

*Lillian Chase*

# ACADIA ATHENÆUM



April, 1916.

*42/6*

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### Winners for the Month

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Stories—1st, F. C. Manning, '17; 2nd, M. R. Chipman, '17.

Articles—1st, R. B. Smallman, '17; 2nd, E. D. McPhee, '18.

Poems—1st, H. L. Porter, '17; 2nd, E. I. Clark, '16.

Exchanges—1st, E. B. Lockhart, '16; no second.

Athletics—1st, R. B. Smallman, '17; 2nd, H. G. Cushing, '17.

Personals—1st, R. B. Smallman, '17; no second.

Month—1st, R. B. Smallman, '17; 2nd, R. R. Dalglish, '19.

Jokes—1st, R. R. Dalglish, '19; 2nd, R. B. Smallman, '17.

H. L. Porter has won his "Literary A."

# The Acadia Athenæum

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1916

NO. 6

## An April Adoration

Sang the sunrise on an amber morn—  
“Earth be glad! An April day is born.

“Winter’s done, and April’s in the skies.  
“Earth, look up with laughter in your eyes!”

Putting off her dumb dismay of snow,  
Earth bade all her unseen children grow.

Then the sound of growing in the air  
Rose to God a liturgy of prayer;

And the thronged succession of the days  
Uttered up to God a psalm of praise.

Laughed the running sap in every vein,  
Laughed the running flurries of warm rain,

Laughed the life in every wandering root,  
Laughed the tingling cells of bud and shoot.

God in all the concord of their mirth  
Heard the adoration-song of Earth.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

### Acadia vs. Germany

RUMOURS of an invasion of Canada by German-Americans had been common enough from the very beginning of the war, but no sober-minded person on this side of the border ever really expected such an invasion to take place. The idea was ridiculed whenever it was mentioned, the ridicule being led, it now appears, by certain strong pro-German interests, and no preparations were made to hold off or drive out the invaders.

Hence you can judge of the surprise and consternation when the news came that a large armed force of hostile infantry, with plenty of artillery and some cavalry, had sailed into the Annapolis Basin on the night of the fourth of May, and had seized the town of Digby. Little more than this could be learned for many anxious hours, for it was found that all the wires on both sides of Digby had been cut before the landing, presumably by friendly natives. The civilian population of the Valley, fleeing in terror from the Huns, found the use of the railroad denied them, because the government was using it for movements of the troops. In consequence, the highways were crowded with refugees, some on foot, some in automobiles, in carriages, in oxcarts, all going they knew not whither. Everything was turmoil and confusion.

Students at Acadia were given permission to depart immediately to their homes, or to any place of safety, and few of them tarried for the permission. Only the members of the Officers' Training Corps remained, together with D Company of the 219th Battalion, determined, in this hour of need, to do their best for their country. They were hastily entrained, and, in company with troops from Amherst, Windsor and Halifax were sent toward the scene of hostilities to try the enemy's strength. Word came that the Germans were moving rapidly eastward through the Valley, and had reached Bridgetown. They were reported to be living on the country, seizing supplies of all sorts, and burning everything they could not use. At Middleton the Canadian troops detrained, and, a little to the west of that village, took up positions in readiness to oppose the enemy.

It was then four o'clock in the afternoon of the sixth. Clouds of smoke rolled skyward in the west, indicating the enemy's posi-

tion, and scouts thrown out reported him in force at Lawrencetown. Not until the next morning, however, did he attack. All day long the battle raged, with the advantage sometimes on this side, sometimes on that. The Canadians were overwhelmingly outnumbered, but had the advantage of position, training, and familiarity with the ground. At nightfall they still held substantially the places they had held in the morning. It was evident, nevertheless, that they must fall back, for their right was unprotected, and the enemy, with his superior numbers, could easily outflank them. During the night they withdrew in silence from before the enemy's front, marched back five miles, entrained again, and retreated rapidly eastward, leaving small parties here and there to destroy the track.

At Wolfville they met three regiments of infantry and two batteries of heavy guns, coming in hot haste from Montreal. After a brief conference it was decided to make another, firmer stand at this point. The artillery was mounted just back of Grand Pré, commanding the main highway and the railway on the right, and the Gaspereaux Valley on the left. Through one or the other of these narrow passages the Germans would have to go, if they passed at all. Two lines of trenches were hastily thrown up, running from the Cornwallis River at a point opposite the University to the top of the ridge, and continuing across the Gaspereaux Valley to the South Mountain. Machine guns were stationed where they commanded the chief avenues of approach, and everything was done that could be done in twenty-four hours to hold back the invading army.

The Germans were much delayed by the tearing up of the railway line, and were unable to attack these new positions until the morning of the ninth. By that time their artillery also was in position, somewhere near New Minas, and they shelled the Canadian trenches heavily for two hours before they advanced to the assault. No attempt was made by the enemy to use the Gaspereaux Valley, the shut-in character of which was apparently dreaded by their commander. Again and again heavy frontal assaults were made against the Wolfville trenches, but they were met with a fire under which the columns simply withered away. The loss of life on both sides was appalling, but naturally the attackers lost the more heavily. Only once did the invaders gain a foothold in a trench, and then they were driven out within ten minutes by a prompt and

resolute counter-charge, carried out by the Acadia men, who had been held in reserve during the early part of the day. Lieutenant Manning fell in this charge while leading his men into the trench, and Captain Cutten was wounded in the shoulder. During the rest of the day Acadia's sons held that trench against all comers, and under an exceedingly heavy fire.

At nightfall both sides were exhausted and the battle died out all along the line. The Canadian lines had held! But terrible was the destruction in the little town of Wolfville. The Academy residence, Willett Hall, the Baptist Church, the railway station, and the observatory lay in ruins. A shell of large calibre had destroyed the dining room of Tully Tavern. The college building and the business portion of the town had both been set on fire by incendiary shells and had burned to the ground. The Seminary was the only important building untouched.

At ten o'clock that evening Private John Wyco, of Fredericton, a member of the Officers' Training Corps, was to relieve the solitary sentry stationed at Evangeline Beach, on the outer shore of Long Island. The night was dark and cloudy, and it was with difficulty that he made his way along the dike, but his joy was undiminished and his heart thrilled strangely, for on Long Island lived his lady love, Marjorie Dawton, a student of music at the Seminary. She had gone home when the Germans approached Wolfville and had been unable to flee further because of her bed-ridden grandmother, so he had high hopes of seeing her during his lonely vigil.

As he neared the outer beach of Long Island, however, he paused suddenly and listened. Ahead of him he could hear the tramp of many feet, the splash of oars, and an occasional low-voiced command. He proceeded carefully through the thin woods, and soon reached the edge of the low bank where he had an uninterrupted view of the beach. Dark as it was, he could make out large numbers of men below him, some standing still, others moving slowly about. A short distance off-shore lay five small vessels, schooners and sloops, while numerous dories were engaged in bringing more men ashore from these. The Germans were making a landing in force on Long Island and would attack the Canadians in front and rear! Later he learned that this force, some 2500 men, had crossed from Kingsport in vessels which they had cap-

tured there and at Canning. But at the time he cared not whence they had come; his only thought was to warn his commander in time. Evidently the sentry who had been stationed there had been captured, but it might be that the Germans had not found the hidden field telephone, the location of which John knew exactly. In five minutes he was beside the instrument, which was unharmed, and it was a matter of little time to inform the Canadian commander of the situation. A few brief questions were asked, and John answered readily. Then he asked that aid be sent to him, but there was no reply. Some one had cut the wire while he was talking, and the telephone was useless. But the Canadians were warned.

John made his way back to the edge of the beach and found that the Germans had marched away. Creeping down to the water, he saw that one tired looking individual was the only guard over the rowboats. For awhile this sentinel paced to and fro, but he had been driven at a tremendous pace during the last few days and at length he sat down wearily on the thwart of one of the boats. Slowly John approached him from behind. A quick spring, a dull thud of revolver-butt on skull, and the German lay prone on the sand. John bound him hand and foot, then turned to the boats, of which there were twelve. Quietly he pushed one off and rowed in it toward the nearby vessels. There were other sentinels aboard these, but they did not notice the boat slipping quietly toward them through the dark. John reached the taut anchor-cable of the first vessel, and, with a few quick strokes of his bayonet, severed it. The vessel began to drift seaward. Losing not an instant, the brave Canadian passed to the next schooner, and soon all five vessels were lost in the gloom which covered Minas Basin.

John then rowed back to the beach, and, all necessity for quiet being gone, smashed all the small boats with a boulder. The German sentry was still unconscious, so John let him alone and paced the beach as he had been sent to do. Suddenly pandemonium seemed to break loose in Wolfville. Rockets soared, rifles cracked, machine guns rattled, men shouted. The attack had begun! For an hour the noise continued, then it died slowly away. Who had won? John could not know; he longed to go to the other side of the island to see what could be seen from there, but duty held him to his post. At last he heard a body of men approaching, and chal-

lenged boldly. A shot was was the answer. The Germans had retreated to Long Island again!

John turned and ran, and, with an enraged roar, the enemy, seeing their vessels gone, gave chase. Bullet after bullet whizzed past, but none touched the daring New Brunswicker, and he gained the woods unhurt. He could still hear pursuers behind him, however, and knowing that such a large force could easily and quickly search all the woods on the island, he pressed on at top speed.

His breath was nearly gone when he came out in an open space which a quick glance showed him to be the field in the rear of Marjorie's house. He paused. The sound of the pursuing enemy continued, but had grown fainter. The Germans did not seem sure as to the direction he had taken for they were shouting and beating about. John ran toward the house. As he approached, a shot came from a window, but went wide of the mark. "A friend, John Wyco!" he shouted, and was answered by a cry of joy. In another moment he and Marjorie were together.

The situation was explained by a few brief sentences. Marjorie's father had gone to Grand Pr<sup>6</sup> to inform the commander of the Canadian artillery of the presence of Germans on the island, and had not returned. She and her grandmother were alone in the house, and, seeing John approaching, she, half-crazed with fear, had fired at him. "And listen!" she said, "they are all around; they have heard the shot, they are coming, what shall we do?"

"I cannot involve you, Marjorie," John replied. "Never fear, I shall get through them somehow. Go back to your grandmother and lock the doors securely."

"I shall *not* go back, whispered Marjorie, "unless you hide. In the oat-bin in the barn! Quick, quick!"

John turned and disappeared in the barn just as the first of the Germans dashed into the field behind the house. He knew well the corner where the oat-bin was, and he was soon in its capacious depths. He kept the lid up an inch or two, nevertheless, determined to follow the course of events, and to rush out to die for Marjorie should any violence be offered her.

For some time the Germans battered at the door without obtaining an answer, but at last John heard Marjorie speaking from the upper part of the house. Apparently oblivious of any danger, she held the Germans in parley a full five minutes. Then

the officer who appeared to be in command ordered a thorough search of the barn and sheds, saying that if nothing was found in them, he would break into the house and that pert girl should show them through it at the muzzle of a revolver. The men started to obey. The chambers of John's rifle and revolver were full, and he was ready to sell his life as dearly as possible, rather than let the Huns break into the house, when fighting fast and furious began suddenly near the direct road to the beach. The searchers were immediately recalled, and all the Germans in the yard started at once in the direction from which came the sound of firing. John broke from his hiding place, and after assuring Marjorie that all would be well now, as a considerable body of Canadian troops must have reached the island, he ran after the enemy.

At daybreak the Germans, out of ammunition, and realizing the hopelessness of their position, trapped on Long Island, surrendered. Two thousand prisoners at one stroke! And all due to the forethought and skill of John Wyco!

Next day Major-General Sir Sam Hughes arrived with fourteen thousand fresh troops. The German positions were taken by assault and their artillery captured. What was left of the force retreated pell-mell to Digby, hard pressed by the victorious Canadians. There they regained their ships and went back whence they had come. From that time to the end of the war there was no further fighting on Canadian soil.

As for John Wyco, he was a popular hero. He was made a lieutenant at once, and a captain before the war's close. He and his brave comrades had added fresh lustre to Acadia's glorious name. And, need it be added, his wife, Marjorie Wyco, is prouder of his brave deeds than any one else?

—H. F. LEWIS, '17.

### Captain Camerons Message

WE Acadia students have, indeed, been greatly honored and blessed by the coming of Captain W. A. Cameron, of Bloor Street Church, Toronto, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Captain Cameron stayed with us three days, February 29, March 1 and 2; and during that time he held four mass meetings open to all students, a men's meeting, a women's meeting, and numerous committee and consultation periods. Thus his time was fully taken up. Great good resulted, for Acadia today is a place of solemn religious thought, and many have started anew on the Christian life. A deep spiritual change has come over the students as a result of his soul-stirring addresses. Captain Cameron is a man of strong personality and an interesting speaker, whose words gripped our hearts and whose earnestness fired our souls. The fact of his being in khaki especially appealed to those students who themselves will soon be fighting. Such a great interest was taken that the entire student body turned out to the meetings.

Captain Cameron's address on Tuesday, at 6.45 p. m., was titled, "The Law of a Habit," or the "Law of Returns." Taking as a basis for his thought the following verses, "Be sure your sin will find you out," "Can a leopard change its spots or an unrighteous man his way," "With what measure ye mete—," "What a man soweth that shall he also reap," "Two and Two make four," he went on to show that we take out of life what we put into it, and no more. We must get over the idea that there is such a thing as chance, luck, or pull; for life is a matter of law and order. Thus, for modern men, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, etc., to succeed there must be moral stamina and good nerves as a foundation on which to build a life's work. Good health is due to method in life. Let us live straight. Van Dyke has given us the creative idea of education which finally leads to a richer, finer, fuller life. This life is obtained in but one way; for we cannot reap what we do not sow. By bad habits we can change the image of God into the very image of the devil. There is no distinction between great and little sins. All exclude from the Kingdom of God. White lies (so called) are more sinful than out and out falsehoods, for the falsehood can be attacked and disproved, but the white lie is harder to overcome, because of the particle of truth which it contains. "A lie is a lie as

much as water is wet." In the same way there is no such thing as a little sin. There is a penalty in Sunday work, not perhaps in the result of the work, but in the ruination of the men and women who do it. We can't trifle with God. Bad habits make the doing of evil more easy and more delightful. A man's own powers can not reverse a fixed habit, but the tide of self can be reversed by God. Then, why not let God control your life?

Captain Cameron addressed the whole student body on March 1 at 9.15 a. m., taking this time as his text, "The Overcoming Life." He commenced by saying that every man has worlds to conquer, the one within and the one without, and the world without cannot be conquered unless the world within is overcome. No true results can be got by dishonest, selfish means, for God has decreed that nothing can be done in the realms outside without the presence of true life within. We must win the conflict of life by aggressive, unselfish spiritual power. Canada today is winning her soul by struggling for it. We individually must do the same. If we are sincere the struggle will either make or break us, but by the help of God we shall become the master. The impulse to do wrong always implies the presence of the impulse to do right. It is the trials that make life really worth the living. The powers formerly used for evil may, under God's control, achieve great things for good. Men once thought that electricity was a force that destroyed them by lightning, but today electricity is harnessed to men's needs. It is the effect of a new direction applied to an old force. "To him that overcometh—" The inner realm must be conquered in preparation for any profession. The very empire's existence depends upon its men and women leading the overcoming life. Other great empires have here failed and disappeared through the lack of individual righteousness. The purely intellectual life is not the complete life. Germany has sowed to the wind in this matter and she must reap the whirlwind. Canada has a great responsibility placed upon her in preparation for the greater days to come and through it all she must remember that "righteousness exalteth a nation." We must learn from the past, we must let our Savior of mankind become the King of our nation.

The closing address of the series was delivered at 4.30 p. m. on March 2nd, to the whole student body. Captain Cameron's message was one for war time. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit ye like men, be strong." There is need of wakefulness today,

because the horrors of war tend to opiate or take away our sensitiveness of sin by their very familiarity. Do not let moral drowsiness take hold, but let us keep awake. We must watch and be prepared for the foes without and within. In this time of splendid happenings, amid the seriousness of the world, we must keep alive sympathy, courage, and tenderness. As watchmen we must look for the sunrise as well as the sunset. Prayer must be included in this text, for, although the Christian warrior be fully armed, he must pray always in order to win the fight. Prayer is like opening the sluice gates of a lock. The water rushes in, the vessel rises to a higher level, and then sails on at the high level. So prayer is the lifting of the sluice gates between ourselves and God, thus lifting us to a higher plane. We must pray ceaselessly, i. e., our mental attitude must be the attitude of prayer. "The soul that is always praying is the soul that God can get at." Let us not theorize about prayer—let us prove it for ourselves by experiences. The faith that we can muster in an emergency is all the faith that we really possess. Faith acts in two ways. First it opens the soul to God. Secondly, it leads to daily fellowship with Him. Let us nourish faith. If it is alive, it will grow, for growth is a sign of life. Quit ye like men, play the man. There must be no funk soldiers of Jesus. Are we to turn traitor? No. fight on as Christian soldiers.



## In Memoriam

CHRISTINE ESTABROOKS, whose death on Wednesday, March 8, followed an operation for appendicitis on the Sunday preceding, entered Acadia Seminary as a member of the Junior Class in the Sophomore Matriculation Course in September, 1914.

From the beginning of her course, Christine interested herself deeply not only in her class and her studies, but in the larger life and activity of the school. In her Senior year she held the position of Treasurer in her class, and at the same time was Chairman of the Membership Committee of the Seminary Y. W. C. A., and President of the Seminary Red Cross Society. Always interested in the welfare of others this last named society made a strong demand on her sympathy, and to its interests she gave much thought, time and work.

Christine possessed a genial, winsome personality, and was greatly beloved by her class and school mates. Wholesome, happy, sincere, honest, industrious, loving and loved, her sudden passing leaves our school, which she loved so much, how much the poorer!—deprived of a life so useful—but how much richer in a memory of one whose influence still abides and is “like the odor of Spikenard, very precious!”

On the evening of Wednesday, a simple service was conducted in the chapel where Christine so often was accustomed to meet in social, religious and devotional exercise. Principal DeWolfe was assisted in this last tribute by Dr. G. O. Gates, a life-long friend of the family, and by Pastor N. A. Harkness. The interment took place from her home in St. John on Friday, March 10, 1916.

The profoundest sympathy of teachers and pupils of the Seminary and of the entire College community is extended to the family so sorely bereaved in the promotion of a daughter and a sister to a higher class in God's great university. Though passed from sight her life still speaks of the True, the Beautiful, the Good.

### The College Library

WE all remember that in our early days at Acadia we as Freshmen were given much advice in many lines concerning our college course. Among other things we were told that we should spend at least an hour every day in the library. That was in the old days when the library was enclosed in a small, musty room in College Hall, for which reason we might have had a good excuse to offer for not spending more time there. During the erection of the splendid new building which we now possess, we all made many resolutions that more time would be spent in Library work. Yet today, as our college course is nearing its close, the majority of the upper classmen realize that their resolves were not carried out, while they have come to see that in this respect they have made a grave mistake. So the word is passed on to the under classmen. "If you are not at present spending regular hours in the Library, begin at once, as a college education is not complete without the training secured in this line."

The question is at once advanced, "But where can we get time in all of our busy life to read in the Library?" It does sound like an absurd suggestion. Yet the only reply is, to be brief, "Why not spend some of the time there which we waste every day in idle talk with a bunch of fellows in someone's room?"

The majority of students graduate without really knowing what is in the Library. As Freshmen, our first acquaintance came when we were told to write up some English essay; but rather than advance some of the new ideas which are ever in the foreground in the Freshman year, at all times except for such work, the Freshman speedily hastens to the Library, that he might incorporate into his essay some out of date idea of a "once famous writer." As a Sophomore, he perhaps makes the debating team, or the Sophette might be called upon to write some paper for the Propylæum. Again, instead of producing something original, a journey is made to the Library for an armful of old reviews or a bundle of stale government sessional papers. In the Junior year comes that horrible Junior Essay, where more hours must be spent in reading a wealth of material, while the result produced could not always be called his own. The Senior Thesis and Oration are often a continu-

ation of the same method. In other words, the Library is used only for a "crib" by a large percentage of the students. We admit that it is perfectly right to use the Library for reference work, but great pleasure and profit may be derived from a more extensive use of the wealth of material to be found there.

A common statement is heard that there is nothing to read which is really worth while. This statement is made by those who, if the truth is told, are too lazy to look for what the Library does contain. If it is fiction you want, there is an abundance of the best fiction which the world has produced. You may not find the latest novels or the cheap "penny dreadful" type of story, but the college students who admit that these are the only books enjoyed by them are really admitting that they have no taste for good literature, a taste which a college course ought to develop. If it is poetry, biography or history you want, there are whole shelves loaded with such material. It is up to the student to dig around a bit, and if what you want is not readily found, the willing librarians are always only too glad to help a student who is really interested in what the Library contains.

Nor must we neglect the magazines. Here we find the best opportunity which the college course offers for pleasant and profitable reading. Yet, when an old magazine is removed and a new one takes its place the pages of the old are as clean and unruffled as those of the new, showing that they have in many cases been scarcely opened during the month. Let us then make better use of the college Library. It has been placed here at a great cost to the friends of Acadia, the books are kept in a splendid building, courteous and pleasant librarians are ever present, even on Sundays, to gladly assist in your research. Make use of the opportunity which is thus placed at your disposal.

The upper classman who has not as yet formed this habit will smile and say, "What rot!" For such a one, it is; because, unless the habit is formed early in the college course, it is usually never formed at all. But to the under classmen we say, "Get acquainted with the Library and what it contains; not simply for the purpose of doing better class work alone, or of producing a better essay, but for the broader education which always comes to the student who thus keeps up to the times.

It is worth the cost.

H. L. P. '17.

## Intercollegiate Debate

**S**PEECHES delivered by the Acadia men at the intercollegiate debate, in Fredericton, March 16th, when Acadia was defeated by U. N. B.

First Speaker—R. S. Gregg, '16.

*Mr. Chairman, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

The increasing tendency toward public ownership keeps this great problem ever before the public eye, and demands its solution at some future time, near or distant.

At the very outset we ask you to carefully distinguish between Public Ownership and Socialism, for while Socialism may *include* Public Ownership it generally also includes other propositions with which we have nothing to do.

Moreover, we ask you to carefully note that while a Socilistic propaganda is frequently based merely upon rash assertion, we tonight are supporting our contentions by a careful analysis of the present order, and every proposition we make can be found in accepted authorities on economics, sociology and political science.

In opening the debate for the affirmative, I shall present to you the economic superiority of Public Ownership over the present system. This phase of the question requires the consideration of the two fundamental processes of *production* and *distribution*.

In *Production* the great problem is efficiency. Let us see then, which system will ensure the greatest productive efficiency.

The three factors of production are Land, Capital and Labor.

1. The resolution calls for no fundamental change in the ownership of land, the question of land being publicly owned stands on its own merits, apart from the question of Public Ownership of Capital Goods.

2. Then, as to Capital. It is evident that the process of production can continue only so long as there is adequate capital to transform raw materials into some consumable form. In other words, there must be saving, that process by which today individuals pass over the purchasing power in the form of money to the business men, who pass it on to labor on condition that they produce capital. In the last analysis then, saving is merely the process by

which, through investment and the control of business men, *labor is employed in making more capital*. The only change under Public Ownership would be the elimination of the private saver, the state will pass over the purchasing power to labor directly, for which labor will produce capital as at the present time.

3. Next, let us consider Labor—its organization, selection and stimulation.

(a) Our modern industrial order lacks organization. Production cannot be carried on systematically with a large number of competing producers. At certain times this results in a scarcity of commodities, at other times in a superabundance, or in the industrial crisis with all its evil effects. For such conditions the system itself is responsible and not the individual producers. Also the present system makes vast waste inevitable. Simply to enumerate such things as the immense advertising expenses, the duplication of factories, banks, wholesale and retail establishments, the wasteful methods employed in our small producing plants shows that private property is responsible for a waste so vast that it is impossible to calculate its enormity.

Public Ownership will abolish both the waste and the industrial crisis by making practicable a unified organized scheme which will maintain a production corresponding to the demand.

Furthermore, to this must be added the shameful loss of human energy. The idle rich and unemployed constitute from 30 to 40% of the population of many of our cities today. Besides many are engaged in businesses largely predatory, e. g., the enormous speculative activity carried on through the New York Stock Exchange, termed by a leading modern economist "The Greatest of Gambling Hells." Public Ownership will require all members of society to contribute to production; and it will automatically abolish all predatory activity.

(b) *Selection of Labor*—Here the problem is a fundamental one, and therefore calls for our careful consideration. Supporters of the present order maintain that such a competitive system is necessary in order that the productive process may be carried on by those best fitted. With perfect competition, natural selection would operate freely and effectively and only those most efficient could survive as producers; but the corporate form of industry hinders the free operation of natural selection. Generally speaking,

the heads of corporations are not selected for productive efficiency, but because they possess wealth, frequently inherited, sufficient to purchase large stock in a corporation and get appointed to the Board of Directors. To a great degree the power and position of the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Astors and many others can be attributed to such a source.

Our third speaker will show that Public Ownership, by placing all men upon a more equal social footing, will tend to select strictly according to production efficiency.

(c) Then next, *Stimulation of Labor*—Those who favor private property claim that the Competitive System calls forth the greatest possible productive effort. Let us see. The direct incentive to productive effort today is private gain. But in such cases as those heads of corporations whom we have just considered, there is no such incentive, also all predatory laborers, no matter how strongly stimulated, add nothing to production. Therefore, the statement that the present system stimulates labor to productive effort must be greatly qualified.

In the case of all hired labor two forces may stimulate, viz., the *Fear of Discharge* and the *Desire to Serve*.

The desire to serve may be largely neglected, because a laborer paid by a fixed salary knows there is no *direct* relation between effort and reward, hence his natural impulse is to give the least service that will enable him to hold his job. How detrimental this is to productive effort every employer of labor well knows! With Public Ownership, on the other hand, the greater the production the more for each individual, since all product will be divided among all labor. That *direct* relation would inspire every man to do his best, and furthermore, such an organization will develop a spirit of co-operation and altruism, the greatest of all stimulations to activity, and so tap a fountain of human energy which is today of little social benefit.

Now business men are not entirely motivated by a desire for gain. They possess an instinctive impulse for exercising authority, shown by the fact that many go on laboring from twelve to fifteen hours per day even after they have made huge fortunes. The resolution does not necessitate absolute equality of wealth, but allows for a difference in income corresponding to the difference in service, which will still call forth great productive effort.

Furthermore, such a public system will place far greater distinction upon efficient managers, thus providing the strongest of all incentives—public recognition and honor.

We do not fail to recognize the fact that there will always exist those upon whom pressure must be brought to bear, and how difficult is the problem of dealing with such a class, but our third speaker will show how this can be more effectively done under Public Ownership.

No, sirs, from this analysis of process of production which I have given, it is convincingly evident that Public Ownership will result in a productive efficiency far greater than that which is possible under our present organization.

*Distribution*—A century ago attention was almost entirely directed toward *efficiency* in production. Today even greater emphasis is placed upon *justice* in distribution. It is recognized by all careful students that the security and the progress of our modern civilization depends on a closer approximation to that ideal.

The standard of justice generally held today is that every man should receive exactly the amount of the value he produces, and that no man should receive more. Although this principle is questioned by many of the ablest economists today, I propose to show that there are many wide departures from even this standard of justice. Does such a statement need proof? Does any person suppose for a moment that an ordinary laborer produces only \$450 per year while John D. Rockefeller produces \$40,000,000? or that a scion of the House of Astor, without lifting a finger adds \$1,000,000 to that which society enjoys?

In distribution as in production there are three factors, viz., Rent, Wages and Interest.

1. Since the resolution excludes the consideration of land it therefore shuts out the question of rent, which is money paid for the use of land.

2. *Wages* consists of wages or salaries proper and profits. The wages or salaries going to those hired, the profits to the business men.

Briefly stated, the generally accepted theory of distribution is this: Business men hire labor and the use of capital, direct the process and own and dispose of the commodities produced. Their income is the difference between their money expenses and the price

received for commodities. Under perfect competition the only reward of the business men would be the legitimate pay for their organizing ability. But there are many cases where competition fails to work perfectly.

First, on account of the weak bargaining power of unorganized labor, the laborers of all ranks tend to be paid less than the value of their products, which means that the business men gain at the expense of the laborers whom they hire.

In the second places, there may be gain at the expense of the consumer, by a price in excess over the competitive. There are here three cases to discuss:

First—It takes time for funds to be attracted to any particular line of investment. Therefore where conditions are progressive the increasing demand will afford the present investors more than normal profits, until the price is reduced to a competitive level. That excess goes entirely to the business man and constitutes a reward for which he has rendered no service whatever.

Again, business men are constantly seeking to eliminate competition and thus procure an excess. How universal is this tendency everybody well knows. This results in a monopolistic control, more or less complete, for a shorter or longer period of time. In all such cases, therefore, there is a tendency to receive profits greater than normal, and sometimes this excess is enormous. And what must be remembered is, it all goes to the business man. These temporary monopolise are sources of vast incomes for which no equivalent service is rendered society.

But in many lines of industry monopolies, known as Public Service Monopolies, tend to become permanent, for every increase in demand for the service rendered profits are increased in a greater proportion. Enormous unearned fortunes have been made in these enterprises in the past and continue to be made today in spite of the attempts at their control.

Once more, by the use of questionable methods in the organization and manipulation of the "big business" enterprises large unearned fortunes have been made. To illustrate, J. Gould made his millions by manipulating railroad securities. The promoters of the United States Steel Corporation secured \$5,000,000 for simply organizing that corporation, although the motive for doing so was to get themselves out of financial difficulty. The recent

history of Mellins connection with the New York, New Haven and Hartford, and the operation of the Moore crowd in wrecking the prospering Rock Island system are other instances of unearned gains.

Furthermore, through the institution of inheritance these results so detrimental to society are made cumulative; undeserved wealth is passed on from generation to generation, enabling those who, by virtue of their capacity and training, should be of great social usefulness, to live upon the "fat of the land," while they contribute nothing to the needs of society.

(3) This question of inheritance brings us to the consideration of Interest.

Under the present system, interest may be justified on the ground that it is a necessary payment, in order to secure saving and the formation of capital. Public Ownership, by abolishing private property and consequently private saving will, therefore, do away with interest. To show how much this will mean to society, I need only state that in England at a 5% rate on the accumulated wealth the amount of interest is \$2500,000,000 per year, a sum sufficient to pay off one-fourth of the war debt of that country.

Now, in conclusion, sirs, let it be remembered that Public Ownership will automatically eliminate all group distinctions,—owners, consumers and laborers will be one body. All these several increments just discussed totalling such an enormous amount will no longer go to private individuals, but will be used for the benefit of society as a whole. The only claim to income will be labor and all income will be divided among all labor, resulting in social benefits so great *and far reaching* that they can scarcely be estimated.

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Second Speaker—S. W. Stackhouse, Theologue.

I shall endeavor to prove to you that under Public Ownership there would be a better social condition than exists today under private control.

*There Would be a Greater Opportunity for Cultural Development.*

The resolution does not depend alone upon the economic relations. There are other fundamental principles at work in the social

realm. The fact that a man works ten hours a day and spends the remaining hours eating and sleeping in preparation for more work is a thing of the utmost social concern.

The first speaker showed that under public control the output would be increased. Notice also, that as a result of this greater productivity more leisure time would be given to the individual for self-development. There would be shorter working hours, for every member of society would be doing his part. The rest of the day might go to athletics, gardening, handicraft, visiting, music, study, or any other form of play. Instead of that we find even under organized labor the ideal is an eight-hour day, and in most cases it is ten to twelve. No time for amusement. No time for healthful recreation. The man is driven from sleep to work, and from work to sleep. No ray of sunlight enters into his life to lift him above the round of daily toil.

Not only would the individual have more time, but the whole cultural movement would be helped. Our night schools, libraries, playgrounds, gymnasiums, the fight against tuberculosis, all these things which have suffered because of the lack of money, could then be carried on effectively because money would no longer be a handicap. Everything tending toward advancement and the improvement of public health would be looked after by the public under the proposed system.

*Bitter Social Conflicts Would be Eliminated Under Public Ownership.*

You are all familiar with the fact that our social order is rent with bitter struggles, dangerous alike to peace, property and progress. The exact causes of these struggles may not be so well known. Sociologists tell us that conflict is evidence of a divergence of interest; that wherever, in any particular, the interests of men differ, such differences will form a line of cleavage, on either side of which there will be developed a group interest, a group consciousness, and a group unity of action. Between these groups so formed each seeking its own interests clash is inevitable. I propose to show that the worst of these social conflicts arise out of the institution of private property in capital. *Socialize the tools of production, create a harmony of interest and these conflicts cease.*

1. *Notice the Conflict Between Producers and Consumers.*

The great aim of the producer is to get as large a profit as possible. He strains every nerve and uses every method to increase his returns. He gives the minimum both in quality and quantity. On the other hand the consumer is striving to get all he can for his money. He gives the minimum amount of cash for goods received. It is not necessary to attempt to prove that such a conflict exists, for that is well known. We see it manifesting itself in the public mistrust of producers, a deep-rooted suspicion on the part of the people, the popular classification of many legitimate competitive enterprises as trusts, and particularly in the infringement on legitimate undertakings, in an effort to prevent illegitimate practices. Witness for example the chaotic condition of all the big enterprises in the United States today, due to this cause. The prices charged by the beef trust are of vital interest to every individual. Evidently this conflict arises out of the fact that we have a class owning and controlling the tools of production, whose interests are directly opposed to those who consume the product. That special class must be done away with if there is to be a harmonizing of these conflicting interests, and that can only be done by the abolition of private ownership.

2. *Notice the Conflict Between Labor and Capital.*

This came at the beginning of the industrial revolution. Previous to that time the home and the workshop were the centres of industry. The master, journeyman and apprentices, worked together, there was a common interest and the apprentice could soon become master and have his own shop. Today the most competent manager of a shoe factory may not be able to make a shoe to save his life. With the advent of the industrial revolution came a complete change. Now large factories whirr with specialized machinery. Every turn of the process has its machine, every man has his trick. Thousands of men co-operate under centralized direction. The old harmonious relations between master and workman have gone. No longer does the laborer own the tools of production and expect ultimately to become the master. In the modern industrial order ownership and control are vested in an entirely different social group which stands apart from them by its interests, social

status, habits of life and modes of thought—the group of investors or capitalists. Entrance to that group is practically forbidden to the laborer. A man may work twenty years for a corporation and contribute the most valuable service in building it up, yet have no part nor lot in it at the end, and be liable to be dismissed at any time. Another man who has never contributed one hard day's work to it, either of body or mind, is a part owner of it and shares in its control, because he has invested money in it, and this brings us to *inherited wealth*, which has fostered this conflict. Inherited wealth has carried on this class from generation to generation. It is the thoroughness of this two-class adjustment which differentiates the modern industrial order from the old. The interest of the worker revolves around his job, for a job is his only chance to apply his working force and his working force is all he has, so his job is his sole hold on life. On the other hand, the economic interests of the capitalists revolve around his profits, and since the capitalist class is the controlling and dominant class, the desire for profit dominates our whole industrial organization. There is no cure for this conflict between capital and labor except to take away the cause, which is private property in capital. Only when it is again controlled by the public for the public good will there be harmony instead of group conflicts.

### 3. *Conflict Between Capitalist Class and the Ultimate Requirements of Society.*

#### (1) *They Produce Things Destructive to Society.*

Notice the problem of adulterated food. The inadequacy of the Pure Food Acts to deal with this evil show to what an extent it has grown, and how powerless we are to grapple with it under the present system where private gain is a constant spur to action. Rauschenbusch says, "They sell us fruit-jam made without fruit, butter that never saw a milk pail, potted chicken that grunted in the barn-yard, all-wool goods that never said "baah," the raspberry jam which once was jelatin, aniline and timothy seed; chicory in the coffee and pea-shells in the chicory, the artificial oils in the flavoring extracts, the shoddy we are clothed in and the paper sole we walk on." The problem of misrepresented commodities is not the only one. We are sold patent medicines which are insidious

conveyers of narcotic poisons which are intended to set up a morbid appetite in the consumers for the profit of the dealers. Under Public Ownership these evils would be remedied, for every man would be a partner in the production of pure food. Pure water, ice and milk would be available by every family, and our drug business would be in the hands of competent authorities. Today right here is Fredericton you can get liquor in a score of places in spite of the Scott Act and the law. Under public control such a condition could not exist. If the people said "prohibition" there would be prohibition in the full sense of the word, for the government would have control of both the manufacturing plants and all transport agencies and would not be affected by the present spur of private gain.

(2) *They Use Destructive Methods in Production.*

We see it in the ravages upon the utilities and beauties of nature. The Conservation movement is a national confession that capitalism, in dealing with the natural resources of the country, is a national peril. In using up the resources of nature faster than we can replace them we graft on our own children, for they will have to live in a land of wasted forests, gutted mines, and dried water courses. Most of the beauty created by commerce is full of lies, as adulterated as the food. Our trains, as we approach a large city, begin to move through a line of sign boards. The beauty of the flower and the tree is hidden by huge broadsides advertising, Budweiser, Old Scotch and Johnny Walker. What about our station houses? In countries where the railroads are under Public Ownership, they are imposing works of architecture set in parked approaches. Our stations are bald and dirty boxes, our parked approaches are dirty, dark streets, the weedy back-yard of commercialism. What is true of natural beauty is true of every branch of art.

Again, I want you to notice that under Public Ownership the great and unproductive outlay of money on advertising would be eliminated, for there would be no need of it, thus we save the expense of advertising, and at the same time the beauties of nature and art would be protected automatically with the elimination of a capitalistic class and private gain.

4. *Under the Present System They Capitalize Life.*(1) *Preventable Accidents.*

More men are killed and disabled every year by our railways than were killed by the great German drive of last year. In the coal mines of the United States fifteen hundred are killed yearly and thirty-five hundred maimed! The Interstate Commerce Commission in October, 1904, stated that over 78,000 persons had been killed on railroads in the previous ten years, and an equal number had been injured in the single preceding year. Ellwood, in his book on Sociology and Modern Social Problems, says: "It is estimated by reliable authorities that in the United States alone 35,000 are killed annually by industrial accidents, and at least 500,000 maimed and wounded, while there are as many as 3,000,000 cases of illness in a year produced by harmful industrial conditions." Competent authorities say that from seventy-five to ninety per cent. of these accidents are preventable. If a machine breaks down the owner must buy another, therefore the machines are kept oiled and burnished, but if a man sickens through carbon-monoxide or the heat of the blast-furnace a new man steps in and it costs the owners nothing. The miners say if a mule is killed the superintendent asks, "How did it happen?" But if a man is killed he says, "Take him out the side-door."

(2) *They Use Child Labor.*

We see bright-eyed children transformed into lean, sallow, tired, hopeless, stupid, and vicious young people, simply to enable a group of stockholders to earn ten per cent. The absolute prohibition of factory labor for children under fourteen, the limitation of labor to eight hours for children under eighteen, the exclusion of the young from night labor, and from hazardous and poisonous employments are the minimum which the industry of the richest country of the world ought to be able to afford. Child labor can only be done away with after the spur of private gain is taken away. Closely connected with this is *the forcing of women to work*. Women demand special attention, because life springs from their bodies. They alone can exercise the sacred function of maternity, which is higher than the production of goods. Their capacity to

bear and rear sound children is the most important physical asset of the race and anything that militates against that function and causes the bearing of sickly or stunted children is a social crime. For all women the hours of steady labor must be eliminated. For the sake of the present and future manhood of our race, the women of our nation must be protected against all those things which sap the strength and vigor of their bodies.

Again notice that the lives of laborers are degraded. Under the present system men and women are not paid the living wage. Take South Bethlehem steel before the strike, over half the men working twelve hours per day with frequent overtime, a third working sevendays in the week, and whenever a night shift turned about they had to work twenty-four hours without rest. Now sixty-one per cent. earn \$2.16 per day and thirty-two per cent earned less than \$1.68 per day. That means the boarding-boss method of living, with many men to a room, in unsanitary, unnatural conditions. Because of this condition men and women are forced into poverty. The United States Commission of Labor report that at Lawrence, Massachusetts, 7,300 of the employees of the textile mills earn less than \$7 per week, even when working full time, and thirty per cent. of those were males. About sixty per cent. of the women workers of the Eastern States get less than \$325.00 a year, only ten per cent. get more than \$500.00. Working under great strain, they are yet unable to make both ends meet, or to eke out enough for some larger expense like a pair of shoes or a dress. Business is battering down their capacity for moral resistance. What is the result? It is just this—thousands of girls are forced into lives of prostitution to keep from starving. Jane Adams says, "A girl in financial straits does not go out deliberately to find illicit methods of earning money, she simply yields in a moment of utter weariness and discouragement to the temptation she has been able to withstand up to that moment. The long hours, lack of comfort, the low pay, the absence of recreation, the sense of good times all about her which she cannot share, the conviction that she is losing health and charm, rouse the molten forces within her." This, sir, is a condition for which we are responsible as long as we uphold the present system of private gain. All these things, which are destructive to society come back to the fundamental point, *the destruction of family life.*

Our present social order makes family life impossible for the large per cent. of the workers. In a comfortless, filthy house, a foul atmosphere filling rooms overcrowded with human beings, no domestic comfort possible, the husband, wife and elder children working all day, perhaps in different places, meeting only night and morning, all under the perpetual temptation to drink. What family life is possible under such conditions? Every social institution and progress itself depends upon the home. We have seen that present conditions strike at the very root and foundation of society—the family life, and that the present system is based on the institution of private property with profits as its ends. History shows that no nation has been able to stand without pure, stable, home relations. Socialize the tools of production, create harmony of interest and these conflicts will cease.

In conclusion, note that under Public Ownership the extremes of inequality would be eliminated. There would no longer be a class of idle rich, and a class of toiling, poverty-stricken humanity. There would be a civilization tending toward brotherhood, where men would have an equal right to life. Compare that with our present order. It defrauds the customer who buys its goods, it drains and brutalizes the workmen who does its work, it haunts the business man with fear of failure, or makes him hard with merciless success, it plays with the loaded dice of false prospectuses and watered stock, and the vaster its operations become the more do they love the darkness rather than the light. It corrupts all that it touches, politics, education, and even the Church of God.

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Third Speaker—H. F. Lewis, '17.

*Retail Organization—Banking Organization.*

*Mr. Chairman, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemens*

The economic and social advantages of Public Ownership have already been presented to you. The details of the system by which these advantages will be conferred will necessarily be determined by actual conditions at the time and cannot certainly be foretold. So long as they are worked out with skill and common sense,

according to the needs of the period, it is, in fact, immaterial whether these details take one form or another, provided the broad principles of our position are followed. Nevertheless, to show the feasibility of Public Ownership and its very practical nature, I shall outline to you a possible political system by which its benefits may be secured. We do not claim that exactly this plan will, in its entirety, be adopted; in fact, the final plan will probably differ materially from this in one way or another. Yet you will readily perceive that some such plan is entirely practicable, for it is merely a full development of such forward steps as cost accounting, the scientific management movement, the recall and the commission form of government, constituting the best tendencies of our organizations today, both industrial and political, and requiring only to be perfected by practice.

We shall suppose, then, that our legislative, executive, and judicial branches of government remain the same in principle as they are at present, and that we continue to enjoy the benefits of a wise democracy. Industry will be re-organized under unified government control. The Dominion government will own and operate all capital goods included under the resolution whose products are enjoyed inter-provincially. Ownership and operation of more strictly local capital may or may not be permitted to provincial and municipal governments, but at least their enterprises will have to be under Dominion superintendence and control, in order to secure the co-ordination of effort necessary to the best results. Within each factory, or other similar unit, foremen will be chosen from the ranks of the laborers by competitive examinations, in which the opportunities of all will be equal, and superintendents will be chosen from the foremen by similar examinations. All positions below that of factory manager or unit manager will be filled by this system of competitive examinations.

The manager of a unit will be appointed to his position from among the superintendents by the provincial manager of that industry. The provincial manager, in turn, will be appointed from among the provincial managers by a man who will be general manager of a group of naturally allied industries, as, for instance, the general manager of the textile industries, or the general manager of transportation. These general managers will be appointed from

among the managers of individual industries by the permanent industrial commission.

The permanent industrial commission will consist of some fifteen members, who, at the inception of the system, may be elected by popular vote of the entire country. Whenever thereafter a vacancy occurs, by death or otherwise, it is to be filled from among the general managers by election by the remaining members of the commission. In other words, the commission, once formed, will be self-perpetuating, and will be a board of experts, every one of whom has worked his way up from the ranks in some one industry. Besides appointing the general managers, it will have general oversight and control, subject to the law of the land, over all government-owned capital goods, over the processes in which they are used, and over the laborers who use them, and will exercise that control in the interests of the nation at large. Its relation to industry will in many ways be analogous to the relation of a provincial Council of Public Instruction to schools and to education in a province. It will also appoint certain sub-committees to be described in a minute or two. The full minutes of meetings and the votes of each member on every question, and, in fact, all the records of the entire system will be placed freely before the public, so as to keep them well-informed on the actions of their servants.

Furthermore, every man in the system in a position of responsibility, from the lowest foreman to the chairman of the permanent commission, will be subject to recall as follows: On petition of one thousand voters, alleging definite and sufficient charges against such a man, his case will be tried before a committee of parliament, composed of government and opposition members in equal numbers. If the charges are sustained, the committee shall remove him from office. In case he has actually violated the law of the land he must be tried before the courts as at present, but the parliamentary committee alone shall have power to remove him from office, and it shall have no power to punish further. There shall be no appeal from decisions of the committee.

This plan provides a simple, unified system, avoiding the tremendous waste involved in present duplication and competition. Those in control will reach their positions by a process as nearly like natural selection as possible, except that it is far more orderly. They will be sufficiently independent of popular clamor to give play to

personal initiative, yet the recall provides a check which will prevent autocratic abuse. Is not such a system better than hahapzard?

Unified control will also enable the government to carry on retail and banking operations to far greater advantage than is possible for private individuals and corporations at present. This constitutes no reflection on those engaged in such operations; competition necessitates waste which centralization under Public Ownership will avoid. Great central warehouses will be established in cities like Fredericton and St. John, from which goods will be distributed to department stores scattered through the towns and villages. Instead of a hundred or more retail establishments in this community, occupying much valuable land, duplicating stocks of goods, wasting energy in unproductive advertising, employing clerks who are idle more or less of the time, and sending out delivery wagons whose routes cross and recross all through the city, there will be one central store, with perhaps a branch or two in outlying districts. It will stock every variety of goods which the public require, without keeping more than is warranted by the actual demands of the community, will employ fewer clerks than do the many shops of the present, thus freeing men and women for work in real production, and will, through systematic planning of its delivery system, be able to distribute goods to customers far more promptly and cheaply than such deliveries can now be made. Purchasers will pay for their goods much as they do today through whatever medium of exchange may be in use. In case the government sees fit to extend credit in limited amounts on good security, there is no reason why it should not do so. This extension of credit to private parties, and transference of credit from one to another by means of checks is the only form of banking that will exist. Since there will be no private business enterprises, there will be no need of the business loans which constitute the bulk of banking operations today. The government, doing all the business, will not need to borrow, for it will merely set labor to work where it is needed and pay it with the product of labor.

Rewards for labor, whether paid in our familiar monetary medium or not, will be much more nearly equal than at present. Workers of a given rank will receive the same reward, no matter in what industry they are employed. It is proposed that the reward for any rank be slightly higher than that for the rank next beneath, so

that the desire for gain will always aid other natural desires in urging the worker upward, but the very highest annual reward, received perhaps by the head of the government and by the members of the permanent industrial commission will probably not exceed the present value of \$10,000. On the other hand, the very lowest annual reward will not be less than \$1,000.00. The basis of reward cannot now be foretold, but it is fairly certain that it must be either the basis of efficiency or the basis of cost of service. It may be that the latter would, in the long run, be more just. In addition to ordinary wages or salaries, it will be quite possible to stimulate labor, should it be found expedient to do so, by a system of bonuses. The factory or the individual which made the best showing in a particular line would, under this system, receive an additional reward for its efforts. Such a method is employed with highly satisfactory results by many private corporations of the present day.

It will be one of the functions of government under Public Ownership to adjust the employment of labor in proper proportions in the different industries, so as to bring about the best results, avoiding overproduction or underproduction in any line. At times of sudden need it may be necessary to do this by mere decree, just as an area may today be placed under military law on account of unusual conditions. But ordinarily the desired end will be attained by milder means; the authorities will simply lengthen the hours of labor in an overcrowded industry, or shorten them in one in need of men, without in either case changing the accompanying reward, and matters will automatically adjust themselves. Usually, a slight change will be quite sufficient to increase or decrease to the wished-for extent the number of men offering for employment in a given industry.

Under such Public Ownership as this, the price of an article will depend on the amount of labor put into it. This will be determined by a scientific system of cost accounting, such as is daily growing more and more in favor in up-to-date industrial establishments. In cases of joint cost, such as that of the different parts of a carcass of beef, where it is impossible to say that more labor was put into producing one part than another, the relative prices of the different parts must be determined by conditions of demand. The prices of articles like diamonds, the supply of which is limited by nature, will also be determined by demand. The entire matter of price regulation, or

cost accounting, will be under the supervision of a sub-committee of the permanent industrial commission.

In connection with each industry experiments will continually be carried on, by scientific laboratory methods, by which improvements and inventions in machinery and in processes will be devised. Many of the foremost manufacturers of today, such as the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. and the General Electric Co., depend very largely on such methods for improvements in their products. Our government experimental farms and research bureaus are also engaged in scientific search for useful knowledge by which we all benefit. The government, as the great manufacturer and producer, will have unparalleled opportunities for continuing and expanding this work, so necessary to the progress of the industrial arts. But this will not prevent invention by private individuals. There will be another sub-committee of the permanent industrial commission which will have charge of inventions, and any inventor whose product meets its approval will receive a reward from the state equal in value to \$5,000 or less, according to the importance of his invention. In each case also, his position as a public benefactor will be kept in remembrance by calling the invention by his name. There will be ample stimulation to invention, while all will benefit by the result without the disproportionate cost involved in our present patent system.

Another question which may be touched on here is that of progress in the fine arts. We propose that these be organized under a government head just as any other branch of industry will be organized. The ample leisure time which everyone will have will give opportunity to develop talent and any man or woman who prefers to work in art of any kind can do so provided his or her ability proves to be of a sort to warrant it. By this means not only will art be saved from prostitution to riches through the temptation of great pecuniary rewards, but it will be the product of artists in close relation with the life and spirit of the whole people; it will represent truly our nation's soul. It is only under such conditions that any art can become really great.

I wish to point out, also, that under such a system as this, corruption, whether political or non-political, will practically cease to exist. At present both of these forms of evil are rampant in our land. Big business is typically carried on today through corpora-

tions, and those with skill for such matters do not hesitate to use every opportunity afforded by this form of organization to reap unjust returns. Watered stock, subsidiary corporations, interlocking directorates, market manipulation, false accounting, huge salaries to directors, out-and-out thieving, are only a few of the means by which those on the inside turn the profits of industry into their own pockets, rather than into those of labor or even of the uninformed stockholder. Evidently this kind of corruption, at least, must cease when corporations cease and all capital is government property.

But will it not merely be changed in kind, turned into political channels, and added to the foul stream of bribery, pillage, privilege, patronage, and pull which today stains so deeply our political life? Unhesitatingly, *No!* Instead of increasing, political corruption will decrease far below its present strength, and its hold on the nation will be immeasurably weakened. In the first place, there will be no rich individuals or corporations to provide the means for the wholesale bribery of today. Corruption, to succeed, must be financially powerful. In the second place, everyone will be at least comfortably well off, will have enough between him and privation to make it easier to withstand temptation. In the third place, the more general diffusion of education and the levelling of class distinctions will lead to higher standards of action which will militate against the source of corruption, and in the fourth place, the income of every member of the community will be known to a nicety, and any sudden increase in display of wealth will cause such a stir among the gossips as will very soon bring about investigation. As a result of Public Ownership, then, *non-political corruption will be done away with, and political corruption will be reduced to minute proportions.*

Finally, shirking, which is allied to corruption, for through it a man is rewarded for more than he has accomplished, will cease under the proposed system. Scientific management and organization, which is now spreading among industrial concerns, and has led in many cases to an increase of 100 per cent. in efficiency, will be applied to all industry. A standard of ability will be set, doing away with all superfluous movements, and each man must measure up to it. With labor receiving full reward for its output, think what

a general increase of 100 per cent. in productivity will mean to all concerned!

Now I have delineated a plan, but it may still seem chimerical. Perhaps you think this is all very well, but impossible of realization. Just a word, then, in closing; I will give you an example of what unified government control can do. When, in August, 1914, a gigantic war involved with awful swiftness the great nations of Europe they were unprepared. Germany alone had made anything like adequate preparation, and even she had failed to conceive the huge proportions of the struggle, and her stores of munitions were soon depleted. What did the nations do in this crisis? They organized the manufacture of munitions under government control. In spite of the diverse characteristics of the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman, the Russian, the scheme was wonderfully successful with each. In the United Kingdom the output of munitions rose in a few months to 119 times what it was before the war, and it has increased further since then. Here is a concrete example, daily before our eyes, of the possibilities of government ownership. The public ownership of capital goods is not merely a splendid theory, it has proved eminently practicable!

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### The Presentiment of Mr. Spriggs.

MR Spriggs descended the stairs for breakfast.

"My dear," said he, as he sank comfortably into his chair before the pleasant repast of grape nuts, bacon, eggs and coffee, "I trust that you are feeling well this morning." Mr. Spriggs always opened the day with this perfunctory remark to his eminently satisfactory wife, who took care that he was not disturbed whilst she arose, dressed, made the fire and prepared his morning meal.

"Quite well, thank you, my dear—and you, John, I trust that you rested comfortably." Usually the remark fell upon the deaf ears of John, who regularly at this time was lost in the perusal of the columns of the morning paper. This morning, however, he made reply to her solicitous enquiry.

"No, my beloved, I cannot say that I slept well last evening, I awoke on two or three occasions with the uncomfortable feeling

that something terrible was about to happen only to fall into troubled sleep again. Strange as it may seem this feeling still persists, but, knowing me as well as you do, my dear, it is inconceivable that I allow such a random presentiment to disturb my well disciplined thoughts."

"It is singular, remarkably singular, John, that one of your regularity of living and of thinking should be disturbed by a mere intuition of impending disaster, but, as you suggest, knowing you as I do, I am confident that it will not persist." Thus ended the conversation until his paper duly perused, his breakfast eaten, Mr. Spriggs kissed his wife an affectionate farewell and bade her be of good cheer during his absence. Forthwith he departed for his downtown office where he reigned supreme as senior member of the firm of Spriggs, Spriggs & Company, biscuit manufacturers.

Mrs. Spriggs was filled with a sense of foreboding as she noted her husband's peculiar expression as he set out. It seemed as though he were trying to penetrate into the mystery of his strange presentiment which made him feel that he was being drawn irresistably into a vortex of mighty forces that were combining to envelop him, John Spriggs, into the depths of disaster and of doom. With a confidence born of experience, however, Mrs. Spriggs dismissed all worry from her mind and commenced her daily routine of house work.

In the meantime Mr. Spriggs was hurrying to his office. He had gone two blocks when, crossing the street at the accustomed junction of thoroughfares he slipped and fell on an insignificant banana peel. Simultaneously a swift moving limousine rounded the corner and missed him by but a hair's breadth, as he lay prostrate. Moved to immediate activity he sprang to his feet and completed the rest of the journey to the opposite corner in safety. Ah! his presentiment had been realized, had he not just escaped from the jaws of death—but no, the feeling still persisted. By this time John Spriggs was allowing his systematic mental routine to become somewhat disturbed. He had almost fully decided now that something *was* going to happen. He proceeded more warily toward his office.

He had not gone more than fifty yards when a large-sized flower pot, containing a huge fern, crashed at his feet, the fronds of the fern brushing his face in their hurried fall. Startled quite

naturally he glanced hastily upward to see from whence it had come only to be met by a shower of water that had been intended for the overturned plant. More alert than ever, since he still felt the presentiment of danger, he continued on his journey downtown.

At last! the office was in sight, and safety assured, for by this time he fully expected to be assassinated at every step. A sharp report, the sound of falling glass, a piercing scream and a clerk in the window of the store immediately to his left fell, shot through the head by a bullet that likewise had pierced the hard hat of the now thoroughly upset Mr. Spriggs. Elbowing his way through the surging crowd that gathered almost immediately he broke into a run for his office.

At once the cry of "stop the murderer," "sieve the assassin" greeted his ears and a vengeful, blood-thirsty throng started after him, yielding to the primitive instinct of the survival of the "fleetest" he sped on. In a moment or two he was overtaken by two officers of the law, siezed, questioned and was only released when he exhibited the bullet holes in the crown of his hat, which exonerated him from guilt, but made it necessary that he officiate as a witness at a future date.

Twenty minutes later John Spriggs sank exhausted and completely unnerved into his office chair. He cheered up considerably, however, when the report was brought in that the day previous they had produced one thousand six hundred and two soda crackers, thus beating all former records by three.

Yes, the sense of impending disaster still persisted. John Spriggs mopped his perspiring brow—what could happen further? He recalled that he had made his will just the week before hence he need not concern himself about that. As the morning passed he grew more and more restless. The afternoon came and with it the evening paper. He scanned the front page and a smile illuminated his features, a look of intense relief suffused his countenance. The awful had happened, his presentiment of danger was now a thing of the past. He reached for the telephone and called up his wife.

"Mary, my dear, I feared that perhaps you might be worried by that presentiment of impending doom of mine. My dear the worst *has come to pass.*"

"Yes," she managed to breathe, while awaiting his further word.

"Concerning the sinking of the steamship 'Sussex' with the loss of American lives, the United States has sent another note to Germany."

The receiver fell from his nerveless fingers.

M. R. CHIPMAN, '17.

### Squire Jiggs and the Crazy Man.

THE village of Nashton was in a great state of excitement. Everyone talked of the one thing. Fred Jones was crazy. He had always been known to be a little out, but he was not considered a lunatic exactly. Now he had taken a turn for the worse and the whole community pronounced him crazy—yes, violently insane.

Fred was a bachelor of about forty years of age. He had drifted to the village about twenty years ago, nobody knew from where. No one claimed to know anything about him; to all the village he was, "Fred Jones, the queer fellow, who lived in the little old cooper shop just around the corner from the store." Now his queerness had developed into lunacy. Sam Brighton, who kept the post office, said he was "as looney as they make 'em." Mrs. Clarke, the widow who kept the general store, said: "I ain't never gonna let a child o' mine go on the street until that man is taken care of. Something must be done and done immediately." Mr. Wiggins, the Methodist and only clergyman in the community, said: "I am convinced, from the many reports that have come to me, that Frederick Jones is a public malefactor, and that the authorities should place the man in an asylum, where he belongs." There were many other opinions passed on Jones, but none of them carried as much weight as the statements by Sam Brighton, Mrs. Clarke, and the Methodist minister.

It was the opinion of the Rev. Mr. Wiggins that precipitated public action—probably because nobody in Nashton knew what a malefactor was. Squire Jiggs was asked to take the matter in hand; for, as Sam Brighton said, he was "the most *public* man in the community." He was a Justice of the Peace, a health officer, a former postmaster under the Liberal administration, and had read an address of welcome to the Rev. Mr. Wiggins on his coming to the

village. The Squire said he would take Jones to the asylum if the people would give him ten dollars. Tom Crawley canvassed the village and the amount was raised. The malefactor was now to be removed.

It was a long way from Nashton to the asylum at Kingsville. At this time there was no railway and the journey had to be made with horse and waggon.

On a certain Monday morning Squire Jiggs, with his carefully laid plans, went to see Fred Jones. As the Squire approached the little old cooper shop he saw Fred seated in the doorway, at his usual occupation—shaving hoops. When he came a little closer he thought Jones looked sane enough, and he wished he hadn't started on his mission, but the ten dollars were in his strong box, and he must not turn back now.

"Mawnin', Fred," said the Squire, "them's nice hoops."

"Yeh," said Fred, as he shifted his quid and tried a long shot at a bee which was wallowing in a pumpkin blossom outside the door.

Finally the Squire said: "Fred, yistiday was mail day, you know, an' I gut a letter from a friend o' mine down the other side o' Kingsville. Now he wants a cooper in the worst way, and says he'll give the right man the right price. Will you go?"

"Sure, I'll go. But how'll I git there?"

"Well, he asked me to make him a visit which I've been promisn' him these last six years, an' I guess it's about time I went. I'm goin' in the mawnin' and you can come with me. Guess the old mare can pull us there if we take the oats with us."

The next morning Squire Jiggs and Fred Jones got away from Nashton before the village was awake. In the cool summer morning the old mare made great time for a while. All day they travelled without any mishaps to Maud, or the waggon, or the harness, or to the Squire's plans to house Jones in the "nut pavillion." At nightfall they were told by the farmer where they lodged that they were now over half way there, and that they should be in Kingsville by three or four o'clock the next day.

But the Squire and Jones did not get away next morning as early as the morning before. It was a very hot day and Maud was growing weary, but they managed to reach Kingsville by about half past eight.

"S'pose we stop here," said Jiggs, as they drew up before the Winsor House. Maud was put in the stable, and Jones and the Squire went in to supper. They went to bed early that night, for both were tired.

Fred was the first to awake. He got up, looked out over the city, and saw what he thought was the house for crazy people; for he had seen pictures of it. For a moment he fell into a brown study. "Why didn't the Squire go *all* the way? He said it was only a *mile* farther." Fred then began to search the Squire's coat pockets, and in one of these he found what he thought was a *very* interesting letter. He put on his hat and carefully tip-toed out of the room and downstairs. Then he turned his steps toward the house for crazy people.

In the yard before the asylum he found the keeper, and to him he introduced himself as Squire Jiggs.

"Oh, yes," said the keeper, we were lookin' for you last night."

"Well, you know, we gut in late, an' I thought I'd wait until mawnin' to bring him in," said Jones.

"Oh, yes, that's all right."

"Now this man is a neighbor o' mine, an' I don't want to have no trouble with him if we can git along without it. He's over there now at the Windsor House asleep. After breakfast I'll git him to take a walk and we'll come over here. Then you can have a crowd ready and nab him. See? It'll be easy enough. Now he's gut it in his head that *he's* Squire Jiggs, an' he'll try to tell you that when you pinch him. All the way down he wuz sayin' *he* wuz Squire Jiggs, an' *I* wuz Jones. Oh, he's *awful* looney, boss! He's as crazy as a bed bug, an' the quicker he's locked up the better. Here's a letter that tells all about him."

Fred then went back to the Winsor House where he found the real Squire washing himself.

"Well," said the Squire, "I see you wuz out for a walk. I wish I'd got up early and gone out too. S'pose we go out agin' Fred after breakfast and see some o' the town?"

"Sure, I'll go," said Fred.

After breakfast the two started on their stroll. At the Squire's suggestion they went up Duke Street. "Nice lookin' buildin', that," said Squire Jiggs to the keeper as he leaned over the fancy iron

fence to begin a conversation. Fred gave the keeper a sign and the Squire was collared.

"Why' what's this? What's this about? Here, lemme show you this letter. *I'm* Squire Jiggs." But before he could even start a search for the letter he was inside the "nice lookin' buildin'" and frantically trying to explain that *he* was Squire Jiggs.

Maud was once more in the shafts and homeward bound. The next evening Fred and the old mare arrived at Nashton. Where's Squire Jiggs?" asked Mrs. Jiggs, very excitedly, as Jones drove in the yard. "What *has* happened?"

"Why, I left Squire Jiggs down there in Kingsville crazy as  
\_\_\_\_\_."

And he would have been if Mrs. Jiggs hadn't sent Charlie, her oldest son, to Kingsville the very next day.

'14.

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### The Man Unfit.

Within our college gates today we have  
A goodly company of soldier lads;  
Young men to whom the call of country came,  
Young men who saw in this, her hour of need,  
Their opportunity.

And so forgetting all their fondest hopes  
Of carrying out there life's most cherished plans,  
They offered on the altar of their King  
Their lives, that ever safe might be their shores,  
Their homes, and loved ones all.

The worthy President has heard the call,  
While many of the students under him  
Have donned the khaki now so popular,  
And proudly do they wear upon their heads  
The Highland feathers gay.

But what about the men whose hearts are true,  
 Who wish that they might also shoulder arms?  
 Those who have tried to do their part to-day  
 In signing on as soldiers of our land,  
 But who are classed "unfit"?

That man whose heart responds in this the hour  
 Of need within the limits of our own  
 Fair Empire, but because of weaker eyes  
 Or it might be some more hidden ill,  
 Must needs remain at home?

Since khaki is the dress which can be worn  
 Upon our streets today without reproach,  
 But which so many stalwart chaps refuse to don  
 Because they fail to understand the need,  
 A scornful name has come.

That name is blazoned wide in bold red type,  
 "A shirker, quitter, coward, then you are,"  
 And rightly does it settle on some heads,  
 But not on him who feels his duty plain  
 Yet cannot pass the test.

So while we urge the strong young man to go,  
 Let us remember him whose heart is right,  
 But yet who finds his duty near at home,  
 While this he tries to do with all his might  
 As thus he serves his King.

He cannot share the glory of the boys  
 Who now are training for the fight; his work  
 In silence, without praise, must all be done.  
 So let us always honor those who've tried  
 Yet cannot go to war.

H. L. P., '17.

### The Troubles of Binks.

THE little bugler down by the water-tank was sounding the "revally," and in Tent No. 7 eight pairs of sleepy eyes simultaneously opened, and three or four mouths started what on a rainy morning would have been a good five minutes' cursing of the bugler, comprehensive enough to include his remote ancestors and all his possible progeny, but which soon died away under the genial influence of the warm July sun. "Well, this is something like a morning!" "Going to be some hot though." "See where the canteen will be patronized today." "Those Y. M. C. A. fellows will have to get in an extra supply of ice cream." "Well, Binks, what's the matter with *you* this morning? Forget to say your prayers last night or what?" The last speaker was staring at a rather forlorn-looking little figure seated on a pile of blankets and slowly and methodically winding on his puttees. Binks was the type of man who looks out of place in a uniform. Though he had been in camp only a week, he was already known as the "parson of B Company," and came in for quite a bit of joking, mostly of a good-natured sort. Nor was there "any lack of suggestions on the present occasion. "Oh, Binks is thinking up the sermon for next Sunday." "What'll it be, parson, predestination or the evils of alcoholic indulgence? You've got a good text there. I hear the lock-up was full of drunks night before last, and they made so much noise it woke up the O. C. Didn't he give the Adjutant rats—and the Adjutant passed it on to the guard." "Glad I wasn't on guard then. I say, Binks, you'd better pray you don't have to be on guard tonight, you couldn't say your prayers in that racket, you know"—but in the midst of this conversation came the welcome mess-call, "Come to the cook-house, boys"; and with hasty snatching for plates, knives and forks away they rushed up the hill to the top of the lines, where bacon, tea and jam were being ladled out of great cans, and with thick slices of bread and butter formed the morning meal.

About ten o'clock that same morning I was sitting in the little Y. M. C. A. canteen taking a breathing-spell after a regular fifteen-minutes' siege by a crowd of thirsty men howling for ice-cream and lemonade, when the telephone bell rang, and I recognized the voice of my friend the postmaster-sergeant. "Hello," said he, "do you

know a chap by the name of Binks in B Company—used to do some preaching?” “Yes, he was here ten minutes ago.” “Well, I’ve got a message for him from Apohaqui. ‘Can you assist us at a temperance meeting this evening at seven o’clock? Our speaker has failed us. Will meet you at the station.—R. J. Johnson, Apohaqui.’ Will you see he gets that sure?” Something in the postmaster’s voice told me his eyes were twinkling, and when that happens with the postmaster-sergeant it’s a pretty good sign that some joke or other is going forward. “What’s up?” I asked. “Oh, nothing; only a temperance meeting at Apohaqui,” answered the sergeant, and I had to let it go at that. During the next intermission from drill I managed to deliver the message to Binks, and watched him as he walked back meditatively, his chubby right hand caressing his chin, till brought out of his brown study by a shout from the drill-sergeant. During the other morning intermissions he kept rather apart from the rest of the men, and I concluded he was thinking up his address for the evening.

The afternoon was a busy one for me. I saw nothing more of Binks, and soon forgot all about the incident. After supper I had occasion to go down town, and about two o’clock of a glorious starry evening I was returning slowly across the wide field. “Last Post” had sounded, and the camp had settled down into comparative quiet. By the guard-room a sentry halted me: “Halt, who goes there?” “Y. M. C. A.” “Pass Y. M. C. A.” When suddenly a voice, which I gradually recognized as Binks’, broke the silence with a prolonged wail. It came from the guard-house, and along with it as a sort of undertone I could hear the suppressed laughter of the guard. The voice was saying: “I’m a respectable, law-abiding citizen, never was in jail in my life, and never expected to be. How did I know you have to get leave of absence every time you want to leave this town to address a temperance meeting? And here I am charged with desertion—it’s too absurd. As if I was going to desert! But the disgrace of being in jail—in the place where they keep intoxicated persons—it’ll kill me. I’ll never raise my head again, I know I won’t!” I heard a snort behind me, and there stood my friend the postmaster-sergeant, doubled up in a paroxysm of helpless laughter.

“Oh, this is too rich!” he gasped, as soon as he got his breath. “I knew he would bite. You see, I bet Jones this morning that

Binks didn't know enough to ask for a pass if he wanted to leave this place, so we fixed up that little fake message as a test, and it worked beautifully. Binks was nabbed at the train by an M. P., of course, and he's been bemoaning his fate for half an hour. Six day's C. B. for attempted desertion!" and my friend went off into another fit of laughter.

"Well, sergeant," said I, don't you think it's pretty hard on poor Binks?" "Not a bit," he answered, promptly. "Best thing ever happened to him. He won't be so apt to parade his virtues no wthat he's seen the inside of a jail, and he'll get along a lot better in the battalion in consequence. Listen!" The voice had begun again. It rose higher and higher in it's owner's excitement, and amid howls of laughter from the guard we caught the following fragments: "Never went to bed in my life without saying my prayers—can't say my prayers in this place with intoxicated persons—just let me out five minutes to say my prayers. I'll let the O. C. know about this. I want to say my prayers, never missed them yet—."

The humor of the situation had struck me too, and both of us were holding on to our aching sides and hugging each other in our delight. "Let's get away from here, for Heaven's sake, before that man is the death of me," gasped my friend at last; and as we went our way with occasional bursts of laughter toward the lines, the lament of Binks faded gradually in the distance, and serene stillness reigned once more.

FRED. C. MANNING, '16.

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### His Reward.

FRANCE, December 20th.—"Dear Brother," the letter began, this is a great night here, and I wish you were with me." The flashlight disappeared suddenly and the crunching sound of Floyd Jackson's footsteps in the frosty snow ceased.

"Hang it all! Why does Jim always write like this?" he muttered to himself. Isn't one fellow at the front enough from one family? Besides, if Jim had had an understanding with a girl like Florence, he wouldn't have enlisted anyway."

He wondered what Florence would say if he should enlist. She had never talked much about it—but, well, he knew she loved him—perhaps she didn't want him to go; well, anyway, he didn't want to go and leave her. Suddenly his shadow appeared on the path before him, and he glanced over his right shoulder at the new moon just emerging from behind a cloud. He filled his lungs with the fresh air. The storm had ceased, and everywhere, over field and fence, stone and stubble, lay the snow like a thick warm blanket as yet unmarred by the footprints of man or beast. It was one of those nights when the very silence seems to shriek, when the gleam of the moon on the snow dazzles the eyes.

Floyd thought of his brother in France, and wondered if Jim were looking into God's great out-of-doors, with the face of the moon beaming down on him, and the myriad stars twinkling and sparkling overhead. He wondered if the silence and mystery of the night accused Jim. The beaming moon glided behind a cloud. The hills faded away into indistinctness, and he closed his eyes, clenching the letter in his hand. The rattle of the paper sounded out into the frosty air, and again his thoughts turned to Jim. What if his brother could never look on this scene again! What if a German sniper, "somewhere in France," under that accusing moon, should then be sending the bullet from his rifle that might mean a last resting place for Jim in France! He thought of the unhappy hours he had spent over this question, and again his conscience urged him to join his brother at the front. What if they did have one son in the trenches, didn't father and mother have three daughters to be fought for; but, then, there was Florence.

"Enlist! Enlist!" The still small voice spoke aloud.

"Enlist!" the stars twinkled. Even the creaking branches of the old oak echoed the sound.

"God helping me!" the boy straightened his shoulders and turned back to the village, toward the recruiting office. The moon came out from behind a cloud and beamed upon him once more. Again the stars twinkled, and the outline of the hills became discernible. The lights of the village beckoned as he walked toward them.

The crunch of the snow beneath his feet drowned the sound of lighter footsteps behind him, but, turning at a light touch on his arm, he found Florence beside him.

"It's always good luck to see the new moon over your right shoulder," he murmured to himself. Then aloud: "Hello, dear, I'm going to war"—might as well get it over.

"Floyd!" "Was she going to make a scene?"

"Floyd!". She found his hand. "It just makes you perfect."  
And the moon glided behind a convenient cloud.

G. PAIGE PINNEO, '16.

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### Bruce of Chester?—Which?

CONSCIOUSNESS slowly came back to me and I attempted to raise my hand to my throbbing head, only to find that my arms were swathed in bandages. Then I realized that my head also was bound with another bandage, and the slightest movement caused me intense pain. What had happened? Everything seemed a blank. While I was striving for full consciousness a nurse came and bent over me; seeing that I was conscious she turned and said something I could not understand. Immediately a beautiful woman came to my bedside and kissed me, saying she was so glad I was better.

"Who are you?" I asked, for though I had no scruples about being caressed by a beautiful woman, I was curious to know who she was. At my question a look of fear came over her face and she said, "Do you not know me, George? I am Helen, your wife."

"Good God! My wife? Why I am not married. Who do you think I am?"

She burst into tears and the nurse led her away telling her I would remember after I had had another sleep. Soon the nurse returned but would not answer my frantic questions, and insisted that I take my medicine. I soon lost consciousness.

When I again opened my eyes it was night and in the dim light I saw the same nurse and begged her to tell me where I was.

"You are in your own home, Mr. Chester."

"My own home? Why I was never in this house before," I said, "and my name is not Chester but Bruce, George Bruce."

She looked worried, but told me not to bother about it, for the doctor would soon be there and I could talk to him. Just then the

same beautiful woman whom I had seen in the morning came in and tried to make me remember her by talking to me about things I had never heard of in my life; finally becoming discouraged she laid her head on the bed and cried as if her heart would break. The nurse made her leave me, but I was glad she kissed me before she went.

When the doctor came in he called me "George," and wanted to know what I meant by not recognizing my wife. I immediately declared that she was not my wife, that I had never married.

"Get out," he said, gruffly, "I was present at your wedding and my son stood up with you."

"You are mistaken," I said, "last night I went home with Grace Rose and thought I would take a short cut across the track by the freight shed; I had just passed the corner of the building when I thought I heard a call and turned around, just then something fell on me and that is all that I can remember. Why am I here? Who are you? Why wasn't I taken to my boarding house? Who are these Chesters? I never heard of them before."

"One question at a time, young man," said the doctor, with a queer look on his face, "first tell me what town you are living in."

"Why I am in Ailmore, Ontario."

"What date and year is this?"

"Why, it is February the 17th, 1904," I laughed, "what did you think it was?"

"Over twelve years ago," said the doctor, half to himself. "Young man, I think your case is going to be an interesting one. Ten years ago you came to this town calling yourself George Chester. You went to work with Mr. Clives in his store; you showed great ability and advanced rapidly, five years ago you entered into partnership with him, and three years ago you married his daughter and have had a very happy married life. Yesterday you went to Moncton on business, and the train on which you were returning last night was wrecked. You were severely hurt about the head, and brought home in an unconscious condition. . . ."

"Nonsense," I interrupted, "I know better than that. What kind of a game are you trying to put over on me?"

"My boy," he said kindly, "we are not trying to play any kind of a game. Listen to me. This is not Ailmore, Ontario, but Lincoln, New Brunswick. In the morning the nurse will raise you so

you can look out of the window and see that the flowers are all in bloom. Notice that the windows are all open and it is still very warm in here. It is now the 20th of August, 1916. You have been living here for the last ten years. Your last night which you spoke about was over twelve years ago, but go to sleep now and don't worry any more about it until morning."

Without saying anything further to me he picked up his case, and, after giving some final directions to the nurse, left the room. Sleep! It was the last thing I wanted to do. Was I Bruce or Chester? Was the doctor lying or was I crazy? Was that beautiful woman really my wife? Scores of questions coursed through my mind that I could not solve, but finally I slept.

The next morning Mrs. Chester came in and urged me not to worry, to think nothing about the past; I gladly did so while she was with me, but, after she would leave, those maddening, torturing thoughts about my identity would haunt me. As the days went by I became strongly attached to this woman, and at times it seemed almost as though I had known her before. I remember one day standing at the window watching some soldiers pass and a fleeting image seemed to present itself of my being with her in a building among soldiers, and I said, "There was a big crowd there that day." "What day?" said Mrs. Chester, breathlessly. "Why, I don't know," I replied, "what was I talking about?" She did her best to recall to me the visit we had paid to the Armory in St. John, the week before, but all to no avail. The picture had gone and I was compelled by my own reason to think I had never known this woman before.

After about two weeks I was able to get downstairs, and a few days later was allowed to go out. It was a beautiful summer day and I walked in the garden with Mrs. Chester, as I persisted in calling her. As we stood by the fence looking out over the fields, I could not resist putting my arms about her and confessing my love, in spite of the fact that she was another man's wife. I told her I despised myself for doing it, but she laughed, then looked sad and said if she was not my wife she was not married, for me not to bother about the other fellow, just to love her. This I was quite willing to do.

In the meantime I had met her father, my partner they said, and had interviewed many people who had professed to know me,

but whom, to my knowledge, I had never seen before. They showed me the signature of Chester on innumerable papers and I could have sworn that it was my writing. All this proof that I was George Chester only forced the conviction upon me that I was out of my mind. I knew that I was Bruce, but everyone called me Chester and produced seemingly indisputable evidence to support their claim. My mind was in a turmoil.

The day after I had my first conversation with the doctor he asked me all sorts of questions about my past life, my work, the people I had known in Ailmore, etc. I found out afterward that he immediately telegraphed and, getting no satisfaction that way, had sent detectives to try and get some information about George Bruce, but all to no avail, for Ailmore had been only a small town when I worked there on construction work that proved the turning point in the history of the place. My old employers had died, and the company, taken over by new men, was then working in South America. Ailmore, like many other western villages, had grown to a large city, consisting for the most part of European immigrants. No town could have been more completely changed in one decade. His next step was to advertise in all the magazines and papers.

On the first day of October, Mr. Clives called me on the 'phone and asked me to come to the store. When I got there I found the doctor and Detective Scott with Mr. Clives in his office. As we were talking the door of the private office opened and a woman stepped out. As I rose to my feet, something familiar in her face arrested my attention, then she smiled, and stretching out her hands said: "Do you know me, George Bruce?" With a shout I grasped her outstretched hands, crying out, "Grace Rose! Then I am Bruce!" With these words I staggered and fell. When I regained consciousness they told me the mystery of my identity.

That night, twelve years before, when I crossed the track in Ailmore, I had passed three men who were stealing grain from the cars. Thinking I had discovered them, they crept up behind me and, just as I turned, one of them threw an iron bar, which struck me a glancing blow on the head, crushing in my skull. They thought that I was dead and threw my body into an empty car, closing the door and locking it. The next night I was discovered hundreds of miles from Ailmore, taken to the hospital and after lingering between life and death for several months slowly recov-

ered all but my memory. Because I was unable to give a satisfactory account of myself, people arrived at the conclusion that I was simply a tramp and very little was said about the matter. Some one called me Chester, and I shall probably never know how the name George got before it, perhaps I put it there myself. After wandering about for over a year I went to Lincoln and the second episode of my life began as George Chester.

From her door, Grace Rose had seen the men creep after me, and it was her faint cry that caused me to turn, and probably saved me from a full blow of the iron bar. When she had secured help and returned, no trace of me could be found, although a careful search was made. Grace had married and was living in Halifax. When she saw the notice in the paper she immediately communicated with the doctor and at his request came to Lincoln to identify me. On her evidence the detective had been able to trace the hospital records and at last got track of me.

As this story was related to me I suddenly became conscious of my dual personality, the two Georges merged into one, and the peaceful thought came to me that I was not Bruce the scoundrel, masquerading in another man's place, and neither was I Chester, the madman.

S. W. S., Theologue.



**Recruiting  
Sunday**

Sunday, March 12th, was recruiting day in Wolfville. In the morning a military parade, headed by the 85th band, was held at 10.30, which ended at the Baptist Church, where an eloquent recruiting sermon was given to a large audience by the pastor, Rev. N. A. Harkness. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon a concert of sacred music was given by the 85th band in the same church. The attendance was large and the musical programme excellent. Mr. Murray, one of the bandsmen, gave us a vocal solo, "Perfect," which was much enjoyed.

The main recruiting meeting was held at 7.45, at which meeting the Baptist Church was filled to the doors. Mayor Fitch presided and introduced the speakers, Col. Borden and Capt. Cutten. Col. Borden, who was once a student at Acadia, is a most pleasing and convincing speaker, whose words rang true. He commenced his address by giving the causes which led up to the war and the conditions of the present war situation. He showed Canada's responsibility in the struggle, and clearly pointed out that it was the duty of every man between the ages of 18 and 45 not engaged directly or indirectly with the maintenance of the war to enlist. He closed his address by a strong appeal for recruits.

Capt. Cutten addressed his remarks to the ladies in the audience. He said that they have to bear the sorrow of this war and must of necessity be as courageous as the men at the front. They must not hinder the men from enlisting, but rather help and encourage them to go. Women must assume many of the burdens formerly borne by men and in this way can do much to bring about the successful issue of the war.

The last part of the meeting was given for personal calls for recruits. Twelve business men of Wolfville signed on. This meant a great sacrifice for them because most of them will have to discontinue business while they are in the army. A number of college students also signed on, thus bringing the number of Acadia men in the 219th Highlanders to about forty-five. Acadia is doing her share in defending the Empire. The students now training here are:

R. C. Borden, '17  
L. H. Coldwell, '17  
A. B. Corey, '19  
M. R. Chipman, '17  
W. L. Coleman, '18

G. L. McPhee, '17  
W. H. MacCready, '19  
H. C. Parks, A. C. A.  
H. L. Porter, '17  
G. B. Peck, '17

J. A. Draper, '17  
 G. C. Dexter, Eng.  
 R. W. Davis, '18 Eng.  
 B. D. Eagles, Eng.  
 W. S. Frail, A. C. A.  
 F. A. Goucher, A. C. A.  
 R. E. Hennigar, A. C. A.  
 M. H. Haycock, A. C. A.  
 K. P. Johnson, '19  
 O. L. Lantz, A. C. A.  
 R. N. Moore, '18  
 C. L. Moore, '17  
 P. W. Manning, A. C. A.  
 F. C. Manning, '16  
 E. M. Marquis, '18  
 E. D. McPhee, '18  
 J. H. McNeil, '17

C. M. Parker, Eng., '18  
 I. B. Rouse, '17  
 N. Read, '19  
 Dean Rogers, '18  
 S. W. Richardson, A. C. A.  
 N. E. Scott, A. C. A.  
 Wm. Spriggs, Eng., '18  
 L. F. Titus, '18  
 A. W. Taylor, A. C. A.  
 H. W. Vaughn, Eng., '17  
 B. G. Wood, '16  
 C. M. B. Wright, '19  
 A. D. Williams, '19  
 Austin Webster, ex Eng.  
 Sgt. E. Leslie, '17  
 Sgt. Lyod Black, ex '14  
 Corp. D. Borden, '16

#### Academy Reception

The Academy students gave their annual reception this year on March 17th. This was St. Patrick's Day, and on this account the third topic was devoted to this good saint and took the form of a promenade to music. The Academy receptions have always been noted for well-planned, pleasant functions, and this one was no exception to the rule, for everything passed off in good order. In fact, it was declared to be one of the best receptions of the year.

#### Second Chamber Concert

The second concert of the Chamber series by the Acadia Seminary Conservatory Faculty was given in College Hall on March 20th. It was a splendid rendering of eighteenth century music and was greatly appreciated by those who were present. The success of these first two musical evenings cause us to look forward with expectancy to the third and last concert of this series on April 28th, which will be devoted to modern music.

The programme on March 20th was as follows:—

1. Sonata for Piano and Violin in C minor—  
 Allegro con brio ..... Beethoven, 1770-1827  
 Miss Frost and Miss Bryant
2. (a) Arabesque ..... Schumann, 1810-1756  
 (b) Prelude in A flat ..... Chopin, 1810-1849  
 (c) The Spinner ..... Raff, 1822-1882

Miss Borden

3. Aria from Lucrezia Borgia ..... Donizetti  
Miss Newey
4. Scenes from Much Ado About Nothing ..... Shakespeare  
Miss Camblin
5. Waltz in E. Op. 34 ..... Moszkowski  
Miss Borden
6. Sonatina in G minor ..... Schubert, 1797-1828  
Andante  
Menuetto and Trio  
Allegro moderato  
Miss Frost and Miss Bryant

## GOD SAVE THE KING

The work of the Y. M. C. A. this month has been successful, and many good meetings have been held. We were greatly blessed by the coming of Capt. Cameron, of Bloor St. Baptist Church, Toronto, under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Y.M.C.A. He was here three days—February 29th, March 1st and March 2nd—during which time he was fully occupied, for he held four mass meetings open to the whole student body, a women's meeting, a men's meeting, and numerous committee meetings, besides the hours set aside for personal consultation. These consultation periods proved to be of great value, and the large numbers who spoke with Captain Cameron at these times were greatly helped. A great interest was taken in the meetings and all the students attended who could possibly do so. A deep spiritual wave came over the students, and we feel that much good has been done by the coming of this earnest speaker. Mr. Clark and Miss Jamieson were here at Acadia at the meetings and helped the work of the Y. M. and Y. W. Associations respectively.

Dr. DeWolfe led prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, March 15th. He took as the centre of his thought, "Strive ye to enter in," and showed that *strive* in the text meant agonize. In this sense of the word we must agonize to get anything worth while. It applies to study, athletics, and every phase of college life.

The Y. M. C. A. took charge of the Sunday evening service at the Baptist Church on March 19th. Rev. E. S. Mason was the speaker. He took as his text Matt. 16—26, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

His sermon was a plea for home missions and for workers in rural districts. The young ladies of the Seminary assisted in the music.

**Junior Propylæum** The Junior girls, who took charge of Propylæum on March 18th, presented a fine original entertainment. The first part of the program was the marriage of Miss 1917 to Military W. Service. Miss Starratt as 1917, and Miss Cushing as the groom, certainly acted their parts well. The synopsis was given by Miss Knickle, who told of the great events of the last few weeks, both in the world outside and in Tully Tavern. The closing feature consisting of a mannikin dance by Miss Starratt and Miss Cushing, was the best part of the entertainment, and was called for a second time. The Junior girls are to be congratulated upon the success of their excellent program.

**The Inter-Collegiate Debate** The University of New Brunswick defeated Acadia in the intercollegiate debate which took place in Fredericton on March 17th. The resolution read:—  
“Resolved, That public ownership and operation of all capital goods, except such as are needed in agriculture, if adopted by the people of Canada, would be more advantageous than the present system of private ownership.”

R. S. Gregg, '16, S. W. Stackhouse, Theologue, and H. F. Lewis, '17, supported the affirmative for Acadia, while A. Gilbert, '16, M. McBaird, '16, and F. C. Cronkite, '16, supported the present system of private ownership. Dr. C. C. Jones, Chancellor of U. N. B., acted as chairman of the debate.

Mr. Gregg of Acadia opened the debate for the affirmative, arguing that public ownership was more economical than private ownership.

Mr. A. Gilbert, leader for the negative, spoke next. He outlined the plan of the negative, which was to argue the question from the economical, financial and social views. He spoke of corruption and difficulties of efficient management under public ownership.

Mr. Stackhouse, second speaker for the affirmative, showed that from a social aspect public ownership would be more beneficial than private ownership.

Mr. M. McBaird, second speaker for the negative, followed, discussing the economic advantages of private ownership.

Mr. H. F. Lewis of Acadia spoke next, supporting the affirmative from a political point of view, and outlining in full the proposed scheme of the affirmative.

Mr. F. C. Cronkite of U. N. B. closed the debate for the negative. He argued that taking a financial view of the question that private ownership, such as we have at the present time, is the more advantageous.

Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Gregg both made forcible replies in summing up their respective arguments.

The judges—Rev. Mr. McKeigan of St. John, Hon. W. B. Jonah of Sussex, and Prof. Liddey of Mt. A. gave their decisions independently, all declaring U. N. B. winners. Thus was Acadia defeated in debating for the third time in thirteen years. The other two colleges which defeated Acadia during that period were Mt. A. in 1912 and St. F. X. in 1914.

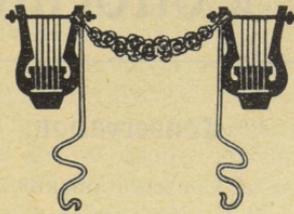
After the debate the Acadia team were tendered a banquet at Washington's Restaurant. After the banquet Mr. E. C. Atkins opened the toast list by proposing the toast to "The King." The other toasts were:—"The Army," proposed by M. McBaird, U. N. B., responded to by Mr. R. S. Gregg of Acadia. "The Intercollegiate Debating League," proposed by Mr. Cronkite, U. N. B., responded to by S. W. Stackhouse of Acadia. "The Ladies," proposed by Mr. Porter, responded to by H. F. Lewis of Acadia. Mr. B. G. Wood, '16, accompanied the Acadia team on the trip.

On Tuesday evening, March 7th, the Senior class of the **Senior Sem** Seminary held their annual skating party. Skating was **Skating Party** in order until about ten o'clock, when the two dozen or so couples returned to the Sem. and enjoyed refreshments. Miss MacPhee and Miss Frost were the chaperons.

**Rink** The rink has not been forgotten during March. When the weather permitted it was open three afternoons and three evenings a week. Throughout the winter we had been fortunate in having band at least once and sometimes twice a

week, but owing to some disagreement band was discontinued about the 1st of March.

Dr. Cutten, who has been granted leave of absence by the Board of Governors, has received a commission as captain. He will probably be in command of "D" company of the 219th Battalion of the Nova Scotia Highlanders. The Acadia platoon is in this company, in which Lieut. Late has recently been appointed second in command. Captain Cutten and Colonel Borden made a recruiting tour through the Province with excellent results. Although we are sorry to lose our President, we feel, with conditions as they are at present, that we can and must get along without him. We must all try to do our duty as Captain Cutten is doing his.



# The Acadia Athenæum

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1916

No. 6

S. W. STACKHOUSE, Theologue, Editor-in-Chief.

B. G. WOOD, '16, Month.

LILLIAN CHASE, '16, Exchanges.

ESTHER CLARKE, '16, Personals.

G. PAIGE PINNEO, '16, Athletics

HETTIE CHUTE, '16, Jokes.

H. F. LEWIS, '17, Bus. Mgr.

L. F. TITUS, '18, Mgr. of Circulation.

MYRTLE MORSE, Seminary.

A. WILLARD TAYLOR, Academy.

E. D. MCPHEE, '18, and R. R. DALGLEISH, '19, Assistants.



## Editorial



### Conservation.

THE Commission of Conservation are to be congratulated on the progress made in the past year. We little realize the great work being accomplished and the steady opposition which has been met and overcome during the first years of its existence. This opposition has been due to the ignorance of citizens as to the real work of the Commission, and the vital need which has called it into existence.

Among the many duties of the Commission is the protection of our forests from fire and indiscriminate cutting; the protection of forests on water-sheds, to protect the streams; the planting and seeding on waste places and Government property to insure a forest in later years; the promotion of technical education and forest schools; the utilization of some of our non-metallic mineral re-

sources suggested by present conditions; investigation and legislation affecting the mining industry; preservation of railway ties; fire protection from standpoint of the railways; protection of birds; water and water-power problems; housing and town planning; the fresh sea fish trade; agricultural surveys and illustrated farms; creation of new national parks in Canada. These and many other minor problems are being solved by experts employed by the Commission.

Probably the most important work is the care and protection of our forests. Last year in spite of the most careful attention, the forest fires of Canada destroyed ten million dollars' worth of timber.

Many people do not realize what the forests mean to the municipalities. F. C. Whitman, President of the Canadian Forestry Association, speaking along this line said:—

“A little over ten years ago very serious forest fires occurred in Nova Scotia, and in two counties about 90,000 acres were so badly burned that the marks of the fire are easily traced today. That these fires should occur year after year meant not only desolation to the districts damaged, but also a menace to the prosperity of the surrounding country and particularly to the municipalities where lumber was manufactured and shipped.

“It was just after a year in which forest fires swept the western end of the Province that I was fortunate enough to interest some of the leading lumbermen in a movement to try and put into practical operation an almost obsolete Provincial Act for the protection of woods against fires. It was a rather discouraging undertaking, the public believing that fires were inevitable; and the Government placing little value on the timber growing on crown land.

“To be brief; we organized the Lumbermen's Association of Western Nova Scotia. We procured acts of other provinces and of the states of Maine, New Hampshire and New York. Legal aid was employed to draw up and submit to the Government of Nova Scotia an amended bill that we thought would best suit the conditions in this Province.

“The Act was passed in 1904 and amendments were made in 1905-6, 1907, 1908, 1909 and 1912. It is now the 'Forest Protection Act' passed in 1913. All the provisions of this Act are not

yet in force, and the appointment of a provincial forester has been urged upon the Government.

“The Government has been complimented by high authorities for the adoption of this Act; and it is considered to be one of the best in force in North America. It can be truthfully said that since the Act has been in operation fires have not been so frequent nor so serious, and for my part I feel convinced that with the co-operation of the municipalities backed by favorable public opinion, that it is possible to prevent forest fires, or if fires do start to control and put them out.

“The chief rangers and sub-rangers have proved themselves in many cases efficient at fire fighting, and that whereas years ago when no attempt would be made to stop a large fire, because it was thought impossible, the organization is ready to fight any fire and in many serious conflagrations have won out handsomely.”

A few words here about seeding or tree planting. I quote from *Forest Protection in Canada*, published by the Commission of Conservation in 1912, by Clyde Leavitt:—

“On account of the excellent reproduction which generally follows lumbering and fires, the necessity of artificial planting had not made itself strongly felt in the Province of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The situation is emphasized by the fact that cut over lands well stocked with young growth can be purchased at a less cost per acre than would be required to stock artificially.” I wish to add that pine will follow pine, and the same with other coniferous growth if a fair number of seed trees are left standing. The greater value to the Province is in this reproduction, and not in hardwood.

“Looking at the matter from a municipal standpoint I do not believe I can do better than to state conditions in the town of Annapolis Royal. Unfortunately I cannot write so much of what has been done but only to say what might be done. The town owns its water service, and water power electric lighting plant. Both service and power come from the same source on the Lequille stream. The drainage area is 49 miles, approximate head of water at the electric plant is 40 feet, developing 120 horse power. The town owns only a few acres of land and does not control the water flowage, but depends on the natural flow of the brook and providential

rains in summer to keep the lights burning. The plant is now operating to nearly full capacity.

"The drainage area is cut over land of mixed growth, and there has been of late no destructive fires. Roads parallel the stream, making supervision comparatively easy. It has been advocated that the municipality purchase sufficient of this land and make a protection by letting the young forest grow, and at the same time utilize the wood for the benefit of the corporation. The town uses 70 cords of wood annually for the public schools, purchases wood for the poor, and there is also an annual consumption for roadwork, bridges, drains and culverts, and for municipal buildings.

The question of course is: Will it pay? and in answer to that I wish to call your attention to municipal ownership abroad. In Switzerland the municipalities not only make a commercial success of such ownership but also make use of their forests as parks. Of 1,564 communities in the State of Baden 1,530 have their own forests. These forests are managed as farms. The lumber is cut at the proper time and every cutting is followed by natural growth or artificial planting of valuable kinds of trees. The city of Baden, of 16,000 population, owns 10,576 acres of forest. The total income averages \$100,000 per annum, the outlay is about \$33,000, nearly all of which is for labor. There remains each year \$66,000 for the city treasury. Forests of this kind have been worked for 100 years and still produce an assured annual cut of wood.

One village has 1,600 population, owns 4,507 acres of forest. The yearly cut is 2,500,000 feet of lumber and firewood; of this all the firewood up to seven cords each is given to the citizens. Two hundred cords goes to the schools and public buildings. The lumber is sold and brings a net income of \$21,600. The community is not only free from all communal taxes, but is also able to establish modern works and public buildings. Please keep in mind that the cut of wood does not diminish, the annual income is assured so long as there is no devastating fire.

The examples quoted are not exceptional, they are representative of thousands of towns and villages in Europe. The forest holdings are as small as 160 acres and make proportionate returns. We cannot expect municipal forestry to be as profitable in Canada, but surely with water rights to conserve, and valuable growing for-

est land so close at hand to many of our towns, this matter of municipal ownership of forest is well worth consideration.

To go back to the municipality of Annapolis Royal. The town in contrast to the European municipalities, issued bonds and put in its water and lighting system and made a direct tax for the improvements. From my understanding of the Town Incorporation Act, a municipality can purchase direct or obtain by expropriation all necessary land to secure a supply of water for consumption or power, and in this case could obtain possession of several thousand acres of forest land extending from 5 or 6 miles on each side of the Lequille stream which now supplies water to the town. The Forest Protection Act would permit of the appointment of resident sub-rangers in daily touch with the property and which should be the means of eliminating the fire risk. Under the supervision of one man this property could be worked to paying advantage from the date of purchase. It would give employment to the indigent, particularly in the winter. The town would get its firewood and lumber, etc., at first hand. It should be the direct means if properly looked after of relieving taxation and provide a future income to the municipality. Other towns in the Province are similar to Annapolis in having all the conveniences of a modern city, but held down to the fraction of a cent in the tax rates, and urgently need some other source of revenue, than a direct personal and property tax."

The Canadian Forestry Association is making a determined effort to awaken public feeling in regard to the numerous fires with which the forest regions of Canada are devastated every year. While a good many preventive measures are already in effect, it is evident that the Association believes the authorities are still far from doing their full duty in the matter of supervising the settlement of forest areas and of preventing the numerous fires consequent on settlement. There can be no doubt that a very large proportion of the fire ravages caused every year are the direct result of the carelessness of settlers and prospectors and the Association is doing an excellent work in impressing this upon the authorities.

The Pulp and Paper Magazine of Montreal says:—"The Canadian Forestry Association is carrying on an excellent work in connection with their publicity bureau. This was commenced some four or five months ago, and has for its object the distribu-

tion of information on forest affairs, and the better protection of forests from fires.

“Since the work has started a number of forest protective associations such as the Lower Ottawa and the St. Maurice have co-operated with the Canadian Forestry Association by publishing news broadcast regarding the prosecution of settlers who have caused forest fires. The publicity given these offenders is having a wholesome effect. An individual may commit offence with impunity so long as he is not found out, but no one desires to get his name in the papers, and to be heralded forth as an offender against the laws of the land. The Association is doing an excellent work, as anything which will tend to lessen forest fires is deserving of the widest support.”

A series of illustrated lectures have been arranged by the Secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association and have been given by him during the last four months. All expense in this connection has been met by the Association, with the exception of local hall rents, advertising, and similar incidentals. Several hundreds of excellent stereoptican slides are available, as is also a lantern. It is to be hoped that this work will be furthered still more through the medium of the motion picture.

In conclusion, I quote a poem by E. Y. Allen, Forester, Western Forestry and Conservation Association:

### **The Fool and Our Forest Dollars.**

Good-by to the fool with the empty gun;  
Forgotten his bid for fame.  
Though he kills his friend it only counts one,  
And that, nowadays, is tame.

The fool who playfully rocks the boat  
Is on the front page no more.  
He may rank high with the fools afloat  
But his glory is gone ashore.

There's the fool with women, the fool with wine,  
And the fool who games with strangers,  
And the joy-ride fool (he does well in his line  
By combining these ancient dangers.)

But they're all still down in the primer class,  
Mere novices taking a flyer,  
Compared with the prize-taking criminal ass,  
The fool in the woods with fire.

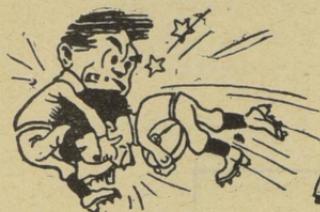
A few hearts break for the deeds they've done  
In their pitiful amateur way,  
But fire slays dozens where they slay one  
And scourges a state in a day.

For the ruined home and the smokeless stack  
And the worker unemployed  
Know a hundred years shall never bring back  
The things that his match destroyed.





How the Quebec limit-holders protect their timber from fire. A modern look-out tower on top of a mountain. A ranger or "look-out man" keeps guard all day and telephones to his fellow rangers in the valleys the moment he sees a small smudge of smoke over the green trees.



# ATHLETICS

So much time and thought have been given to the war and the present recruiting campaign, that little attention has been paid to athletics of any kind this past month. The schedule for interclass hockey was not carried out, which has been the regret of the hockey fans.

However, several games of interest have been played, and strange as it may seem they all occurred on the stormiest day of our winter season—March 4th.

## TOWN GIRLS 2—SEMS 1.

The stormy day above mentioned, prevented many from seeing this game of hockey between Seminary and town girls. During the first two periods the town girls scored two, and the Sems played a defensive game. In the third period, however, the Sems played up, and the game was much faster, ending with a score 2—1 for the town girls. Miss Coldwell starred for the town team. Lloyd Black refereed.

The line-up was as follows:

Town	Goal	Sems
C. Chisholm .....		D. Freeman
A. Coggins .....	Point	E. Nunard
G. Elderkin .....	Cover point	E. Cogswell
M. Godfrey .....	Rover	E. McLean
M. Coldwell .....	Center	M. Woodworth (Capt.)
M. Wilson (Capt.) .....	Left Wing	F. Peck
G. Shaw .....	Right Wing	H. Manning

E. Waring played right wing for the Sems in the second and third periods.

## DALHOUSIE 14—ACADIA 10.

The Co-Eds took the six a. m. train to Halifax on March 4th to play a friendly game of basket ball with the Dal. girls. The day was very stormy, but weather never makes any difference to an Acadia crowd. A dainty breakfast was served to the Acadia girls at Forrester Hall, where the tables were decorated with garnet and blue, and with small Union Jacks. The game took place at 11.30 a. m., in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. The Dal. girls showed great combination and team work, but the Acadia girls found it difficult to judge distances in the gymnasium, which was so much larger than the one to which they were accustomed.

Miss Edith J. Taylor refereed the first period of the game and Mr. C. L. Moore the second.

Dalhousie		Acadia
	Forwards	
Aggie Hall, '16 .....		Lillian Chase, '16
Jennie Grant, '17 (Capt.) .....		Mildred Schurman, '16
	Centres	
Nan Young, '19 .....		Gertrude Eaton, '16 (Capt.)
Jean Campbell, '18 .....		Helen Cushing, '17
	Guards	
Marion McBride, '19 .....		Violet Thorpe, '16
Lois Creighton, '16 .....		Paige Pinneo, '16
	Spares	
Gwendolin Fraser, '18 .....		Dorothy Alward, '17
Elsie Campbell, '19		

In the second half, Miss Cushing replaced Miss Pinneo, and Miss Alward played second centre for Acadia.

## A. C. A. 4—H. C. A. 3.

The Academy hockey team also took March 4 for their game in Halifax with the Halifax County Academy team. We are pleased to report the score, 4—3, to be in favor of A. C. A.

Line-up: Goal, Haskell; point, Ayer; cover point, Harvey; rover, Porter; center, Williams; wings, Hennigar and Patillo (Capt.).



'58—The death occurred at Ottawa on March 15th of Rev. Edward Manning Saunders, D. D., one of the oldest and most distinguished graduates of Acadia. Dr. Saunders was born at Aylesford, December 20th, 1829. After graduating from college he was pastor of the Baptist Church at Berwick until 1867, when he assumed the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Halifax. In 1881 he resigned and acted as joint editor and proprietor of *The Christian Visitor*. He served as acting pastor of several churches in the Maritime Provinces for short periods. From 1874 to 1907 he was a member of the Board of Governors of Acadia University. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him in 1882. Dr. Saunders is also noted for his literary achievements. Numerous articles from his pen have appeared in different magazines. In 1902 he published "History of the Baptist Churches of the Maritime Provinces," and later, "Three Premiers of Nova Scotia." At the time of his death Dr. Saunders was engaged on a "Life of Sir Charles Tupper," for which much of the material had been supplied by Sir Charles.

'66—Leander S. Morse, for many years inspector of schools for Digby and Annapolis Counties, died at his home in Digby about the middle of February.

'79—The volume of poems entitled "The Heart of a Friend," by Rev. C. H. Harrington, of Japan, has attracted much favorable comment. Especially inspiring is the poem "To England," beginning, "If thou hadst failed."

'97—Rev. Daniel E. Hatt has recently issued a small volume of poems entitled, "Random Rhymes." Mr. Hatt has had a unique success as an interpreter of Henry Drummond's "Habitant" poems, and intends now to make more extensive use of his own work in recitals.

'99—Avard L. Dodge, who has been for eight months in the Paradise Valley Sanitarium, of National City, Cal., with a serious case of nervous prostration, is slowly improving.

'99—"The Social Ideals of the Lord's Prayer" is the title of a book by Rev. P. J. Stackhouse, which is being published by the American Baptist Publication Society. Mr. Stackhouse is at present pastor of the Baptist Church at Utica, N. Y.

Ex '07—The marriage took place January 1st of Verna Sexton and Given Elliott, of North Vancouver.

'09—Rev. Miles F. McCutcheon is doing a successful work in the First Baptist Church, Montreal. Mr. McCutcheon is deeply interested in the welfare of the city and is taking an active part in temperance work.

'10—Rev. G. C. F. Kierstead, pastor of Central Baptist Church Regina, has enlisted for overseas service and will take the officers' training course in Winnipeg this month.

'11—Rev. Ivan M. Rose, formerly pastor at Guysborough, N. S., has upheld the credit of Acadia at Rochester Theological Seminary, where he has made high standing in the work of the first two terms.

Ex '11—Jack deBow has enlisted with the 140th and is acting as transport sergeant at St. John.

'12—Rev. Arthur K. Herman has joined the forces for defence of the Empire.

'12—Roy Balcolm has enlisted with the 219th and is training at Wolfville.

'14—Guy Phinney has lately accepted a position in the office of the Simms factory in St. John.

'15—Ralph Carter has enlisted in the band attached to the St. Francis Xavier Hospital Corps.

'15—A. A. Harris is stationed at Truro, in connection with the Y. M. C. A. work among the soldiers.

'15—Marguerite Elderkin is teaching at Millville, Pictou Co.





It is with a spirit of protest that we approach the Exchange Shelf. Criticism, to us, is distasteful. Far better to use the time spent in criticism to making up sleep lost from too diligent application to—well, let us say, if you will, to our college pursuits. This system of destructive criticism cannot fail in having a bad influence on college journalism. Remembering that positive mental suggestion is of far greater value as an incentive to higher endeavor than is one of the negative order, we fain would tell the *Gazette* that it is “readable,” and *The Thistle* that it is newsy, and even our own ATHENÆUM that it is literary.

The chaos of the Exchange Shelf in the Emmerson Memorial Library is the first thing that greets our critical eye. Here is a positive suggestion: “The Exchange Shelf is the best kept corner of the library.” We shall see what wonders that will work.

We dive in under the collection. A new magazine, *The Normal Light*, appears. According to one of the poems, the future teachers of the cold and frozen New Brunswick are learning to knit. Negative suggestion—don’t learn. If you know how to, you’ll have to.

If we could find more than a dozen copies of the *McGill Daily* we should say that they are newsy, and that the advertisements are very good, especially that of “Fashion-Craft Clothes—“Don’t wear the same hat every day.” However, in this connection, a word to the wise: Change the advertisement to a positive one—“Wear a different kind of head-gear every time the dawn boils up over the rim of the east,” or some such wording.

In the *Educational Review*, Professor H. G. Perry, of Acadia, has contributed an article on "Domesticated Animals," in which he has inserted a concise account of the theory of evolution. "It is erroneous to make Darwinism synonymous with evolution. Evolution is a doctrine that postulates that all forms of life have been derived by gradual modification from earlier and simpler forms or from one rudimentary form. In other words, it is the doctrine of "descent" with modifications. The theory of Evolution dates from the early Greeks several hundred years B. C., but it was Darwin's explanation of the descent with modifications, in his great theory of "natural selection" that gave it universal acceptance. So we see Darwinism is the theory of natural selection as *one* of the factors or causes of the evolution of organisms. Readers of the article, rant no more against "Devilution." A correspondent has given the proper suggestion: "I think your paper is getting better every year. I would not do without it."

*The Xaverian* is the most intellectual (?) of all the exchanges this month. Keep on, '16, your poetic utterances in "The Bard and His Burthen" are worthy of more than an undergraduate.

"The man is everything; his work is naught,  
To us. We scan his life, forsooth! and then  
Straightway forget the message which his pen  
Reveals from out his inmost soul.

"News of Battle" and the "Overseas Column" give great interest to the *Argosy*. The jokes are getting better and better (positive suggestion to take effect sometime in the future). The article, "Love's Old Sweet Song," has excellent literary value, especially in such parts as—

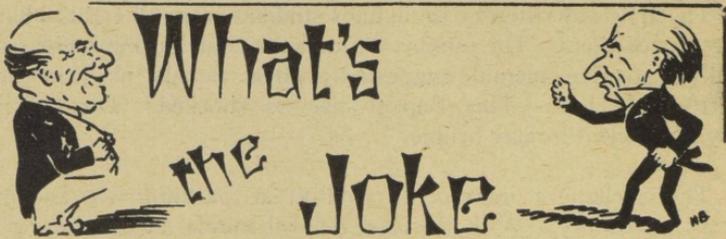
"Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes duck and shiver, etc."

We were glad to find out from *The Sheaf* "How Some Saskatchewan Towns Got Their Names." We have wondered, but "all that there is to know, that shall we know one day." The ATHENÆUM is honored by having three of its poems quoted in *The Sheaf's* exchange column.

The articles written by the King's students were all right, what there was of them. The number of students contributing increases rapidly (positive mental suggestion; effect to take place in the future). H. H. P.—This Baptist sheet is shocked. Don't you know it's wicked to play bridge?

The exchanges increase in volume, in sparkling wit, and in literary excellence. With this last helpful mental suggestion, we leave the college exchanges to gradual growth toward the highest in the hope that none will disappoint our faith in them, and incidentally will prove our admirable psychology.





The degeneration of the mustache—Coldwell, '17; Borden, '17; Spidell, '17; Corey, '19 (in absentia).

P. S. & N. B.—No classification is available for the growth on Smallman's upper lip.

Was the strange noise in Willett Hall on Friday night the flapping of Crow Freeman's wings ???

Wanted—Something to grow a mustache quickly. Reid, '19.

Josh Wright, '19—Haw! haw! haw! haw!

Miss Kinney, '19—I think the western variety of your species pronounce that hee haw.

Eng. Prof. (reading Freshman essay)—I crawled out of bed, dressed, washed and hurried down to a good breakfast. (Raising his head). Why not do away with the dressing and washing and just say I crawled out of bed and hurried down for a good breakfast.

Miss Collicut, '19—What color is your new dress goin gto be?

Miss Smith, '19—Why Pink, of course. Don't you know that I just love Pink.

Carter (when the lights had gone out)—We don't need a light now.

Miss C-r-s-y, '16—Why no, not if you can see to get your cap.

The fellows who can't enlist are going to work like (Hel(1)en Starr in classes.

What Guy did we see out driving with a Sem one Sunday afternoon?

Miss Reid, '19—My! how dull it will be next year when all the boys are gone.

Miss McLean, '18—I'm not coming back.

Lost a (\*). Kindly return to Fraser at once.

Prof. in Bible—We've been over this six times now. If we go over it six times more, it will begin to Don on us, won't it, Miss Schurman?

The new college disease has been appropriately named in Latin "Cultivatio Mustachionis."

#### AT DINNER.

Miss Cann, '18 (looking fondly across the way)—Oh, girls, can't we get up a petition to have four meals a day!

Who was the girl we saw Chippy Starrat (stare at)?

Whoever *she* may be, Porter '17 will always be Her man.

Prof. in Biol. I—The amount of food assimilated depends upon the work of the green chloroplasts.

Bold Soph.—No wonder the Freshmen have big appetites.

Sem—Where's your feather?

Eng.—What do you think I am, a rooster?

Miss Alward, '18—Wood Chase McPhee. Well, she's got him at last.

Dal—Pinkie's a chip off the old block, isn't he?

Haley—The old blockhead, perhaps.

We are given to understand that one of the Co-Eds is continually in a Dormant condition.

Is Josh Wright? Sure, so is Frank.

Found—First cousin to George Mitton's collars. Owner apply  
I. W. Clarke, Bishop's

Prof. in Psychology—From this you will see that fear make  
the hair stand on end?

Borden, '17—Chippy, what are we afraid of?

Miss Schurman, '19 (to Miss Reid, night of Freshman class  
function)—Marion, here's your White glove you were looking for.

Miss Reid, '19—I'm afraid it's White no longer Dot, besides  
I won't need it tonight, as I have my Mitton.

Doc A (at station)—Say, Webster, there are a lot of feathers  
around now.

Webster, Eng—Yes, that old Crow (not Freeman) on the  
fence seems to have his share.

McNeil, '17 (to Holmes, who rooms below Mitton)—I hear  
that Mitton is taking Elocution.

Holmes, I. O. A.—Yes, but when you get it morning, noon  
and night it's more like Exocution.

Archibald, '19—Professor my pen is empty.

Dr. DeWolfe—You should have taken a lesson from the  
Foolish Virgin.

Say, Parker, frankly speaking, who do you love?

Clark, '19—Haley, I think I'll nominate you on that com-  
mittee.

Haley, '19—Good Heavens! Haven't I enough under my nose  
now?

Clarke, '19—Well, from appearances, perhaps you have!

What girl in the Sem has Graham's Flower for breakfast once  
a month. Usually Five Roses brand—sometimes Carnation??

H. H. Titus (in Soph class meeting)—Can anybody give us some light on the subject?

Miss Morse, '18—The switch is by the Door, Mr. President.

G. Nowlan, '19—Perhaps I did thirst after English until I took a sup of it on March 23rd.

Miss Pickels, '19 (impetuously at rink)—I don't care if I do upset that girl. She separated Wolly and me three times this afternoon.

Psychology Professor—Well, Mr. Moore, can you give us a other modification of habit on the part of animals?

Moore, '17—Whales no longer swallow Jonth, sir.

Pink—Say, Haley, how many sisters have you?

Haley—Just one.

Pink—Is that her photo on the wall?

Haley—Yes.

Pink—Who's that girl whose photo is on your bureau?

Haley—My sister.

Miss Sm-th, '19—Freshman Holmes is nice looking, I think.

Miss C-nn, '19—Yes, and he's as nice as he looks, too.

Heard in the dining room at Tully Tavern:

Wooly MacNeill—O Mitton, give us a dissertation on the Freshette class.

Miss Best, '17—That maid is slow. —

Miss Messenger, '16 (gazing across dining room at empty chair, table V)—Maybe she'll be here on the six train.

“Yes, mum,” said weary Willie, “I don't work. I'm an educated man.

Housekeeper—Where did you ever get educated?

Weary Willie—Mam, I'm a roads scholar.

Chip has a wonderful imagination. He is a great thinker. Yes, that's true; he thinks he can sing.

Bob, what book have you got the most out of this year?  
Bob B., '17—My bank book.

Dal. '19—I wish Charlie would come around after supper.  
Hal '19—That's all he does come after.

Military man in Arties—I'm starving, bring me a little of everything you've got.

Waitress—All right, I'll bring you hash.

R. Car, '15—How much for a marriage license?

Town Clerk—One dollar.

Car—I've only got fifty cents.

Town Clerk—You're lucky.

Lewis, '17 (discussing debate)—I could feel my face Blanche when I realized the absence of my (M)cleod, but I argued right along. Stack didn't mind the Stears he got from the audience one bit, but poor Gregg took to the Woods the minute the debate was over, and it wasn't Bernie Woods either, because he made for Washington's restaurant.

Wright (after hearing Titus argue pros and cons of enlisting)  
There is a fallacy in your analysis, Titus.

McLean, '19—Is it a pathetic fallacy?

Richardson Eng. (in Chemistry Lab.)—Professor, I can't seem to get any consecrated hydrochloric acid in this participation.

Sergeant (at drill)—Pr. Reid. get over into the awkward squad where you belong.

Reid, '19—What! Put a qualified lieutenant in the awkward squad?

Coleman—Are you going down to Church?

Parker—No, I am going down after Church though.

Coleman—Why not go down after a skirt?

Parker—You're wise! O-Old-d-d La-a-a-d-y!

Miss Schurman—Don Fraser is going to be a doctor.

Della—Yes, and he will be a good one.

Dot—I would not like to trust my life to him.

Della—Oh! I don't know, perhaps it is just as well.

Prof. in Psychology—Be natural, we don't want any Cuten-dried definitions.

“So many men marry now for money,” she said, “you wouldn't marry me for money you'd you, R——?”

“No,” said R——, absently, “I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world.”

Then she sobbed—“Oh, you horrid, horrid man.”

Slim Cop, '19—I notice Fraser is studying the Morse code.

McCor, '19—Why is he doing that?

Slim Cop, '19—So that he can make better dashes after dot.

Miss Giffin, '17—Don't you think I'm better looking since I had the measles?

Miss Knickle, '17—Aw, you go on, your eyes are weak

Eng. Prof.—Miss Roscoe, how do you like Childe Harold?

Miss Roscoe, '18.—Very much indeed.

Who's who in Hog Hollow: When the plate of cake is passed around they all look for a piece without end (endless).

Miss Pickles, '19—Is it absolutely necessary for you boys to wear those fringes on your upper lips?

McNeil, '17—Yes, a certain rule says that the upper lip must not be sheared because it interferes with oscular—acular—what is that word anyway?

Miss Pickles, '19—Osculatory, maybe.



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