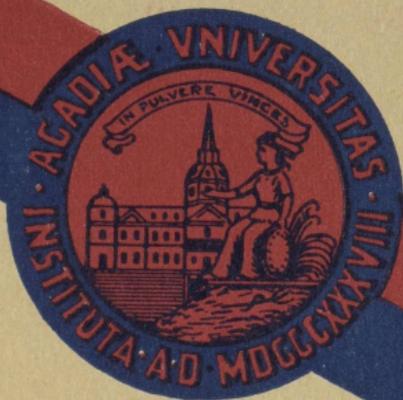


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# The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. L.

WOLFFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1924.

No. 5.

## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems—E. R. Rafuse, '25, R. W. Ward, Eng. '24, E. Ardis Whitman, '26 and Marion C. Smith, '27. (1 unit each).

Articles—1st, J. G. McLeod, '24; 2nd, T. W. Cook, '25.

Stories—1st, J. G. McLeod, '24; 2nd, G. D. Hatfield, '27; 3rd, F. H. C. Fritz, '26.

Humor—Gordon St. C. Higgins, '26.

Science—1st, H. M. Bannerman, '24; 2nd, (no award).

Athletics—1st, E. R. Rafuse, '25; 2nd, (no award).

Month—1st, (no award); 2nd, E. R. Rafuse, '25.

Exchanges—1st, T. W. Cook, '25; 2nd, B. N. Goodwin, '24.

Personals—1st, M. Grace Perry, '27; 2nd, Margaret Hutchins, '26.

Jokes—D. Anderson, Eng. '25.

Cartoon—(no award).

Snap—no award).

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Engineers .....	2 units
Freshmen .....	5 units

Pennant to the Seniors.

## APRIL

THE mellow April twilight lingers long.  
 Each quiet note re-echoes thru the air—  
 The stirring breezes in the branches bare,  
 The faintest strains of distant farm boy's song,  
 The murky springtime rills that rush along  
 The little vales, all blend their tuneful share  
 In harmony dispelling toil and care.  
 The twilight fades and stars the heavens throng.

On crisper morning shines the smiling sun.  
 The green creeps thru the frost-sheet on the field.  
 The maple wound that during night was sealed  
 Now bleeds afresh in droplets one by one.  
 The streamy dales renew their gurgling fun.  
 The hardened crusts of edging snowdrifts yield  
 To the warm rays, though fence and hedges shield.  
 From Winter's death, the earth to life is won.

To life and longing every soul awakes,  
 And joyous fantasies diffuse their schemes—  
 To trip the decks of tossing ships at sea,  
 In distant lands explore the unknown lakes,  
 Or search for gold along the sandy streams:  
 And April bids "In sunny worlds, be free!"

E. R. R., '25.

## THE LIFT

THE step with which Henry Newton, LL.D., the eminent authority on Anglo-Saxon language and literature, crossed the waiting room of the station was almost a skip. Only twice in his otherwise uneventful life had he ever been so excited as he was at this moment. The first was at his discovery of some hitherto unknown Anglo-Saxon manuscripts; the second was at a great scholastic conference in early English literature, when the scholars assembled there had applauded him, little Dr. Newton, at the conclusion of his paper on "The Anglo-Saxons, Their Life and Literature."

Both these happy days were—could it be possible—thirty years ago. And now, in his old age, another honor had come to him. From his little, obscure village he had been invited to an important Canadian university to deliver a lecture.

He did not know why they had invited him; he wondered, in his modest way, how his fame could possibly have spread so far. He had revised his lecture, toiled over it, given it a new name. Great advancements had been made since his remarkable discoveries, and Dr. Newton was not the man to ignore them.

There was a crowd that morning at the station where he changed trains. He had forgotten that Halifax was so large a city; he remembered, with an absent-minded smile, that larger cities were apt to speak disparagingly of the metropolitan ambitions of Canada's greatest sea-port. Once or twice the throng stopped his way, but he pushed bravely through. It would not do to miss this train. He looked around vaguely when the crowd cheered. Perhaps some local celebrity was arriving or going away. After he had selected a seat in the train the cheering seemed to grow nearer, but he did not look out.

The car was crowded and in crowded cars Dr. Newton was never the last to offer to share a seat. A tall young man with a flushed face came down the aisle, a great new suit case in his hand. At him Dr. Newton smiled pleasantly. He liked

young persons; he was always sorry that so few interested themselves in the origin of our noble language. He did not realize until he sat down what a very large young man this was. He thoughtfully kept one broad shoulder and one leg pretty well out into the aisle, even so, he took up more than half the space. He opened a voluminous newspaper. Dr. Newton, who liked to see what young men read, and who looked at little but the editorials himself, sighed benignantly when he saw the young man turn at once to this all-important page.

The young man read the editorial columns to the end; then he read the article over again. This article was the editorial comment on the progressive legislative programme advanced by James Kinley, the promising young provincial representative from one of the Valley counties, who had now resigned from the provincial legislature in order to devote himself to the task of unifying the various elements that constitute the agricultural and industrial life of Nova Scotia. It was a great loss for the provincial legislature, but Kinley, the paper said, was wise; he was going out of the political game with undiminished vigor. He would not hang around until he became another of the sleepy Solons who ornament Nova Scotia's legislative chambers. His Halifax supporters were giving him an enthusiastic send off, and there was no doubt that the college town, his birth place, would welcome him home. The paper made John Kinley out to be rather an exceptionally brilliant young man.

Dr. Newton read also, but his interest was centred on certain criticisms and comments on his favorite subject. Glancing up, he saw that the young man had folded his paper and put it into his pocket. He felt it to be his duty and pleasure to be sociable.

"Are you a college student?" he asked.

The young man said he was not.

"Did you ever attend Acadia?"

The young man looked at him with more interest. "Oh, yes."

"I'm going to lecture there to-night," announced Dr. Newton happily. "I am a student of Anglo-Saxon language and literature."

"Acadia is a wonderful institution," said the young man.

"It is, indeed," answered Dr. Newton. "Perhaps you know something about it?"

"A little," said the young man.

Dr. Newton turned to look at him. He was so big and well and hearty, it was a pleasure to touch elbows with him.

"Did you graduate from there?" he enquired.

"Yes," responded the young man.

"Perhaps you are interested in politics. I know that many young men are. I believe they have been ever since ancient times, even the young men of the Anglo-Saxon period in English history showed remarkable political talents. But the ancient Anglo-Saxons could not produce such public-spirited young citizens as we have in Canada today, I am sure. I have worked a good deal with the ancient Anglo-Saxons. My name"—it seemed immediately to Dr. Newton that he boasted—"is Newton."

The young man looked at him with amusement.

"I am sure that everyone has heard of you," he answered politely.

Then as if to hide his face, he stooped and opened his bright new suit-case. Before Dr. Newton could turn his eyes away he saw that it was filled with bundles of typewritten documents, of governmental pamphlets and reports, and a loving cup. He had been right about the young man's interest in politics. But even if he had seen the name "Kinley" scrawled upon the precious papers, he would have been little the wiser about his travelling companion. The young man's last remark had been in the nature of a compliment; he would have to answer it. He settled back comfortably.

"I don't know how they happened to ask me, I'm sure. One works along for years and years, and does not expect any visible returns; one is grateful for being able to increase by ever so little the sum of human knowledge. But the returns come—they come! Once"—Dr. Newton breathed more rapid-

ly, his cheeks flushed—"once at a great conference I was loudly applauded. Some of the members even cheered. We are queer, we human beings; a little praise pays us for the labor of years. That was thirty years ago. I hope that some day you may have the experience and satisfaction of knowing that men approve of what you have done. A little hand-clapping goes a long way."

The young man turned to stare at him. Perhaps he remembered the subdued murmurs in the spectators' gallery in the provincial parliament, the words of praise accorded him in the public press, the plaudits of enthusiastic political gatherings,—perhaps already he longed for them.

"How long ago did you say that was?" he asked.

"It was thirty years ago. But I can remember it as though it were this morning. I shall never have such an experience again. When I am discouraged I remind myself of it, and I am myself again. If you ever get discouraged, you must remember that some day your turn will come."

The young man put his arm over the back of the seat.

"You said you worked among the Anglo-Saxons. What did you mean?"

Dr. Newton answered with enthusiasm.

"I meant that I have studied about them. I have visited the remains of their settlements. You can't imagine how wonderful they are. You see"—Dr. Newton selected quickly from the store of his knowledge the facts most likely to interest the young man. He spoke rapidly, he gesticulated, he drew plans of the villages, of their fortifications, and described their political and religious systems. A half-hour went by, an hour; time did not exist until the brakeman called, "Next station, Wolfville!" This was a delightful young man.

Now, suddenly Dr. Newton began to tremble. This occasion would not be as great as those which had given variety and interest to his young manhood, but it would be interesting and exciting. At home, among his own people, they had grown accustomed to both him and the Anglo-Saxons; to

these people he was a stranger, to them he brought a new message. He was excited and happy.

He stooped quickly for his little black bag, quite forgetting the pleasant young man at his side. Then suddenly he straightened up, forgetting also the little black bag. The train had stopped. He saw the tower of College Hall high above the trees; he saw on the station platform a great crowd; he heard shouts and cheers. He felt suddenly frightened and weak. He seized the tall young man by his great arm.

“Do you hear them?” he asked, hoarsely. “Did they know that I was coming on this train? Are they shouting for me?”

The young man was bewildered. The shouts had brought to his face also a bright and excited glow.

“For you?” he repeated.

“It frightens me,” said Dr. Newton. “It frightens me. My other ovation was different. This is overwhelming.”

“Oh, you need not be frightened!” The young man’s voice was high and tremulous. He looked as if he could hardly restrain a shout of laughter.

“I did not expect it,” faltered Dr. Newton. “I was wrong to say academic life has few visible returns. I—I.”

Dr. Newton did not finish his sentence. He hastened down the aisle; already he was on the step, already his hat was off and he was smiling at the staring crowd and bowing happily. The young man picked up the amazingly light and shabby little satchel and followed after him.

Already the crowd was laughing; once or twice there was a curious sound which might grow into a hiss. In the background the President of the University struggled vainly to get closer to his distinguished and learned guest. Even his own students, every one of whom was there, were too interested and excited to listen or to heed.

Then, as the crowd caught sight of its famous man, a mightier shout arose. And again Dr. Newton bowed, and again began the cruel laughter. They thought he was some strange madman; there was a loud, “Get him out of the way! Hustle him—”

As though in answer, a mighty arm went out across the little man's shoulders, and the young man began to talk. They could hear nothing of what he said—their vociferous cheers were too loud for that; they saw only that he claimed the little man as his friend, and that was enough. A score of hands reached for the little black bag, another score for the great new suit-case; in a moment the two celebrities were placed side by side in the town's best sedan. The little man was Kinley's secretary, or perhaps a political friend—such was Wolfville's exalted opinion of its promising young parliamentarian.

It was only when the mighty right hand beckoned to the College President and opened the door of the sedan for him that any one suspected the truth; it was only when the car turned in at the college drive that anyone readily understood.

At the entrance of College Hall the young man got out first and handed down his elders. Dr. Newton's face was still flushed, his eyes still shone.

"I never guessed that you were the Reception Committee," he said heartily. "I suppose I shall see you at the lecture."

The young man said that he should certainly be there. Even his big hand ached from the pressure the President gave it. Then, seeing that the crowd were coming rapidly up the street, he grinned appreciatively to the President, and stepped into the sedan.

Dr. Newton delivered his lecture that evening with a spirit that kept almost everyone attentive from beginning to end. If one or two persons nodded occasionally, if a few pressed their hands suspiciously to their lips, if the eyes of the students left his face occasionally to seek the face of their idol, he did not see. He was infinitely happy. So enthusiastic a community would like to hear every detail of the lives, language, and literature of their Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and he would gratify them to the best of his ability. Once more, he said to himself, he had received a lift on his way, a lift which would help him the rest of his life.

He took the first train in the morning, still happy, still undeceived. There was one perilous moment when the "newsy" offered him a morning paper, but it passed. He was too busy thinking his own contented thoughts to read. He thanked the boy in his own polite, smiling way, and, with folded hands, sat looking out of the window.

J. G. McL., '24.

---

### SUNSETS RED

**L**AST night the sun set red:  
 And through the vagrant cloud-wreaths poured  
 The gilded glory; softly lowered  
 The crimson ball. And over all there clung  
 The radiance that the vesper angels hung.

Tonight the sun set red:  
 No downy, soft cloud-pillars round it propt  
 To lend it aid,—but quickly dropt  
 Below the bar. And that first star shone out,—  
 To blood-red glory giving rout.

And now these sunsets red  
 Are gone: but lingers yet, like fading color traced,  
 The longing that, by kindly genii graced,  
 I win the gift to softly drift out there,—  
 Where softened starshine melts in rose-gold air.

M. C. S., '27.

## THE INTERNATIONAL IDEAL

THE social problem of today may be defined as the human problem, the problem of men, women, and children living together and loving; working together and playing, in the same social order, and making their individual lives worthy and their community life happy, just, and free. The only possible solution for this problem is the establishment of a Christian social order, in which social service is the mark of individual greatness, and social love the impulse and motive to all service. The social problem is a world problem: the problem of a world neighborhood of all nations: a world federation and brotherhood of peoples in which would be consummated the ideal advocated by Tennyson in his prophetic lines:

“Till the war drums throbbed no longer, and the battle  
flags were furled  
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.”

Internationalism! The Brotherhood of Man! Let there be no mistake. If the power of internationalism has been disproved by the policies of Soviet Russia, it was not “the brotherhood of man” type of internationalism. If it has crushed out democracy, it was not democracy of the type which our fore-fathers fought to obtain. Names and forms and false philosophies may have gone into the fire and been consumed. But the realities are unscathed: they stand purified, ennobled, invincible.

Internationalism is something more, far more, than any philosophy of wealth, any theory of the laws of work and the rate of wages. It is something more than any conflict between capital and labor, any assault on the institutions of society, or any violent revolt against the established systems of government.

Internationalism has to do not only with the outward conditions and external forms of life, but also with its inward spirit, its conscious aim, and its impelling motive. It stands against the selfish, individualistic economic philosophy of

*laissez faire*, of "Every man for himself and the devil tak' the hindmost" It condemns the social parasites, both the idle rich and the vagrant poor, and it insists that no man eat bread by the sweat of another man's brow. It makes a place in the social order for everyone who serves, and gives to each according to his needs, and demands from each according to his ability.

Internationalism would reconstruct the social order and revolutionize the industrial world. Its goal includes not only juster rewards for work and more humane conditions for the worker, but also a higher type of personal character and a nobler motive in social service; not only a full dinner pail, but a fuller and richer life. To internationalism men are not dead cogs in the grinding machines of industry, but spiritual units in the social democracy of the brotherhood of service. To internationalism the great ones are not those who overload the helpless or the undefended, but those who, because they are strong, bear the burdens of the weak, and because they are free, make themselves the very servants and saviors of those who are bound. For self-interest is substituted social-interest, and in the place of selfishness, compulsion, or even hard duty, internationalism makes love the compelling motive in all service.

The idea of social justice, social service, and social love among the nations of the world is declared to be Utopian; a fine fancy, but nothing more; a pleasant dream, but doomed to disappointment. It is asserted that it would involve a transformation of human nature. And we are assured as with the finality of a scientific law, that human nature never changes.

But the ideal of internationalism is no impractical day dream. It looks with unwinking eyes into the deep recesses of human nature. It is blind to no essential fact. It misjudges no social obstacle. It recognizes that the human mind is perverted from truth, and the human heart perverted against truth. It recognizes the impossibility of selfishness and individualism inheriting a new, ideally divine kingdom. The biological imperative is absolute—there *must be* new

birth. No maxim of science is more unflinching than the *must* of the new birth.

But to the shallow thinker, to the hopeless fatalist, the attested verdict of spiritual biology, attested not by the dogma of some theorist, but proved a millions times over in the glowing crucible of life—the demonstrated verdict is this: That any man touched by the vital, divine influences of life does change; that he casts aside the old garments and dons the new. A new creation! New ideals! New loves! New ambitions! New motives! Human nature does change. It changes its innermost impulses, instincts, hopes, fears, loves, and hates. Men are born again. All history attests that races do rise, that civilizations do change, and, when this dim, lowering sky before the dawn has broken away, out of the brilliancy of a new rising sun a nation shall be born in a day.

Every pessimist cries "Utopian!" Every unbeliever cries "Idealistic!" But such mocking does not come from the truly great men, the men great in thoughts and noble deeds. For what purposes was the Great War fought? Its objects were: first, the renunciation of militarism and brute force as a factor in the relations of European nations; second, the integrity and freedom of the little nationalities and weaker states; third, the abandonment of all threatening alliances and all menacing Balances of Power, and in their place the establishment of a real European partnership, based on the rights of all and maintained by the common will.

The world since the war has had its age-long social problem to face; the problem of living together and working together—the warring classes in a common industrial order, the warring classes in a common world. Should the nations of the world make attempts to solve this problem? Should their relationships be pervaded by the spirit of internationalism, of universal brotherhood—of social love and co-operation; or by the spirit of nationalism, of individualism—of hate and cut throat competition?

The partnership of nations! That is the great new world idea. Yesterday the dream would have been laughed at as a dream of the prophets, a vision of the poets, an aspiration of the pacifists. And so it was. Tomorrow it will be

accepted as a counsel of reason, a foundation of civilization, an axiom of statesmanship. So utterly have the dogmas of the warlords been disproved; so disastrously have the war nations paid the price of their unbelief; so irreparably did the whole world suffer in the collapse of Europe's armed peace that never again in our generation will shining armor and the rattling bayonet find advocates except in the mocking cells of the world's madhouse. The idea of armed peace is doomed to reside henceforth only in the pages of history. Another idea has been set free, a world idea, the idea not of international strife, but of international partnership.

J. G. McL., '24.

---

### TO THE MAYFLOWER

WHERE did you come from, you little white thing,  
With the wee pink heart of you?  
Are you a kiss that the angels lost  
Trembling there in your dew?

You are so soft, like a baby's hand,  
And your petals are silver as stars.  
Maybe you're only a fairy's dream  
Lured through the pasture bars.

You've a breath as sweet as a springtime night,  
You shy little flower-maid,  
I think God walked in the woods to-day  
And left you here in the shade.

E. A. W., '26.

## TO ACT OR NOT TO ACT

"I think you're simply wonderful," said the girl, looking up with adoring eyes at her handsome brother. They were walking, or rather wading, through a veritable sea of white daisies and were quite alone. The man bent over and kissed the pretty mouth. He was a big chap, about thirty years old, with fair hair, blue eyes, a firm mouth, and square chin. His sister was a bright, healthy girl of seventeen, and as care-free and innocent as a sunbeam. Her dark brown curly hair was gathered under a little, close-fitting hat that left the rosy cheeks exposed to the sun. "Her eyes," Jimmy Dean had said, "were like those of a Madonna." They were big, round and dark with long, silky lashes. Yes, Nora Dean was pretty. Jimmy had said so, and there was no denying that big, powerful chap, and he worshipped Nora.

"Do you really like it?" he asked.

"Love it—oh, I mean I like it very much. "Fuzzy", the English prof., you know, says one can't love inanimate objects. But I don't think college is inanimate. I think it's just full of life."

"And I think it's *you* who is full of life. Well, get all you can out of it. They say college days are the happiest of your life."

"You bet they are, Jim. And oh, I don't believe I've told you, but just before exams. I was elected a member of the Dramatic Society!"

"A phlegmatic society, what's that?" he brother asked jokingly.

"No, dear, a *dramatic* society, for those who act in plays, you know. It's really quite an honor for me to get in as only three out of all the Freshman class are admitted. Oh, it's very exclusive. And Jimmy, the college play comes off next fall. I'm going to try out for it when college reopens. Oh! I do wish I could make it. I *love* plays, but being only a Freshette, I'm afraid I'm too—" she paused as if hunting for a word.

"Green?" her brother suggested helpfully.

"Certainly not!" she answered, "If you had been I, you would have heard enough of that despicable color to last you the rest of your life. Besides, I'll be a Sophomore by then. What I meant was that I fear I'm too inexperienced."

"Yes, I understand. Still," he added, returning to her first sentence, "I've always liked green—as a color."

"I don't", she almost snapped, "But aren't those the church bells? We'll have to hurry because mother is waiting for us and we'll be late."

Faintly wafted by the early summer breeze over the green and white fields came the pleasant sound of church bells ringing out their summons, and the two quickened their step and entered the town.

They lived with their mother in the town of Summervale, the seat of Holbrook University, to which her brother was sending Nora, while he worked in a mill in a neighboring city to earn the wherewithal to do it, and to pay for the tiny cottage they would own after three more instalments had been paid. Nora, of course, was home all the time, and Jimmy came over from the city every week-end to make the little family complete.

When the fall term began, Nora was at last a wise and mighty Sophomore. One day she came dancing into the house, cheeks glowing, eyes sparkling, crying, "Oh mother! I've made the play! I've made the college play." Then she seized that lady around the waist, and danced about the kitchen with her, upsetting, as she went, a pitcher of milk, but what did that matter? She had made the play!

When both were breathless, they stopped. "Yes, mother, and moreover, I'm the leading lady! It's really quite an honor, you know, because usually only upper classmen get parts. I'm supposed to be a young society debutante. Of course, I'll need some nice clothes but I think my own party frock and that rose crepe de chine of Mary Starr's will be good enough."

The next six weeks were spent in rehearsing. One morning, during this period, Nora received through the mail a large suit box from her grandmother. Excited, she hurried home

to open it. Inside, neatly folded, lay a charming semi-evening gown of beaded satin. She lifted it out, "But-but," she cried, the tears almost starting with disappointment, "It's green!" Then she promptly hung it away in the back of her closet, and sat down to thank her grandmother for the "lovely present," et cetera.

At last, only one day remained before the fatal night set for the play. The final dress rehearsal had been that afternoon at the College Hall and now, about six o'clock, Nora was coming home, tired, but excited about the play on the following night. As she turned up the walk, she saw a black crepe hanging on the door. She glanced about her fearfully. Had she come to the wrong house? No, it was their own. Oh, what had happened! As she passed the half-open door of the little parlor, she thought she saw something long and black but dreaded to look. She ran, almost panic-stricken, upstairs where she found her mother prostrated with grief and being attended by a neighbor who tactfully withdrew upon her entrance.

"Mother! mother!" Nora cried, "Is it, is it Jimmy?"

"Yes, Nora," her mother answered weakly. "At the mill—that huge saw-wheel. We tried to get you on the 'phone but no one would answer. Everyone was so busy. Then we thought it would be better not to."

Then she told her all that had happened. Jimmy, in reaching for a tool, had caught his sleeve in a huge saw-wheel going at a tremendous rate. His frantic cries brought men running, but the wheel had made four revolutions before the machinery could be shut down, and Jimmy Dean was dead. Two men had brought his mangled body home from the undertaker's rooms shortly after five.

"And, Nora, we'll only be able to remember him as he left us last."

Thru the sad, haltingly-told account, Nora sat tense and still, even when her mother had finished. She did not break down as expected. She simply sat there quiet. *Her Jimmy?* She couldn't believe it, somehow—Jimmy who was so fine and big and strong, and now to be lying there, never to welcome her again each Saturday afternoon. Noiselessly she crept

down and stood for a long time before the closed coffin, unable to bring herself to open it. Then she went to her room and shut herself in.

She awoke in her chair by the window the next morning feeling chilled, and in her ears the sound of breakfast being prepared by a kind neighbor below. Hastily changing her frock for a dark serge, she went in to comfort her mother, and then descended to breakfast with no appetite, a seeming hollow place where her heart had been, but with a feeling akin to reconciliation and acceptance of the inevitable in her mind.

Suddenly into the deadened brain, which, for over twelve hours, had had only one thought in it, darted another, strating one—*tonight was the night of the play!* She was the leading lady, and a substitute at this late hour for such a long part was impossible. She telephoned the president of the Dramatic Society, asking him what she should do. He told her that the students had sold practically all the seats by a house-to-house canvass; that to call it off now would be ruinous; but that he would do it if she felt that she could not possibly play that night. She promised to let him know her decision in an hour, and hung up the receiver with a heavy heart. Five thousand tickets sold! Five thousand people disappointed and provoked on only her account. One for five thousand! One for five thousand! were the words that kept hammering at her brain. She felt that she had reached the greatest crisis in her life. She was torn between two strong waves of emotion. For a few moments she sat there, irresolute. Then she rose, and her heart pounding, slipped into the dim, oppressively scented parlor where Jimmy lay. For a long time she sat there, almost immobile save only for her lips which were moving slowly. She seemed to be reasoning aloud to herself, but, in reality, she was talking to Jimmy, who had always been her adviser, and who, she felt, would not fail her now.

“Oh Jimmy, Jimmy,” she cried, “what shall I do? Tell me, Jimmy. How can I go on there tonight and pretend to be happy and laugh? *Laugh* Jimmy! How could I laugh? And yet, Jimmy, think how people would talk about us. Everyone would know why I wasn’t there. And then how disappointed

they would be. How angry the players would be. I would never get in another play. But that doesn't matter, Jimmy, if you don't want me to go. Oh, what shall I do? I can't do it. I can't go. I'd have to act two parts: act myself and then the debutante. Oh, I can't go, I can't. But what shall I do?" she repeated, sobbing.

She struggled thus for some time. Gradually, however, although her face still bore the marks of the conflict she had just gone through, her brow cleared and a feeling of peace and calmness stole over her. When she left the room there was about her a quiet air of decision. She knew now what she should do.

She went upstairs and informed her mother of her decision. Mrs. Dean replied,

"If, in your own heart, you are doing what you think Jimmy would have wanted you to do, by all means do it, Nora."

"I'm sure it is," she said simply. "I have been talking with him. He would not want me to make the three of us a subject for discussion in the whole town tonight, or to ruin my chances for future success."

She then went down and told the president of the Dramatic Society that she would play that night as scheduled. After he had thanked her and shown his appreciation of the great sacrifice she had made, Nora took from the closet the dress her grandmother had given her and tried it on. Then she made her second decision, "I shan't wear Mary's dress tonight in the first act. I'll wear this. *HE* always liked green—as a color."

G. D. H., '27.

**THE CALL OF THE SEA**

Oh you who would follow the sea trail,  
Oh you who are restless and young,  
Oh you who would master the white sail,  
Come list to the song that is sung!

Then leave every pleasure entrancing,  
Cast from you the work scarce begun;  
Leave all for the white waters dancing  
Around in the path of the sun.

From the North to the South, from the East to the West,  
From the Southern Cross to the Pole,  
I have ruled for a million years and a day  
And no mortal has conquered my soul.

Since the world first began, I have held to my throne—  
Till the end of the world so 'twill be;  
Tho' you mortals may conquer the passive old earth,  
You must bow to the will of the sea.

I rejoice in my freedom, I laugh at all bonds,  
And I make of your toil but a toy;  
Tyrannic, despotic, and cruel my rule,  
With the carefree mind of a boy.

Yet I smile and I win you and teach you my way,  
And I praise and I scorn and I jest;  
With zephyrs and tempests, with ice and with fire,  
Your manhood I put to the test.

Oh, you proud sons of earth, you adventurous ones,  
You strong hearts who'd conquer the world;  
'Tis you whom I long for, 'tis you who are mine,  
'Tis for you the white sail is unfurled.

So leave all behind you and answer my call,  
Awake from your fancy's fair dream;  
The goal you would strive for, I keep now in trust,  
Arise, youth, and follow the gleam.

From the North to the South, from the East to the West,  
From the Southern Cross to the Pole,  
I have ruled for a million years and a day  
And no mortal shall conquer my soul.

Then come where the breakers are crashing,  
And come where the sea horses play,  
And come where the white caps are flashing  
Like fountains of silvery spray.

A spread of white sail on a top-mast,  
A freshening wind hard a-beam,  
Below the horizon we drop fast,  
Forever to follow the gleam.

R. W. W., Eng. '24.



## DR. ROBERT NORWOOD

TO those of us who, on the memorable evening of Thursday, February 7th, listened to Dr. Norwood's address, unable, afterwards, to break the spell by so much as a token of applause, it would seem almost like sacrilege to dissect and reproduce in our own words what could never find its rightful proportions on paper. Perhaps, however, a little shadow of the spell he himself has cast, may flicker for an instant across the page and so redeem from presumption, a task most reverently attempted.

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Dr. Robert Norwood, poet, essayist, orator, man, in the truest sense of the word, and gentleman—will his name ever fail to awaken a chord of memories for those who heard him—memories of a greater world opened before us, memories of rejuvenation, of fresh courage for the daily tasks—because his own indomitable, never-faltering, Irish spirit has fallen like a mantle upon us!

A virile figure, he stood before us, aflame with his message from the spiritual—fitly introduced as a "growing man." Dr. Norwood is a man of unusual appearance. Dark, yet somehow glowing with an inner light,—possessing a shock of black hair, persistently wavy and persistently refusing to "stay put"—as if it would like to rise in rebellion against the conventions which hold it down—and dark eyes which rather remind one of loopholes into the infinite. It is in his eyes that the poet fervor, the soul of the artist, glows. Yet even there the striking combination of artist and man has found its way, for there are little laugh-wrinkles at the corners—almost as many as about the whimsical mouth. Surely there was never a more irresistible laugh than Dr. Norwood's, yet surely there was never a face depicting more emotional and intellectual depth of soul. The poet could never be called handsome. I do not think anyone would willingly see his Irish, character-revealing homeliness, exchanged for mere regularity of feature. Dominating his whole address, was a

personality greater than his oratory—greater even than his poetry. In truth, the nobility of the man transcends the nobility of the things he has done. May I, perhaps, be allowed to quote, in summing up the impression Dr. Norwood leaves of the man himself, his own parting words to the University students,—“A Christian gentleman, a true patriot, a true comrade, one of the White Company of the Great Adventure in God.”

In a simple, “you-are-all-my-folks” introduction, Dr. Norwood referred to his own feeling of sadness in again standing on the platform where his old friend, W. E. Marshall, had lovingly introduced him two years previous. It was a sincere and beautiful tribute that he paid to his friend whom he spoke of, as going home to “God, the Great Poet.”

Though already one with us, each, individually, by reason of his warmth of heart and glowing personality, he strengthened the link and became almost one of Acadia’s sons when he told us that Theodore Harding was his mother’s uncle. So honest and friendly a tribute did he pay to the democracy of the Baptist Church, that we could almost forgive him his allegiance to the Anglican denomination through which his Baptist sympathies had been “filtered.”

In a strain of the inimitable humor which prevailed and humanized his lecture thruout, Dr. Norwood described the disaster to the “voices”,—namely their dispersion amongst the audience while in Halifax. Yet the disaster was not an altogether regrettable one as it, perhaps, gave more chance for the glowing force of his own personality to appear.

He further established his kindred feeling by complimenting the audience on their poise and friendliness and by paying sincerely loyal tributes to his land and ours—Nova Scotia—the province which he says, “most fitly represents Canada.” Even great orators—like Dr. Marshall, for instance—who chose Ontario for their birthplace, come to the crowning of their endeavour in Nova Scotia. While introducing a quaint story of a little boy in Quebec who rather resented his eulogy of Nova Scotia, Dr. Norwood again had a chance

to display his characteristic humor, "Ministers," he said, "are not supposed to know anything of political economy but the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest." Perhaps this little story also illustrates, better than anything else could, his sympathy for and his patience with, childhood and in fact, with all people who are weaker than himself. We indignantly deny that we ever had the thought he then imputed to us—namely, "he evidently thinks he is all the voices." Even had the thought been suggested, it would have perished with his assertion that the introduction was just an attempt to establish his kinship with us—a thing which he accomplished as soon as he faced his audience, but which we are not at all loath to continue.

Who can forget his dancing smile and delightful Irish accent as he said, "I am the best kind of Irishman in the world—born in Canada; better still, born in Nova Scotia; better still, born in Lunenburg county." And indeed, he is the best kind of Irishman! We would almost have been inclined to veto his wish that the Scotch sanity, so admirably tempering his Irish impetuosity, might be uppermost in the lecture, so fascinating was the vivacity of Erin! By this time, if we were not convinced before, we absolutely seconded his laughing declaration that the Scotch were the greatest orators in the world excepting the Irish! We were finding that the combination was irresistible!

Loyally believing in the possibilities of the modern Anglo-Celt poets, he hotly confuted the patronizing attitude adopted by some professors toward them. The ravings of Amy Lowell, anent such subjects as cakes of soap, and the lowered standards of poets who seem to think it an "artistic degradation" to mention God, would not, of course, be cited as examples of our right to immunity from condescension. Instead, he included the "singing lines" of Masfield and the mystic element in Kipling—illustrating the latter with a beautiful rendering of the "Recessional" and "The Brushwood Boy"—the inner-life interpretation of Yeats, Vachel Lindsay, and Anna Hempstead Branch, and the power in the lines of many others who in the truest sense might be called Anglo-

Celt singers. Illustrating with marvelous word-pictures of the solemn scenes with Nicodemus and citing the quiet answer of Jesus, "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit," Dr. Norwood reverently called the Christ the Great Poet, making us see as never before the mystic, spiritual ecstasy underlying every work of the man of Galilee. It was this interpretation of God, of the possibility of infusing the infinitudes with every day things, of the mystical hand of the Great Artist, revealed in the works of his people, which lay at the basis of his address. So do we understand the hitherto unfamiliar name of "Anglo-Celt," used by Dr. Norwood in place of the respectable, old phrase "Anglo-Saxon," for it is to the Celtic contribution that we owe that underlying sense of the spiritual without which all poets "become as sounding brass and tinkling sycambal." The scorn of the great soul for the supreme audacity of his Pharisaically heaven-inspiring, petty brother was manifest as he charged the "new school" of poetry with "jazzing up a bit" and "slinging hyperbole" and concluded his flaming denunciations with a quieter note from the "Hymns to Poets".

"In shouting tavern tunes  
We forget the sound of runes."

Perhaps nothing in his lecture was more beautiful than his revelation of the wonderful companionship between poet-souls in the quotation from the verse which the poet, Willard Wattles, wrote for him personally after enjoying his (Dr. Norwood's) hospitality.

"Said the Christ in me to the Christ in you,  
'How-do-you-do, brother, how-do-you-do?'  
Said the Christ in you to the Christ in me  
'What do you see, brother, what do you see?'"

We were impressed with the fact that the poet soul in its craving to give and lift, has the power of interpretation as

well as creation, when Dr. Norwood recited "The Road to Galilee." And it almost seemed to us who in fancy travelled with him, as if he were depicting himself when he spoke of "the man who takes a day to walk with God." Only there is a reverent certainty that with Dr. Norwood, a year must be but as a day. He then referred again to the beautiful lyric poetry found amongst the productions of many of our modern poets, mentioning the justly renowned names of D. C. Scott, F. G. Scott, Cameron Hayes, Grace Blackburn, and a newer, younger singer, Charlie Bruce, of Mt. Allison. In the future of Canada, nay, even in the very present of Canada,—lies a wonderful storehouse of lyric poetry—poet-singing,—which gets, as all poet-singing should get, beyond the ecclesiastical and outwardly religious.

"The task of the poet," said Dr. Norwood, "is to lift life into the heights, to cheer pioneers, to combine with it the work of the prophet, for the prophet is always poet."

Again, he spoke of the resounding lines of Peter and Paul and gave us an unforgettable thought. "Poetry is universal speech. It represents the universality of the soul. It is only in the universality of the soul that we shall meet in that brotherhood 'where the war-drum throbs no longer.'" There was a challenging appeal in his voice, a call to a most exalted service when he said, "allow no voice to intimidate . . . continue to interpret the land and the people of the land. Only as a nation sings does it 'rise on stepping-stones of its dead self to higher things.'" "

Illustrating with the beautiful story of the dreamer, Joseph, and his brethren, he traced the utter dependence of the visionary and the maker of material things, on each other. "Separated, the poet is an important man and the practical man is lame." The poet's mind resembles light, the blinding flash which breaks up into prismatic colors and gives the world the blended beauty of the multiple.

Canada, Dr. Norwood thought, ably demonstrated its own ability to confute the arguments of those who say she is too young and too busy for a great literature as yet. He cited the instance of the editor of a popular magazine who always

asked the busiest man for the most inspired writing. "Out of the yeast and ferment of the life of nations is the song of the nations produced." Out of the recent war, the soul of Canada has come gloriously to its self.

He closed by reading his most recent poem, which, he said, contained some of the things he wanted to express.

And how well he had expressed them—"the joy of life, the sacred value of recollection, the ability to put together seemingly little things with the infinites of life"—only his enthralled audience could have told. As he read to us his beautiful song of the spinner, we forgot the man on whose face was graven the stress of a grown-up world and went back with him to his boyhood to the little brown house in New Ross, to the April sky so amazingly blue in the eyes of childhood, to the pranks and fun of being a little boy in a Nova Scotia spring! Most beautiful of all, we shared with him the reverent love for the light in his mother's eyes, "the need of a chick for his mother's wings." The infinite in which we had been living for an hour, dropped from us and the exquisite fancies of childhood made dreams of the common things. With him we saw the Christ in the world about—with him we saw the relationship of the great with the simple service—we felt comfortingly that,

"Hobnailed boots and harps are spun  
Out of the substance of the sun."

Indeed, a fitting conclusion, a new and greater kinship reaching out from the man of the "harp" to us of the "hob-nailed boots."

He took his seat quietly then, the light still in his eyes, and we were left nearer to the stars, remembering in fullest force his own definition of the master of his craft, "A poet must always be an interpreter of spiritual things."

E. A. W., '26.

## THE KISSING TREE

**B**ETWEEN Pensance and Lostormel, and at almost equal distances from the two, an old oak stands by the narrow roadside. The Lostormel guide-book, edited by a certain Mr. Jones, calls it a "venerable oak;" but then, the excellent Mr. Jones knows no better than to sacrifice his meaning for the sake of using a longer word.

"Venerable" is the last word one would care to use in connection with that tree; old it is, but subtly suggestive of much wickedness. Viewing the dark mass of it drawn against a night sky, you see the outline of an old satyr crouching on his goat's haunches and laughing—as the wind shakes him—at some recollection of monumental naughtiness.

So thought Wingate, and he thought too, that it was quite the wrong sort of tree upon which a pleasant superstition ought to have been hung. But there is one attached to it, and from it the oak is called the Kissing Tree.

Let us see what Mr. Jones has to say about it.

"———stands a venerable oak which is called the Kissing Tree. It owes its name to a once popular belief that if a swain were able to entice the lass of his heart to the Kissing Tree on midsummer night, and there snatch a kiss of her, she could not help loving him ever afterwards. I need hardly add that free education and a broader outlook on life have done much among our young people to destroy the 'magic powers' of the old oak."

Wingate found himself in Cornwall, searching in that home of legend for material to add to his forthcoming book on English folklore. He was staying at Lostormel, and, having read about the Kissing Tree, in the local guide book, walked out to visit it. He found the tree, remarked its wicked aspect, and returned to Lostormel knowing no more about it than the guide-book had already told him.

Round about Lostormel, and in fact throughout Cornwall, the people are sensitive to the opinion of "foreigners from England." They laugh openly at the superstitions of their forebears, and would die rather than own to sharing them.

They suspect the Anglo-Saxon of laughing at them in his sleeve for a set of ignorant bumpkins. Their past is a closed book, and they are careful never to open it in the presence of strangers.

Thus, when Wingate mentioned the tree in inns or to groups of fishermen on the quayside, the men laughed and said that nobody believed in those old tales nowadays. And some whistled popular tunes not more than a year old, to show how modern they were.

So there were none to tell him that pixies had planted the tree in the very old days, when "what with them, and the giants, Cornwall wasn't hardly fit for human flesh." He did not know that the old innkeeper couldn't have got his good wife in any other way than by taking her to that old oak and kissing here there on a midsummer night. And she would not have allowed him if she had not thought that midsummer night comes in the middle of August and not in June; and when she did find out, it was too late!

The men, young and old, who whistled jazz tunes and went to see the now popular motion pictures, knew whom to visit if they desired to ill-wish an enemy. They knew one or two of the "old people" who could charm warts and stop blood from flowing; and they knew better than to mention rabbits when they were out to sea; but they said none of these things to the London gentleman. Every stranger was a "London gentleman," even though he came from Canada or the United States. And London gentlemen thought they knew everything and laughed at folks.

The Vicar of Lostormel, himself a Kentish man, who continued to be popular with his flock without understanding it, found Wingate in the church one afternoon, admiring the thirteenth century baptismal font. The short conversation which followed terminated in an invitation to tea at the vicarage. The visitor remained to supper, and on until past midnight, talking and smoking. In him the vicar found a spirit distantly akin to his own.

"And have the people really abandoned their old traditions?" Wingate asked.

“I think not entirely, although times are changing here as well as elsewhere. They are a strange, secretive people, and I know nothing about their inner selves.”

“I wonder whether any of them still believe in the Kissing Tree?”

“My dear Mr. Wingate, if you want to discover that, why don't you go and see for yourself?”

“How?”

“Tomorrow evening is midsummer night. There is a barn opposite the old tree. Why not wait inside and see what happens?”

\* \* \* \* \*

There was no moon that midsummer night, but the sky was cloudless and luminous with its dust of stars. The parent winds were asleep, but little breezes, scarcely strong enough as yet to turn a leaf, were playing in the lanes. Spring was saying good-bye, handing her laden basket on to Summer; for midsummer night, coming as she does in June, has stolen the name of a night in August.

It is the night when all the fairy folk are said to regain their lost power. Wingate, wandering under the stars thru the sweet-scented lanes towards the Kissing Tree, could well believe it. The rustling of little wild things in leafy banks was a scurry of elves surprised by a stranger's footfall. Brambles clutching at him were traps set by the same fairy people. The gnarled trunks of trees took on elfin shapes and features, And now and then his face parted long strands of gossamer fresh from a fairy's spinning wheel.

He reached the old tree at last, and found it as deserted as the shrine of some old god of a forgotten cult. No human thing was within sight or hearing, but he lingered some minutes, watching and listening, while he filled and lit a pipe. Then he turned abruptly to the left and entered Stygian darkness thru the open door of the barn.

He walked cautiously, lest his shins should encounter some agricultural implement. An upturned plowshare met suddenly in the dark is no friend of man. And, sure enough, his foot collided with something hard which gave forth a

metallic ring. He stood still while he lit a match, and then stared hard at what lay at his feet. It was a woman's bicycle.

He lit another match, and, as he did so, he heard a little exclamation and a rustling of straw. The feeble flame was enough to show him a girl leaning against the side of a wagon. She was very small, and cast in a fairy mould, with eyes half-laughing and half-afraid, and the most whimsical little mouth one could wish to see.

"I beg your pardon," said Wingate. "I didn't know fairies went in for cycling. How very modern of you!"

"We don't—only on midsummer night. It's not customary, you see."

Wingate smiled broadly in the dark.

"Do you know, Fairy, I have always longed to meet you."

"But you've never seen me before, Mortal."

"Oh, yes, I have. You are the bad fairy—the one that wasn't invited to my christening. The others had given me a merry heart, but you sent me thru the world with a solemn face. Can't you do something about it?"

She laughed softly.

"Not now, I'm afraid. It's much too late. I'm sorry. Your parents should have been more careful with their invitations."

"I though, if you'd just wave your wand—"

"I can't, I left it behind under the mushroom where I live. Still, if you've got a merry heart, you oughtn't to mind."

"I don't—much. How do they call you, Fairy?"

She hesitated and then said: "Helen."

He bowed. "Of course, I ought to have known."

'The face that launched a thousand ships, and fired the topmost towers of Ilium.'

Helen, you shouldn't have left that wand behind. I'm disappointed in you."

"And I'm disappointed in you."

He frowned severely. Now that his eyes were used to the darkness he could see her almost distinctly.

"Disappointed in me! Just when I thought I was being bright and amusing and making such a hit! Really, fairy, what did you expect?"

"I thought you were going to meet somebody under that tree. I was watching you while you waited."

He laughed. "I'm so sorry. We are here with the same purpose. I've walked from Lostormel in the hope of finding one couple so old-fashioned as to follow the old tradition."

"And I've cycled over from Pensance. Poor old tree! Nobody cares a jot for him now, poor dear!"

"He's a wicked old tree," said Wingate. "Look at him."

"Oh, no, no! He's queer, but he isn't wicked."

"Isn't he? Look at all the mischief he's done!"

"Is it mischievous to make people fall in love?"

"Of course it is. Perhaps that's why people avoid him now. They're getting too wise."

There was a short pause.

"Poor old tree!"

"Wicked old tree! Look at him. Serves him right!"

"Even if he is wicked, I'm sorry for him. He's so lonely to-night."

"Well" said Wingate, "he has no right to be lonely to-night. Are we not here, keeping vigil with him?"

"Yes, but—"

She stopped suddenly short. Glancing sideways at her, he saw that her face was averted.

"But we," he finished for her, "are not his devotees. There is his magic waiting for us, and we won't take it—because of what somebody would say if he knew. Isn't that it? Yes, you were right—poor, lonely old tree!"

His hand linked itself in her arm, but she twisted herself free.

"Oh," she cried, "I don't know you! It isn't as if we had—"

"You don't know me? When all the wisest heads of Fairyland conspired to bring us together this same blessed night!"

"You're talking nonsense," she cried almost plaintively.

"And isn't this a night for nonsense—glorious nonsense? Come to the tree, Helen, the poor, wicked, lonely old tree whom nobody cares for now. He'll think us rustic lovers, and thus be happy for one more year."

She let him lead her out into the starlight, and the shadows of the tree embraced them both. There she hung her head and whispered:

"It's only because—'somebody' ought to do this!"

"The old tree keeps his secrets," Wingate whispered, dropping light hands upon her shoulders.

Suddenly she lifted her little face, warm and fragrant and half ashamed. Their lips met, and for a moment her cheek rested against his. Then she drew back and stared at him round-eyed, half-laughing, half-afraid.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "suppose the magic really works?"

"I've a worse fear than that," he whispered, "Suppose it doesn't?"

She laughed softly to herself.

Suddenly, she jerked him by the sleeve. He was aware all at once of footfalls and voices. A rustic man and girl were coming down the lane with the slow, langorous gait of lovers.

Without a word Wingate began to cross the road on tip toe. She followed him as silently to the open doorway. In the darkness within they watched and waited, and saw two shadowy figures pass and linger under the tree. They heard the sound of a kiss, and then a girl's voice.

"Aw, Tom, 'tis the old tree and midsummer night!"

Wingate turned to the girl beside him. There was laughter in the eyes of both of them.

"That's good!" he whispered. "The old tree! There are others beside us!"

Then he took her hands and drew her gently to him.

## ON THE ANTICIPATION OF PLEASURE

ANTICIPATION is a strange and a terrible thing. It is insidious, silver-tongued, sugar-coated—and merciless. It can turn an ordinarily sane man into a happy idiot, gibbering sweet nothings, or it can reduce a strong man to a state of abject, cowering helplessness. It leads on its trusting victim and raises him to a prospective “seventh heaven” of delight, and then, when the foundations of his airy Elysium crumble and he is hurled to the depths of despair, it stands by and mocks him, a satanic smile on its hitherto seraphic features.

Just think of all the wonderful anticipations you have cherished, and then check up how many of them have come altogether true. Possibly one, or even two, but, in all probability, *none!* To support our statement we cite a few personal experiences.

We think of the letter from that new friend to which we looked forward with such pleasurable *anticipation*, and then we think of the hideous, scrawling, incoherent, pock-marked epistle that we received. We were horribly disappointed; but why? Anticipation had heartlessly led us on to expect something new, wonderful, and altogether out of the ordinary, and when we didn't get it, we just naturally yielded to grief. Anticipation was to blame!

Another one. We think of that first dance. How we looked forward to it! And then—we waltzed on our hostess' toes, were snubbed by our best girl, spilt the ice-cream in our lap, and so stumbled on into situations of indescribable misery. But why couldn't we regain poise, laugh it off, enjoy ourselves? After the first break we were, with acute bitterness, aware that the hopes which anticipation had engendered were, instead of materializing, evaporating; drab and unpleasant reality was so vastly different from what we had, with pathetic optimism, anticipated, that it robbed us of all ambition and initiative and, hopelessly embarrassed and almost apathetic, we floundered on into worse and worse pre-

dicaments. That is why! We had anticipated. *Anticipated!* Bah!!

And then there was that first smoke. For some weeks we had gazed, with envious eyes, on our room-mate contentedly smoking his evil little pipe. The desire to do likewise became strong within us. We would learn to smoke a pipe! It was easy! Had not countless others done it? Of course! We anticipated our keen enjoyment when we should display our ability before our envious comrades back home.

One evening we filled the infernal machine and started in. Soon things were going nicely and the room was filled with smoke made by *us*, all by ourselves. Some three minutes elapsed. At the end of that period we were lying on the bed, inhaling great draughts of the fresh air pouring in thru the opened windows, and trying to control the strange and alarming movement of the walls and ceiling, which weré revolving at an amazing rate. Dastardly anticipation, after leading us on to attempt something far beyond our powers, and again let us down!

Of course there are some occasions, pitifully few and far between, when our experiences exceed our wildest anticipations. And then!—well, it is indescribable, like the feeling when you see a notice to the effect that a totally unexpected half-holiday is to be given bonus, gratis, free-for-nothing. Think of one or two of those memorable *surpassed* anticipations! We remember one. We had had a little disagreement with *her*, and having arrived at that stage where we were willing to make any and every concession, with a piece of humble pie in each hand, so to speak, we went to sue for forgiveness and reinstatement. We expected our explanations and apologies to be accepted, of course, but we anticipated only a small portion of the favour we had formerly received. O, boy! We think how she treated us, said it was all her fault, and so on, and how she said good-night! We walked home in a dream, and when we got there we sat up half the night trying to write a sonnet to her eyes. That was a long time ago, but we shall never forget it! It surely is a

wonderful sensation when the realization leaves the anticipation far behind.

But very seldom are our anticipations surpassed, or even realized. Nearly always the direct opposite seems to occur, and often we are left with broken dreams, shattered ideals, anger in the mind, and an ache in the heart. All pleasures would taste sweeter if we did not dazzle ourselves beforehand with expected enjoyment, because then they *could* not fall short of our expectations. But it will always be otherwise; people will always look forward and "count their chickens before they are hatched," it is only human nature to hope, but it hurts most inhumanly when hopes are not realized.

So you see that anticipation is the cause of a great many of man's woes and griefs. We should like to express our selves more strongly, but this seems to be an occasion on which to exercise "classic restraint," so all we shall say is: "Curse Anticipation, the cause of all disappointment!"

G. S. H., '26.

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## GIRL'S INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE

**I**N accordance with the schedule of the Girls' Intercollegiate Debating League drawn up three years ago, the Acadia co-eds this year debated the co-eds of the University of New Brunswick. The contest was held in the auditorium of the Baptist church here on the evening of March 20th, on the subject: "Resolved that the export of pulpwood from Canada should be prohibited."

The U. N. B. team, consisting of Miss Mary Jones, (leader), Miss Florence Snodgrass and Miss Dorothy Phillips, upheld the affirmative of the resolution, presenting the advisability of conserving Canadian resources and encouraging home industries. Acadia was represented by Miss Jean Walker (leader), Miss Claire Cutten and Miss Alse McLeod, who contended for the negative that an embargo would be too drastic a measure to benefit our country. Both teams had

their arguments well prepared and presented them in a forceful manner, enlivened by humorous touches. The decision was given in favor of Acadia.

At the conclusion of the debate, the two teams, together with the judges and a few other guests, were very hospitably entertained at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Patterson.

On the following day a conference of representatives from the six Maritime universities was held for the purpose of drawing up a new schedule for the League and amending its constitution. Those present at the conference were: Misses Gladys Blackall, Kings, (Chairman), Mary Jones, U. N. B., Alberta Smith, Mt. A., Mary McOdan and Mary Friel, Mt. St. Bernard, Edith Black, Dalhousie, and Dora Baker, Acadia.

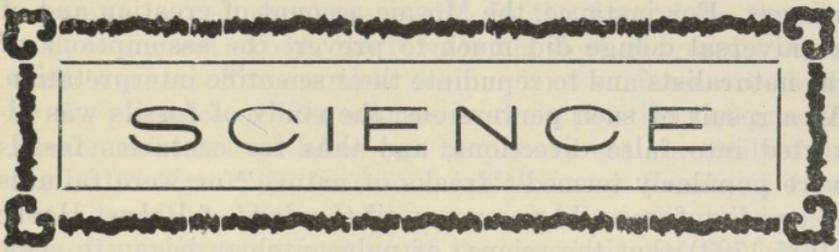
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#### MEN'S INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

Contesting the same resolution as the Girl's League, the men's intercollegiate debate, between Acadia and St. Francis Xavier, was held in the Immaculate Hall, Antigonish, on Friday evening, March 28th. On this occasion Acadia presented the affirmative of the case, and in winning the decision, gave the university the rather unique honor of winning both sides of the same resolution.

The speakers for St. F. X. were Messrs. Arthur Chassion, A. L. Donovan, and D. S. McDonald, while Acadia was represented by Messrs. E. L. Curry (leader), R. B. Curry, and F. S. Crossman. The debate was of an extremely interesting nature and the subject was handled in a masterly way, giving a splendid exhibition of the debating ability of both teams. The judges were Principal Cummings of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, Truro; Stuart Jenks, K. C., Halifax; and Professor Sydney Smith of Dalhousie University.

At the conclusion of the debate, the judges and members of the debating teams were sumptuously banquetted in the dining hall of the S. F. X. residence, the evening coming to a close with a happy round of toasts and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The word "SCIENCE" is written in a large, serif, all-caps font, centered within a rectangular frame. This frame is surrounded by a decorative, ornate border with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns.

### THE SPHERE OF THE PALAEOLOGIST

**P**ALAEOLOGY treats of the structure, affinities, classification, and distribution in time, of the forms of plant and animal life found imbedded in the rocks of the earth's crust. From a biological point of view it is a part of botany and zoology, as a proper knowledge of extinct organisms can only be obtained thru the study of living forms, while the history of modern organisms is amplified by a knowledge of their extinct progenitors. Viewed from the physical side, however, palaeontology is a branch of geology, as it is largely due to the presence of fossil forms that geologists have been able to correlate the rock structure of the earth's crust so as to work out satisfactory stratigraphic inferences, and to estimate the time intervals and physiography of the earth for the great geologic ages.

Like so many of our sciences, palaeontology began among the Greeks. Aristotle is reputed as having made considerable study of the records of life embodied in the rocks, and his theory of "Mutation of the earth's crust," as an explanation of the fact that fossils of marine organisms are found embedded in the land strata, as well as his theory to account for the evident changes in the species, was to a great degree in keeping with the theories advanced by the palaeontologists of the present day. Other students of those early days devoted some attention to the study of fossils, but, in the ages that followed the passing of Greek dominance, the science was retarded by other theories which led to consider-

able delay in the establishment of palaeontology as a distinct science. For instance, the Mosaic account of creation and of a universal deluge did much to prevent the assumptions of the naturalists and to repudiate their scientific interpretation. As a result of such perversions, the study of fossils was diverted into false directions, and thus for centuries fossils were popularly termed "freaks of nature" or were failures of creative force. It was not until the days of Robert Hooke (1635-1703) that the science of palaeontology began to show signs of revival, and the possibility of becoming a potent factor in the world of science. In his study of fossils, Hooke hit upon the idea of deriving the chronology of time intervals in the earth's history from the sequence of these remains, thus attempting to account for the changes in climate which made possible the former existence of tropical species in England and Northern Europe. But the real impetus was given to the science by Darwin, who, on publishing his notable book, *The Origin of Species*, placed the fortuity of fossil study in a new light, and awakened the scientific world to the realization that secrets pertaining to ages, ancient many times over, before the advent of man upon the earth, might thus be discovered from the strata of the rocks and displayed to human understanding.

The word "fossil," used in its true palaeontological sense, means the remains or record of plants or animals preserved in the rocks of the earth. The idea of antiquity is, therefore, not necessarily involved in the term. The bones of animals buried under silt by modern floods are as much fossils as the crystalline traces of coral in the ancient masses of limestone. Neither has the term any restrictions in regard to its organic grade. The actual remains of the plant or animal; the accretions of minerals which have displaced the original bodies; ores reputed to be of organic origin; and even the handiwork of man, whether it be works of art recovered from the ruins of Pompeii or the flint implements of pre-historic man which are dug from the gravels of ancient rivers, so long as they are thus preserved in a natural manner, are entitled to the general term of *fossil*.

The presence of fossils in the rock strata serve two great purposes in geological research. In the first place, they reveal, to a great extent, the former physical geography of the earth's crust. For example, former land surfaces are shown by the presence of tree stumps in their positions of growth; former existence of lakes can be proved satisfactorily from the beds of marl or limestone which carry fossils of fresh water species; old sea bottoms are plainly indicated by fossils of marine organisms; and the proximity of the land at the time when the fossiliferous stratum was being laid down may be estimated by the presence of terrestrial organisms. Moreover, the climatic conditions which prevailed at a given time and place may be successfully demonstrated by the testimony of fossils, for, as was pointed out by Hooke, in the seventeenth century, the presence of palms, crocodile species, and other tropical fauna and flora in the Tertiary deposits in England indicates a tropical climate in that portion of the globe at that age.

The second purpose which fossils serve in the unfolding of geologic history, is in the bearing which they have upon geological chronology. Altho definite dates cannot be fixed in regard to geological eras of time, yet, due to the presence of these indicators, it is not difficult to determine the relative age of the different strata. This determination is based upon the law of "super-position": namely, that in a series of stratified formations the older rocks overlie the younger. Obviously, instances occur where strata are folded by crustal disturbances so that the younger rocks are made to underlie the older, but this inversion can usually be traced out by some means so that the general order of superposition is said to be decisive in the relative ages of stratified rock.

The palaeontologist, therefore, having determined the order of sequence, correlates the age of the fossil to the age of the stratum, and as the formations are traced upward it has been learned that species after species found in the lowest strata disappear, and others take their place. Careful investigation of the forms represented in the different formations has revealed the fact that certain species or genera are

characteristic of certain horizons of time. Such forms are called *index fossils*, and serve as a key in determining the age of other strata bearing the same peculiar fossil forms, but whose stratigraphic and lithological characters are not sufficient to prove their origin. For example, if the palaeontologist should find the fossil remains of a Trilobite in the rock structure under investigation, he immediately concludes that it is Cambrian rock, for it is known, from the work already accomplished by this science, that only Cambrian rocks bear this species of the Crustacea.

Thus it is largely from the work of the palaeontologist that the division of the stratified portions of the earth's crust into systems, formations, and groups, depending upon the age assigned, is made possible. Space does not permit a discussion of the biological aspects of the science, but from these few instances it may be seen that the sphere of the palaeontologist is very extensive, and of vital importance to the scientific world. He has always before him the problem of phylogeny, or the restoration of the tree of animal descent. Were the geologic records complete it would be comparatively easy, by the study of fossils, to trace back the ancestry of man and all animals to their beginnings in the primordial protoplasm, but, probably due to great periods of erosion or extensive metamorphism, which agents would tend to destroy the fauna, large intervals of time are missing, so that the history revealed by the rocks is broken. However, the science is relatively young, and it is reasonable to infer from the success that it has achieved during the last three-quarters of a century, that, with further development of this study, many of the mysteries pertaining to the history of the earth, and of life upon the earth, may yet be discovered. H. M. B., '24.

# The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 5

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## Editorial



### DO WE REALIZE OUR RESPONSIBILITY?

WHAT is the greatest factor in college life? A simple question, says the student, for is not the larger part of our time occupied, or supposed to be occupied, with our studies? But we wonder if this answers our query. The student stands too close to college life to see it in its true perspective. He needs to ascend the heights of experience and from that vantage point look backward over his college days. Viewing them thus thru the light of a decade or two, minor details which once loomed large will have sunk into insignificance and only the important things will stand out in relief.

With a realization of this fact, a questionnaire has been prepared in which fifty prominent college graduates answered the question, and, as results show, answered it almost

unanimously. Their decision goes not to studies, nor yet to extra-curriculum activity, but to the influence of the personal contact between students. It is summed up by one of them who says:

“While books can teach, personality can educate.”

In this decision there lies an important thought for us. Our college training becomes more involved when we realize that the educational process is not completed for us when the bell rings at the conclusion of the class period, but that it continues quite as much in the succeeding period of relaxation. Nor is this all. Not only are we *being* educated, but we are ourselves factors in educating other people. It is the influence that *we* are unconsciously exerting all the time which will go toward making up that sum total of influence constituting the most lasting effect of college life upon our associates. Our vision expands as it stretches out into the vistas opened up by such a thought.

Looking at our lives from this point of view, new importance attaches itself to the everyday occurrences which have hitherto claimed too little of our attention. We look at our offices in the various classes and societies and gain a new realization of the influence disseminated from them. We think of the way in which new students look to upper classmen for examples, and recognize the responsibility of the upper classes. And we remember, too, that among our friends in our casual expressions of preference for one thing more than another, we are all the time influencing them for or against the object, be it a brand of chocolate bar or a moral principle.

But the sphere of our influence is not limited to the campus. College life is ever a source of more or less curiosity to the non-college person, and from this there develop still greater possibilities for influence. In all our contact with the world beyond the campus we are constantly contributing to the opinion others hold of college life. Here the influence from the individual is even greater than in the college sphere, because whereas in college one is compared with the group as a whole, in the outer world one tends to be taken as *typical*

of the whole. Thus the thoughtless act of some individual would be understood and overlooked among college associates, but in the eyes of the outside world it would take on proportions great enough to condemn college in general in their eyes. The dangers from such widespread influence are as great as are its opportunities.

Realizing all this, we see that there is new importance attached also to our relations with the world beyond the campus. Influence, like charity, may *begin* at home, but it is not confined there. We look at the accounts of college affairs which we give to others, and see that it is our interpretation of the spirit of events which determines the conclusions they form in regard to them. We consider the conduct of a college group, perhaps an athletic team, as they go out among other groups, and realize that they set a standard in the minds of the public by which all other students are judged. The recent Acadia trip to Truro and the credit accorded us for our conduct on that occasion show how closely that conduct was observed, nor can it be doubted that it is as closely watched on other occasions also. It is as we measure up, or fail to measure up, to the standards set by the public that our college rises or falls in public estimation.

But how often do we stop to consider the magnitude of our influence? How often do we feel that because we are college students our wider field of influence entails greater personal responsibility? How often, instead, do we use the reverse argument that because we are college students, we have the right to be carefree and irresponsible? We wonder if a little time spent in honestly answering such questions would not be a profitable investment. The right answers may have much to do not only with the success of our own college careers, but also with the success of Acadia's Million Dollar Campaign, and thus Acadia's future as a whole. The matter seems worth thinking over.

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The *Athenaeum* extends congratulations to Mr. H. M. Bannerman, '24, on the winning of his literary "A." This is a distinction which he well deserves and we are very pleas-

ed to see his faithful efforts on behalf of the *Athenaeum* so rewarded.

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## SEMINARY DEPARTMENT

AT last, after months of untiring and unceasing work for Student Government, it has been established in the Seminary. Rules have been changed, and privileges granted after much discussion. All of the girls over eighteen years of age, or members of the Senior class, have signed a pledge to strictly keep the rules of the revised constitution. As everyone is doing her utmost to make the new government profitable to the school, certain success is predicted for it. The members of the Student Council are:

Minnie Poole, (President); Lena Price, (Secretary); Alice Davies, Jean Murray, Helen Morrisey, Isabel Robertson and Christine Cavanagh.

In addition to the Table and Street Committees, there is also an Advisory Committee, consisting of the Vice-Principal, Miss Palmer; President of the Student Council, Minnie Poole; Presidents of the Senior and Junior classes, Marian Banks and Vera Olts, and one member of the Senior class, Dorothy Hunt.

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On Saturday afternoon, the first of March, the Seminary girls met the Wolfville town girls in a surprisingly speedy hockey match. The former were defeated by one point, the score at the end of the final period being 3-2 in favor of the town girls. Both Tira Falt and Marjorie Parker distinguished themselves by their splendid work on the Seminary team. A return game was arranged, but the condition of the ice necessitated its postponement.

The line-up of the Seminary was:

Centre, Marie Sexton; right wing, Marjorie Parker; left wing, Mildred Muttart; right defense, Tira Falt; left defense,

Beulah Wry; goal, Vera MacEacheron; subs., Frances Brown and Doris Leard.

The members of the Pierian Society indeed considered themselves fortunate on the evening of March 22nd when Miss Trotter, Girl's Work Secretary for the Maritime Provinces, working under the Maritime Religious Education Council, gave them an illustrated lecture in Science Hall. Her talk about her work with the Canadian Girls in Training was assuredly the most interesting one heard by the Seminary students this year. The next evening, Miss Trotter spoke in the Y. W. C. A. services on the four-fold ideal of the Canadian Girls in Training, revealing many of the advantages and charms of this great society which had hitherto been unknown.

The second Faculty Recital was held in the Baptist Church, Friday, March 7th, where a large and appreciative audience enjoyed the following program:

Sonata in A Major f .....	<i>Handel</i>
Miss White.	
Ah! Je beux Vivre, from Romeo and Juliette.....	<i>Goronod</i>
Miss Gifford.	
Berceuse, op. 57 .....	<i>Chopin</i>
Danse Polonaise .....	<i>Jeffery</i>
Miss Bancroft.	
The Old Lady Shows Her Medals.....	<i>Barrie</i>
Miss Griffith.	
J'ai Perdu Celle.....	<i>N. G. Bach</i>
May Morning .....	<i>Manney</i>
Requiem .....	<i>Homer</i>
Miss Gifford.	
Waltz in A Major .....	<i>Brahms-Hochstein</i>
Londonderry Air .....	<i>Kreisler</i>
La Chase .....	<i>Cartier-Kreisler</i>
Miss White.	

The Black Birds.....	<i>Henry VanDyke</i>
A Mile With Me .....	<i>Henry VanDyke</i>
	Miss Griffith.
Hungarian Rhaysody, No. 6. ....	<i>Liszt</i>
	Miss Bancroft.

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The Seminary play, "Daddy-Long-Legs", was presented under the direction of Miss Pearl Griffith, in the Orpheum Theatre on Friday, March 14th. The acting, the actors, in fact, the whole play was so delightful as to be considered the best the Seminary has shown for some years. The cast of characters was as follows:

Gladiola .....	Ruth Clark
Sadie Kate .....	Margaret Barnaby
Loretta .....	Annie Palmer
Mamie .....	Bernice Hales
Janie .....	Grace Coates
Freddie Perkins .....	Vera MacEacheren
Mrs. Lippett .....	Aileen Freeman
Judy Abbot .....	Marie Sexton
Miss Pritchard .....	Ena Roop
Cyrus Wykoff .....	Doane Hatfield
Jervis Pendleton .....	Arthur Brown
Sallie McBride .....	Jean Murray
Julia Pendleton .....	Laura Duncanson
Maid .....	Beulah Wry
Mrs. Pendleton .....	Helen Yeamans
James McBride .....	Thomas Robinson
Mrs. Semple .....	Lena Price
Carrie .....	Constance Collins
Griggs .....	Raymond Parker
Walters .....	Charles Fillmore

## ACADEMY DEPARTMENT

THOSE who attended the annual Academy Reception cannot but agree with the writer that the evening was a great success. The gymnasium was tastefully decorated with red, blue, and green streamers, banners, and class colors, the arrangement of which evidenced much thought and labor on the part of the decorators. The program was excellent, and we are very grateful to those who helped to make the evening so successful. The following numbers appeared:

Piano Solo .....	Guy Pond
Solo .....	Miss MacDonald
Speech .....	Dr. MacDonald
Reading .....	Miss K. MacLean
Duet .....	Misses Roop

The chaperons were Mrs. W. L. Archibald, Mrs. H. S. Thurston, and the president of the school, Mr. B. E. Short.

Much credit is due the Reception Committee for their very efficient work in connection with one of the most successful events of the year.

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 LYCEUM.

The big feature of the Lyceum of Saturday evening, February 23rd, was a debate, South Section vs. Middle and North Sections. The subject was, "Resolved, that the city boy has a better chance to make a success in life than the country boy." Messrs. C. Crandall, Denton, Outhouse and Lawrence upheld the affirmative side for the South Section, while the supporters of the negative were B. Crandall, Vail, Fuller, and Kirby.

This proved a source of much interest, and it is hoped that the good work will continue, so that in time the Academy may develop some first class debaters.

## HOCKEY.

## ACADIA ACADEMY VS. HALIFAX ACADEMY.

On Saturday afternoon, February 18th, the Academy team played a draw with Halifax Academy at Halifax, with a score of 1-1. The game was fast and clean, and the two teams were evenly matched.

Altho there was clever playing and shooting by members of both teams, not a goal was shot during the first period. In the second period, however, H. C. A. forged ahead when Firzy sagged the net with a clever shot. Our boys struggled to duplicate this during the second period, but the gong sounded with a score of 1-0.

A shot by Jenkins in the last period evened matters up, but try as they might, our boys were not able to raise the score more. On account of lack of time the game was not played out, and so a draw was called.

The A. C. A. defense deserve special mention for their excellent work. Earn Doull, Dalhousie, refereed.

## HALIFAX ACADEMY VS. ACADIA ACADEMY.

The return match between A. C. A. and H. C. A. was played in "Evangeline Rink," Wolfville, a week later.

The first part of the game was played mostly in "Halifax" territory, but with all that, Acadia failed to score, for the Halifax goalie could not be found napping.

In the last part, our goalie, Vail, was besieged with shots from all sides, but he successfully turned them aside, with the exception of one, which Firzy shot in on the rebound, making the final score 1-0 in favor of the visitors. The game was clean, and was satisfactorily refereed by R. Jenkins, '27.

## The line-up:

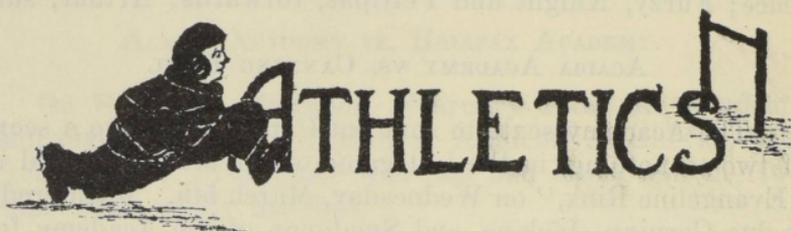
Acadia Academy—Vail, goal; Shatford, Smallman, defence; Jenkins, Corning, and Himmelman, forwards; Vanbuskirk and Teas, subs.

Halifax Academy—McCuen, goal; Doull and Warren, defence; Furzy, Knight and Pettipas, forwards; Arthur, sub.

#### ACADIA ACADEMY VS. CANNING HIGH.

The Academy sextette shut out Canning High to a score of two to nothing, in the last game of the season, played in "Evangeline Rink," on Wednesday, March 5th. Much credit is due Corning, Jenkins, and Smallman of the Academy for their splendid work in allowing only eight shots toward the net. Eaton starred for Canning, and showed strong high-school form.





**D**URING the month, there has been much adoing in the different athletic circles. Acadia has had a mixture of victories and defeats, but taking all in all, she has had a goodly share of wins.

The Acadia hockey team has won the championship of the Western Section of the Intercollegiate League and the Sumner trophy in the play-off with King's. The men deserve special credit. The prospects at the beginning were reported as most discouraging. Thru hard work the team has won. Much credit is also due "Ted" Stackhouse, the coach of the team.

Two trophies, the Dal-Acadia cup, and a second lately given by Mt. Allison graduates, have been won by the ladies basket-ball team. Acadia is the first college to have its name on the new cup. The league ended in a three-cornered tie, but it had been decided to award the cup to the team with the most points. Acadia won with 70; Dal. had 69; and Mt. A. 66. But these are the points scored *by* these teams. On the other hand, Acadia had 58, Dal. 74, and Mt. A. 76 points scored *against* them. It is clearly seen that Acadia kept a team of six on the floor, playing guard and centre as well as forward.

The inter-class hockey championship was won by the Seniors. The Freshmen were well under way for the cup when it was found that there were players on their team who had been pronounced "ineligible," and in the re-arranged play-off, the Seniors easily won. Nevertheless, the original Freshman hockey teams is still undisputed victor of the ice.

## HOCKEY.

## ACADIA VS. MT. ALLISON.

Acadia's hockey team defeated Mt. Allison's team in the final game of the Western Section of the Intercollegiate League series at Wolfville. This gave Acadia the championship and the opportunity to play off with King's for the Sumner Trophy and St. F. X. for the Maritime Intercollegiate title.

The first period was completely in Mt. A.'s favor. The home boys could not stop the rushes of the visitors nor could they get the rubber past Archibald.

Early in the second period, Mt. A. scored their third goal, making the tally 3-0 in their favor. Before the period ended, however, R. D. Johnson and Eaton each scored for Acadia, making the score 3-2 in the visitor's favor.

The third period was most exciting for the Wolfville fans. About the middle of the period, Acadia shot the puck into the nets, tying the score, and in a few minutes they got another past Archibald. Both sides were unable to score again and the final tally was 4-3 in Acadia's favor.

## The line-up:

Acadia—Wright, goal; Clark, R. D. Johnson, Eaton, defence; R. W. Johnson, MacLatchey, McLeod, forwards; Vincent, McDonald, Collins, sub.

Mt. Allison—Archibald, goal; Stevenson, Rogers, defence; McLelalellan, Keith, Wyse, forwards; Rowley, Angevine, subs.

## ACADIA VS. ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

St. F. X. won from Acadia on February 29th in the game for the Maritime Intercollegiate Hockey championship and the Halifax Herald Trophy by a score of 6-2. The winners were faster and heavier than their opponents and had the ad-

vantage of the play in the first two periods. The Acadia team, supported by two hundred fans, put up a good brand of hockey.

Clark opened the scoring by a fine shot after an end-to-end rush. McDonald scored two and Sullivan one for Antigonish before the close of the period.

Acadia played stronger defence in the second period but the score was 5-1 against them when the bell rang.

In the third period the play was more even, and each side scored one point. Clark and McDonald were the outstanding players. The final score was 6-2. Neil Wilkie refereed.

The line-up:

Acadia—Goal, Wright; defence, R. W. Johnson, Clark; forwards, McLatchey, Eaton, R. D. Johnson; subs. Collins, McLeod, Vincent.

St. F. X.—Goal, Currie; defence, McDonald, McKenna; forwards, Martin, Sullivan, Alex McDonald, "Chook" McDonald, and McNeil.

## BASKETBALL.

### ACADIA VS. TROJANS.

The Trojans, of St. John, defeated Acadia in a fast game of basket-ball by a score of 44-33 in the Acadia gymnasium on March 5th. Malcolm of the Trojans put up an exhibition of wonderful basketball.

The first period was decidedly in favor of the visitors, but in the latter part of the game they were outclassed in scoring. The first period ended 31-18 in the Trojans' favor and during the second period the tally hovered near a tie. A burst of shooting from Malcolm, however, made the final score 44-33.

The line-up:

Trojans—Urquhart, G. Wilson, forwards; Malcolm, centre; Hollies, J. Wilson, guards; Lee, sub.

Acadia—Robinson, Brown, forwards; A. Noble, centre; Chipman, Rhodenizer, guards; O. Noble, Cox, Cook, subs.

## ACADIA VS. DALHOUSIE.

Dalhousie defeated Acadia in two games of basketball, giving the former the Nova Scotia Intercollegiate championship. The second game played in the Dal. gymnasium, ended 29-20 in the home team's favor. The game was fast and at first Acadia had the better of the play. At half-time the score was 11-8 for the visitors. The Dal. four-man combination was worked too skillfully for the Acadia forwards to cope with and Dal. took the lead. A. T. Bradshaw refereed.

## The line-up:

Acadia—Robinson, Brown, forwards; Clark, centre; Chipman, Rhodenizer, guards; Noble, Leighton, subs.

Dalhousie—Macdonald, Mader, forwards; Smith, centre; MacOdrum, Frame, guards; Wilson, Miller, Harrison, subs.

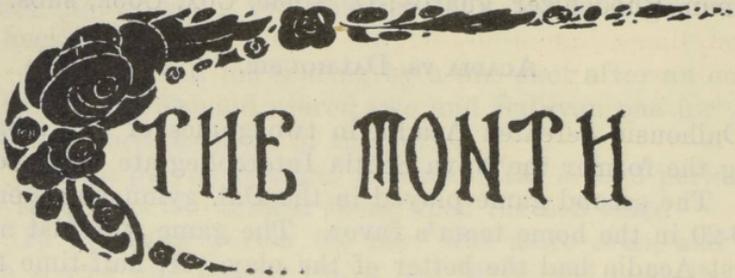
## MT. A. CO-EDS. VS. ACADIA.

The Acadia girls defeated the Mount Allison girls in a fast game of basketball played at Wolfville on March 14th, by a score of 22-13. The play was generally in favor of Acadia, but the Mt. A. girls showed good combination and forward work. Miss Doherty, of Acadia, by her excellent shooting put her team well in the lead. The play was very even for the first half of the first period but the home girls got the advantage of the play in the latter part. The second period was somewhat more in Acadia's favor.

## The line-up:

Mt. Allison—D. Debarres, A. Piggott, forwards; J. Rippey, G. Thomas, centres; C. Smith, N. Smith, guards.

Acadia—C. Chipman, A. Doherty, forwards; P. Colbath, H. Lawson, centres; K. McLean, B. Smith, guards.



# THE MONTH

THE month of March always pleases us in two ways: we are pleased to see it come and we are pleased to see it go. It marks the transition from winter to spring. This month has been exceedingly spring-like, and, with the coming of the warm days, we begin to look forward to the end of the college year.

For Acadia, the past month has been an eventful one. From the excitement of hockey we passed over to that of basketball and debating. In basketball the co-eds have won the league, and the men stand a good show of winning theirs, while in debating both co-eds and men have scored a victory over their opponents.

Class activities have also been on a par with other months. A complete reorganization of the S. C. A. has been carried out. Mock Parliament is in the making, and the month of March leaves Acadia a little more developed than it found it.

## ATHENÆUM SOCIETY.

### SENIOR-FRESHMAN DEBATE.

On the evening of March 8th the Seniors and Freshmen met to debate the question, "Resolved that the subject of education should be removed from provincial jurisdiction and placed under the direct control of the Dominion government." The case for the affirmative was ably presented by the Seniors, represented by Messrs. Bannerman, Dexter and

Spidell, against whom were pitted Messrs. Hill, Marven and Hatfield of the Freshman class. The speakers were fluent and, at times, humorous, but the arguments of the Seniors were too weighty for their opponents and the decision was accorded to the affirmative. A well-prepared critique was brought in by E. R. Rafuse of the Junior class.

#### JUNIOR-SOPHOMORE DEBATE.

The Junior boys won the third successive victory in the debating league by defeating the Sophomores on the night of February 23rd. The subject was, "Resolved that this house approves of the accession of the British Labor Party to power." The Sophomores, represented by Messrs. A. Noble, H. Archibald, and A. Landers, supported the resolution; while Messrs. T. E. Roy, J. J. Copland, and V. C. Short upheld the negative for the Juniors. The victors had their subject well in hand and advanced straight forward arguments which were very little injured by the proffered rebuttals of their opponents. They also excelled as orators, altho the delivery of the Sophomores was of a high order. Mr. C. M. Spidell, of the Senior Class, was critic for the evening. In a pity report, he pointed out to the under classmen their various limitations as debaters and commended them on their several excellencies.

#### CLASS ACTIVITIES.

##### SENIOR THEATRE PARTY.

The Seniors, being freed from the cares of Major Exams, partook of pleasures again in the guise of a class theatre party on the evening of March 19th. After the show, blithe and happy, they went to the Devonshire Tea Room to enjoy the recognized "essentials of a good time."

The chaperons, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, were applauded in terms of "Ik-a-rick-a" and the party wended its way up the hill where the usual dispersal took place in the frowning shadow of Tully.

## JUNIOR SLEIGH DRIVE.

The jolly Juniors invested the evening of the 26th of February in driving to Kentville, seeing the picture "Within the Law" there, and returning again to Wolfville. Except for the scarcity of snow and the lack of a moon, everything was ideal for a sleigh drive. Songs, quaint and popular, stories, educational and humorous, and an occasional silence all tended to make the drive most pleasant. After the customary "eats" at the Acadia Tea Room, the party hurried to Tully where *no* yell was given.

Miss Chisholm, Mrs. and Mr. Bancroft, and Dr. Rhodenzizer were chaperons.

## SOPHOMORE THEATRE PARTY.

The Sophomores, bent on enjoyment, held a theatre party on the evening of February 20th. They assembled in Tully clubroom, whence they proceeded to the Orpheum, and arriving too early, entertained themselves and others by the rendering of college songs. After the customary "seven reels," the party then betook itself to Dr. Patterson's where music and refreshments lent to the enjoyment of the evening. Most adequate chaperonage was provided by Dr. and Mrs. Wreelock and Dr. and Mrs. Hutchins.

## MOCK PARLIAMENT.

The Liberal party, ably headed by Mr. R. A. Thorne, led the poles in the election held on March 22nd. Mr. T. H. Robinson and his party, the Conservatives, put up a stiff fight. The campaign was short but of intense interest, and the final returns of the election were: Liberals, 82; Conservatives, 71.

The new Parliament will hold at least two meetings. The brilliancy of the leaders and the evenly divided house augurs well for interesting sessions.

## THE M. N. O. G. COASTING PARTY.

The Most Noble Order of the Garter held its first social function on the evening of February 20th. Its members, each accompanied by a young lady, assembled on Gaspereau Avenue for a coasting party. Details of events are useless. A winter evening whose starry sky and mild breezes foretold an approaching storm, a hill (at least the lower half) well glazed, ladies from Tully, and gentlemen of a chivalrous order were associated. A pelasurable result followed of necessity. The concluding event in the evening's program was a banquet at the Acadia Tea Room.

## PROPYLAEUM SOCIETY.

## JUNIOR.

As Propylaeum was in charge of the Juniors on Thursday, February 22nd, they tried to make the best of their last opportunity of performing before the Seniors. The program, which consisted of a synopsis of Pauline Colbath, a cleverly arranged "Welcome," a pantomime and a chorus, was very successfully carried out. The chorus seemed to amuse all the girls, altho the Seniors feigned modesty to the "gentle" shams. Dora Baker read an excellent critic's report.

## FRESHETTE.

On Monday evening, March 3rd, the Freshettes put on a very entertaining program which consisted of a well-written synopsis by Meredith White and a violin solo by Elizabeth Ford. This was followed by a "human organ" which gave forth sounds, weird and far from melodious. Just then a radio call came from Mars which gave everybody an opportunity to "listen in" on local current events. The critic for the evening was Elizabeth Murray.

## SENIOR-SOPHETTE DEBATE.

Propylæum was held Monday, March 24th, in the Physics lecture room, the program for the evening being the Senior-Sophette debate. The resolution read: "Resolved that the Household Science girl makes a better wife than the Arts degree girl." The affirmative was upheld by the Seniors, represented by Misses Helen Archibald, Adline McKinnon, and Gwen Belyea. The Sophettes, represented by Misses Ella McMahan, E. McClelland, and M. Freeman, insisted that the Arts degree girl could not be excelled in wifely qualities. The Seniors, however, by indulging in a little humor, succeeded in proving their side of the argument. The judges were Dr. DeWolfe, Dr. Rhodenizer and Prof. Rogers. A very interesting critic's report was read by Helen Lawson.





**R**EGINALD G. TROTTER, Ph.D. (Harvard), who for several years past has occupied the chair in Canadian and English History at Stanford University, California, has been appointed to a similar position in Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. Dr. Trotter is the eldest son of a former president of Acadia, the late Dr. Thomas Trotter, and a brother of the young Canadian poet, Bernard Freeman Trotter, who gave his life in the Great War.

The death occurred at Halifax, on January 17th, of Mr. Andrew L. Wood. Mr. Wood was for many years a member of the Board of Governors of Acadia.

'91—Dr. and Mrs. L. R. Morse of Lawrencetown recently left for England. Dr. Morse will there meet his brother; Dr. W. Reginald Morse, '97, of a Medical College in China. Together they plan to take up post-graduate courses in London University.

'91—Rev. Dr. H. P. Whidden was recently installed as Chancellor of McMaster University.

'92—A. J. Crockett has been made Judge of the Juvenile Court of Pictou County, N. S.

'92—O. P. Goucher has gone to Bermuda as a member of the "\$200,000 Club" of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company.

'92—Mr. George E. Higgins, who has lived in New York City since his graduation, is taking up his residence in Los Angeles.

'92—Mr. Charles E. Seaman of Los Angeles has recently been appointed to the board of trustees of the University of Southern California.

'92—Rev. Dr. A. A. Shaw, Pastor of Emmanuel Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been given five months leave of absence for travel and study in recognition of ten years of faithful service.

'93—J. E. Wood, Commodore of the Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron has retired. He was one of the most popular and efficient officers in the history of the squadron.

'95—A Canadian Club has been formed in Washington, D. C. Mr. F. A. Coldwell has been elected secretary, and Mrs. Coldwell '97 (née Elizabeth Crandall), treasurer of this Club.

'95—Rev. M. A. McLean has resigned the pastorate of the Fourth Ave. Baptist Church, Ottawa. He is now in Stanford, Virginia .

'95—Rev. Ralph E. Gullison and family leave India on furlough early in April.

'97—The Berwick town council has appointed as its solicitor Mr. A. L. Davidson, a barrister of Middleton.

'97—Miss Etta J. Yuill is taking a year's leave of absence from teaching. She is spending the winter in Vancouver.

'99—Rev. Edwin Simpson has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

'01—We sympathize with Rev. M. S. Richardson, pastor of the Zion Baptist church, Yarmouth, in the recent death of his wife.

'03—Rev. W. A. White was leader of the Star Colored Singers in their recent visit to Wolfville.

'06—Rev. F. S. Porter has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Trinity Baptist Church of Oklahoma City.

'06—We sympathize with Mr. Ernest W. Robinson, M.P., in the death of his mother which occurred lately at her home in Aylesford, N. S.

'09—Rev. F. C. Rideout has been appointed a chaplain of the U. S. Army.

'10—Mr. Stockwell Simms is engaged in social service work in East Chicago.

'11—Dr. C. M. Eaton has charge of the hospital at Atlin, B. C.

'11—Born, in February, to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Robinson (nee Helen Bancroft) at State College, Pennsylvania, a son.

'12—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Simson (nee Mary Porter) of Grand Pré, a son, Frank Gordon.

'16—Dr. W. H. Chase is taking a post-graduate course at McGill University.

'16—Miss Esther Clark of the teaching staff of Moulton College, Toronto, is at her home in Fredericton on leave of absence.

'16—Miss Bessie Lockhart of Vuyyuru, India, arrived in Halifax on the *Ardonia* the latter part of March. This is Miss Lockhart's first furlough.

'17—Mr. Ralph B. Smallman, a senior in medicine at McGill, has been appointed to the staff of the Buffalo City Hospital. He was recently elected by the Medical Faculty to membership in the Alpha Omega Society of America. This is an honorary fraternity for "men of outstanding scholarship and character."

'17—The marriage of Eleanora Stuart York to John Frank Wright, Ph.D., took place in Ottawa on March 19th. Mr. Wright is connected with the Geological Survey, Ottawa.

'20—Gerda A. Holman has a position in the Public Library in New Haven.

'20—L. F. Titus has reigned the principalship at Sydney, C. B., and has gone to Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon.

'21—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Russel, New York, a son.

'21—John B. Bishop is an instructor in Physics at Cornell University. He is also pursuing his Ph.D. course in Physics.

'21—Raleigh A. Bishop is teaching in the High School of Branfort, Conn.

'21—Duncan Innes is teaching school at Carmangay, Alberta.

Eng. '21—Eric Davison, experimenting with his wireless code, has succeeded in getting in touch with stations in England, France, and Germany.

'23—Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Anthony have taken up their residence in Halifax, N. S.

'23—Harry Grimmer has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Jensag, N. B.

Eng. ex. '24—Harold Hodgson is working in a men's furnishing store in Halifax, N. S.

Ex. '26—Catherine Boyd is distinguishing herself at Radcliffe, by carrying off honors in French, German, and History.

A. L. S. '23—Marian Simpson is teaching in Haines City, Florida.

Miss Sadie E. MacGregor who, last autumn, accepted a position in the Commercial High School, Providence, R. I., has recently completed a lecture course in the Rhode Island Education School Law, passing her examinations with the exceptional average of 96 per cent. Miss MacGregor was one of a class of ninety teachers from various States and led her competitors in all subjects. For the past five years, Miss MacGregor filled very efficiently the position of head of the Commercial Department, Acadia Academy.



A GOODLY number of college publications have reached us this month, with the usual smattering of good and bad, and the usual amount of mediocre work. There is a fair amount of science writing, and a number of well written articles. Poetry is chiefly conspicuous by its absence. One would almost think that our college Muse had taken seriously Ruskin's dictum that there is far too much poetry in the world already. A noticeable feature of the month is the large place given to athletics. Among the newspapers, advertising is steadily encroaching on the space of the other departments. Jokes are plentiful. The newspapers especially show a strong disposition to emphasize sport and jokes to the exclusion of literary material.

#### THE ARGOSY.

The Mt. Allison weekly certainly keeps well in touch with student life. The replies, in the March 1st issue, to the questionnaire on student opinion on various subjects, are well worth studying. There is a fine article in the February 23rd number on "Rudyard Kipling." It cheers us to note the spirit of the write-up of the hockey trip to our fair city. Fine sportsmanship, Mt. A.! The Argosy still publishes a fair number of general articles, but has not the weekly system worked havoc in the humor, science, and poetry departments? On the whole, this sheet is well-edited and very readable.

## BOSTON UNIVERSITY BEACON.

It is a treat to find a magazine staff that places the emphasis on stories, articles, and poems. "Fantasia" by Miss Lanigan, is a beautiful little thought lyric. The interpretive poem "Symphony" also appeals to us strongly.

## BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL.

This issue of "The Quill" shows taste in arrangement, but the cleverness of its writing is not startling. The page, "Greetings from Alumni" is a graceful thing. Such cheery messages must aid in keeping the personal touch between graduates and undergraduates. "Latitude and Longitude" is an original idea, and cleverly done. We are glad, also, that Brandon students are not afraid to criticize themselves.

## THE BRUNSWICKAN.

The official organ of U. N. B. forms a welcome addition to our shelf. The story, "An Involuntary Samaritan," gives us hopes of good things to come. The account of the Indianapolis Conference, in the Ladies' Department, is an excellent bit of writing. The jokes are plentiful and well up to par. Poetry and humor could be stressed to advantage.

## DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

We are slightly at a loss how to evaluate this snappy little sheet. It is as well balanced as a cross between a weekly newspaper and a magazine can well be. The editorials show thought and some cleverness. We are glad to be kept so well in touch with Dal. news.

## INTEGRAL.

We do not usually look to the mathematical mind for emphasis on literary efforts, so we are not disappointed that

the engineers of Tri-state are more interested in the scientific and social side of life. We commend, however, the article on "The Engineer, His Activities and His Public Obligation," to any who are interested in this important subject. Advertising occupies a large place in this magazine also.

#### KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.

This number is entirely taken over by the Alumni, and its literary quality is of a very high order. Any publication would be proud to have H. A. Coady, Robt. Norwood, or Basil King, among its contributors. The editors deserve credit for gathering such a galaxy of talent. Our idea of the aim of a college magazine is to aid in training college undergraduates in literary work, but certainly, whatever the aim, they deserve to be commended for making the magazine the best possible of its kind.

#### MANAGRA.

The February number of the Manitoba Agricultural College is worthy of good report. There is a fair amount of literary material. College news and jokes are noticeable. It does not meet with our approval, however, to have advertising so prominent. Does it not look incongruous, Manager?

#### McGILL DAILY.

The issues of this paper form a weighty pile on our desk. The sole aim of the paper seems to be to keep the students informed of college events, which it certainly does well. We like the editorials. There is an excellent one on "Hazing" in the March 8th issue. Do you also publish a literary magazine, McGill? If not, why not?

#### McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

This magazine is not as well supported as it should be. The material is fairly well balanced and spicy, but we like

quantity as well as quality. "Here and There," a gentle dissertation by R. R. Hale on things literary and otherwise, has all the marks of literary talent. The college news are well written. How about an exchange department, McMaster?

#### THE UBYSSSEY.

The issue of March 6th contains a good, if scanty, account of the workings of the honor system in different colleges. Sport and advertising take up three-fourth of the space.

#### THE SHEAF.

This is a newspaper. It shows good editing, plenty of advertising, a clear account of student activities, and not much else. We note that a rather elaborate court is being instituted to take over the judicial work of the student's council.

#### WESTERN U. GAZETTE.

This London script seems to make a specially of snappy little articles. The material is rather scarce. We note the editor's rail at the tardiness of contributors. Aren't you overdoing the advertising, Western?

#### THE XAVERIAN.

The St. Francis number for February brings a bit of cheer. We do not pretend to be a competent judge of poetry. We know what we like, and the poems by P. Marion strike a responsive chord. "Ireland" and "The New-Fashioned Canadian Winter" are distinguished by apt use of words. Mr. LeBlanc is evidently a lover of tobacco. His arguments, however, rather delight than convince. What about your college events, Xavier? A month department would be a pleasing addition to your magazine.

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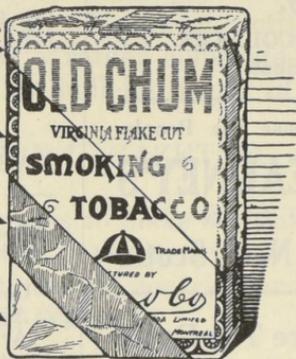
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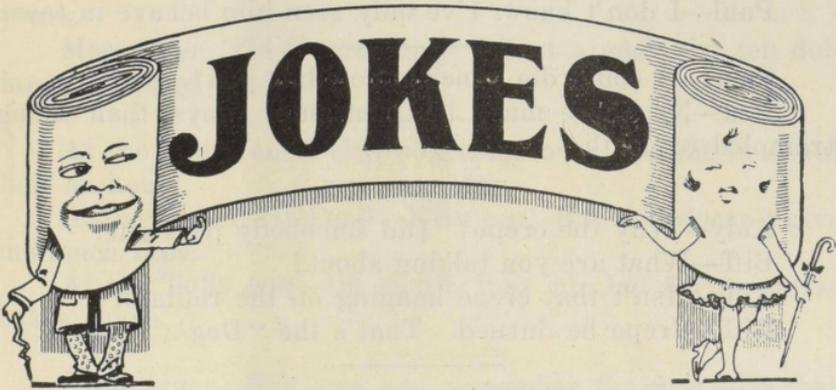
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Stude (hopefully)—I wonder if the Dean objects to kissing?

Co-ed (helpfully)—I don't know. Shall I tell her you want to kiss her?

---

Kay—Is Mary a friend of yours?

Ad—Yes. What has she been saying about me?

---

Mr. Brown—When I was your age, Arthur, I thought that I knew it all, but now I realize that I know nothing.

Art.—Oh, I reached that conclusion years ago.

---

Distressed Damsel—Oh, sir catch that man, he wanted to kiss me.

Polite Passerby—That's alright, there will be another along in a few minutes.

---

Freddie—I wonder why you love me?

Doc—I haven't an idea.

Freddie—Yes, maybe that is the reason.

---

Olive—There goes Peggy Blank, I wish I were half as good looking.

Mac—Oh, but you are.

Evelyn—Is he a country gentleman?

Paul—I don't know, I've only seen him behave in town.

---

Short—I could die dancing, couldn't you?

Bea—No, there must be pleasanter ways than being trampled to death.

---

Aldy—Why the crepe? Did somebody pass out?

Biff—What are you talking about?

Aldy—Isn't that crepe hanging on the radiator?

Biff—Crepe be durned. That's the "Dog's" towel.

---

Prof.—The secret of success young man, is work.

Fresh—If it's a secret sir, you shouldn't have mentioned it. I give you my word I will take no underhand advantage.

---

Gunboat—I wonder what makes my hair so thick?

Barber—It must be this going around with your head so much.

---

Mac—Flea is going abroad to study singing.

Ra—Where is he getting the money?

Mac—Top floor is all chipping in.

---

J. G.—Lend me a dollar for a month, old boy?

Art.—What the deuce does a month old boy want a dollar for?

---

1st Co-ed—The man I marry must be well off.

2nd Co-ed—And not know it.

---

Confirmed Grouch—Is there any soup on the menu?

Waiter—There was, but I wiped it off.

---

Paul—You are smoking a terrible lot of cigarettes.

Jim—I can't afford any others. I have too many friends.

Prof. Bancroft—A geologist thinks nothing of a thousand years.

Messenger '27—Great guns. I lent a geologist ten dollars yesterday.

---

At the Tully end—Can you come over tonight in about half an hour.

At the Willett Hall end—Why yes! But that doesn't give me much time.

At the Tully end—Oh don't fuss up, but for goodness sakes shave.

---

1st Mugger—Say, can you remember the first girl that you ever kissed?

2nd Mugger—Gee no. I can't remember positively who the last one was.

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