Mitre, Isleboro Argonaut, The Gateway.*



Physics Prof.—“Who can give me an example of expansion due to heat?”

McL - d, '18—“The days become longer in summer.”

Mary had a little lamb,
Observe the price, we pray,
For with the prices that prevail
It couldn't be today.

Geo.—“It costs more to live now than it did 100 years ago.”

Mac.—“All the same, I wouldn't like to be one of those who lived then.”

Physics Prof.—“What is a vacuum?”

Nowlan, '19—“I know. I've got it in my head but I can't get it out.”

They say that Cupid strikes the match
That sets the world aglow.
But where does Cupid strike the match?
That's what I'd like to know.

Lang—"What's the difference between betting and bluffing?"

Rug.—"A good 'deal'."

Prof.—"Hurley said 'An oyster is as complicated as a watch'."

Soph.—"I suppose he referred to their ability to run down."

Miss Barnes, '17—"Oh, Faye, if you only knew half as much as I think I know."

Myra, '17—"Say, Maj., will you go somewhere with me next Tuesday?"

Miss Harrington, '17—"Oh, I can't. I expect to be rushed the rest of the term."

A.—"Have you ever heard the story about Slackwell's head?"

B.—"There's nothing in it."

How Can a Man be His Own Grandfather?

I married a widow who had a daughter. My father visited our house frequently, fell in love with, and married my stepdaughter. Thus my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. My stepdaughter had also a son, and he was of course my brother and at the same time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I became my own grandfather.

Clarke, '19, has stopped Reading and it has given him re-Morse.



Acknowledgements

Only 1-3 of our outside subscribers have paid. If you have not paid your subscription, send it at once. It is needed.

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\$1.00—O. K. Forsythe, R. G. Tuplin, R. McDougall, F. J. Anthony, C. W. Crockett, A. Pugsley, M. Inman.

A. L. S.—Bernice Pelton, Miss Daniels, Evelyn Logan, E. Mercereau, Gordon Herkins, M. Gay, Myra Alcorn, Greta Holman, Jean Bishop, Lella Giberson, Harriet Alward, Ruth Ward, Leta Colpitts, Vera Parker, Evelyn Bowlby, Ruby Elderkin, Aileen Yeaton, Blanche Nicholson, Elsa Payson, Elsie Layton, Mildred Lockett.

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