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## VICTORY.

(A companion poem to Flanders Fields.)

Sleep ye in peace on Flanders plain!  
Your righteous cause through tears and pain  
Hath triumphed, for the nations all  
Have shaken off the tyrant's thrall,  
And now supreme doth Freedom reign;  
For from those crimson flowers, a stain  
Of fresher crimson spreads amain,  
And wakened peoples hear the call  
From Flanders fields.

Fear not: ye have not died in vain!  
Your flickering Torch burns high again!  
A million hands, whate'er befall,  
Are pledged to guard it lest it fall  
In memory proud that ye lie slain  
On Flanders fields.

—J. H. M., '19.



# WINNERS FOR THE MONTH.

Poems—1st, Marion Grant, '21; 2nd, T. A. Meister, '21.

Stories—1st, C. B. Lumsden, '21; 2nd, D. B. Rogers, '22; 3rd, A. W. Boulter, '22.

Articles—1st, D. B. Rogers, '22; 2nd, A. B. Corey, '22; 3rd, L. P. Steeves, '22.

Science—1st, R. H. Wetmore, '21; T. K. Cleveland, '22.

Month—1st, E. C. Prime, '22; E. F. Layton, '21.

Athletics—D. B. Rogers, '22 and C. B. Lumsden, '21, equal.

Personals—1st, J. W. Miller, '22; 2nd, L. P. Steeves, '22.

Exchanges—1st, T. A. Meister, '21; 2nd, J. W. Lank, '22.

Johes—1st, M. J. McQuarrie, '22; 2nd, T. A. Meister, '21.

Juniors .....14 units

Sophomores .....20 units

## POPULAR HINDUISM.

PEOPLE as a rule use the word Hinduism in an abstract way, little realizing that it is a mixture of all the creeds of such as are willing to acknowledge the supremacy of Brahmins and adopt caste rules, and that it contains no less than four divisions, namely, Popular Hinduism, Philosophic Hinduism, Vedic Hinduism, and New Hinduism, this last being the result of an attempt to purify Hinduism as a whole. Now among these, Popular Hinduism is the most universal, forming the basis of religion of ninety-five per cent of the Hindoos. It upholds such doctrines as polytheism, pantheism, polygamy, infanticide, sutteeism, and demonism, claiming, in striking contract to all other non-Christian religions, that there is a Trinity composed of Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the perserver; and Siva, the destroyer.

In keeping with its various doctrines are its different objects of worship, such as demons, deified men, ancestors, plants, tools, rivers, animals, and numerous gods to the extent of about 330,000,000. In eastern lands superstition and fear of the unknown are deeply embedded within the heart of every man and woman, and India with her teeming millions is no exception to the rule. It is perhaps because of these influences that demons are most worshipped, for it is said that anyone dying in an unexpected way becomes a demon, in that form haunting the abodes of other men. But the Hindoo has two ways of clearing himself of any trouble, the one by dancing, the other by offering bloody sacrifices. He then considers himself free until he should find it time to appease once more these evil spirits. Not content, however, with keeping the evil from him, he must needs intercede with the gods to have them near him. So in every village, whether large or small there are always what are called tutelary gods and village dieties. The former, being household gods, are to guard the inmates from the attacks of demons; the latter are a community possession, which, in return for being fed, and clothed, ward off any calamity or disease from the hamlet.

If one were to look more closely at the reasons for the worship of other objects, it would be found that as a whole the act is the result of the peculiar ideas of the people.

For instance, there is a belief that men, animals, gods, and demons at some time or other after death became plants. It is hardly surprising, therefore, to find the Hindu worshipping such trees as the Tulasi and the Bipal in which Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva are said to sit in the cool of the evening and listen to the rustle of the leaves. But the Hindu does not stop merely at worshipping spirits and members of the vegetable kingdom; he, in the performance of his religious ceremonies, worships animals. The cow is the most sacred, the serpent the most feared. For the latter there are two reasons,—first, the harm and death the serpent causes; and secondly, the firm belief that in the course of the transmigration of souls after death, a person can pass through 8,4000,000 forms and the last of these may be a snake.

Not content with these numerous objects of adoration, the Hindu looks for still others to worship, and apparently does not have to hunt very long. Certain rivers, like the Ganges, Narbada, Godaveri, and Cavery (the two last named are in Southern India) are considered most holy and sacred because of their sin healing qualities. As to the truth of this there is considerable doubt amongst us, but one thing is certain, and that it affords the people an excuse for having a bath. There is a controversy between Hindus as to whether the Ganges or the Narbada is the more holy. On the one hand, the Ganges is said to spring from the big toe of Vishnu and the Agin Purana declares that he who dies with half his body immersed in the Ganges water will be happy thousand and thousands of ages and will resemble Brahma. On the other hand, some sacred books declare that the Narbada is more holy because of certain circumstances and customs connected with it that it is not necessary to recount.

Here the ticipole of Popular Hinduism having used up most of the terrestrial material worth worshippers, turns to the gods. Brahma is the supreme god. His work was completed after the creation of the world and all that dwells



therein. The matter of constant growth and reproduction is of no concern to him, for his work has been accomplished. Vishnu, so old traditions say, is the only god that can do superhuman feats. It is here that one can see the subtle Indian mind at work giving reasons for natural phenomena. Vishnu, they say, walks across the sky in three steps which are taken to denote the rising, the Zenith and the setting of the sun. The Indian is certainly fantastic in his ideas.

It is somewhat interesting to note here the various modes of worship in which the rich and the poor take part, each worshipping according to their means. The prevalent idea is that it is only necessary for a person to say a few prayers on his death bed and name the god whose avowed follower he is or thinks he has been, in order to ensure himself a safe passage to heaven. Worship must, because of the numerous gods and the wealth and poverty of the people, vary accordingly. The rich, on the one hand, make a great show of piety by doing many so-called benevolent acts; the poor, on the other hand, forced to keep pride within their hearts, are unable to do more than the ritual of ceremony demands of them. Those who have the means, build a temple (the most holy act possible) and at times present large sums of money to help cover its running expenses. These are very heavy, for there are gods to be fed and clothed, priests and dancing girls to be kept in like manner, beggars to be cared for every day, and a hundred and one other things to be done in the daily routine of temple life. It sometimes happens that the priests themselves, who as a rule are a very corrupt lot, fall into debt. Their method of dealing with their own insolvency is rather unique even if it appears to be rather far-fetched. The gods are immediately bound with chains to proclaim their bankruptcy to the people, who in turn, beguiled into this belief by the priests, give their hard earned savings to extricate the gods from debt. Can anything portray any better the extreme ignorance of the people, who, because of their very lack of knowledge, are downtrodden and oppressed by ruthless priests, who, generally speaking, know very little more than those under their charge?



In direct connection with this are the great number and variety of festivals held every year. Hardly a day passes but what some festival is celebrated in some part of the country. They, with pilgrimages, are the curse of India and of Hinduism. One cannot realize the tremendous amount of harm they cause without actually having had some experience with them and knowing considerable of their faults. It is said, and with perfect truth, that more disease and sickness is due to pilgrimages than to any other cause. Festivals are carried on in such a manner as to excite the extremely temperamental Indian and make him go wild, not knowing or caring what he does, nor to what extremes he goes. A good example of this is the Durga Puji, the chief festival in Bengal. It is celebrated to commemorate the victory of one goddess over another in a quarrel that they had. On the first morning of the feast, bells are rung to awaken the sleeping goddess. After she is supposed to have aroused from her slumbers, she is invited to enter into an image specially prepared for her. After an interval of three days she is taken back to the temple by the aid of the people. During the whole time of festivity, which lasts four days of more, a sort of religious fanaticism prevails, sacrifices are brought, and the streets are paraded almost continuously, thus causing a rather wild period of revelry.

The Charak Puja, held in honour of Siva, shows, as no other, one peculiar belief regarding redemption from sin. People during this festival vie with each other in torturing themselves, very often lacerating themselves rather badly. Many are the scars resulting from this feast of penance. It is, however, not always viewed in the light of penance but rather as a means of gaining favor in the sight of the gods for the individual person, as a result of which sins will be more readily overlooked and temporal blessings bestowed.

The Dastard is held in honour of the Ganges, in accordance with an ancient tradition. In southern India, the Pongul is the great religious event of the year. It is held to commemorate a month in which every day is supposed to

have been unlucky, through which one has just passed and which, being over, every day in the next month is lucky. This is clearly a feast of rejoicing and in his own peculiar way, to which is added the stimulus of his religious teaching and belief, the Hindoo celebrates in great style and seemingly without any slackening of ardor for the whole period of the feast, whether it lasts but a day or a month. The demoralizing effect of these festivals is in direct ratio to the pitch of excitement to which the people are raised, and as a general rule that is no mean amount. Excitement bars common sense and causes unspeakable trouble and sorrow. Here it is that the people are incited against their rulers or those in authority over them, against those who would do them naught but good, and seldom against those who would do them harm.

As the festival breeds the germ of content or discontent, so the pilgrimage breeds the germs of disease, especially among the poorer people. Everyone has heard of Benares on the Ganges and many know of Puri, the two great centres of pilgrimage. Benares is said to be placed on the prong of Siva's trident, the only place where he could receive atonement for his sin of hurting Brahma. It is the assembling place of hundreds of thousands of pilgrims every year because they believe it is here they may have the burden of their sin removed. In this connection an old saying goes: "Whoever dies in Benares is sure of the reward of Heaven." The Hindoo, you see, has the idea of the perfection of heaven and of all who enter there. In contrast to Benares is Puri, famous for its immense temple dedicated to the god Juggernath, whose image certainly does not reflect any credit on the architect of the gods. Great crowds gather every year to the Snan Jatra which commemorates the day on which the image was begun, and to the Rath Jatra celebrating the painting of the idol. Mark the result of pilgrimages to this place. Large amounts of rice, supposedly cooked by the gods, are distributed to the people. This food must be eaten, no matter in what condition it may be, or how long since being cooked. The result is obvious, for in spite of the fact that the native Indian can live in most any old way, he cannot always

survive this harsh treatment, and so hundreds perish while many others carry disease back to their villages.

“What”, you may ask, “will prevent all this?” The answer, though seemingly difficult, is yet most amazingly simple. The only thing that will tear down the doctrines of Hinduism is the breaking up of CASTE. All modes of worship, religious practices, and ideas must break up on the down-fall of the great Caste system, which is a direct violation of the law of human brotherhood. Many legendary stories of the formation of the Caste system are told, but none have any foundation of truth or common sense. It is believed, however, that there were thru real causes: *first*, the difference of race in India after the Aryan invasion, *second*, the difference of place; and *third*, the difference of employment. As a result, those of different race had various laws and customs among themselves. Groups of these, because of the territory the whole race covered later, formed yet other distinctions; and finally, those whose employment was the same, set up still more specific laws and practices to distinguish them from those of other profession. Thus was the great Caste system brought about, not by fiat but by long years of development. Caste, according to the Hindu, should be inviolable, but if violated, the person who has broken the unwritten and unspoken oath of his class is outcasted. Feeling and prejudice are so strong that parents will have nothing to do with outcast children, even to the giving of a meal nor children with parents, nor friend with friend. To the Westerner, whose ideas of the East must of necessity be vague. Caste can mean but little. Yet it is the bed rock of Hinduism and the foundation of the unity of the Indian Empire. How much Popular Hinduism is based on it one can really never tell, for there are so many forces to be taken into account. So we must look elsewhere, and on doing so we find that the doctrines of Popular Hinduism are based largely on the Puranas, a series of eighteen books, written for the express purpose of exciting interest among the masses. The peculiarity of them is that each alleges that it names the supreme diety. The saying of the Mahabharata is true: “Contra-



dictory are the Vedes, contradictory are the Shastris, contradictory are the doctrines of the holy sages." These eighteen books are divided into three groups two of which only are worth noting. The first is for the purpose of teaching Brahmans; the second tries to give an account of the creation and the creation and the geography of the universe. Puranic Astronomy is pure nonsense, for, apparently, it was written as the result of a whim of the author, who cared naught for the truth nor even sought it. Of the Tantras, the other religious books from which Popular Hinduism takes many of its doctrines, very little is known. Suffice it to say that they uphold the doctrine of transmigration. This is supposed to explain why some are born rich and others poor. The idea of passing through somewhat over eight million forms after death is a result of this belief.

The doctrines of Hinduism are so good and yet so base, are so complex and yet so simple, that one finds oneself rather at a loss to get a complete understanding of it. The customs of the people of the East are so different from those of the West that one must understand the East in all its details,—its loves, its hates, its aspirations, and its ideals. The Hindoo is continually groping in the dark, always looking for something better than his religion can offer. Beliefs are quaint, social laws are rigid and unbending, and religious customs and practices are detrimental to the moral uplift of the people. There is always the yearning to see into the unknown, and the idea that during the life here below they must lap up merit in the next world. In this connection it is no very uncommon sight to see people crawling on their hands and knees from one shrine to another. Penance, always penance to take away their sins. At times one sees those who have confined themselves to beds of spikes, others who have kept an arm or both arms raised above their heads so long that these members are withered and cannot be raised or lowered at the person's will. Still more terrible cases than these are physical rest because of having vowed never to leave a stand-to be found. There are those who deprive themselves of all



ing position. These are only a few of the terrible cases.

The question has been asked, "Would India be better off without Hinduism?" The answer must of necessity be in the affirmative, but radical changes are necessary before Hinduism is completely wiped away. On the one hand, it, through the Caste system, forms the basis of unity, between all tribes and classes of Indian society; it teaches people to reverence their elders, a practice in this country today marked rather by its absence than by its presence; and further, Hinduism contains some subtle influence which works on the Indian's mind and nature making him try to be better than his religion. On the other hand, however, Hinduism promotes poverty among the masses, because where ignorance abounds poverty must ensue, and, vice versa, where the community is extremely poor and superstitious, intellectual stagnation must occur. The custom of idolatry is established, the separation of religion and morality is brought about, and there is a great hostility to social reform. Add to all this the unholy and degrading festivals and the disease-spreading pilgrimages, and it cannot but be evident that this religion is foul.

Still, in due deference to Popular Hinduism, we must not condemn it altogether because of these practices, customs, and results. We must look further into it and see what doctrines can be found to have any agreement with Christianity. It is not very difficult, even by mere observation, to realize that there are many good ideas which are capable of still greater development. In so far as Popular Hinduism does proceed, it acknowledges the Unity of God. The Hindoo Trinity, very often changes; that is, the different members of it hold various offices at distinct times. Here we find expressed the need of a revelation, the sinfulness of man, and the belief in the incarnation of deity. Here we have the belief in the regeneration of mankind and of a judgment to come, that there are many cures for sin and that gods are to be feared rather than loved. How the future judgment is to be carried out is somewhat vague because of the legends and traditions brought down through the ages. The sacred books say little, and that little is confusing in the extreme. Even with a multitude of gods the Hindoo cannot feel safe, merely because he dares not trust them im-

plicitly, yet he will believe that there are more than five hundred ways of attaining eternal life. In spite of all its idiosyncrasies one cannot but be charmed by its wealth of tradition, its methods of worship, and the simplicity and whole-heartedness with which the people enter into its life. No finer conception of Hinduism as a whole can be given than that written by Robert E. Speer when he said: "Hinduism is at once the oldest and the newest, the most massive and the most loosewoven, the most composit and the most simple, with the noblest and basest elements o fany of the non-christian religious."

A. B. C. '22.

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## APRIL.

ONE day, we've rain,  
The next we've sun,  
For that's our April weather;  
One day, we've sun,  
The next, we've rain,  
And sometimes both together.

And after that,  
There'll come the flowers,  
God's recompense for waiting;  
And all the world  
Will sing for joy,  
Though summer's hesitating.

And so our lives:  
One day we're glad  
The next we're filled with sorrow;  
We cannot tell  
What passing chance  
Will bring us on the morrow.

And then at last  
Our flowers will come,  
God's recompense for waiting;  
And in his light  
We'll sing for joy,  
Though now Joy's hesitating.

DORIS RYAN,  
A. L. S. '21.

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### THE END OF THE TRAIL.

UNDOUBTEDLY it was a wild night. The wind, which had been blowing a gale all day, had now risen to a hurricane, and driving a sheet of cutting snow before it, went shrieking and roaring over the level waste of plain, rendering the outer world untenable. As it approached a series of low foot-hills, it seemed to pause for a moment, as if to ask what right they had to block its onward rush, and then swept on up the slopes with ever increasing fury.

Abruptly the blizzard ceased its violence. The wind which but a short while before had been a raging tornado, died to a gentle breeze. A full moon was visible for an instant thru a rift in the tumbled storm clouds overhead. Soon it shone out clearly, shedding its ghostly radiance over everything, but displaying to view nothing, except the vast expanse of snow and an occasional rugged fir tree whose dark shape was accentuated by the brilliant whiteness of the background. But yes, there was something else discernable in the pale light. Halfway up one of the slopes, nestling at the foot of a group of the gigantic firs, a careful observer might have detected what appeared in the distance to be a tiny shack. A swirl of smoke from the chimney and a fitful glimmer from the one small window, further indicated that the place was a human habitation and that evidently the occupant was at home.

The tiny cabin was now about completely buried in a huge drift of snow, but enough of it remained in view to show



that it was strongly constructed of immense rough hewn logs, with the chinks well stuffed with moss to keep out the severity of the cold, which prevailed at all times in this land of the North. The interior of the hut was as rude as its outward appearance. It included a single room opening into a little lean-to outhouse or porch thru which was the only means of egress. A rough deal table, a shelf, a bunk, and a crudely fashioned arm-chair of bent branches, made up the interior fittings of the room. The big arm-chair was at present drawn up close to a large fire-place, constructed of rough slabs of stone skillfully fitted together. On the hearth, a fire burned peacefully, filling the interior with warmth and casting a reddish glow over all.

Suddenly one of the logs fell asunder, raising a cloud of sparks and making a noise that seemed to split the intense silence like a gun shot. A figure which had been huddled up in the big chair, out of sight until now, started abruptly and gazed towards the door with a look that seemed almost of terror. As he realized the cause of the noise, the expression faded away but still the eyes retained a look of haunted fear. Disturbed from his tranquil slumber, the man arose and replenished the dwindling fire with an armful of knotted pine sticks. The flames soon licked eagerly up the balsamy logs and threw out such a fierce heat that he was forced to retire to a position nearer the middle of the room.

A cursory examination of the man, made in the unsteady light of the fire, seemed to indicate that he was aged. His hair was almost totally grey, and his features wrinkled and set in hard lines as if from long contact with a world that had not held all of ease, and joy for him. His eyes held an expression of mingled weariness and helplessness, that seemed almost akin to fear. A more careful inspection, however, would seem to dispel this conclusion. There was a predominating aspect of youthfulness about his tall straight figure. His hair altho truly grey, was none the less thick in growth, and showed no evidence of growing thin. And the creases of his features seemed rather of worry and great hardships,



than of age. No, he must still be well under the prime of life.

What was it then, that had caused this premature ageing of an evidently still young man? What was it that had caused these set lines of concern on his youthful visage? Surely some suffering of great intensity. And the expression of fear. What was the explanation of that? But even more strange than all, why was he living in a lone shack in this God-forsaken district, away on the outer fringes of civilization, with not another human habitation within miles except a small trading post some fifty odd miles to the South, These and many other questions would occur to one of even ordinary curiosity. For their answer, we must, redirect our attention upon the principal himself.

The man stood still in the middle of the room, as if pondering what to do next. Unconsciously his gaze wandered over towards the fire-place and halted as it rested on a certain stone in the uneven chimney. Drawn as if by a magnet, he walked quickly over to the chimney and reaching up, removed the stone, which was loose, from its position, disclosing to view a small opening out of which he drew forth a roll of much thumbled newspaper clippings. The whole operation seemed carried out in a sub-conscious manner which indicated that it had been often repeated in the past. Having secured the clippings, he drew his chair up closer to the glow of the fire and seating himself, poured greedily over their contents, controlling with difficulty a shudder of fear at intervals.

The first clipping from a well-known Western city newspaper, contained a heavy black scare head, which declared that a well known commercial man had been foully murdered in a certain hotel bar-room. A sub-head stated that a stranger who had been drinking with the man during the evening, was held in custody as the probable slayer. The story went on to describe in detail the discovery of the stranger in a drunken slumber, with a revolver clutched in his hand, and the commercial man dead on the floor with a bullet thru his brain.

A second article dealt with the trial of the alleged murderer and his easy conviction to the charge, on strong circum-

stantial evidence that seemed to leave no room for any possible doubt. A clever counsel had succeeded in procuring a commitment of murder in the second degree, which called for a life sentence rather than death.

A third clipping announced the escape from prison of a notorious convict, under life sentence for murder, and called upon the whole country to assist on the re-capture of such a dangerous criminal. There was one more bit of paper, which told of the finding of a mangled corpse on the railway tracks not far from the prison. The body was attired in the wide stripes of the convict garb, and bore positive identification of the escaped prisoner.

As he read over this last piece, the semblance of a smile passed over the gaunt features of the man. As his thots wandered back to that lucky day, when hard pressed by his pursuers, he had hapened upon the broken remains of a tramp, who had been killed by a passing train. It had been the work of a moment to swap identities with the dead man, by changing his stripes for the tattered rags of the tramp, and rendering his features even more unrecognizable. The clear ruse had worked even better than his fondest hopes could have wished for. After that it had been quite easy to make his way out of the country unmolested. But he had made good his escape none too soon, for later the identity of the tramp had been established, and once more a hue-and-cry went up for his apprehension. They were too late in discovering their error, however, for by then he had wandered far and left behind no traces of his flight. It was just a year ago today that he had found his way into this vast northern waste, and taken up his abode in this forsaken explorer's hut, determined to eke out the remainder of his existence in the solitary life of a hermit, or at least to remain here until it was absolutely safe to venture back into the walls of civilization.

For what seemed the millionth time, the man's thots wandered back over that terrible period of his life. In his own mind he was absolutely convinced that he had not committed that awful deed, but he could bring forth no proof to support his claim and the inexorable law accepts nothing but pure legal



evidence. He had been found in the room with the murdered man, a discharged revolver in his hand. The most merciful of judges could not overlook such damning evidence as this. And so he had been convicted, and sent off to the penitentiary to serve out a life sentence. A shudder went thru his frame as his mind went back over those accursed months during which he had eked out a miserable existence in the close confinement of a cell. Believing as he did, that he was innocent of the crime, the life was unbearable. His spirit was gradually breaking down under the terrible strain of it all, when one day, without warning, there came an opportunity for escape. He had accepted it, and by a wonderful streak of good fortune had succeeded in eluding his pursuers up until the present day.

By this time the fire had once more burned low and the man arose to bring in a further supply of fuel. As he passed the window his gaze wandered aimlessly over the moon-lit expanse of snow, and on up the well nigh obliterated trail that stretched away in the distance, and even as he looked, there swept into view a line of low running dogs, dragging a light sledge on which knelt a figure urging the straining beasts to greater speed, with cruel lashes of a long whip. The little color that there was in the features of the man, fled, leaving a face blanched with fright. He staggered out to the doorway where he could obtain a clearer view. The team was drawing close now. As he opened the heavy door, he could detect the voice of the figure on the sledge, shouting and cursing at the dogs. As he discerned the man standing in the doorway, the figure waved a friendly arm and called out to him by name. Instantly the man's alarm, changed for relief. It was Indian Tom, a young half-breed whose life he had saved months before by rescuing him from a pack of famished wolves, when he was about to be devoured by them. Like a true Indian, the lad had never forgotten his debt to the "Big White Chief", and from time to time he had turned up at the cabin, with some news from the outer world. But what brought him here at this season of the year when to venture forth on the trail was to invite death either from the

extreme temperature or the ferocity of the often occurring blizzards?

The answer to this question was soon forthcoming. The team had now arrived. Utterly exhausted by the terrific struggle he had had in fighting his way over the long trail thru the raging blizzard and biting cold, Indian Tom fell unconscious at the door of the cabin. The heat of the fire and a strong draught of raw spirits soon revived the lad. He reached feverishly into an inner compartment of his fur jacket, and brought forth a crumpled sheet of paper which he handed to the man, with mumbled words of explanation in the few English words he had at his command. It seemed that he had spent the night previous, at the Trading Post fifty miles back of the trail. While he was there two northwest Policemen arrived on the scene from a district further south. They were in search for a certain escaped convict who had been doing sentence for murder, and had strong reasons for believing that he was in hiding in this portion of the country. They had produced a picture of the culprit, which the Trader instantly recognized as the man who lived by himself at the end of the northern trail. At this point in the conversation the Indian, who had been taught to harbor a bitter hatred against the hand of the Law, and its agents, realizing that there was some evil about to befall the man who had saved his life, the only pale-face in the district that he held anything but malice towards, listened even more intently, trying hard to understand what it all meant. There had been some further talk about a confession on something which he was unable to comprehend, and then he had heard them say that the next morning would be time enough to set out for their man. He had then gone out, stolen a dog team and some provisions, and started off to warn his "Big White Chief" without anyone knowing it. On the way he had been overtaken by the terrific blizzard and had succeeded in winning his way thru by clear sheer grit, after being forced to take shelter in a protected hollow for hours. He was afraid that the owner of the dog team would soon discover his loss and the police learning of it, would realize his intention, and endeavour to overtake him. Even now they were probably not far back on the trail.



Such was the tale which the man was able to piece together from the almost inarticulate flow of words from the Indian youth, who straightway went off into a peaceful slumber, utterly done out by the extreme exposure and exertion to which he had been subjected. The man placed him tenderly on the bunk, and having covered him with warm wraps, replenished the fire again and drawing the big chair up close, sat down to think the matter all out.

He found himself pervaded with a strange calmness of spirit, rather than with any feeling of fear. As he smoothed out the crumpled poster which the Indian had given him, and gazed into a striking likeness of himself in various postures, surrounded by a man of printed description and over all a glaring head-line which announced a large money reward for his capture, his hands were quite steady. Well, he had given them a hard run for it and now it was all over. They were coming after him. In all probability they were only a short distance away even now. After a year of freedom the police were coming to carry him back to civilization—and an iron bared cell in which he must live out the remaining years of his life. Back to the grim, grey walls of the prison; the strength sapping tap of pick on rocks the rude jests and narrow outlook of his contaminated cell-mates; the sparse prison fare; the stringent discipline; and more awful even than all this, the ceaseless measured tread of the prison guard, up and down, up and down, day in, day out. It was to a life such as this, that they were going to drag him back. A touch of grimness crept into his features. What, back again to this endless torture. It was unbearable, worse than Hell. No! A thousand times no! Anything would be better than such an existence. The recollection of that frightful period of his life, and the fierce mental agony thru which he was passing, caused great beads of perspiration to stand out on his forehead. The strain was almost too great for human mind.

It was some time later. The fire had burned low, the hot embers threw out a pale reddish glare. The Indian lad slept on blissfully. Peace and quiet prevailed over everything. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by a sound, faint and far away. It drew nearer. Now one could distin-

guish the swish of runners over snow, the eager barking of dogs, the sound of voices. Someone was coming. Still the figure in the big chair, stirred not.

A panting dog-team drew up before the cabin. Two men climbed off and rapped brusquely at the door. There was no response. All was silent within. Again they knocked, again the silence. Cautiously they tried the door. It gave to their touch and they entered. A few still live brands on the hearth threw out a faint glow, but otherwise the interior was in darkness. On the instant, the moon which had previously been hidden in a bank of clouds, shone out brightly, filling the room with a pale ghostly gleam, and revealing to the intruders what appeared to be a sleeping figure in the big chair. They reached forth to shake the figure into wakefulness. There was a tinkle of glass as a tiny vial slipped out its hand and shattered on the hearth. The figure in the chair was dead, had been dead for an hour. The poison had done its work.

The men conferred together in low tones, and then one of them struck a light and reaching into his dispatch carrier drew out a long legal looking envelope. He broke the heavy seals and drawing forth the parchment from within, placed it in the hand of the dead man. It was a pardon from the Governor for the crime which he had never committed. Shortly after his escape from prison the real murderer had confessed his guilt and since that time, the authorities had been seeking to make right, the terrible wrong which had been inflicted on an innocent man. At last the Law had fulfilled its mission, but too late. The tortured spirit had flown to its haven an hour since.

Through it all the Indian had slept on, quite unaware of the tragedy he had brought to pass, and never would he learn of it, for he too "slept the sleep that knew no wakening". His dauntless dash through the violence of the elements had been too much for his wasted strength, and he had slept quietly away to his everlasting rest.

It was morning before the police had finished the last sad rites of burial, and could get started on their homeward jour-

ney. As the sledge swept over the crisp snow, they turned for a last look at "the end of the trail" now marked by two plain wooden crosses, which were clearly outlined against the rising sun.

D.B.R. '22.

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### THE SONG.

I sing in the fading twilight,  
I sing in the golden dawn,  
I sing in the heat of Midday,  
When the toil and strife are on.

I sing in the calm and darkness,  
When all things else are still;  
I sing when the dancing moonbeams  
Gleam bright on yonder hill.

I sing when skies are grayest,  
When life seems dull and drear;  
I lighten the darkest corners  
With beams of glad good cheer.

I can spring to life in a moment,  
I soar, not blindly grope,  
'Tis a beautiful song I'm singing,  
For I am the spirit of Hope!

M. E. G. '21



## PRACTICAL MEN.

THE war proved that the musty old professors in the universities are worth brushing up against. The proof was very convincing. This should occasion no surprise. The history of science indicates that most fundamental steps forward have been taken by college professors. They are most able to take such steps. A casual knowledge is of no use in fundamental matters. Only a thorough mastery of the subject involved, and often a flash of what is called genius, are sufficient to guarantee real progress. In the realm of science this combination is rather rare outside of the universities. The proof of this lies in the fact that not one in a thousand of the successful schemes brought out in the Great War came from so-called practical men and engineers. This statement refers to the major difficulties to be overcome or advances to be made such as submarine detection, sound ranging, gas warfare, wireless signalling and control, and so forth.

These facts are especially clear now and they should help in bringing about a vocational decision. If one wishes to make true progress, he must study pure science and can accomplish his purpose with certainty in no other way. If he is content to apply fundamental principles given him by the pure scientist, and reap a financial reward which, however, is not to be so far misplaced in the future, then he should join the engineering profession.

By far the most powerful system of scientific thought is that devised by the mathematicians. It is absolutely essential to pure science. The statement often made by men who know little or nothing about the subject, to the effect that one never gets anything out of the mathematical machine that is not put in, is misleading. The fact is we always learn more about what is "put in". That is to say, by means of mathematical reasoning relations are rapidly discovered which otherwise might have remained hidden for years.

Of course the physicist must be a mathematician. It may be of interest to recall that even the spectra of elements have been given a mathematical investigation and that the

progress made thereby toward the determination of atomic structure is very great and very fundamental. The assistance rendered to certain phases of chemistry is well known. The extent to which this system of thought will invade biology and economics is not certain, but already the applications have been fruitful.

It is rather obvious that mathematics is a subject to be studied carefully by all who hope to proceed with any science whatever. It is the *sharpest* tool which we possess and the prime essential. If the reader is ever bothered by engineers who tell him that they use their slide rules and "common sense" more often than their calculus, he should not be alarmed or disheartened. Such statements indicate the grade of work done by such engineers. They do not constitute a report on the failure of any particular type of mathematics.

A high grade engineer in one of his recent books writes, "——in every case we find the evidence pointing to the conclusion that the abstract scientist and the reclusive philosopher of one generation are preparing the way for the technician of the next; that the scientific laboratory of one generation becomes the workshop of the next, and the "useless" theory of one is the practice of the next; in a word, that for guiding all research there is no higher principle than this,—"Know the truth and the truth shall make you free".

D. D. F. '20.

## THE ROMANCE OF MAGGIE.

MAGGIE sat down in the chair before her mirror and looked at herself hard and long. No, she was not pretty. Her hair was thin, scraggly, and gray. Her eyes—well her eyes were brown, but oh, her lashes, she couldn't see them. Her nose was decidedly hooked and her chin completed the semi-circle. Her whole face was pale and wrinkled.

She stood up and looked at herself again, this time at her figure. She turned away in anguish. Thin! She really felt sorry for herself. "Is it any use?" she murmured. She dropped again into the chair. "I'm forty-nine tomorrow, and in three weeks my last chance will be gone. I've got to do it or die the skinny old maid that I am", she finished desperately.

With deft movements she twisted her hair into its accustomed knot, placed on the top of her head, her seven years old Easter bonnet, put on a shabby old coat and skirt, and walked rapidly down the hall to the street with a sort of nervous energy and suppressed excitement.

She looked cautiously into a drug store. It was empty, and so she went timidly inside. In vain she looked for a clerk of her own sex. In desperation she went over to the counter and breathlessly gave her order. Next, she got a new dress, shoes and a silly little chain. At least it seemed to be so to Maggie. Then, laden with her bulky bundles, she started on her way home.

Oh, why does this wind blow so hard, my hat's coming off, she thought. Did she dare try and put her hand up to pin it more securely. She made the effort. The street, although not crowded was comfortably filled, and several people looked on with sympathy while she struggled.

She gave a suppressed scream. Down tumbled four of her parcels into the street. Two of them came unwrapped. Petrified, she stood and stared at the things. They lay there for everyone to see. A huge box of rouge and a dozen or so of kid curlers were scattered at her feet.

"Permit me," said a kindly gentleman's voice at her



elbow. She blushed with chagrin. Her pastor! What would he think. With all deference and courtesy he replaced in her arm her precious packages, then lifting his hat, went on his way. His face had not shown any sign of amusement or interest.

Finally she reached her rooms. White and trembling, she dropped into a chair.

"Well, I don't care what the pastor thinks. I'm going to do it. I'm sure it will be all right."

For two weeks and six days, she locked herself in her room for several hours. Three times during as many weeks, he had called. For the last ten years she had loved him, and she felt absolutely sure that he felt the same toward her. Night after night he would get as far as: "Maggie, there's been something on my mind for some time", and he would raise his voice questioningly.

"Yes, Joshua", she would return with a rising inflection in her voice.

"Ah, oh, ahem," he stammered, "it's, it's, ah, well, the canary died last week."

Then she was all sympathy. And so it went on for ten long years. He had called more than ever during the last year too.

Maggie was growing desperate. The Leap Year would be over on the morrow, and her last chance would have gone.

At seven forty-five on *the* day she again locked herself in her room. Once more she sat before her mirror. This time she gazed at her reflection complacently.

Her hair, ah such curls and waved. Her eyes were still the same, but with a determined look, in them. Her nose and chin still tried to form a circle and nearly succeeded. Then she looked at her cheeks and lips. No more wrinkles, and such a pale flush tinted her face.

As before she stood up. Yes, she certainly was fatter, and how well her dress fitted. Her chain, she could not become accustomed to.

Quickly she placed two chairs side by side. Sitting down in one she gazed dreamily off into space.

"It's been a lovely day out, hasn't it Joshua?" she said. "It's been most mild enough to give the hens a run in the yard. Did you let yours out?"

She relapsed into a thoughtful silence.

"You look awful smart tonight, Joshua. You certainly have a good figure", she murmured after a few minutes.

Then with a voice confident with long practice, she said primly: "Joshua, for ten years I have loved you, and I want to marry you. It's leap year you see, so—so—," her voice trailed off into nothing.

She sat up with a start. The bell! He had come! Oh, could she do it, she asked herself. How she got down the stairs she never could find out.

Finally they sat down in the two big chairs, side by side, facing a huge open fire.

"It's awfully comfy here, Maggie", murmured Joshua.

"I'm glad you think so," returned Maggie from the depths of her chair.

Five minutes or an hour elapsed. It seemed an eternity to them.

"The last night of the Old Year", said Joshua suddenly. He got up and walked around the room nervously.

Maggie was holding herself tensely.

"It's has been a lovely day out, hasn't it, Joshua?" she said in a voice she had never heard herself use before. "It's most mild enough to give the hens a run in the yard. Did you let yours out?"

"What's that you said, Maggie?" he asked absently.

"Nothing much," she murmured.

Another lapse.

"My, but you look awful smart tonight, Joshua. You certainly have a good figure", she attempted again.

No answer, save he came back and sat down.

"Do you know, Maggie," he said, "you look mighty, hem, ah it's two minutes to twelve." A short silence.

Both looked at the clock,—one minute to twelve. Then they looked at each other. Both stood up. The clock began

its buzzing for the first stroke that would bring in the New Year.

"Maggie", he cried.

"Joshua", she wailed.

"Will you marr . . . ?" they both stuttered together.

When the old clock had finished striking the hour, the deed was done.

"Well, Maggie," he murmured tenderly as he left, "We took the leap".

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### THRIFT.

OF all the phraseology new and old which the late war has brought forth and popularized, terms such as "national service", "dig in," "carry on", "greater production", and many another as catchy and fruitful in both meaning and application, none is more needed nor more potent in its possibilities for the welfare of the country at large, than the wholesome, old-fashioned word "thrift".

The real meaning of thrift is "care and prudence in the management of one's resources". It is, then, not a mere word, but a virtue as well. Furthermore, it must have begun with existence, for when man found it necessary to provide for tomorrow as well as for today, then did he discover thrift.

Previous to the war both the word and its practice had almost gone into oblivion, but during the last two or three years it has once more sprung into prominence and has been heard on all sides from pulpit, parliament and press, under the guise of "war economy". At the present day its practice is still being strongly agitated as an absolute essential to the great period of "reconstruction" on which Canada has but lately embarked.

It is the purpose of this article to set forth the motives for this revival of thrift, some reasons for its continuance, some methods of exercising it, and certain effects which will result from its adoption into our every day life.

In the first place, there is a strong individual or personal incentive towards thrift. Everyone must in time grow old



and unfit for further service. If, during youth, one has followed habits of improvidence, the likelihood is that in middle life these habits will be continued, and the result is that when old age reached one will be left stranded penniless and destitute, with nothing to look forward to but years of misery and hardship. But if, on the other hand, one early cultivates ways of economy and frugality, and prepares in youth and middle age the means of enjoying old age, the prospect will be cheerful, and that period of rest when there are no more worries or cares, will be anticipated with eagerness rather than apprehension.

In addition to this personal tendency which is in itself a powerful one, there is a national motive for thrift that is worthy of much consideration. It is this phase of the question that is being particularly stressed to day.

At the outbreak of the late war all business was suddenly thrown out of gear, trade conditions were almost paralyzed, and industry greatly impeded. No one knew what a day might bring forth. Rich and poor were alike hard up. The result was that a compulsory measure of strict economy was forced upon the nation, from necessity alone.

This depression, however, did not long endure. Very soon Canada was flooded with war orders for munitions and all manner of war supplies. All the available factories were soon working night and day to supply the enormous demands on their capacity. Undertaken for patriotic as well as financial considerations, the output soon became immense and profits assured. There was an abundance of money in circulation, and because of the scarcity of labor, working men received wages on an unprecedented high scale. But, altho making more money than ever before, these same men were spending in even a greater proportion. They totally neglected to lay by a portion of their earnings in expectation of that period of depression which inevitably follows in the wake of war.

Today the laboring class is living to reap the penalty of this utter lack of foresight. The great war is over, and with the cessation of hostilities there was a like cessation of industry. Orders were cancelled wholesale, and as a result many factories have been forced to close down, at least until they

can adopt themselves to peace conditions. The hundreds of thousands of Canada's youth who have been engaged in military operations, have returned to civilian life, and are seeking either their former or some other means of livelihood. Thus there is much unemployment throughout the country, and a continuance of the recent and present labor unrest, is predicted for the coming winter. The prospect is not a bright one.

The nation is no longer able to borrow foreign money by the hundreds of millions. Every nation is taken up with its own problems of re-construction and payment of war. Canada's war-debt is a gigantic one, and taxation must be levied to pay the huge interest due on loans. In addition there are large sums required to carry out the "Soldiers Civic Re-establishment and other measures of importance and necessity which the government is instituting. The capital to accomplish these things must come from the people themselves. Thus at the present time Canada is floating her fourth "Victory Loan". The people have already contributed nobly to former loans, and they are purchasing the present bond issue with equal spirit. This amount which is being expended on the bonds is directly dependable on the measure of thrift which has characterized the people's living in the past, and the success of the present loan and of the others which must follow if Canada is to expand as she can, depends likewise on the thrift and frugality of the people as a whole. This then is the national incentive for thrift, that thru the savings of the individual and hence the people as a whole, Canada may attain her rightful place as one of the *solid* nations of the world.

There are many ways in which economy may be practiced. The physical requirements of life may be grouped under three headings, shelter, food and clothing. Shelter includes, rent, fuel, taxes, light, repairs, and other small matters. Food and clothing are complete in themselves. A careful study of each of these items will reveal many possibilities for extensive retrenchment.

Economies in rent and taxes are difficult to effect, but here is much room for a reduction in expenditure on such



things as light, fuel, and repairs. In each case carelessness is the direct agent of waste, and its elimination will be the cause of much saving. The old maxim "a stitch in time saves nine", with the story of the peasant who neglected to mend the small hole in his thatched roof, but rather allowed it to grow larger and larger with each successive storm, until finally the whole structure fell in on his head, is a good instance to show the price that must always be paid for oversight and neglect.

There is much wastage in foods. Poor cooking, resulting in loss of food value; buying expensive luxuries of fruits out of season; purchasing commodities such as bread and pastry which could be more cheaply produced at home; overstocking and loss from spoiling; In these and many other ways one spends where one might save.

In clothing and household furnishing there is also much extravagance due often to ignorance of proper values and quality. For instance, good material, though more expensive at the outset, will easily outwear the cheaper materials. There are a thousand small items in which a great saving can be easily effected. Each seems minute in itself but the aggregate is large. Besides it is in the repetition of these frequent economics that the ultimate habit is formed. A penny seems but a pittance, yet how much of human happiness depends on spending that penny wisely. It behooves one in these times to stop and consider the wisdom of the saying, "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves". Many a man of fortune traces back his success directly to the first dollar which when a boy, he deposited in the savings bank, this initial deposit proving the incentive to further and finally continual saving. At the present time, one of the best ways in which thrift may be exercised is by the investment of savings in the government's Victory Bonds, where it will fulfill the twofold function of helping both the individual and the country.

Then there is thrift of time. Benjamin Franklin has said that "time is gold" and truly it is in this rushing, bustling age. One way in which an effective saving in time can be accomplished is by order—"a place for everything and every-



thing in its place"—order and system in both business and household, for time lost cannot be regained.

Another avenue of thrift is opened up in greater production of food stuffs. The more food there is produced, the more there is to go around. Hence the strain on the market is lessened and prices made easier. A surplus of produce can be readily disposed of in foreign trade, and the greater this surplus the greater the prosperity of the nation. Thus even a small garden can be made to yield a big saving. No one plot could raise any large quantity but in the multiplying of them, the surplus would be formed.

In short, careful expenditure, methodical saving, and greater productiveness, practical by each individual, will make the nation as a whole, able and ready to meet the future, whatever it may hold of dread or burden.

The effects of thrift have been already dealt with indirectly in treating with the motives and methods of thrift. A single example of what was accomplished by a nation which did strictly adhere to the doctrine of economy, will serve to demonstrate what would be its effect on Canada.

After the Franco—Prussian war, one of the peace conditions was that France should pay to Germany an indemnity of one billion dollars, and that until this sum was paid in full, German soldiers were to occupy the land. Germany, knowing the impoverished state of France, put what she thought an almost impossible task upon the nation, but France to a man settled down to work and economize and in the amazingly short period of three years, she had paid off every cent of the vast sum. This was accomplished simply by a nationwide exercise of labour, frugal living, and systematic saving.

What thrift did for France, it will do for Canada. In a comparatively short time, the nation will be free of its enormous war-debts, and at liberty to devote both time and energies towards the further development of the country.

If, through the agency of war, Canada has learned to realize the great value of thrift, then truly can it be said "Sweet are the uses of adversity", for out of the welter of this war with all its outpourings of blood and treasure, the

nation shall have come forth a chastened people, strong in the mastery over self-indulgence, into a simpler and more wholesome manhood, a higher and more glorious civilization.

D. B. R. '22.

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### SEA CHANGES.

Out of the ocean a new day is breaking,  
Mingling red streams with deep crystal tide;  
Foam from the blue silver traces is making;  
Light, here and here, shadows playfully glide.

Noon! In their anger the elements raging  
Cold, gray, and stern line the face of the deep:  
Tireless, pitiless, ceaseless war waging.  
They ravage whate'er may come into their sweep.

The elements wried, night broods o'er the ocean;  
Gold in the west fades fast from the sight;  
Spent with its toil, the tide maketh no motion.  
All hath been stilled by the spell of the night.

H. G. M. '20.

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### A VIMY VENTURE.

"BIEN", said Lt. Errol Dempster, British Secret Service to No. 1736 Cpl. Elmer J. Bradley, Signal Station, 2nd Bn. Can Inf., "So far things seem to have worked rather better than our fondest expectations." Brad answered, his sober countenance behid by the wonted merry winkle in his eye. "Yes, sir, we're well away so far, but our chances to decorate a German prison camp are still fifty-fifty or a little more so".

"Still, the game is worth the candle," said the Lieut.

"At last we've landed some information that will set Corps Hq. by the ears. I'll say its a real scoop."

These words were whispered in the cellar of a French farm house, a half mile from Fresnoy, which is some four miles east of Vimy Ridge, looking towards Douai. On April 9th., 1917, just three years prior to date of writing, it was about eight miles in rear of the German front line. With the rapid advance of the Canadians on that memorable day, Nine Elms, Thelus, the Blue Line, and the Zollern trench system had crumpled before our terrific curtain fire, and the impetuous yet clock-like advance of our infantry, and at night-fall we were entrenched over the crest of the ridge and rapidly consolidating our position.

The author was then i/c signallers, No. 4 Coy., 2nd Bn., Cpl. Bradley, the former holder of that somewhat arduous and doubtful honor, having been detailed to a course in wireless at Bruay. An exceptionally good signaller, with two years experience in the line, his natural ability enabled him to lead the class. Just at that time a ground wireless system was being experimented upon and Brad specialized on this. Coming from Kitchener, Ont., he had a fair knowledge of colloquial German, and when the corps secret service applied to the school for a capable man for attachment to a dangerous and more difficult detail, his ability in these two lines led to his selection.

The scheme was briefly as follows: One of the shrewdest officers on the S. S. staff, together with Bradley, provided with ground wireless and listening-set were to be dropped behind the enemy lines on the night of April 8th by one of our planes, near an old farm house which, as nearly as our observers could tell, was unoccupied. There they were to ensconce themselves, and by means of listening in on German field phones lines, to learn all they could of the enemy's plans for defense and counter-attack and relay it to our Hq. by means of ground wireless. This building was not to be shelled or bombed in the general attack next day. Their sole care was to keep hidden from view and to work as far as possible at night. If we did not succeed in pressing on as far as Fresnoy in the attack, one of our planes was to come over



and rescue them the following night. They were to be in instant readiness to destroy their 'phone utterly, and if surprised and taken prisoner they were to pose as two Canadian private soldiers who had been taken prisoner and whose guards had been killed on the way back to the prison cage by one of our high velocities.

The first night passed uneventfully. They succeeded in intercepting a number of German messages. Some were in code, but in less than half an hour they worked out the system. [Lest this seem incredible, I might say that the field codes used by both British and German armies were comparatively simple. Our Intelligence knew the enemy code, and documents found on captured German officers at Vimy revealed the fact that they knew ours]. The messages, however, were only the usual nightly routine reports. Heinie evidently had no information of the impending storm. Only the usual desultory shelling and M. G. fire went on during the night.

Before daylight, our friends withdrew from the open, hid themselves in the cellar, and installed their listening sets where they would be able to pick up any induction from the German lines. Soon our attack commenced and German troops were rushed to the support lines. Whole companies filed thru the fields near the house in artillery formation. German shells whistled over it, but in the general confusion it was left unmolested. Later on, however, Bradley, peeping from one of the chinks in the wall, heard the battle ever drawing nearer and soon saw gray-clad forms scurrying like rabbits over the ridge toward the rear. Concealment was now imperative. They both scrambled into a bin of turnips, and astily covered themselves with turnips and old bags. Soon

German staff car came racing up the road. A staff-officer and a perspiring and excited regimental saw-bones entered the house. The former spoke hurriedly. "This will make an excellent dressing station. Our air-craft report that the *erdamte* Canadians are having trouble in getting up their artillery thru the mud so we have decided to make a stand. Orderlies and equipment will be sent here. In case of bombardment, you can remove to cellar."

At this puncture a faint buzzing came to Bradley's notice as he lay with ear close to receiver. Listening with every nerve strained to catch the sound he heard: "Oral instructions from aide-de-camp, General Stakler, 15th Army Corps to Oberst Wassenstein, 303rd Bavarians. Compliments. You will stand on Lens-Vimy-Arras R. R. embankment. For your information, please. Great counter-attack planned. Concentration of three brigades at Fampaux. Troops will be rushed by train to within kilometer front line. They will then display and support your advance. Zero hour tomorrow 4.30 a. m."

Trembling with excitement, Bradley whispered the startling information to his companion. The great problem now was to get the information back to our lines. Daylight forbade the use of the wireless, surrounded as they were by the enemy. But with night—if only Fritz didn't change his plans and hasten the counter-attack.

That afternoon seemed an eternity. The wounded came in rapidly and fortunately the doctor and orderlies were kept too busy to investigate the cellar. The night came on windy and dark, well suited to the plans of the signallers. But, alas! when they got their instrument set up and muffled in bags to prevent the slight noise from betraying them, no buzz answered them. Something in the delicately adjusted mechanism had gone wrong. In despair they abandoned this hope and awaited the coming of the plane.

About midnight the sky cleared, with no moon, but saved from darkness by the stars and an occasional flare from the German front line. Our pilot, knowing the exact location of the farm house was able to shut off his motor over our front line, and planing from a great altitude, was able to effect a safe landing some hundred yards from the house, as the terrain here had not suffered from shell-fire. Both men listening eagerly, heard him, but the Germans, some asleep and the rest engrossed in the work at hand, either failed to hear the plane or mistook it for one of their own. Dempster and Bradley carefully emerged from their hiding place and crawled thru a cellar window and thence stealthily across the intervening space. As they neared the plane, the pilot spun

the propellor and his motor started to whirr. In an instant they were in and away on the stake-off. Now the Germans hear them, and rushing from the house, recognize the British plane, but since they are medical staff and hence unarmed they are powerless. Frantically they phone their anti-air craft section but by the time these get into action our plane is soaring back over our own lines and their shots go wide of the mark.

The plane flies direct to corps headquarters, where Lt. Dempster makes his report. There is just time to act. Our guns are laid on the Fampoux area and railway and our observation officers train their powerful glasses, expectant. Shortly, a train comes into view and pulls up at the detraining point. The gunners fingers are itching, for only once in a war do such targets present themselves. Not until three trains have followed each other in quick succession and halted at short intervals is the order given: "Battery Fire. On your targets. At will. Fire!" "Then the guns speak," and the Germans, as they are detraining, are caught and annihilated.

Sitting in a dug-out at Nine Elms that afternoon, I took a signal message from Corps Hq., to all units giving progress of fighting. The following is an excerpt from it as recorded in my diary: "The—rd British Corps [on our immediate right] report that their artillery have completely destroyed three enemy military trains, thus breaking up an intended counter-attack which proposed to strike the junction of the—st Corps with Canadians, roll up both flanks and recapture Vimy Ridge by a turning movement.

On June 3rd, 1917, Cpl. E. J. Bradley, 2nd Bn. Can. Inf. was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal (Corps Order No. 63). "For successfully carrying out his duty in the face of great personal risk, such duty resulting in acquisition of vitally important military information."

J. I. M. '21.



## THE INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

**F**RIDAY night, March 11th was the date of one of the most interesting events of intercollegiate activities of this year. On that evening an Acadia girls' debating team met a girls team from Mount Allison on the platform of Fawcett Memorial Hall, Sackville, in friendly debate and defeated them. The subject at issue was:—

“Resolved that a legislative union of the Maritime Provinces on terms alike equitable and agreeable, would be advantageous.” Mount Allison, who had the choice of sides, supported the affirmative, while Acadia defended the negative.

The personell of the Mount Allison team was Ruth Humphrey '20, (leader), Harriett Kempton '21, and Mary Peacock, '21. That of the Acadia team was Pauline Parry '20, (leader), Katheleen Fitzpatrick '21, and Ethel Verge '22.

The debate throughout was of a high order. Both teams had the subject well in hand and showed the result of careful work. The presentation of both teams was good, that of Acadia, perhaps, being slightly superior.

The Mount Allison speakers based their arguments on the assumptions that the united provinces would make one province of workable size, with united efforts, and strong maritime consciousness. Thus the one province would be able to make a strong bid for more favors from Ottawa. It would have more power in the federal house and a greater credit abroad. Provincial rivalries would gradually die out.

Besides this there would be greater uniformity of effort, thus giving us greater efficiency in the administration of local affairs. This would soon make itself apparent in better transportation facilities, in a greater development of ship-building and of water power, in the establishment of strong vocational and technical schools, in the altogether desirable uniformity of educational and judicial systems, of statute laws. The province would be able to have a strong immigration policy and offer greater attractions for the investment of capital and for tourist travel.

On the economic side the proposed union would be advantageous on account of the economies resulting from the lessened machinery for legislation and the lessened number of legislators.

The theoretical basis of the argument for the negative was contained in the speech by Miss Parry. This dealt with the economic and geographical conditions determining the best workable size for a province. Under the present division those very conditions obtain in the Maritime provinces. Thus, while all have many common interests, Nova Scotia's most important source of revenue is her mineral wealth. New Brunswick's is her lumbering and ship-building industry, while Prince Edward Island's is agriculture. This speech, being purely theoretical in its nature, was undoubtedly the most difficult one of the evening. It is not surprising, therefore that many in the audience who had made no previous study of the subject, failed to grasp its full significance. Yet it served as the basis of the whole argument for the negative and in its essential points remained un rebutted. Miss Parry's presentation was clear and convincing, and in the opinion of many was the best of the evening.

The negative also argued that the historical basis of the question was in favor of the present policy of separation. Coming to more concrete matters, they showed how under the proposed union the province might lose representation at Ottawa and certainly would lose one or more of its normal quota of three cabinet ministers. Thus the influence at Ottawa would be lessened rather than increased. The immigration question could easily be handled under the present division. This phase of the question was handled in an admirable manner by Miss Fitzpatrick.

Miss Verge dealt with the whole subject of cooperation showing how under the present system greater efficiency in matters such as the educational and judicial systems could be attained and even now were in the process of being brought about through the exercise of cooperation. On the economic side she showed that not only very little saving could be affected through economies in the machinery of legislation, but that under the proposed union the province would suffer an

annual loss of \$350,000 from dominion subsidies to the provinces and \$48,747 a year from steamships.

Miss Parry in her rebuttal mentioned a number of points previously rebutted, called attention to a number of other mere assertions, then attacked the main arguments of her opponents, demolishing many of them, and closed with a summary, which those familiar with her debating have come to recognize as characteristic, in which in a few words she stated clearly and concisely the whole position of the negative.

Miss Humphrey then closed the debate with her rebuttal. She gave it clearly and concisely, finding the flaws in her opponents defence wherever they were to be found. She successfully disposed of a number of the Acadia arguments. The three main arguments, however, the basis for provincial divisions, the question of cooperation, and the financial loss of Dominion subsidies remained intact throughout.

The judges Mr. D. G. Davis of Truro, Rev. Mr. Walker of Amherst, and Rev. Mr. Ramsey of Moncton gave the debate to Acadia by a narrow margin.

After the debate the Acadia basket-ball teams and debating team were the guests of the Mount Allison teams at a delightful banquet served in the Ladies College. Acadia feels under great obligations to Mount Allison for their thoughtful and hospital treatment and for the many courtesies extended to them during their short visit. The Acadia girls are looking forward with pleasure to entertaining Mount Allison teams in the near future.

This is the first girls' intercollegiate debate in which Acadia has ever participated. While defeat could not have shaken Acadia's confidence in her team, victory was none the less sweet. It is all the more gratifying considering that formal debating has only two seasons among the Acadia girls.

H. G. M. '20.



## THE PRIDE OF CANADA.

WE are all more or less patriotic and interested in the things which concern this fair country of ours, and especially so with regards to any historical associations which border on the adventurous, which reflect credit upon our nation. We like to think of ourselves as a part of the great British Empire, the greatest and best in the world. And yet we are more directly affected by things which concern Canada vitally, the things which may be considered as personal abstractions from Canadianism, such as bits of Canadian history, our resources and what not.

Before the white man came to the American continent, our aborigines, the Indians, lived happy care-free lives, enjoying their existence and freedom to the fullest extent. They lived their lives independently and unrestrainedly: and yet they found life full enough. With their tribal wars and the obtainment of the necessary articles of food for their sustenance, they had little time to develop a higher civilization. Our Indian was perfectly happy in the hunting of the fleet-footed deer and the terrible, gigantic buffalo or bison. The gameness of the buffalo in the struggle seemed to appeal to the sportsmanship innate in his nature.

And so the Indian spent much time in buffalo-hunting. When the white man came, the buffalo hunt, immortalized by Parkman in his "Oregon Trail" and in many other writings, also appealed to his sporting sense. The herds of gigantic bison attracted adventurers from every country who revelled in the sport of the hunt, and killed them in countless thousands for the mere pleasure of killing, if indeed such can be called a pleasure. Even up until the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the prairie would almost invariably present to the observer a scene of violent activity in the form of a stampede of bison before the lash of the merciless hunter. The story of the resulting extinction of a noble race, well called "The pride of Canada", is a familiar one. The prairie gradually became depopulated of its buffalo herds, and the attitude of the whole race became changed. The

buffalo, once feeding independently and stalking in all his grandeur across the sands and through the canons of the far west, must for his self-preservation, and for the preservation of his kind, now seek concealment in the surrounding forests and live his life in perpetual fear. Even when the race was becoming so evidently extinct, the hunters still poured in and sought out the last buffalo. This is the history of the extinction of that noble race, the pride of Canada.

With the disappearance of the buffalo also began the downfall of the Indian. The red race is not a versatile one, the red man could not readily adapt himself to the new conditions of life. Hence his fall. It has been said that civilization has killed the Indian: far more probable is it that the Indian has been killed by lack of civilization displayed by the heartless hunters of the past through whose instrumentality the annihilation of the bison was brought about. The red man is an asset to us and so was the buffalo, both historically, or shall we may as a historic national pride, and economically. And through the thoughtlessness of the pleasure-seekers of a century ago, we have lost both!

Nevertheless there is a sweeter note of discord among these doleful measures of the past. For, although it is not known to many of our Canadians, there remains to the people of today a remnant of the race which was so typically Canadian and so characteristic of our great nation.

As late as 1882, a Flathead Indian and his squaw, who had been harboring a few bison, sold them to Michael Pablo, a rancher in Montana, who several years later obtained an addition to his stock in twenty head which he bought from a doubtful character known as Buffalo Jones. How Pablo kept his buffalo we are not told, but early in 1906 he heard that the range upon which he was a squatter, was to be settled. Theodore Roosevelt was then the president of the United States, and Pablo made his way to Washington to plead that the range might be a reservation in order that the race could be saved, a future pride and economic asset to the nation. His petition was not granted, however, as the government thought the land would be a better investment for the country if settled and civilized than it might be if left as a range upon which wild and ferocious animals might roam at will.



Pablo, thoroughly disheartened, returned to Montana. Not long afterward a Canadian agent heard of the buffalo, and immediately came forward with an offer, which was authorized by his government, of \$200 each for the herd and at least two hundred head were to be supplied. Pablo accepted the offer, and the contribution of the past, made possible by the foresight of one, who doubtless at that time was deemed not in his right mind, and which had been scorned by the United States, became the property of our Dominion, a true source of pride.

The roundup was, as one might suppose, of a very exciting nature. The country was wild and broken, full of deep canons, gulches, precipices, and the undergrowth on this rough surface was thick and tangled. The bison had to be taken to the railway station, which was 42 miles distant. By dint of clever strategy, eighty riders rounded three hundred into a coulee. Even with the precautions taken, the eighty riders only got 190 safely to the station corral. Pablo was very conscientious about his bargain, and so a third round-up was made in 1909. This time the buffalo were cornered on a peninsula and fenced in. Then, not to be outdone by a herd of buffalo again, they loaded them into big waggons and hauled them to the station. The price offered Pablo seemed high, but we must consider that it took fully half of the price received to round them up.

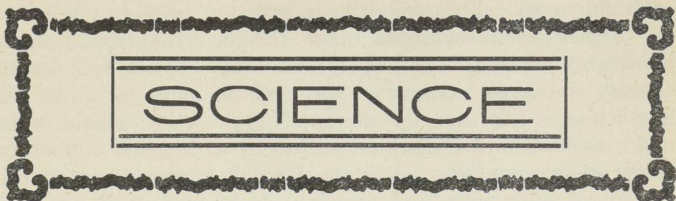
The year 1910 saw the full herd of 716 (the whole herd had been ordered with the stipulation that there should be at least two hundred) bison landed in Alberta. They were fenced in the natural park at Wainwright, which has an area of 165 square miles. A high fence, built on the page style, of very heavy wire, keeps them in. In this enclosure there are eighteen small lakes, besides numerous streams and good natural pasturage for the buffalo, who is, therefore, in his element. The place is admirably suited for the purpose, since it can be cared for very efficiently by three men.

In 1919 there were over 2,900 head in Wainwright Park. These are of immense economic importance to the country. Every Christmas the old bulls are killed off, and their flesh graces the Christmas board of many homes. The meat is



excellent and the hides furnish the best of leather. The average weight of a buffalo is 2800 pounds, and a single animal brings about \$600.

Thus we see that the investment of our government is a good one from a financial standpoint. But that is not all. Through the instrumentality of the far-sighted Pablo and the thoroughly unselfish action of the Canadian government of the time, a race to all appearances extinct, has been saved to the world. The Canadian thinks beyond the present, his ideas are not all of selfish aggrandizement, and such a spirit, we believe, will always be one of his predominating characteristics. Who does not admire the spirit of excitement in the round-up and the action of our country in saving, not to a caged existence, but to his natural domicile, a race which, but for their intervention, would probably today have been as extinct as the species represented by the fossils of ancient rocks? We may well be proud of our buffalo, which, although not sufficiently appreciated at the time of his predominance, have been saved from annihilation to our present day Canadians, who will not hesitate to voice his approval of and his pride for any progressive action destined to make the "Pride of Canada" more conspicuous. For a great service, in the preservation of a historic and valuable race, has been rendered to the world.



# SCIENCE

## IS THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES SUPERIOR TO THE MALE.

THE immense strides which have been taken in the scientific world during recent years are amazing, and to the person who has watched with any degree of interest the changing opinions and theories, the advances in thought seem almost incredible. The scientist of a century ago would turn green with envy if he were permitted to see the marvellous advancement which has taken place in the realm of science. As a result of the ushering in of these new ideas, a great many older ones, of necessity, must go to the wall. At times scientists are compelled to abandon the theory which has taken them a life-time to work out. Such men, with a good deal of reluctance it may be, but with that honesty which is characteristic of all true scientists, are always ready to give way to the more up-to-date and modern thinker.

Within the past few months the British and French science departments have made some startling announcements in connection with their research work. These announcements are the result of long and careful study.

The French Academy of Science has been carrying on investigations in connection with "The Comparative Abilities of the Male and Female Species of Bug, Beast, Bird, and Man." Now the French Academy of Science is regarded in the scientific world as being absolutely reliable; and the French scientist, as we know, is recognized as being "second to none" in the world. Therefore, any conclusions which they

arrive at as a result of their work, we may accept as being reliable, in so far as scientific perfection has been reached.

The French scientists make the assertion that almost invariably in bug, beast, fish, bird, and reptile, the female species is larger, stronger, more subtle, more cunning, and has a longer life than the male. This is rather a bold statement, and without a doubt it will meet with much opposition from other scientists. But the French have supported this statement with long and careful experiments and are prepared to meet any opposition to their theory. It is therefore natural to expect that, just as the old theory regarding the formation of coal from decayed plants and herbs has been abandoned, so also will the theory of male predominance in power and intellect over female also be thrown "over the fence".

Another equally astonishing discovery which these men have made, is that this theory holds only partially true among apes and monkeys. The male gorilla, orang-outang, and in fact all the higher primates of apes are much stronger than the female and much fiercer. The female, however, is much more intelligent, especially at the time of motherhood. The result is that about the fourth or fifth year of their lives the female gorilla, orang-outang, etc., are much better prepared to cope with enemies and to adapt themselves much more quickly to surrounding conditions than the corresponding males.

The investigations of the French Academy into the actual place of the female in the lower animal kingdom was begun several decades ago. The most striking example of female supremacy was found, according to accounts, in the insect world. The scorpion, belonging to the order, *scorponidae*, was carefully studied.

In the above mentioned order the male is much smaller than the female, and is naturally weaker. He is easy going, is always perfectly content so long as he can procure sufficient food to sustain life without too much hard labour; he has no particular home; he sleeps and rests in any convenient crevice or hollow in the rocks. But the female is very different in nature. She is large and active; she has her own



lair, and guards it with all care and diligence. At a certain age, when nature's mysterious urge is felt, this energetic personage steps out and begins looking about her for a partner. When she spies a prospective victim she fixes her gaze upon him and with her sly, fascinating eyes, she draws to her this unfortunate, unsuspecting gentleman of her kind. Before very long she so overmasters and charms him as to bring him completely within her power, and in a short time we see them sitting hand in hand, or rather claw in claw. After enjoying this bliss for some time she leads him by the hand, herself walking backwards, into her home. But this state of ecstasy is short lived. Before many days have passed the restless madam becomes tired of her lazy husband and quickly divorces him by a very direct method, namely, by killing him and storing him away in the larder. When she finds the love thrill coming over her again, she immediately seeks another mate, and he also meets the same fate as his predecessor. In this scorpion is epitomized the tragedy of most of the males of the female-dominated insect world.

In the spider family, almost without exception, the male is smaller than the female, and in a certain genus of New Guinea spider, the female entices scores of males into her dwelling. These she quickly disposes of and adds them to her larder. But more remarkable than these is the unquestionable knowledge in the female species of another form of tropical spider of the vivifying and energizing rays of the sun. The male of this genus is a careless, wandering, homeless creature, while the female is an architect, weaver, and physicist. She builds her nest, carefully selecting a position which is best suited for protection and proper exposure to sunlight. The home is built comfortably large. After the eggs are laid she encases them in a shroud of silk, which she herself spins. The peculiar characteristic of this silk is that it is a ray fitter. Now physicists have discovered that certain colors in light rays produce pronounced effects upon the rate of growth of an egg or root. Red rays, they claim, check growth, and under them eggs sometimes become infertile, while the violet ray on the other hand, are vivifying because they carry with them certain chemical properties which assist

in the development of eggs and seeds. The amazing thing about this silk jacket which the spider weaves around the egg is that it prevents, to a great extent, the red rays and yellow rays of light from reaching the egg, but it admits the violet ray. The mother spider further assists the sun by raising the egg encased in its shroud, to the light and heat of the sun. Thruout the days she holds it up in her claws in this manner till the eggs hatch. How this spider came to know this physical fact, and how she learned how to construct the fabric which she winds around the egg, is one of the mysteries of life.

These marvellous discoveries, along with several others which we have not space to deal with separately, prove almost conclusively that in the lower animal kingdom the female species has attained to higher development in the scale of life than the male. While in several cases it so happens that the male is larger and stronger than the female, yet in almost every instance it has been found that the female is more intelligent and more active than the male.

But perhaps the most interesting observations have been made in connection with the relative abilities of male and female in human beings. Up to the present we have been led to believe that man was a more perfectly developed being, possessed a larger intellect, and was stronger in every respect than the female. The French scientists say that this idea is false. The statistics of women's work in the war and the revelation that in general they could accomplish almost every physical achievement of the men whose places they took, led the scientist to study more closely their relative value with men. In the course of their study, the French report two very interesting things: first, the only known case in which a woman was unable to fill a man's position was in such tasks as electric rivetting, or that part of the task which required that the rivet holder be held firmly against the breast. These scientists also say that they believe it would be possible for a woman to develop certain muscles, so that she would be able to do this work also.

The second surprising fact is that during the whole war there was never a case of shell-shock among the nurses and



female attendants, many of whom were engaged among heavy artillery fire. The importance of this fact is, that it shows woman to be superior to man in nervous and emotional stability.

The French scientists have proved two things: first, that as regards manual labour, women are practically on an equal with men ;and secondly, that women possess greater nervous and emotional stability. We have only to go to records of some of our schools and colleges to learn what women's standing is in intellectual attainment. We are not surprised to find women at the head of the list. But some may say, since women have attained a position so much superior to men, why is it that she does not hold more prominent positions in the world? This question may be answered in two ways. First, woman has been held down by tradition. Ever since the dawn of history woman has been regarded as being inferior to man, and hence she has not been afforded an opportunity to prove her worth. But let us not forget that in cases where the hand of fate placed opportunity in her way, woman almost invariably arose to meet the occasion. Such cases as Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale and the famous woman's battalion in the Russian army, during the late war, prove to us that woman is not at all inferior to man.

Again, woman holds a very prominent position in the affairs of the world and of her own country in that she, as a mother, teaches and trains her children in right citizenship and character, as only a mother can. Children, if left to the father to be trained, generally grow up like weeds, of no use because of their lack of training. Since the welfare of the country depends almost altogether upon its citizens, we may say that woman holds no mean position in the affairs of her country. Woman is coming into her own more and more as the years roll on. It may so happen that in some future time men will be altogether outclassed.

Science has done much in revolutionizing thought and ideals in the world. To the scientist who spends years of his life in comparative obscurity in his research work, which in time to come may bring great benefits to the human family,



every honor is due, and as the years pass on science is bound to bring forth even more wonderful changes in thought than we have yet dreamed of.

V. H. M. '22.

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## DYE STUFFS AND DYEING.

**D**YEING is the art of coloring textile and other materials in such a manner that the colors will not be readily removed by those influences to which they are likely to be submitted. The art of dyeing dates from the earliest times. Evidence of this is found in the Bible, where it mentions Jacob's coat of many colors. Dyeing was at those times the chief feature of that ancient science known as alchemy. We have no definite knowledge of how this art passed thru the first successive stages of its development. Probably the first attempts at dyeing were merely staining fabrics with the juice of fruits and extracts from barks, leaves, roots and flowers. Later, it was discovered that these stains could be rendered permanent through the aid of certain kinds of earth and mud containing alumina or iron. This was the beginning of the true art of dyeing.

History shows that at ancient times a high state of civilization existed in Persia, India, and China. Discoveries have also been made which verify the belief that the art of dyeing and printing have been practised in these countries during a long succession of ages. In the National Museum at London there is a collection of ancient vases and casts, which were obtained from Assyria and which archaeologists claim to be at least four thousand years old. This pottery and enamelware reveal the highest degree of intellectual culture of those early people, and the handwork has not been surpassed by artists of to-day. The shades of enamel and pottery ware show that the ancients possessed an intimate knowledge of mixing and blending colors and treatment which still baffles the modern scientists and artists. If there are really any lost arts or secrets, the ones involving the ceramic wares and colors certainly rank foremost. The vegetable dyes with

which the ancients colored their robes and mats must also incite admiration in modern mankind. These dyes are steadfast, brilliant, of every color and shade, and have not been surpassed by modern dye industry. Through the examination of mummy cloth it has been testified that the Egyptian dyers were well acquainted with indigo and madder.

Practically all this knowledge of dyeing, which was possessed by the Greeks and Romans, was lost during that period of barbarism which swept over Europe during the fifth and succeeding centuries. Fortunately, some remnants of this art survived, in Italy, these periods of trouble. The industry was revived and given a new impetus through the large importation of oriental dyestuffs by the Venetian merchants. From Italy this art spread to Germany, France, and Flanders, the country from which King Edward III procured dyes for England. At this time discoveries were made which greatly increased the dye industry. The Spaniards on their first arrival in Mexico, learned from the Mexicans the existence and use of cochineal bugs for dyeing purposes, while about 1630 the Dutch chemist, Drebbel, discovered accidentally that a cochineal and tin solution would dye wool a brilliant scarlet.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the old prejudice against foreign dyestuffs gradually disappeared, and experiments on bleaching and dyeing were made by all the eminent chemists in England and France. Down to the middle of the nineteenth century, only the natural dyestuffs, with few exceptions, were known to the dyers. In the year 1830 the German chemist, Runge, discovered a bright blue color obtained from aniline under the influence of bleaching powder. It remained, however, for the English chemist, Sir W. H. Perkin, to prepare the first aniline dye, which was known as "mauve". Following this, the discovery of other aniline dyes took place in rapid succession. Shortly afterward the coloring matter of the madder-root and also indigo were prepared synthetically. From that time on, large numbers of chemists have been busily employed, experimenting with coal-tar products, discovering new colors. Now, at the present time, the coal-tar colors have almost completely replaced the natural dyestuffs; Until to-day,



the dyeing industry constitutes a branch of science which is distinct from other divisions. Hundreds of chemists are to-day employed in the research laboratories, which are maintained by companies engaged in the manufacturing of dyes or in the business of dyeing materials. These chemists do not spend, perhaps, as much time seeking to discover new dyes as they do trying to discover substances which will facilitate and aid the process of dyeing materials.

The compounds used by the textile colorist may be divided into two classes. The first class consists of compounds instrumental in the fixation of coloring matters upon the fiber, although they possess no coloring power themselves. The second class consists of the true coloring matter.

The terms "mordant" and "mordanting principle" and others used in connection with the first class must be thoroughly understood before one can fully appreciate the qualities of the different varieties of dyes. Mordants, in general, may be defined as substances capable of uniting with certain dyestuffs to form insoluble colored compounds, which, under proper conditions may be fixed more or less permanently upon the textile material. That is, certain dyes when used on the material alone are soluble and will easily dissolve out. Thus any other substance which unites with these dyes to form insoluble compounds, which will remain fast in the material, is known as a "mordant". Mordant may be subdivided into three classes, namely: Metallic, non-metallic and acid mordants. The metallic mordants are usually in the form of metallic oxides or hydroxides, and are capable of uniting with certain dyestuffs, known as mordant dyestuffs. These substances form insoluble color compounds which are known as color lakes.

Sulphur is the only non-metallic mordant of any importance, and even then it is of minor consequence. It is used when applying certain basic colors, such as malachite green on wool.

Acid mordant, such as tannic acid and other vegetable substances rich in this acid, are chiefly used in the application of basic colors to cotton material.



The term "mordant" is often used to designate the soluble metallic salt used to produce the mordant. But in the proper sense the mordant is that substance which, in direct combination with the dyestuff, forms the color lake. In order to avoid confusion, this compound used to produce the mordant is known as the "mordanting principle." Thus in one of the most common wool mordanting processes, potassium dichromate is only the mordanting principle, while the oxide of chromium finally fixed upon the fiber is the true mordant.

Other substances coming under the first heading are chemical fixing agents. This include those substances which are instrumental in fixing the various mordants upon the textile fiber until the proper dyestuffs have an opportunity to chemically unite with them. An example of this is found in the various antimony compounds which are used to fix tannic acid upon the cotton fiber.

Another class of fixing agents are those which directly precipitate the mordant upon the fiber through double decomposition with the mordanting principle. Thus cotton saturated with nitrate of iron is passed through a solution of sodium carbonate. The basic carbonate and the oxide of iron are precipitated upon the fiber, where it now acts as a mordant. Other substances of this class are: mechanical fixing agents, developing agents, leveling agents and dyeing assistants, all of which are of a more or less degree of importance in the dye industry.

Let us now briefly consider the mordanting of some of the most common textiles, such as wool, silk, and cotton. Wool has in the first place a natural affinity for certain compounds, and thus the mordanting process is facilitated in a marked degree. Chromium compounds are almost entirely depended upon in applying mordant dyestuffs to wool. The important mordanting principle being potassium dichromate. The process consists of boiling the wool material in a dilute solution of potassium dichromate in the presence of either tartar or lactic acid. The latter acts as a mordanting principle.

Silk, like wool possesses a marked affinity for metallic oxide and hydroxides. For this reason the material may be easily mordanted. The process simply consists in steeping the silk with a proper mordanting principle, such as the sulphate, chlorides or acetates of iron, chromium, aluminium or tin. These are usually in a slightly basic condition. After the steeping, the silk is thoroughly washed with a large volume of water.

Cotton, unlike wool or silk, has an entire lack of natural attraction for metallic oxides. The methods for mordanting cotton are numerous, but may be divided into four chief processes. In the first process, the cloth is evenly saturated with a solution of some mordanting principle, usually an acetate of chromium, iron, or aluminium. It is then subjected to a hot, moist atmosphere for a number of hours. This brings about a slow decomposition of the acetate, which results in the fixation of the metallic oxide upon the fibre and the liberation of acetic acid. The fixation of the mordant and neutralization of the free acid is brought about by thoroughly treating the material with a bath made up of such substances as phosphates, and carbonates of potassium and calcium.

The second method differs from the first only in that the mordanting principle is printed upon the fabric.

The third method consists in the direct chemical precipitation of the mordant upon the fiber.

In the fourth, the mordanting principle and mordant dyestuffs are mixed together with proper thickening agents and then printed upon the cloth. Upon steaming the mordanting principle decomposes and forms the mordant which unites with the coloring matter already present.

We now come to the second great class of compounds, which consists of the true coloring matters themselves. These colors were early classified into "substantive" and "adjectives". The "substantive" dyestuffs are those capable of producing a fully developed color upon the textile material without the aid of a mordant. The "adjective" dyestuffs, however, are those requiring an intermediate combining substance (called a mordant). We will consider the classification which divides the dyestuffs according to their origin, and



is of broader application. The first group deals with Natural Organic Dyestuffs, including animal and vegetable. Indigo, the product of many plants belonging to the *Indigofera* genus, is the most important vegetable dye. Indigo is prepared by steeping the leaves and stems in water and allowing to ferment. A clear, yellow liquid results, which contains the indigo as soluble indigo white. When this liquor is violently agitated, so as to expose all parts to the action of the oxygen in the air, the soluble indigo white is converted into the insoluble indigo blue. This is allowed to settle, afterwards pressed into cakes, and when dry is ready for the market.

Logwood is of next importance and is a native of Central America and Jamaica. Raw logwood comes in the form of rough logs and ground or rasped into small chips. Freshly cut logwood chips contain a yellowish crystalline compound to which the name haematoxylin has been assigned. When exposed to the air the haematoxylin, especially in the presence of an alkali, rapidly oxidizes to a reddish brown substance known as haematein. Logwood is commonly classified as a black dyestuff and is used chiefly for the production of blacks. More strictly speaking, it is a blue dyestuff, for with all metallic mordants, it produces blue dyeings.

The chief varieties of natural dyestuffs producing shades of a red color are madder; this was known to the ancients and was for many hundreds of years the most important of the red natural coloring matters. It was chiefly used in conjunction with Turkey reds; cochineal, a red mordant coloring matter obtained from the dried body of an insect which is a native of Mexico and Central America; soluble red woods, such as Brazil wood, peach wood, and Japan wood; insoluble red woods as barwood, Saunder's wood, and camwood. Those colors producing a yellow to a brown color are obtained from such plants as Fustic or Cuba wood, Persian berry, turmeric and cutch or Gambia.

The mineral dyestuffs as a class are of minor importance in the textile industry. Chief among these is Prussian blue. The method of dyeing the material is to mordant it with iron oxide, and then boil in a solution of potassium ferrocyanide,



thus producing on the fiber a precipitate of ferric ferrocyanide. (Prussian blue).

Other metallic colors are chrome yellow, chrome green, iron buff and khaki, which is a yellowish drab color produced by the precipitation upon the fiber of a combination of ferric oxide and a basic chromium oxide.

We now come to the last and greatest class of colors, the artificial organic dyestuffs which have completely replaced the natural organic dyestuffs. The natural dyestuffs were almost wholly depended upon until the discovery of mauve by Perkin. Mauve was the first of the so-called coal-tar dyes. Its discovery, however, was soon followed by many more, until to-day several hundred entirely different dyestuffs are at the disposal of the textile colorist. These dyes may be classified in many different ways, but the classification which we will consider, is one of the simplest and best adapted for the practical purposes of the dyer. Seven groups are recognized, but there is no sharp line of distinction between them, so some colors can be classified under more than one group.

The first group contains the acid colors, so called because they dye the animal fibres wool and silk in an acid bath. They do not dye cotton. The properties of the dyes obtained from the acid colors are varied. Many are fugitive to light; on the other hand, many are satisfactorily fast. On account of them not being able to stand the operation of milling and scouring very well, acid colors are generally unsuited for tweed yarns or loose wool.

The second division consists of the basic colors. These coloring matters are salts of organic color bases. They derive their name from the fact that their dyeing power rests entirely in the basic part of the salt. Wool and silk are dyed in the natural bath, while cotton is dyed through the aid of tannic acid as a mordant. The basic colors are remarkable for their great coloring power and the brilliancy of the shades which they yield.

The third section contains the direct colors. They have the remarkable power of being able to dye cotton direct, i.e., without the aid of mordants. The direct colors derived from

coal-tar products are very numerous and occupy a very important position among dyestuffs.

**Developed Colors:**—This group includes certain colors which are developed or produced upon the fibre itself (usually cotton) by the successive application of their constituent elements.

**Mordant Colors:**—They are really the most important dyestuffs employed, since they furnish many colors remarkable for their fastness to light, washing, and other influences. These colors themselves have no value as dyestuffs. It is because they act like weak acids, and so have the property of combining with metallic oxides to form the insoluble compounds. These divisions practically include the numerous coal tar colors.

Now since we have seen how the coal tar dyes are rapidly replacing the natural colors in the dye industry, it is well to say a word concerning their use. The popular opinion that they are really poisonous, probably dates from the time when magenta and its derivatives were contaminated with arsenic. It is satisfactory to know that most colors are not poisonous, but some few are, namely: Picric acid, Victoria Orange, Aurontia, Coralline, Metanil Yellow, Orange II and Safranine. Indeed many coal tar colors have been recommended as antiseptics or as medicinal remedies; for example, Methyl, Violet, Auramine and Methylene Blue. Coal-tar colors are also useful in the biology laboratory, where they are used in straining microscopic preparations. They are also employed in the manufacture of ortho-chromatic plates, by means of which the colors of natural objects can be photographed in the same degrees of light and shade as they appear to the eye.

We saw as we read along how the coal tar colors are gaining supremacy over all others, and just how important a part substances called mordants play in the dyeing industry of the present time. Although many dyes have been discovered and dyeing processes perfected, there is still a wide field for research work in this line, open to the young chemist of to-day. Also working in harmony with chemists will be our mechanical engineers inventing and improving machinery for production of better work in the dyeing trade.



# The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 6

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

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

J. M. BEARDSLEY, '21, Jokes.

K. E. MASON, '21, Month.

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

J. I. MOSHER, '21 Exchanges.

L. M. GRAY, Academy.

L. B. GRAY, '20, Personals.

ELLEN SPENCER, Seminary.

R. S. LONGLEY, '21, Athletics.

HUGH BLACK, Eng. '20 Staff Artist.

A. B. COREY, '22 Circulation Manager.



## Editorial



### YOUNG NOVA SCOTIA.

ON the evening of March 26th, the University and the townspeople of Wolfville were privileged to hear a notable lecture—one of the most notable ones delivered at Acadia for many a year. It was entitled “Our Own Country: at War and After”. The speaker, Captain Arthur Hunt Chute, of the Class of Acadia 1910, has had a distinguished career, both in Europe and in America, as war correspondent, journalist, and author. Now he is on the eve of returning to his own province, and in company with a number of others of ability and of energy will devote his time and his talents to the upbuilding of the Maritime Provinces. Indeed, he might almost claim the title of the Apostle of Young Nova Scotia.

Capt. Chute's challenge was one peculiarly adapted to Acadia students at the present time. It is not to the people



who are satisfied with present conditions in our own provinces, but to the men, young in spirit, who are willing to take their coats off and go to work to remedy conditions. It is a challenge to the returned men to put the same energy and initiative into building up their country as they put into destroying the Hun.

Referring to Nova Scotia's maritime enterprise at the time of Joseph Howe and its subsequent falling away, he remarked: "Then we had a breed of ancestors, now we have a breed of descendants."

Another serious menace to the prosperity of Nova Scotia was dealt with by Captain Chute in his scathing denunciation of the conditions leading to the wholesale exportation of brains. "While we have been in the business of exporting brains from Nova Scotia", he said, "we have also been in the business of raising tariff barriers to keep them from coming back." Actual instances of such tariff barriers against brains are furnished by the red tape incident to the licensing of teachers, doctors, dentists, and the like. United States has been the great gainer by this short-sighted policy of Nova Scotia. As far as he personally was concerned, Captain Chute said it had come to the point where he had to be either an American or a Canadian, and he had chosen the latter. His attitude in this connection was expressed by his words, "I'd like to see us in Nova Scotia get into the place where we will no longer be hewers of wood and drawers of water for Uncle Sam, but where we will do the fancy work ourselves and make Uncle Sam pay for it at both ends."

Truly an ambitious program has been mapped out by those young Nova Scotians. It is to make the Old Home Summer in 1924 the greatest success possible. Along economic lines their program includes double-tracking the I. C. R., making of Sydney a mining center equal to Pittsburg, and sending out ten millions of tons of shipping from Halifax.

The Young Nova Scotians are thinking and speaking in bold terms. They are looking to the educated young men and women for support. Is their challenge worth while? Think it over and decide for yourself.

The Athenaeum wishes to express its best wishes to the Acadia track team in the event of the Intercollegiate Track meet at Moncton on May 21st.

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### THE PENNANT.

WITH the present issue the Athenaeum competition for the year is at an end. Never in the history of the paper has the competition for units been as keen. In looking over our list of awards for the year we find forty-three different names with the number of units varying from nineteen to one. Indeed, in the competition for this issue alone, in the literary and science departments, there was material from twenty-six different persons. Nor does the number of awards give any adequate idea of the persons who have contributed in one way or another to the Athenaeum this year. Thus it was no easy task to win the Pennant for the year. The Athenaeum congratulates the Junior Class on their achievement. We also wish to thank all of any class who have contributed to our columns during the year. The pennant, duly inscribed, is now the permanent property of the Class of 1921.

The awards of units for the year went as follows:

Seniors .....	34
Juniors .....	68
Sophomores .....	66
Freshmen .....	6

It is noteworthy that during two years of Athenaeum competition the pennant has been won by the Junior Class. Will history repeat?

## ATHENÆUM COMPETITION.

*Units Won During the Year.*

## LITERARY

## MONTH

T. A. Meister, '21.....	9	E. C. Prime, '22 .....	4
J. M. Boyer, '20 .....	7	E. F. Layton, '21 .....	4
D. B. Rogers, '22 .....	6	R. H. Wetmore, '21 .....	2
D. D. Cameron, '22 .....	5	H. H. Titus, '20 .....	2
C. B. Lumsden, '21 .....	5	H. T. Walker, '20 .....	2
A. E. Warren, '23 .....	5	V. B. Van Wart, '20.....	2
D. G. Williams, '20.....	4	M. E. Grant, '21 .....	1
J. A. Kinsman, '22.....	4	O. E. Borden, '20 .....	1
M. E. Grant, '21 .....	4		
A. W. Boulter, '22.....	4		
E. C. Prime, '22 .....	3		
C. K. Ganong, '22 .....	3		
K. Fitzpatrick, '23.....	3		
R. S. Longley, '21.....	2		
H. G. Goucher, '22 .....	2		
M. H. Mason, '22.....	2		
H. H. Wetmore, Eng. ....	2		
A. B. Corey, '22 .....	2		
K. E. Mason, '21 .....	1		
D. D. Foster, '20 .....	1		
Ella Warren, '22 .....	1		
L. P. Steeves, '22 .....	1		

## ATHLETICS

K. E. Mason, '21 .....	7
C. B. Lumsden, '21 .....	4
H. G. Goucher, '21 .....	2
D. B. Rogers, '21 .....	2
G. V. Burton, '20 .....	1

## PERSONALS

## SCIENCE

L. P. Steeves, '22 .....	5	J. W. Miller, '22.....	4
R. S. Longley, '21 .....	2	M. E. Longley, '20 .....	3
R. H. Wetmore, '21 .....	2	E. R. Fash, '21 .....	2
K. E. Mason, '21 .....	1	P. M. B. Parry, '20.....	2
T. K. Cleveland, '21 .....	1	W. L. Chute, '22 .....	2
		M. E. Cann, '20 .....	1
		L. Bagnall, '22 .....	1
		M. E. Grant, '21 .....	1
		J. M. Boyer, '20 .....	1
		L. P. Steeves, '22 .....	1



## EXCHANGES

T. A. Meister, '21 .....	7
H. T. Walker, '20 .....	5
J. W. Lank, '22 .....	3
D. R. Innis, '21 .....	1
L. M. Perry, '21.....	1
G. A. Porter, '21.....	1

## JOKES

T. A. Meister, '21 .....	4
M. J. McQuarrie, '22 .....	4
F. McAvoy, '20 .....	2
E. R. Fash, '21 .....	2
E. C. Prime, '22 .....	2
T. K. Cleveland, '22 .....	1
K. E. Mason, '21 .....	1

*Wnnners for the Year*

		Units
<i>Literary</i> .....	T. A. Meister, '21.....	9
<i>Science</i> .....	L. P. Steeves, '22 .....	5
<i>Month</i> .....	E. F. Layton, '21 .....	4
	E. C. Prime, '22 .....	4
<i>Athletics</i> .....	K. E. Mason, '21 .....	7
<i>Exchanges</i> .....	T. A. Meister, '21 .....	7
<i>Personals</i> .....	J. W. Miller, '22 .....	4
<i>Jokes</i> .....	T. A. Meister, '21 .....	4
	M. J. McQuarrie, '22 .....	4
<i>Literary A.</i> .....	T. A. Meister, '21.	
	G. H. Estabrooks, '20.	



THE past month marks the passing of winter with its merry times at rink, sleighrides, and hockey games; and the beginning of spring, with its promise of tennis, its dread of examinations, and its added duties as the year draws to a close.

The Easter vacation was enjoyed by all and proved all too short for the rest and recreation planned, despite the welcome addition of an extra day.

#### SOPHOMORE PARTY.

On Monday evening, March 15th, the class of '22, chaperoned by Professor Ross, spent a few pleasant hours in Room two, College Hall. It only took a little work to transform the class room into a spacious reception hall, and the class room atmosphere soon disappeared. Miss Nicholls, Miss DeWolfe, and Mr. Cameron rendered several musical selections, and the usual games were enjoyed. Refreshments were served before the last number—the class yell—was given.

#### THE BOY SCOUTS

Acadia is in sympathy with the Boy Scout work in Wolfville. This troop is a wide-awake one, and is under the capable leadership of Mr. E. Percy Brown. It is to the Boy Scouts that we are indebted for a gymnasium, and their band

has furnished music for college functions on various occasions. Several young men from the college assist Mr. Brown at the Boy Scout rooms on Friday evenings.

The Wolfville troop held a St. Patrick's Day Tea in the Temperance Hall on March 16th, and on April 12th they presented a play in the Opera House, which taxed the seating capacity to the limit.

### ENGINEERS' TRIP TO HALIFAX

The second year engineers left on March 18th to spend a few days at the capital, in company with students from Mount Allison and King's. While in Halifax, the Nova Scotia Technical College entertained them in a very gracious manner. They were given the opportunity of visiting the points of interest, and not the least enjoyable were the visits to the plants of the Starr Manufacturing Co., the Imperial Oil Company, The Halifax Shipyards, The Ocean Terminals, and the Maritime Telephone and Telegraph Company, Ltd.

On Friday evening they were guests of the Alumnae at the "Green Lantern". Short addresses were delivered by Principal Sexton, Professor Sutherland, Bishop Culhane and Mr. Doane. The engineers cannot speak too highly of the hospitality of the Technical College.

### ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE'S LECTURE.

"Our Own Country; at War and After," was the subject of Capt. Arthur Hunt Chute's address in College Hall, on Friday evening, March 26th. He was assisted by the Boy Scout Band, and some of the Seminary pupils. Capt. Chute, who is a famous writer and orator, received rapt attention from the large audience of students and friends who greeted him in his home town. Having had a most interesting military career, his remarks were vivid, and thrilled with patriotism.

Capt. Chute, who is a graduate of Acadia in the class of '10, is a son of Rev. A. C. Chute, dean of the Theological department of Acadia University. As an orator, he has been



compared with Roosevelt and George Bernard Shaw, and his numerous friends at home and abroad congratulate him on the high standard of efficiency that he has attained.

### ACADEMY RECEPTION

The Academy students maintained their reputation this year for having the best reception of the college year. This annual event was held in Assembly Hall on Saturday evening, March 27th. A programme of eight topics was carried out, and between each a musical selection or reading was given. It is only necessary to mention the names of Miss Crandall, Miss Spencer, Miss DeWolfe, Miss H. Kinsman, Mr. Cross, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. E. Henshaw, to show that the musical and literary programme was of a very high order. Refreshments were served in a unique manner, camouflaged under the suggested topic, "Frost in the Horseshoe Gallery". Mrs. W. L. Archibald, Mrs. R. L. Jeffrey, and the President of the school, Mr. H. K. Grimmer, were chaperones.

### DR. LOGAN'S LECTURES.

Dr. J. D. Logan visited Acadia from March 29th to 31st inclusive, and delivered the second series of his addresses to the English classes on French-Canadian Literature. At the chapel hour on Wednesday, the 31st, he addressed the college students as a whole, on this very interesting and timely subject. Dr. Logan needs no introduction to the friends of Acadia. As a writer and orator, he has gained considerable fame, and at present is lecturing in Toronto.

### THE SPECIAL SERVICES.

A series of special services lasting for ten days, came to a close on Wednesday evening, March 31st, just prior to the Easter recess. The services which were held in Assembly Hall, began at 6.45 each evening, and lasted for one hour. In addition to the large body of students from the three institutions, many town people were present. Rev. (Dr.) MacDon-

ald was the speaker, and his messages were inspiring and very helpful. Dr. Spidle led the singing, and Miss Williams acted as pianist. The religious life of the institutions has been deepened as a result of these services. The students enjoyed them; many made definite decisions for Christ, and some have already been received into the church.

### ACADIA EVANGELISTIC BAND

The churches on the Waterville-Cambridge Baptist circuit, of which Mr. H. B. Camp, '23, is the acting pastor, entertained a number of Acadia students over the Easter weekend, who assisted at all the services on the field on Sunday. Services were held in the morning at Black Rock, Grafton, and Waterville. In the afternoon and evening, all the students were present at Cambridge and Waterville, and a lengthy programme of musical numbers and short addresses was carried out. The students who were instrumental in the carrying out of the programme were: Messrs. Camp, Thurston, Brindley, Prime, Davies, Rand, Russell, and the Misses Prescott, Smiley, Conrad, Pollard, Alcorn and Ellis.

### THE JUBILEE SINGERS

A rather novel entertainment was given in Assembly Hall on Friday evening, April 9th, by the "Star" Jubilee Singers of the African United Baptist Association of Nova Scotia, under the direction of James A. R. Kinney, and Rev. W. N. States. A programme of twelve musical numbers was carried out, calling for much applause. A special feature of the programme, was an address by Rev. (Capt.) W. A. White, Chaplain No. 2 Construction Battalion, C. E. F., in the interests of the Colored Orphans' Home. Capt. White graduated from Acadia in the class of '03, and his friends were glad to welcome him back to the scene of his college days.

## JUNIOR-SOPHETTE DEBATE.

On Saturday, April 10, the Junior girls met the Sophettes in debate on the subject, "Resolved, that the Arts and Science courses in Canadian Colleges should be reduced to three years." The Juniors were represented by Miss Fitzpatrick (leader), Miss Smith, and Miss Boyer; the Sophettes by Miss Warren (leader), Miss DeWolfe, and Miss Ford. Both teams showed a careful study of the subject and the question was keenly argued. Both Miss Fitzpatrick and Miss Warren are to be congratulated on their able leadership. The judges awarded the debate to the Juniors, who upheld the affirmative side of the argument. This was the last of the inter-class debates for the year, making the Juniors the winners of the debating cup offered by the Acadia Council.

## FRESHMAN ATHENAEUM.

On Saturday evening, April 10th, the class of '23 attempted to put on the usual "Freshman Athenaeum", but a few jokes on the Sophs. and a solo by Mr. Parsons, were all they were able to present, owing to the fact that suddenly College Hall was plunged into darkness. The class of '22, which could not be hidden by the darkness, was appealed to, and Mr. Cameron came to the relief by playing the piano in his inimitable style, and in a short time the meeting adjourned. What happened to the lights, still remains a mystery.

At the regular meeting of the Athenaeum Society on March 13th, Mr. V. B. VanWart, '20, was elected President, Mr. H. S. Thurston, '21, Vice-President, and Mr. Cecil Fraser, '23, Secretary, for the remainder of the college year.

## Y. M. C. A.

On March 10th, the Academy students were in charge of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. service, on which occasion Mr. C. K. Ganong, '22, was the speaker.



Dr. DeWolfe delivered a very helpful address on March 17th, and the service was under the auspices of the Seminary students.

At the service on April 7th, Dr. Spidle brought a timely message from the parable of the woman at the well of Samaria. The Rhodes Hall Quartette sang "Somewhere; Somewhere", in their usual good style.

On April 14th, the Student Volunteer Band had charge of the service.

The Sunday services of the Y. M. C. A. held at six o'clock in Willett Hall Club Room, are being well attended, and special music is a feature of these interesting gatherings. Recent speakers have been Rev. E. S. Mason and Dr. Thompson. Special thanks is due to Mr. Brown, '22, and Mr. Eisenhower, '21, for their contribution to the musical part of the programme.

At the election of officers on March 17th, Mr. R. S. Longley, '21, was chosen President, and Mr. C. H. Atkinson, '22, Vice-President for 1920-'21.

#### Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. meetings continue to be interesting. A song service was held on March 14th, led by Lucy Smith, and a number of the girls gave the stories of the writing of some of our favorite hymns. On March 21st, Irene Haley gave an enlightening talk on "The Korean Woman". The meeting of March 28th was led by Edith Davidson, taking as her subject, "Easter".

Lily Perry led the meeting on April 11th, and told us something of the life of women in India.

The officers elected for the year 1920-21 are: President, Kathleen Fitzpatrick, '21; Vice-President, Laura Bagnall, '22; Secretary, Edna Sanford, '23; Treasurer, Edith Davidson, '22; Corresponding Secretary, Marion Grant, '21.

## PROPYLAEUM.

Propylaeum met in the Club Room Thursday evening, March 25th. An interesting programme was presented. Musical numbers showing great talent were given by Misses Francis and Helen DeWolfe. Erma Fash gave a short and clear cut synopsis. "All Star Players", by some of Acadia's stars added novelty to the meeting. This was a tragic comedy which made the audience weep with laughter. We have especially to congratulate Miss Georgia Spicer, the leading lady, on her marked success.

## THEOLOGICAL CLUB.

Dr. Manning addressed the Theological Club on April 9th, taking as his theme, "True Discipleship". At the close of his address, Rev. E. S. Mason, superintendent of Maritime Home Missions, spoke on student supply work for the summer.

Other recent speakers have been Mr. V. H. MacNeill and Mr. C. L. Olmstead.

## THAT MOUNT ALLISON TRIP.

Off for Mt. Allison, did you say? Yes, there we were, actually at the station waiting for that early train, and we're all here on time, too! Wonderful! Our one male attendant seemed rather ill at ease, but so long as he paid the bills, we didn't care how uneasy he was. At last the train came. Our trip to Truro was rather uneventful. I really had expected that such a good-looking crowd as we were, would attract more attention, for we did our best to let our fellow passengers know that we were there.

Our dinners at the "Stanley" filled up the aching voids and we were so gay that we forgot to dread the coming day. Landed in Sackville at nine o'clock. We were met by the University girls and escorted to the "Ford" hotel. Little need be said, for there is little I can say about it, so I will skip across the hours until the next forenoon. Then we had a practice in the "U" gymnasium. My but didn't we wish we had our gym. built at Acadia, for our little Boy Scout

gym. would be lost in the one in which we played. Then we were taken through the Mount Allison buildings.

On our return to the hotel for dinner, we found that the "Intellectuals" had arrived, namely our debaters. We learned the latest news from Acadia, and then our captain insisted that we go to bed. Notice, I did not say to sleep. At four o'clock came that marvellous game! We did our best, but our opponents also did their best, resulting in the score, 50—15, in favor of Mt. Allison.

Supper-time was as gay as we could make it, for the sake of the girls who were debating. What surprised me was their perfect composure, and I wondered if it was a good or bad omen. However, we all hoped for the best.

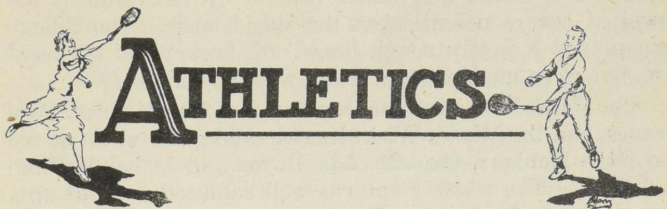
Our worthy opponents of the afternoon's game came to the hotel for us, and took us to the debate. I need not dwell on the next two hours, for both sides were well supported, only of course we were particularly proud of our Acadia girls. They just made you believe that the Maritime Provinces *should not* have a Legislative union. But we didn't know how the judge would feel about it, for the Mt. Allison girls were also laying down facts most forcibly. Then came those terrible moments while we waited for the decision. At last, we heard Dr. Borden saying that Mt. Allison had won. Alas! had all our hopes been in vain?

The Scripture verse, "The last shall be first, and the first shall be last," came to our minds when, later at the Ladies' College, the mistake was discovered and—well, I'll just leave it there!

The Mt. Allison girls did treat us royally, and we thoroughly appreciated their kindness, especially the banquet in the Ladies' College. After it, we returned to the hotel. We had to leave at three o'clock, hoping to get into Truro in time for the early train to Wolfville. But our plans failed, and we realized that the D. A. R. is not the only train in the world that loses time. We had, consequently, a day at Truro, and it also meant a few hours of sleep.

We reached Wolfville in a snowstorm, but it wasn't too stormy for the whole Acadia crowd to meet us, altho we didn't claim many of the cheers, for they were really intended for the "Intellectuals". (A BASKET BALL PLAYER.)





ACADIA, 6; WINDSOR, 2.

THE College team brought to a close a very successful season by defeating the fast Windsor team by a score of 6—2. Though the ice was somewhat heavy, the game was very fast throughout. Beardsly scored the first goal by a very pretty piece of stick-handling, and from that on the College team were never headed. Tingley, in centre, played his usual effective game and assisted the defence materially in breaking up some of the opposing team's rushes, besides playing his position as forward to the best advantage. Our congratulations are due to the college team for the splendid record they have made for themselves this year. The season started with no exceptionally brilliant material on hand; but by dint of hard work and careful coaching there was developed one of the best teams that Acadia has had for years.

## HOCKEY

Coeds, 3; College, 2.

Beyond a doubt the most stirring match of the whole season took place when the College team went down to inglorious defeat the hands of the fair representatives of the Coeds.

Attired in skirts, and using their left hands only, the boys put up a hard battle, but it was all to no avail before the fierce onslaught of the Coeds, who completely outshone them in every point of the game. The whistle was ably

handled by the Coeds' coach, Windy Ayer, who kept the "would-be women" well under control by the frequent bestowal of severe penalties on the side boards. The college team played a pretty rough brand of hockey for the most part, but were unable to get away with anything.

The Coeds' forward line, composed of Bob Murray, Paul Steeves, and the Misses Wickwire, who did great work, as did also Ruth Henigar, Captain Ada Boyer and Isabel McPhail on defence. The whole team was well balanced and put up a fast, clean game. It is a pity that some outside games could not have been arranged; however, all the team expects to return next year, when they will, in all probability, be given an opportunity to show their mettle against some outside teams.

### WILD CAT LEAGUE.

This organization was formed to prevent the first and second teams from having a monopoly of black eyes, broken noses, etc. I may say right here that they were successful in their undertaking. Seven teams in all made up the league. Any one with a good head for mathematics can figure how many games were necessary to decide the championship. In the finals Rhodes Hall defeated the middle section 4—2 and came out on top with an unbroken series of victories, said string being about the only unbroken thing around Rhodes Hall at present.

### SECON COEDS VS. THIRD CORRIDOR.

Although there is considerable disagreement as to how this game should be classified, the writer has decided to put it in under the caption of hockey in preference to water polo, which was at first suggested. The game was furious in the extreme, the only pause being the diverse times it was necessary to throw a life-line to some struggling Coed battling for her life in the watery elements. Second Corridor won by a score of 3—1. Ruth Hennigar played the star game.

## ENGINEERS—CADS.

The Engineers and the Cads were the first teams to clash in the struggle for the interclass championship basketball. When the smoke cleared away, it was found that the Engineers were the winners by a score of 33 to 25. In the early part of the game and during the first part of the second period the Cads played by far the better brand of ball and maintained a considerable lead on their much heavier opponents. In the latter part of the second period the Engineers woke up and started scoring. By the time the game ended they were winners by a safe margin.

## JUNIORS—SOPHOMORES.

This was one of the most hotly contested games of the series. In the first period the Sophs rushed matters and had a lead of four points. In the second period the Juniors shifted their line-up and played a better combination game; but despite their utmost efforts could not wipe out the entire lead which the Sophs had gained. The game ended, Sophs, 39; Juniors, 37. Principal scorers: Messenger for the Sophs, and Beardsley for the Juniors.

## SENIORS VS. JUNIORS.

After their defeat at the hands of the Sophomores the Juniors came back looking for blood. They found it no easy task to trim the Seniors, who, despite their lack of practice, played a remarkably good game. In the end the superior combination and scoring ability of the Juniors won. The game closed, Juniors, 25; Seniors, 19.

## BASKET-BALL.

Engineers, 26; Sophomores, 21.

The Inter-class Basket-ball League was wound up on April 14th, when the Sophomores and Engineers, winners of



their respective sections, played a fast and furious game which resulted in a win for the latter by a score of 26—21.

The play-off had created a great deal of interest about the college, so that when the two teams faced off, every available observation point in the building was taxed to its full capacity. The Engineers plainly had it over their opponents in weight, and the odds seemed to be slightly in their favor for this season.

In the first period the Sophs surprised everyone by not only holding their own, but in addition obtaining a slight lead, the score at the end of the period being 9—7. Both sides appeared to be somewhat off in shooting; but the pace set was a hot one. The second period started out at the same rate, with the Sophs putting up a better brand of basket-ball than their opponents, as was evidenced by the score, which in the first few minutes settled around 13—8. At this point in the game the Sophs sustained a serious and what proved to be a disastrous loss to their team, when Corey, on defence, received a hard knock on the head from coming into contact with the side-boards, and was forced to leave the floor. McLeod substituted. Altho he put up a hard game, being unfamiliar with his opponents' mode of play, he was unable to prevent him from scoring. The Engineers made a sudden spurt, and before many minutes tied the score, and later obtained a lead which they maintained to the last. The final score stood 26—21 in favor of the Engineers. The game was a thriller from start to finish, with the winners apparently trying to rough things up a bit at times, but the referees were well on to their job and kept the game under perfect control. By this game the Engineers won the Inter-class championship.

The line up for the various teams was:

Seniors—J. Dobson (Captain), Benton, Corey, Tingley, A. Longley, Van Wart.

Juniors—Beardsley (Captain), Russell, Cross, R. Longley, Thurston, Crossman.

Sophomores—Lank (Captain), Cameron, E. Dobson,

Messenger, Corey, Brown.

Engineers—Murray (Captain), Wigmore, Fraser, Lewis, D. Wetmore, H. Wetmore.

Academy—Flemming (Captain), Grimmar, Terry, Hunt, Grey.

The result of the league is as follows:

Seniors vs. Juniors .....	19—25
Seniors vs. Sophomores .....	14—26
Juniors vs. Sophomores .....	27—29
Engineers vs. Academy .....	33—25
Sophomores vs. Engineers .....	21—26
Inter-class champions, Engineers.	

### SENIORETTES VS. FRESHETTS.

In a fast and exciting game, the Senior girls won the first game of the league against the Freshettes by a score of 24—11. The superior skill and combination of the Senior team was evident throughout the game. However, the Freshettes put up a good, fast game especially during the second period, when the score was evenly divided. We have great hopes for the future of basket-ball at Acadia if all new classes can work up a team equal to that of the Freshettes.

### JUNIORS—SOPHETTES.

This was the second game of the girls' inter-class league and resulted in a victory for the Juniors. The play was with the Junior forwards most of the time and the ball seemed unable to find its way past the Junior center. Both teams worked hard. Altho the Juniors won by a comparatively wide margin, they had to work for every one of their baskets and the play was fast from start to finish.

Juniors, 29; Sophettes, 7.

## SENIORS—SOPHETTES.

In this game the inability of the Sophettes to score again showed itself and the Senior girls had no difficulty in winning, 27—7. The play was perhaps with the Sophette forwards as much as it was with the Senior forwards, but the strength of the Senior defence and the difference in shooting ability soon made itself apparent. The Seniors secured a lead in the early part of the game, which they steadily increased.

## JUNIORS—FRESHETTES.

The third battle of the basket-ball Amazons was staged between the Juniors and Freshettes, the former winning by the slight margin of 28—21. The game was exciting from start to finish, and at six minutes before time the score stood 21—21. The hopes of the Freshettes were soaring about this time; but in a few minutes the Juniors regained the lead and kept it until the end of the game. In this game the Freshettes showed a marked improvement over their play in the game with the Seniors. The long passes of their guards and the speed of their forwards proved almost a match for the steady combination play of the Juniors.

## FRESHETTES—SOPHETTES.

The two junior classes staged an interesting and very evenly contested game on Wednesday evening, April 14th, before the Sophomore-Engineer game. The play was very even throughout, no side having a definite advantage up to the very end. The Freshettes finally won out by a score of 15—14.

## JUNIORETTE. 18; SENIORETTES, 13.

The deciding game for the Coeds inter-class championship took place between the Juniors and Seniors on Thursday evening, April 15th. Considerable interest was mani-



fested by the students in this game between the two old rivals. The play was very fast from start to finish. Both sides played good combination, but the effective work of the two defences kept the score down. The Juniors secured a lead in the early part of the first period, and altho this lead was never very much they succeeded in maintaining it the whole length of the game, which finally ended, Juniors, 18; Seniors, 13.

The line-up for the various teams was as follows:

Seniors—Miss Harvey, Miss Schurman, Miss Longley, Miss Holman, Miss Morse, Miss Chisholm.

Juniors—Miss Wickwire, Miss Murray, Miss Foote, Miss Bishop, Miss Spicer.

Sophettes—Miss Parlee, Miss Chute, Miss Brown, Miss McCurdy, Miss Hennigar.

Freshettes—Miss Springer, Miss Wickwire, Miss Sanford, Miss Lamont, Miss Leslie.

The results of the Girls' League was as follows:

Seniors vs. Sophettes .....	27— 7
Juniors vs. Sophettes .....	29— 7
Seniors vs. Freshettes .....	24—11
Juniors vs. Freshettes .....	28—21
Seniors vs. Juniors .....	14—18
Interclass champions—Juniors.	

Any person who followed closely the Coeds' basket ball league might have noticed the following points:

Highest individual score was made by Miss Harvey, '20.

Miss Foote, '21, played a star game in centre throughout the series.

Miss Chisholm, '20, as guard, allowed her forwards to score the fewest baskets on her.

The Junior forwards made the highest total score.

The Senior guards have the lowest total score against them.

## MOUNT ALLISON, 50; ACADIA, 15.

The Coeds' basket ball team accompanied their debaters to Sackville and met the Mount Allison team on Friday afternoon, March 19th, at 4 o'clock.

The Acadia team, used to the low ceiling and small floor space of the Wolfville scout gymn., were not at home on the large floor and seemed to have difficulty in getting back to the baskets soon enough.

The first period started with a rush and a fast pace was kept up throughout the game. The Mount A. team, through their splendid combination and the great activity of their center, kept the ball in the Acadia territory most of the time so that the hard work fell on the Acadia defense.

In the second period the Acadia girls were beginning to get somewhat acquainted with the larger floor and Mt. A.'s style of play and made a better showing, but were no match for their opponents, who were always on the job at the right time. The game ended with the score 50—15 for the Mount A. team.

Whilst all the players played hard, special mention should be made of Catherine Young, the "jumping center" of the Mount A. team, of Margaret Parker, of Mt. A., for her brilliant shooting, and of Margaret McCurdy, of Acadia, for her defence work. The line up was as follows:—

Acadia—Forwards, Marjorie Wickwire, Mildred Harvey; centers, Georgia Spicer, Ethel Rand; defence, Margaret McCurdy, Hazel Morse; spares, Maria Chisholm, Georgie Springer.

Mount Allison—Forwards, Constance Young, Margaret Parker; centers, Catherine Young. A. Clarke; defence, Kathleen Eaton, Frances Dargie..

Referees—Miss Leslie, R. S. Longley.

## TRACK

During the Easter holidays a meeting was held at St. John regarding an inter-collegiate track meet for this year. Paul Cross represented Acadia and Bridges, U. N. B. Mount

Allison had no representative, as she does not intend entering. After due deliberation it was decided to revive track sports by holding a meet at Moncton on May 21st. Acadia and U. N. B. are to be the contestants, and the Dennis trophy, which Acadia has already won three years, is to be competed for. The meet will be held under the same eligibility rules that football and hockey were carried on under, and will no doubt prove a close and exciting contest.

Acadia is not letting any grass grow under her feet in this regard. Captain Paul Cross had the boys out just as soon as the campus showed signs of drying, and they have been hard at it ever since. Ex-Sergeant "Pinkey" Parker is in charge of the "P. T." squad, and is laying on the torture in regular old army style. After P. T. the boys are put to work on the various events, and already considerable progress has been made in all branches. Dr. Cutten is coaching in the shot-put and hammer throw. Later on Eric McDonald, an old Acadia track man, will assist in the hurdles and sprints. The jumping standards are up and prospects look good for high jump and pole vault. The track is not yet fit for running, but it being rapidly rounded into shape by a hard-working gang of Freshies under the stern direction of Trackmaster Angus Elderkin.

It is a bit too early to make any predictions as to our chances, but there is a lot of good material turning out. With stick training, and the same fighting spirit that characterized Acadia's participation in the other branches of sport this year, there is every reason to believe that we will turn out a team that will ably sustain Acadia's past record in track events and make U. N. B. do some tall travelling.

## TENNIS

The courts have not been in use as yet, but are rapidly drying, and in a few days should be fit for play. There is considerable work to be done on them first, however, in the form of cleaning off old grass, raking and rolling. The new tapes and nets are on hand, and just as soon as the courts are put



in shape, play will commence. This year's tournament promises to be the best ever held, as entrances will be numerous.

### BASEBALL

No sooner had the ice and snow disappeared and mother earth hove into view, than gloves, mitts, balls and bats were hauled out of packed away trunks, and the good old game of baseball came into its own. Easter holidays intervened before many work-outs were held, but with the return of the boys, the campus has been busy every afternoon, and many and exciting are the scrub games that have been played.

During the holidays a thrilling match took place between a team picked from the remaining fellows in college, and a nine made up of town men. The innings, with one exception, were closely contested. Mason and Beardsley did the heaving for the town team, and Kendrick for the college. The final score stood in favor of the college.

From all appearances there is an abundance of excellent material on hand for a regular college team that can give a fine account of itself, and doubtless an outside nine will be brought here for an exhibition game during closing week. In the meantime inter-class and scrub games will be the order of the day and some fast games are looked forward to.

### FOOTBALL

Altho the Rugby season is a long way off from now, it is well for the fellows to keep in mind that in order to be eligible for the team, a certain scholastic standard is necessary, and every endeavour should be made to attain this standard, so that next year will see Acadia duplicate last year's performance or do even better.

The members of last year's team got together recently, and by a unanimous vote Harry Atkinson was chosen as next year's captain. The selection is undoubtedly a splendid one, as Atkinson is familiar with all the fine points of the game, and in addition knows how to handle men from his military experience. The coming football season is looked forward to with much optimism.



IN the past month we have sometimes made the complaint that our exchanges were not so numerous as we might wish, but there is certainly no reason for such a complaint this time. We have exchanges in abundance, good, bad and indifferent, but, we are glad to say, for the most part good. In attempting to criticize the literary work of other colleges, our purpose is not only to endeavor to suggest means by which they may be improved, and give credit where credit is due, but also to point out what we consider to be faults, believing such a course to be constructive criticism, in that by having our faults pointed out to us, we may be constrained to do better in the future. It is with such views that we set to work.

### ARGOSY.

We have received two numbers of the *Argosy* since our last issue. The March number is especially good. "Wrought in the PAIGE" is a good article on Western Canada, but the moral at the end leaves a bitter taste in the mouth. We are preached at so much these days. "Duped in Three Speeches" is a story that brings out very clearly the real purpose and result of most of the preaching we get. "Has the Cable been Superseded" in the April number is especially good, showing intimate familiarity with modern cable work. Perhaps the writer would be interested to know that the inventor of the Creed machine is a Nova Scotian, at present resi-

dent in England, and who during the war attained considerable prominence as a member of Great Britain's War Invention Board.

The exchange editor is very gentle in his criticisms. Is this because Mount Allison has become more sympathetic thru her reverses in intercollegiate activities or is it only natural refinement? Mount Allison has suffered reverses in athletics and debating this year, but as a sporting college she has won the highest place in our estimation. Even when losing, her honor and spirit have been inviolable. A sound foundation to build upon next year. We wish you all success in your plans for a 1920 reunion.

### XAVERIAN

Your "Memories of an Old Native" is a pleasing bit of verse. An article well worth reading in our opinion is "Obiter Scripta" with its clear opinion of life experiences, and its apt quotations. We heartily support "Democracy and College." The colleges of this country are too despotically ruled, not only to give the students the best training for citizenship in a democratic country, but also for the good of the college and the health of the faculties. There are no jokes; apparently nothing humorous has happened at St. F. X. lately. Your editorial and exchanges are well written. Your stories, while they show considerable imaginative power, depend too much upon coincidence for their development, and as a result they lack plausibility. We take off our hats to your hockey career. It is not our fault that you do not hold a more humble position.

### UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

An unquestionable improvement over earlier issues. The personals are practically nil, and the magazine lacks fiction, however. The article entitled "Paper" is very timely in view of the great shortage of newsprint at the present. The subject, however, would easily sustain greater expansion than the author has given it. We would draw



special attention to the little poem "Lights of the Night." The pictorial power displayed by the writer of this is splendid and gives one vivid recollections of summer evenings in the Ypres salient. The Y. M. C. A. of U. N. B. is evidently contemplating the advisability of starting a book exchange. Our own Y. M. did it last year and it was a big help. As usual, the chief interest of the paper is in the Forestry notes.

### McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

On opening this issue of the "Monthly," we are brought face to face with a full page photograph of Abraham Lincoln. This is followed by a rapid and very readable review of the life of that distinguished American leader. "The Cur" a sketch, is a very human and hence a very interesting piece of writing. In the following seven pages on the subject of Japan, we find some good descriptive work, but the article is rather too long. The only attempt at fiction is entitled, "The Absent Lover." It has some really good humorous touches, but on the whole tends to be nonsensical. We like the way the interclass debates are written up, a short summary being given of the line of argument of each side. In regard to debating, we notice that McMaster won in both their intercollegiate contests. Congratulations. They were much less fortunate in hockey, however, losing practically all their games. Apparently, "Mac" had the fever for our so-called "Wild-Cat Hockey," as well as we. This issue is much more interesting than the last. We wish you success in keeping up the good work.

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

The first thing that catches our attention in looking over this exchange is a number of interesting cuts. We like the idea, and believe a few at least would help our Athenaeum. The story called "The Last Few Minutes" is snappy, to say the least. The articles are very short and do not show any great amount of study or effort. There is room for improvement there. The poem "The School of Life" is so

good that we ask the privilege of quoting two lines which are a fair sample of the others:

And life's a school, and we are here to learn,  
Our copy—just the way the Master went.

### UBYSSEY

The drama "Outwitted" and the article "My Favorite Character in Literature" make a decided improvement in the general character of the Ubyyssey. The "Deer Mertel" letters give very cleverly the gist of college events. U. B. C. is putting the same irrepressible energy into debating that they have put into athletics and are getting such good results that we almost wish we could get a rap at them ourselves.

### DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

The "In Memoriam" number is a most sincere and extensive tribute to the popularity and service of the late Dr. MacKay. We would not be surprised at a very high death rate amongst the college professors during this coming year—what with the high cost of living and such beautiful tributes attendant upon their death. We hope tho that those who are as useful as was Dr. MacKay shall be the last few to go.

### THE GATEWAY

The University of Alberta seems to be much alive from the snappy account of affairs on the campus, and the fact that the students' union is accepting a new constitution. "Cowboy Critics" is worthy of special notice.

### MANAGRA

The February and March numbers teem with wit, yet are not giddy. There seems to be a spirit of self-reliance

and business about these numbers that recommends them highly. But most of the mighty articles are by outsiders. M. A. C. has had rather hard luck in athletics but put up good plays and showed lots of enthusiasm. Every phase of college life is well written up. But can't we hear from some of your wits?

### VOX WESLYANA.

Everyone at Wesley College seems to be trying to make the Vox a success. It is very comprehensive, reminds one of a young encyclopedia. It treats of nearly everything from a professor's forehead, and basket ball to a table of contents and some good sound articles. The idea of class reports is a good one giving on a single page the doings of each class for the year. But the whole paper seems a bit "preachy."

### NORMAL COLLEGE GAZETTE

There has been a steady improvement in this paper thruout the year. The Easter number deals almost entirely with teachers and teachers' problems and might be thought narrow until it is remembered that this is the source of their bread and butter. "An Easter Song" is a good story; but the writer should either use the name of the heroine less, or choose a name less squeaky than "Enid." The poem, "A Fireside Reverie" is a real gem. But the jokes are rather insipid and the table of contents missing.

### ST. DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE REVIEW

The chief interest is in the athletic write-ups. There is a preponderance of athletics and jokes in the paper. But this may not be so out of place in a prep. school.



## THE LIVE WIRE

This issue of the "Live Wire" is still below the standard of regular college exchanges but is, nevertheless, an improvement on last month. One poem "The Master's Smile" is very good. But why not put some more work on your publication and make it really worth while?

## ST. DUNSTAN'S "RED AND WHITE"

The "Red and White" shows an interest in events outside of its own immediate sphere that is truly admirable. The article on "Self Determination for Ireland" is well written and shows considerable familiarity with the subject, tho manifestly written from a partisan standpoint. We note the same tendency in their short stories that we find all too common among our college papers, namely, too much of the development of the plot depends upon more or less improbable coincidence. We would respectfully suggest that they would have a far more plausible sound if this were eliminated.

## MARITIME STUDENT AGRICULTURIST

The M. S. A. takes quite a stand on politics for a college paper. But why shouldn't farmers uphold the farmer's party? Perhaps we would all be won over to it if we understood what it meant by training the individual to become a leading pillar under the structure of citizenship. "Ourselves as Martians see us" is quite original, but is getting rather far from the land for agriculturists.



'69—Dr. Steele has written a short sketch of the life of Mrs. Armstrong.

'80—G. W. Cox has retired from the position of superintendent of schools for Ware, Mass.

'81—Rev. E. C. Curry has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Builder, Colorado, to accept a call to Bozeman, Montana.

'82—We regret to record the death of J. G. A. Belyea, which took place at Cross Creek on January 2nd.

'83—The Union Street Baptist Church, St. Stephen, of which Dr. W. C. Goucher is pastor, recently celebrated its jubilee. Dr. Goucher has served this church as pastor for nearly thirty-two years.

'84—H. T. Ross, D.C.L., has recently moved from Montreal to Ottawa.

'84—Mrs. Clara Raymond has moved to New York.

'91—Rev. J. W. Litch is pastor of Ruth Morton memorial church, Vancouver.

'91—Dr. H. P. Whidden was one of the leading speakers at the recent convention of the Baptist Union for Western Canada.

'92—Rev. J. B. Ganong has been appointed assistant superintendent of Home Missions for the Maritime Provinces.

'93—Prof. Shirley J. Case, of Chicago University, has recently published a book on the "Revelation of St. John".

'93—Rev. A. F. Baker is pastor of Mount Pleasant church, Vancouver.

'94—A. E. Dunlap, formerly of Lethbridge, Alta., and E. H. M. Foot, formerly of Winnipeg, have formed a new law partnership in Victoria, B. C.

Ex. '96—Dr. A. P. Rogers, of Boston, has been appointed Dean of the Post Graduate School of Dentistry in Harvard University.

Ex. '96—Capt. Fred B. Schurman, of Truro, has been spending a few weeks in Camp Hill Hospital, Halifax.

Ex. '96—Rev. W. B. Bezanson, of Dartmouth, has declined an invitation to become pastor-evangelist under the Home-Mission Board.

'96—Rec. C. W. Jackson is pastor of the Baptist church in Pasadena, California.

'97—Frank Nichols has been re-elected Mayor of Digby.

'00—Rev. J. Austin Huntley, of Troy, has been elected president of the Eastern New York Association of Colgate Alumni.

'00—We extend our sympathy to Rev. S. S. Poole on account of the death of his mother.

'00—Speaker E. N. Rhodes is visiting Senator Curry at Bermuda.

'01—Mr. Wylie M. Manning has recovered from a severe attack of influenza.

'01—Rev. Arthur S. Lewis, the pastor of the First Church of Regina, has been elected President for the Baptist Union of Western Canada. He is also President of the Saskatchewan Convention.

'02—Rev. S. J. Cann has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Amesbury, Mass., to accept a call to Marlboro.

'03—Rev. (Capt.) W. A. White visited Wolfville the week-end of April 10, in company with the "Star Jubilee" Singers.

'03—Rev. Albert Boggs was present at the Des Moines Student Volunteer Convention and spoke at the Baptist Rally.

'04—Rev. F. W. Patterson, D.D., has been appointed General Secretary for the Baptist Union of Western Canada.



'05—Rev. E. S. Mason has been appointed General Superintendent of Home Missions in the Maritime Provinces.

'07—The Bridgewater Baptist Church, of which Rev. F. H. Eaton is pastor, is planning the erection of a new church.

'07—Prof. Balcom recently lectured in Kentville on the "High Cost of Remedy".

'08—We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Dr. Eliot (née Jean S. Haley) on account of the death of her father.

'08—Rev. H. S. Bagnall is pastor of the Baptist church in Medicine Hat.

'09—Josephine McLatchy is editor of the Educational Review, published in Fredericton.

'09—Rev. J. C. Peacock has a church at Murray Harbor, P. E. I.

'10—Capt. Arthur Hunt Chute gave a very interesting address in College Hall on March 26 on "Canada at War and After."

'10—A reception was held in the Germain Street Baptist Institute on March 20, in honor of Capt. Arthur H. Chute. It was given by the St. John High School Alumnae and Acadia past students in the city. Capt. Chute delivered a series of lectures in the city.

'11—Rev. J. D. McLeod, who is studying at Rochester Theological Seminary, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Lyons, N. Y., Baptist Church.

'12—Mr. Ernest Barss has returned home from the University of Michigan.

'12—Minnie V. Shaffner has been transferred from Camp Hill Hospital, Halifax, to Station Hospital, Halifax, where she continues her vocational instruction.

'12—Charles E. Baker is a student in law at St. John's College, Oxford.

'12—In New York on Feb. 10th, Ralph W. Donaldson and Lila E. Chase were married. Rev. Ross Collins, '17, assisted in the ceremony.

'12—At East Point, P. E. I., on Jan. 8, to Rev. and Mrs. W. R. MacWalker, a daughter, Sarah Isabel.

'14—Ethel G. Wigmore has accepted a position with the Rockefeller Foundation, New York City.

'14—Rev. E. G. Dakin has resigned as pastor of the Waterloo Street Church, St. John.

'14—Rev. A. Gibson has resigned the pastorate of the church at Sydney Mines to accept a call to Annapolis Royal.

'14—Owen Winchester Graves was recently awarded the degree of Master of Business, from Harvard University. For highest aggregate he received a prize of \$100.

'14—Letha Allen is training for a nurse in the City Hospital, New York.

'14—Rev. C. W. Robbins, pastor of the Dorchester, Mass., Church, is to be congratulated on the arrival of a son.

'14—We regret to report that W. Meisner is ill at his home in Port Williams.

Ex. '14—Eric Leslie has purchased a farm in Woodville and has moved there with his family.

'15—R. Arthur Harris, who is studying music in New York, has recently been successful in winning a \$250 scholarship.

'16—Arthur H. G. Mitchell has recently left New York to teach in the west.

Ex. '16—Archie Foster is at his home in Amherst.

Ex. 16—Walter Archibald is at his home in Truro.

'16—Mrs. Philip Illsley (née Vesta Peck is seriously ill at her home in Wolfville.

'16—W. H. Chase spent the Easter vacation at his home in Wolfville.

'16—Lillian Chase is studying at the University of Toronto.

Ex. '16—Douglas Kitchen is in the grocery business in Fredericton.

Ex. '16—Fred Towlie has completed a course at the Dairy School, Truro.

'16—R. Murray Millet spent the Easter vacation in Westville.

'16—Miss G. Paige Pinneo spent the week end recently in Wolfville, the guest of Miss D. N. Schurman.

'17—Ray Lloyd Caldwell spent his Easter vacation at his home in Gaspereaux.

'17—B. G. Angus is on the Colchester Academy staff of teachers.

'17—Faye Marshall is training in the City Hospital, New York.

Ex. '17—Spurgeon Hirtle has accepted a call to the Shelburne Church and began his work there in March.

'17—J. F. Wright is studying in the Graduate Department of the University of Chicago, specializing in Geology.

Ex. '18—Edmund Gibbs Thurber, wife and daughter, have recently returned to Providence from overseas.

Ex. '19—Wm. Rust is now with the Highway Construction Co. in Kentucky.

'19—Irvine B. Rouse was married to Brenda E. Woodworth at Westchester, N. B., March 31. We extend congratulations.

'19—Charlie Spenser is principal of the Academy in Belmont, Manitoba.

Ex. '19—Violet Sleep spent her Easter vacation in Wolfville.

'19—Evalina Hill, who is teaching English at Shaw University, North Carolina, expects to return to Acadia next year to study for an M. A. degree.

Ex. '22—R. B. Hamilton was unable to return to college after Christmas, owing to the serious illness of his father.

'22—Mr. J. A. Pyne spent his Easter holidays with friends in Lynn, Mass.

Ex. '22—Lionel Roop made a visit to Wolfville recently.

'22—We extend our sympathy to Irene Haley, owing to the death of her father, Henry E. Haley, at St. Stephen, March 31st.

'22—The engagement has been announced of Joseph A. Pyne to Miss Winnifred Richards, of Concord, Mass. We extend congratulations.

'22—We are sorry to report that Beatrice Innis has had to go home, owing to illness.

'23—H. B. Camp held special services in Waterville on Easter Sunday. He was assisted by several students from the College and Seminary.



'23—Miss Fitzpatrick has been called home, owing to the illness of her mother.

Eng. '19—Malcolm Shaffner has a position in Riverport, N. S.

Ex. '19—E. A. Robertson has closed his place of business in Wolfville.

Ex. '19—Rev. J. Bloss has a church at River Hebert.

A.L.S. '84—Mrs. Wm. Smallman gave a very interesting address in Wolfville on April 11, at the Jubilee Y.W.A.S.

A.L.S. '10—Miss May Chute has been granted a leave of absence from her position at MacDonald's College and is with her parents at Haines City, Florida.

A.L.S. '14—Dorothy Haines visited friends in Wolfville recently.

A.L.S. '14—Dorothy Lovett is working in the telephone office, Bear River.

A.L.S. '14—Charlotte MacGregor is in California, where she expects to study law.

A.L.S. '15—Minnie Miller is teaching at Edgehill, Windsor.

A.L.S., '15—Helen De Wolfe has returned home from the United States.

A.L.S. '15—Eleanor Logan is at her home in Amherst.

A.L.S. '16—Bessie Filmore has a position in Amherst.

A.L.S. Ex. '16—May Holden spent a few days recently at the Seminary, the guest of her sister, Violet Holden.

A.L.S. '16—Hazel Burbidge is with the Clarke Shipping Co., Aylesford, N. S.

A.L.S. '16—Hazel Foster is working in the office of the Aberdeen Hotel, Kentville, N. S.

A.L.S. '17—Ella Ellis is working in the M.R.A. Shipping Office, St. John.

A.L.S. '18—Susie Barter was married in April to F. Morrison, of Florenceville, N. B.

A.L.S. '18—Hazel Cox is teaching Domestic Science in Alberta.

A.L.S. '18—Siserina Shaffner has a position in the Shipping Co. of Liverpool, N. S.

A.L.S. '18—Jessie Van Wart is teaching Domestic Science in Chatham, N. B.

A.L.S. '18—Ella Shaffner is in the west with relatives.

A.L.S. '18—Lillian Illsley is teaching in Middleton.

A.L.S. '18—Mrs. Winnifred Duncan is training for a nurse.

A.L.S. '18—Jessie Swaine has a position in Zwelland, Oregon.

A.L.S. '18—Edith Barbara Staples is at her home in Marysville, N. B.

A.L.S. '18—We are glad to report that Marie Hay is recovering from a very severe illness.

A.L.S. '18—Mildred Guptil is working for Simms Co., Ltd., St. John.

A.L.S. '19—Eileen Jenkins is working in a book store in Wolfville.

A.L.S. '19—Violet Black has resigned her position with the Westwood Hospital, Wolfville. She expects to go south in the near future.

A.L.S. '19—Myra MacLeod has returned home after visiting her sister, Mrs. H. F. Lewis, in Quebec.

A.L.S. '19—Mabel Morgan is stenographer for M. L. Hayward, Hartland, N. B.

A.L.S. '19—The engagement is announced of Elza Sipprell to Kenneth Keith, A.C.A. '18. The marriage is to take place some time in the near future.

A.L.S. Ex. '19—Virginia Hetherington spent her Easter vacation at her home in Codys, N. B.

A.L.S. '19—Ruth Adams is a stenographer for Clark Bros., Ltd., Bear River, N. S.

A.L.S. '19—Marie Wilson has been making a singing tour through New Glasgow, Truro, and other places during Easter holidays.

A. L. S. '19—Helen Eaton has returned to Wolfville and is continuing her course at A.L.S.

A.L.S. '19—Thelma Oxner visited Marie Wilson in Wolfville recently.

A.L.S. '19—Kathleen MacLatchey has had to leave her studies at Dalhousie University, owing to a nervous breakdown.

A.L.S. '19—Nell Colwell has abandoned her course at Dalhousie University.

A.L.S. '19—Hilda Cox is teaching Domestic Science in Alberta.

A.L.S. '20—We regret to learn that Jean Miller was not able to return after Easter to complete her work this year, owing to illness.

A.C.A. '13—James Morton has completed a course in Electrical Engineering at the Nova Scotia Technical College.

A. C. A. '14—Frank Hayden is working in Digby.

A.C.A. '16—F. J. Payne is studying law at St. Francis Xavier College.

A.C.A. '17—E. C. Davis is attending Dalhousie.

A.C.A. '17—J. A. Smith is studying medicine at Dalhousie College.

A.C.A. '18—Fred Parker was a visitor in Wolfville recently.

A.C.A. '18—Allison Cox is junior clerk in the Royal Bank, Waterville, N. S.

A.C.A. '18—M. Dimock is employed with the Imperial Oil, Halifax.

A.C.A. '18—Reginald Giffin is clerking in his father's store in Goldboro.

A.C.A. '18—Kenneth McGray is working in the Bank of Commerce, Yarmouth.

A.C.A. '18—Reginald Piggott is working in Halifax, N.S.

A.C.A. '18—E. Beardsley is employed with John Tobin, Halifax.

A.C.A. '18—F. W. McAdam is at his home in Hartland.

A.C.A. '19—A. C. Rooney is working in Halifax.

A.C.A. '19—Vaughan Henshaw is visiting at his home in Wolfville.

A.C.A. '19—Wiley Day is at his home in Bath.

A.C.A. '19—Eric McKay is working in the post office, Summerside, P.E.I.

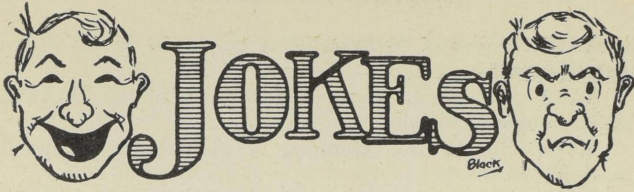


A.C.A. '19—Roy McDougall is employed in the Royal Bank, Kentville.

A.C.A. '19—Loren Snow is working with the Maritime Fish Corporation, Digby.

A.C.A. '19—Gordon Gunning is working in Campbellton, N. B.

A.C.A. '19—Claude Purvis Smith is visiting his parents in China.



Miss MacIntosh (in Sociology)—Mr. Nowlan, what are the effects of tobacco?

George—They say it stunts the growth.

The Pope—at the barbers—"Cut both short."

Barber—"Hair and beard, sir?"

The Pope—"No hair, and conversation."

Hom-s '23 (at book store)—"I want a small pocket Bible in very large print?"

Fr. Bible Prof.—"Give me a text of Scriptures which forbids a man having two wives?"

Br-n-ll, '23—"No man can serve two masters."

Dr. Spidell (in Philosophy)—Yes, you understand all that, now let us pass on to Immortality, the life of the hehe-after.

MacAvoy—Not prepared, sir.

Spencer A. C. A. (trying to think of something to say at the reception)—"Isn't it strange, what a motherly appearance a cow has."

Sem.—No, I do not think it strange that a cow should have a motherly appearance—to a calf."

Gray (praying for speaker at revival meeting),—Anoint him with the oil of salvation, and—and set him afire, Lord!

Seniorette—"You should always embrace every opportunity."

Miss MacP—l, '22—"There are lots better things to embrace than that."

John '21 (8.05)—Come boy, get up, don't you know that the early bird catches the worm?

Joe '20—Well if you had stayed in bed like me you wouldn't have been caught.

Isabell (phoning Willet Hall)—Well if you don't go will you give me a ring?

Dr. Rhod. (reading from "Alice's elopement") "Then they went together to her room to pack her clothes".

Br-w-ll, '23—"Wouldn't she have had her clothes packed if she had been planing to elope?"

Dr. Rhod. (very slowly)—"W-e-ll, I don't know, my experience with young ladies along that line is very limited."

Latin Prof.—There is one line here that gives the gist of this whole piece. Mr. Pyne where do you find the key to this poem?

Pyne—I got it from one of the fellows who used it last year, sir.

R - - d—There must be some booze in the country yet.

C-1—Why?

R - - d—I heard H. H. Titus say the moon was full last night.

L. F. T. in mental test—association time:—

Word	Association
Canada	Mink Cove.
House	Fireside.
Date	June 16th.
Scare	1 A. M.
Memory	Sofa.
Love	Matrimony.

average association time 1/25 second.



Bentley, Eng. '21—"Did you get that letter?"

Betts, Eng. '21—(Returned sailor) "No. What country is it from?"

Schurman, Eng. '21—indignantly to Tingley—"Careful there young man, that's my "foot" if you please."

D. D. C's. first ambition was to hitch his chariot to a Starr, but now he is being carried away by a "Ford."

At Reception:

What's all your hurry Raleigh?

Bishop '22—"Sorry fellows but I must go. DeWolfe is at de door."

Samson, Eng. '20 (Hockey enthusiast to lady friend at hackey match) "That fellow by the door is to be our best man next year"

Miss F - - t '21—"But Deck. This is so sudden?"

Miss Ford '22—I wonder why Adam was created first."

Cameron '22—"Oh that's easy, to give him a chance to say something."

Dr. C-tt-n—The only way I could get my room mate up was to try to sing.

L-msd-n—I wonder why it is so muddy? . . . . .

B-sh—The effects of the Flood, my boy; this province is so slow that it hasn't dried up yet.

L-msd-n—That's better than New Brunswick—they're so slow over there that they haven't the flood at all yet.

B-tes, Eng. '20—"How long tllllllluoth di s . nIt

Bobbie—(weighing 2 lbs. of biscuits Mac brags of getting so cheaply from a rival store)—You're a quarter of a pound short.

Mac '21—Ghee, it's a good thing I pocket that can of jam while he was doing them up or he'd have got ahead of me.