

# ACADIA ATHENÆUM

1923



Short Story Number

49/5

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# The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 5

## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems:—1st, F. W. Doyle, '23; 2nd, E. R. Rafuse, '25.

Articles:—1st, T. W. Cook, '25; 2nd, P. L. Judge, '23.

Stories:—R. A. Thorne, '25, L. M. Rhodenizer, '24 (2 units each); E. R. Rafuse, '25, E. L. Morse, '24 (1 unit each).

Science:—1st, P. L. Judge, '23; 2nd, C. V. Marshall, '24.

Humor:—1st, Lennie MacNeill, '25; 2nd, A. D. Flowers, '25.

Athletics:—1st, P. L. Judge, '23; no second.

Month:—1st, E. Louise Morse, '24; no second.

Personals:—No awards.

Exchanges:—1st, Helen Chase, '24; no second.

Jokes:—Bessie Wright, '23.

Cartoon:—No award.

Snap:—No award.

Seniors—8 units.

Juniors—8 units.

Sophomores—9 units.

Pennant to the Sophomores.

## THE IDEAL

WHAT man-made words can e'er portray  
The starlight and the moon's soft gleam  
That silent flits o'er sleeping flowers,  
The grace of sylvan nymphs that seem  
To steal on wings through dream-filled hours.

Can halting words e'en weakly paint  
The rippling laughter of a dancing stream  
Where sunshine, shimmering, stains the mist,  
The sadness of the raintime, and the gleam  
Of dew-tears on the rose Dawn-kissed ?

Of such divine things would I sing,  
Were I of gods and not of men ;  
I'd plan and dream the whole time through,  
In wondrous ways, not failing then  
To paint a picture wholly true.

F. W. D., '23.

## VER VENIENS

THE voice of spring is in the air—  
 The March winds through the branches bare  
     Express in mystic moans  
     Or mellow, laughing tones,  
 The promise of green leaves and flowers fair.

Now peeps to view the bramble row,  
 And slow-retreating drifts of snow  
     Creep off in murky streams;  
     And every hollow teems  
 With little lakes. The brooks their banks o'erflow.

The river swells; the current fast  
 And faster flows; ice cakes rush past;  
     The fall with rumbling roars  
     Resounds as over pours  
 The rushing flood, glad to be free at last.

Stray drifts remain. On sun-kissed side  
 Of cradle-knolls, the leaves half hide  
     The pink *Arbutus* cup;  
     There comes, intent to sup,  
 The first bold bee of chilly April-tide.

E. R. R., '25.

## THE LOYALIST

"I HOPE you'll enjoy the invigorating life of a Canadian backwoodsman, Bert". The voice of Martin Kierstead held a covert sneer. Captain Bert Kierstead's eyes flashed at the sneering tone of his cousin.

"I'll at least back up the principle I fought for, instead of showing a yellow streak and turning traitor like some I could mention", he replied, pointedly.

Martin's face flushed at the thrust and at the contemptuous note in the captain's tone, but the words were only too true, as he well realized.

"If the Yankees catch sight of that British uniform, your high ideas will not amount to much", he said, spitefully, as he left the room, slamming the door behind him.

"The d——d yellow turncoat", the captain muttered, savagely.

This little scene occurred in the drawing-room of the old-fashioned colonial mansion on the Kierstead estate, not far from New York City. This was in May, 1783, the closing year of the Revolutionary War, in which young Bert Kierstead had distinguished himself as a soldier in the British army, in which, by sheer merit, he had risen from a private soldier to the rank of captain. His father before him had been a colonel in *The King's Own Regiment*, and had died of wounds the second year of the war.

His cousin, Martin, had been a lieutenant, but had managed to evade active service, and when the independence of the colonies seemed assured, had obtained his discharge on the plea of heart trouble, bribing a dissolute army doctor to confirm his story. Since then, he had secretly aided the rebel forces, thus securing immunity from deportation, which was the lot of so many thousands of United Empire Loyalists.

A grim look settled on the young captain's face as he rapidly review the momentous happenings of the four preceding years—four short years in which he had changed

from a reckless, care-free youth to a keen, disciplined man of action.

That he was now in extreme danger he well realized, for British officers, if captured by rebels, were often subjected to summary court-martial in the rude warfare of those turbulent days. He had risked capture, probably death, in order to spend a few hours on the old homestead where he hoped to ascertain how deeply the estate was involved, and what chance he would have of raising some money which he greatly needed. To his surprise, he had found Martin taking full charge of the estate, in which he had only a one-quarter interest, according to the terms of Col. Kierstead's will. Knowing that it would be impossible to reinstate himself after the Peace Treaty was signed, Bert had determined to follow thousands of other Loyalists to the Canadian wilderness. He fully realized the hardships and struggle of a pioneer's life, but he was not the type to turn his back on the flag for which his father had died, and for which he himself had fought and suffered through four cruel years.

He fully understood his cousin's contemptible conduct in turning traitor, and knew that Martin was working solely for his own selfish interests. If Bert were captured or deported, the Kierstead estate would belong to Martin as the nearest heir, for Bert was an only child, and his mother had died three years before, leaving him an orphan.

Bert had left his regiment in Boston and intended to return that night by boat, if he could elude the rebel coast-guards. The threatening clouds in the western sky proclaimed an approaching storm, and at dark the storm broke in all its fury.

Taking only his mother's locket, and his father's sword and pistol, Bert turned his back on the old home, which he never expected to see again. An unwonted lump came in his throat as he passed the familiar landmarks and realized that all this was to be left to the tender mercies of a yellow-hearted traitor who would sell his own soul for the sake of gain.

A year before, Bert's adventurous spirit would have welcomed the opportunity of braving the dangers of the for-

est in the heart of New Brunswick, but the previous winter he had met Mollie Wentworth at an army hospital, and the resulting friendship had grown rapidly until it was succeeded by a far warmer feeling,—on Bert's part, at least. He had never told Mollie how he felt about the future, for how could a man ask Mollie to share with him the hardships of a backwoods settlement, where the very necessities of life were hard to obtain, and where luxuries were unknown ?

And so he had written her, that morning, explaining everything, but he dared not risk capture by attempting to deliver the letter personally. He had sent it by a trusted friend of Mollie's. And now he was leaving everything behind—Mollie, home, wealth, and friends ! Could a new country and new activities help him to forget that which he could never hope to enjoy ?

Owing to the storm and darkness, Bert had little difficulty in reaching his ship unnoticed. Three days later, he had received his discharge in Boston and was on his way to New Brunswick.

\* \* \* \* \*

The warm, hazy days of Indian Summer were nearly over. A sharp frost had hastened the departure of the few migratory birds which had remained a little later than their fellows. The slanting rays of the Autumn sun lit up the interior of a substantial log cabin situated in a sheltered hollow on the upper reaches of the Salmon River, over a hundred miles from the broad mouth of the St. John.

The cabin of unpeeled logs with its rough-hewn floor was crudely though comfortably furnished for the time and place. A huge stone fireplace was built in the wall at one end of the room ; two rude bunks with fir mattresses occupied the farthest corner, while a rough table and two or three stools completed the furniture. But the walls were adorned with the antlers of moose and deer, while the rough floor was covered with deer skins, with the pelt of a huge black bear holding the place of honor in front of the fireplace.

This was the new home of Captain Bert Kierstead, though one would scarcely recognize the former officer in the rough clothes and heavy beard of the backwoodsman.

He was just getting his canoe ready for the morrow, to paddle downstream to the junction of the Salmon and St. John rivers, where he expected to meet the river-boat and obtain traps and supplies for the winter.

At noon, the next day, Bert paddled his slender, birch-bark canoe out upon the broad expanse of the St. John just as the little schooner, which plied weekly between St. John and Fredericton, came in sight around a distant bend in the river. A wistful look came over the bronzed features of the lone canoeist as he watched the approaching vessel, the connecting link between the home he had left behind and the strenuous life of a Loyalist pioneer.

Yet he was proud of the vast wilderness that he and his fellow Loyalists had set themselves to subdue. No one realized better than he what a gigantic task was before them. But with that indomitable Anglo-Saxon optimism which has ever conquered, he pictured the future, when that fertile river valley would be a prosperous agricultural district with thriving towns and villages.

Unconsciously, his shoulders straightened with pride, as he pictured the future, but the approaching craft recalled a memory which had haunted him since that last stormy night in New York, and the old, wistful look returned. Where was Mollie now ?

Suddenly, he started with a jerk that nearly capsized the canoe. Mollie had been Loyalist ! What would happen to her when the Loyalists were driven out ? Somehow, it hadn't occurred to him that women as well as men were subject to exile. And he hadn't heard any news since early summer.

A powerful stroke of his paddle sent the light canoe flying over the water, and in a few minutes he was climbing aboard the schooner. The boat was literally crammed with passengers, and the decks were piled high with household goods and supplies. These passengers were Loyalist, as Bert knew at a glance, and more than half of them were women and children. All classes of society were represented on that little river packet: lawyers, doctors, merchants, farmers, craftsmen, and ministers of the Gospel mingled

in perfect harmony. A common cause and a common flag had cast aside all social distinctions.

As Bert made his way aft, a girl stepped out of the cabin, and Bert found himself looking into the eyes of Mollie Wentworth. For an instant he was speechless.

—“Why, Mollie, wh-what are you doing here ?”

“I—I’m a Loyalist, too, Bert”, she said simply.

“But who are—you’re not alone ?”, he questioned dazedly.

“Father died in June, and mother never recovered from the shock”—her voice broke—“She—died in August. I’m going to teach school here, if I can get a place”. She paused uncertainly and a rich color flooded her cheeks under the ardent gaze of the young man.

“You’ll do no such thing”, he exploded, and bounded into the cabin, nearly sweeping the captain off his feet. “Gimme a marriage license”, he demanded of that astonished official. (In those days the captain of a river-boat was generally a magistrate or some officer of the law).

A half hour later a birch-bark canoe was pulling for the mouth of the Salmon river, followed by the shouts and congratulations of the passengers of the schooner. From the bow of the canoe Mollie Kierstead waved her handkerchief at the receding vessel, while a mistiness dimmed her eyes.

“I’m going to love Canada—Loyalist Canada”, she murmured softly.

R. A. T., '25.



## CONSUMMATION

I'VE wandered far in fruitless search  
 Of that which, luring, leads me on,  
 In flowered fields, on snow-swept plain—  
 In visions seen but waking gone.

I've sought it by the swaying seas  
 When smiling sunshine filled the world,  
 Or wild winds whipped the whitening wave  
 And straggling ships their wet sails furled.

I've searched among the cloud-crowned peaks  
 That gray and grim, eternal rise;  
 I've sought it 'neath the tow'ring pines  
 And past the stars in cloudless skies.

Some day, seeking, I shall find it  
 Where blood-red poppies silent nod.  
 Perhaps 'twill be eternal peace,  
 A lasting love, or one word—GOD.

F. W. D., '23.

## DRESS AND OTHER THINGS

ONE melting, scorching July day I looked in at my friend Bill's office. Bill's feet occupied the post of honor on the desk, while his somewhat ample person reclined in a large swivel chair. Beads of sweat were trickling over his brow, and around him was scattered the wreckage of an outfit of clothes. He had parted with all the layers of upper garments which are ordinarily superimposed above a shirt, and he seemed to be seriously considering some further deed as he sat savagely gazing at the remainder of his clothes.

I am naturally tactful, so I accosted him gently:  
 "My, but it's a broiling hot day".

He did not reply, so I ventured the information that two horses had died of the heat in Harvey Street that afternoon, and that a man who was painting Osborne Hotel had experienced a sunstroke and dropped forty feet. Then I went on to speak of Dr. Baker's expedition to the Soudan, describing feelingly the terrible sufferings that they were undergoing from the frightful heat. My utmost eloquence failed to rouse him, so I sank into silence. Suddenly he burst forth: "Why do I wear these things? Why do I wrap my limbs in senseless, suffocating rags when I might be free and comfortable—instead of blistering like this?" (I omit some adjectives, lest the reader form a wrong impression of Bill's character. He was deeply moved). At this outburst I fled, Bill's wrathful tones following me till they sank away in the distance.

But Bill's arrow found its mark. It struck fairly in my bump of curiosity, and many a time since it comes and sits (bent over in the form of an interrogation mark) on my desk and stares me in the eye, or at my elbow and whispers in my ear: "Why do you wear clothes, anyway? Yes, I know your modesty compels you, but surely a supposedly reasonable being can think up a better excuse than that".

As I sit before the fireplace and hear the roaring of the winter blizzard, Bill's question seems absurdly trivial. Let me put it to Karmuk, the Eskimo, as he tramps over his frozen northern wilds wrapped in his furry mantle. He looks at me in mild surprise and contemptuously refuses to answer. Yonder farmer in the hayfield working under the scorching July sun knows why he wears the straw hat which he lifts occasionally to wipe his reeking brow. Watch that soldier as he skirts the base of the hill on his dangerous errand. There is little doubt in his mind that the mission of khaki is to blend with the green of grass and brown of stone, giving a possibility of evading the sharp-eyed snipers of the enemy. So I conclude, with a triumphant glance at the interrogation point, that one use of clothing is for protection.

But look again. What mean the fringes on the buckskin coat of yonder Indian chief, the feathers stuck in his

cap? What mean those glittering pearls and diamonds which sparkle on the crown of the monarch or grace the hands and neck of the wife of the millionaire soap-manufacturer? Here is another use for dress than that of protection. It is meant to adorn.

Adornment and protection: the question mark shrinks to a pin head as I roll them forth from my lips. My eyes fall on my boots (occupied by a pair of feet) as they are outstretched before the fire. Are they for adornment? Certainly not. Ah! they must be for protection, though those fiendish corns do seem to get more protection than anything else.

There are some articles of dress which seem to fall under neither of these heads. Mr. Gilbert Chesterton has heaped such ignominy upon the trousers and the beaver hat that I hesitate to add further, be it ever so little, to the burden of their existence. But consider the hard collar. Does it protect? Not unless it be from hairpins. Does it adorn? In the name of all that's beautiful, no! What about the stiff-bosomed shirt? How came such an atrocity to be a part of the only garb in which a man may appear in a formal gathering—if he does not wish a blush of shame to dye his cheeks? As for woman's dress, may the ink thicken and refuse to flow from this pen ere my unhallowed words should enumerate the list of garments of the gentler sex, which, alas! neither protect nor adorn.

As I mused on these things the night waned. Suddenly I heard the clock of the cathedral toll twelve, and by the glow of the dying fire I saw a figure approaching, tall and massive, yet strangely stooped and withered with age. Her garments were of varied cloth and texture, old and new, beauty and ugliness, filth and purity, rags and rich cloth were matched and fastened together. From her hands and over her arms dangled bunches of fetters of all shapes and sizes, while her shoulders and waist were wound with chains and shackles, some rusty with age yet heavy and massive, others bright and shining yet small and fine. In spite of her load she walked with the greatest ease. Catching at her

robe were two children: a boy carrying a load of handcuffs and a girl bearing a burden of fine chains.

Then, as lost in wonder and fear, I did not speak, she addressed me:—

“Lo, you have wished to know me, and I am here”.

And in terror I said: “I know you not”.

Then she answered slowly:—“Those who desire to see the powerful ones should be wise. So, thou hast desired to know the being who holdest sway over the nth part of the visible universe, and I am sent that thou might see me. So, I am Custom. It is I who hold the greatest authority over the dress concerning which thou were asking. Protection and Adornment are but distant cousins who have power over the few. Even these obey me more or less, while I rule completely all others. Men hate and fear me, preachers and orators denounce me, husbands open their purses reluctantly at my bidding, but obey me they must, for am I not Custom?”

And I said:

“What mean those chains which dangle from your hands?”

“Those”, said the Figure, “are the fetters with which I bind all my servants. The small chains are the customs of the little groups: the family, the school, and the small town. The great fetters are national customs, common language, religious customs, racial traits. No one can escape these greater chains. Under their might India lies in the bonds of caste, while England and America are paralyzed by reverence for wealth and social position.

Here my eyes wandered from the heavy to the light chains.

So she spoke again: “The light chains are those which a family or a nation must wear first. They grow larger and heavier as they age but they are rusty and brittle, and were people not frightened by their size they would snap them with ease”.

And I said: “So you are a curse, for you bind the people and hinder progress”.

Then I observed what I had not noted before: that her face was very sorrowful.

Then she answered: "Nay, not so! My brother Law and I must bear the slander that we hinder advancement. But it is a false accusation made by men to excuse their own laziness and cowardice. Our task and that of my children here is to aid men by binding them together and making it necessary for them to advance as a whole. We were not meant to rule, but to obey. We are to check the vagaries of our young and giddy cousins, the New Ideas. But men crush the New Ideas because they fear to follow where they lead, while we who were meant to serve men are made their rulers.

"What are your children's names", I asked.

So she answered again: the boy is called Habit and the girl Tradition. The boy carries handcuffs, for he must bind individuals, while the fine chains which cover the girl's shoulders are worn by both individuals and nations. These two are my trusted helpers.

At this point I noted the weird mixture of her clothing and asked concerning it.

"My clothing", she said, is the outward symbol of my rule. The rich, the pure, and the good pieces of cloth are symbolic of the customs which aid men, while the filthy, the ragged and the foul are emblems of those customs which degrade and enslave. I am condemned to wear such unharmonious mixtures as long as men misuse my gifts".

Here she began to step backwards, and silently melted away in the darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

I awoke with a start. It was a cold winter morning and the fire was gone. The Joneses in the next apartment were talking in clear tones.

"Yes, I know the price is high, dear", Mrs. Jones was saying, "but everyone is wearing them this year, so I simply must have one".

I shivered, seeming to hear again the rattle of Custom's chains, and went to hunt up some kerosene to start the fire.

T. W. C., '25.

## CONQUERED?

“**L**OOK here, if I don't get the hide off old 'Four-toes' before the week is ended, you can call me a greaser!” The speaker turned on his heel, picked up his purchases from the counter and disappeared through the door into the night air.

The small general store in the ranching town was crowded by ranchers and idle cowboys, who had “dropped into town” to spend a social hour together and to hear the latest news. The smoke rolling from their corncob pipes was slowly rising to the ceiling in great billows. A faint oil lamp cast a blue light over the room and upon the stolid faces of its occupants. The main topic of conversation engaged in between puffs of smoke was the ravages upon the sheep of the district wrought by the incursions of a mighty grizzly. This huge beast had his lair in the foothills of the mountains in the vicinity of Balder Peak. All the organized expeditions of the cowboys and ranchers of the neighborhood had up to this point proved unavailing. Even the hunters of known repute were compelled one by one to recognize that they were outclassed by the wiles of the cunning grizzly. The one hope remaining to the discomfited ranchers was that the noted hunter, Lem Shankle, could be induced to take up the chase. Hitherto he had exhibited no intention of doing so, and the people of the ranching country were becoming restless.

The discussion was becoming quite warm, and the occupants of the store were dividing into two factions. The one group, led by a brick-haired cow-puncher, declared their belief in the power of Shankle to capture the grizzly if he chose to do so. The other party was equally convinced that he could not do it. Harsh words were not far from being spoken when the object of the conversation made his appearance in time to catch the last words of the irate “cow-punchers”. It was in this manner that Shankle was lured into the chase for the hide of “Four-toes”, as the grizzly had been called on account of an injury to his hind foot, which showed the presence of only four claws in his track.

“Four-toes” was wholly unconscious of the marked interest he was exciting among the ranchers in the surrounding country. Secure in the fastnesses of the foothills, he pursued the even tenor of his ways without dreaming of the hornet’s nest that his actions were threatening to bring about his ears. For several years he had been undisturbed in his mountain retreat, and had come to regard the forest region about Balder Peak as his inherent domain. He had first appeared in his present retreat several years before, after parting from his mother. In his original forest home, he had learned the wiles and cunning of his crafty mother. He was taught by her the art of avoiding the fatal deadfalls made by the hunters, who occasionally made excursions into that region. A heavy cuff on the ear was his reward for disregarding the injunction of his artful parent. This alone was not sufficient to make him avoid food when a faint rusty odor was associated with it. In this respect, fate took a hand and supplemented the teaching of his parent.

Disregarding the grizzly-mother’s injunction not to taste any food that was not first tested by her, the cub had heedlessly rushed upon and devoured a dainty morsel of bacon, which he had espied near a hollow stump. His feeling of satisfaction was but short-lived. A dull snap and the consciousness of pain in his hind foot informed him that he had been trapped ! In response to his howl of pain and rage, his mother came at once to his assistance. Uttering fierce growls of hate and outraged mother-love, she had torn savagely at the iron bars as if to bite them in bits. Fortunately, the spring of the trap had been weakened by long exposure and rust. The foot was extricated from its painful position, but at a heavy cost. The paw was mangled and one of the toes was missing altogether. Under the tender ministrations of his mother the wound slowly healed, but the trace remained and later caused the owner of the paw to be given the significant name of “Four-toes”.

The term of apprenticeship at the side of his mother soon came to an end ! At the age of one year he had developed into a giant grizzly. He roamed through the foothills and learned to look out for himself. The other denizens of

the forest region learned to know the trail of "Four-toes" and studiously avoided the track upon which he had placed his challenge to combat. By the custom of the bear-world, it is the law to defy others by standing on the hind legs and biting the bark from a tree as far up as it is possible to reach. A grizzly will not willingly fight another who is longer in stature than himself. Thus, as a result of his enormous physique, "Four-toes" became commonly recognized as the king of the grizzlies. But he was surprised and hurt by the attitude of his mother. She no longer allowed him to follow her, and share in her food. When he attempted to do either of these things, she turned upon him fiercely and drove him away. "Four-toes" now realized that he was a full-grown grizzly, and betook himself from the maternal lair. It is for this reason that his presence was removed to the Balder Peak neighborhood.

The reputation of "Four-toes" had preceded him and the Bruins of his new home reluctantly admitted his sovereignty. In the first few years of his habitation, he had not only retained his leadership over the other animals of his own kind, but had also eluded the persistent hunters, who began to make their appearance more and more frequently in his domains. As a result of their visits, he found his food supply becoming less and less. No longer were the toothsome deer present in large numbers, and "Four-toes" was often compelled to make a meal upon the humble rabbits. Along with the depletion of his food supply, the mighty grizzly began to feel the effects of old age creeping upon him slowly, but none the less effectively. Along with its slow approach came the difficulty of maintaining his sovereignty over the foothills.

A new and more serious trouble appeared. A hard cold winter broke upon the northlands, and the country was held in the iron grasp of the frost. The intense cold brought disease upon the rabbits, and they began to die by the hundreds. The long lean lynxes, which had formerly dwelt north of the divide, began to filter southwards into the foothills. They came in groups of twos and threes and slowly made their appearance in the forest about Balder Peak. The

none-too-abundant food supply of "Four-toes" became further depleted. He realized that the day was not far distant on which his sovereignty over the foothills would be called into question. He called up all the sagacity and cunning of his youth and nerved himself for the conflict !

In his forest glade, the giant Bruin had just awakened from his noon-day nap. A feeling of uneasiness, which is common to all forest people before a life-and-death struggle, had possessed him for several days. "Four-toes" stretched himself and, keenly sifting the breezes with his nostrils, began to make a patrol of his domains. After he had gone but a few steps he noticed the tracks of a mighty lynx. In his younger days the giant beast would have welcomed the combat, but for a single moment he exhibited a show of reluctance. Then with a roar of fury, he set out along the trail of the invaders. It led toward the rocky arena that lay at the side of Balder. Obsessed by the one thought of his outraged dignity, the king of the foothills did not notice a stealthy, lithe figure, which was stalking him steadily. The grizzly tore savagely at the bushes that barred his way and at intervals emitted deep growls of fury from his ponderous jaws. The path led him to a natural stage on the edge of the mountain. On three sides stretched thick fringes of pine and spruce trees, while the other was bounded by a beetling precipice. From this point of vantage the forest and mountains could be viewed for miles around. It was a natural theatre in which the great drama to decide the ownership of the surrounding forest was to be staged.

Finding it difficult to obtain a sustenance elsewhere, a pair of lean and hungry lynxes had been induced to invade the domains of "Four-toes". They had found food more plentiful and were sleeping after feasting on a large rabbit. On the edge of the forest fringe of this arena they lay in the noon-day sun, curled up in two furry balls. In this position, their nostrils dilated unceasingly with the changes in the wind, and their tails swung rhythmically against their sleek sides. Their strong, sharp claws appeared and disappeared within the furry cushions of their paws, as if to keep time

with their breathing. They presented a picture of perfectly co-ordinated mind and muscle.

In the midst of their slumbers, an interruption came in the form of a rapidly charging grizzly. In the twinkling of an eye, they changed from furry knots of flesh into spitting, snarling demons with flashing eyes, extended claws and bared teeth. The newcomer was "Four-toes", and he was within a few feet of them.

Both parties realized the serious nature of the conflict. The aged grizzly realized the equality of a struggle between one of them and himself. Two lynxes made a much more formidable combination, and "Four-toes" knew that he was growing old! His opponents seemed to realize their advantage and were inclined to rush matters. The one made a feint at leaping for his throat, while the other charged him from behind. Grasping the meaning of the situation, "Four-toes" disregarded the first, turned on his hind paws with astonishing agility, and struck a tremendous blow at the head of his assailant. His aim was true and the lynx landed in an inert mass several feet away. The other took advantage of the opening and inflicted a painful wound on the shoulder of the grizzly. The latter decided to put an end to his injured enemy. This notion proved costly, for the uninjured lynx made a great gash along "Four-toes' shoulder. Before the latter could recover from the new assault, the second lynx again joined the fray.

Around and around they circled until "Four-toes" felt himself growing dizzy. The loss of blood was weakening him, and he realized that he was outmatched in strength. His native cunning was the only remaining means of defence. In a last effort, the grizzly forced his antagonist before him to the edge of the precipice. Once there, he braced himself for the final struggle. Upon the outcome of this effort rested the fate of "Four-toes"!

The lynxes were now convinced that the end of the struggle was at hand, and prepared themselves for the final effort. Choosing a moment when "Four-toes" was standing on his hind legs at the very edge of the precipice, they made a combined spring upon him. Straight through the air sailed the

lithe felines toward the head of their adversary. If they had landed upon the grizzly, it seemed inevitable that he should be hurled over the cliffs ! This was the event for which "Four-toes" had hoped. Quickly dropping upon his haunches, the onslaught of the foremost of his enemies barely touched him. Unable to check his onrush, the lynx was carried over the edge of the cliff to the rocks hundreds of feet below. The other saw through the strategem of the grizzly, and checked himself at the very edge of the abyss. But before he could save himself, the mighty paw of "Four-toes" sent him spinning through space after his mate.

At the edge of the fringe of forest lay a human figure. Through the branches of the thicket in front of him protruded the ugly, gaping muzzle of a rifle, and a keen gray eye was glancing along the sights. A short distance away sat "Four-toes" tenderly licking his bleeding wounds. In a few moments he rose feebly and propelled by his fast stiffening legs sought the shelter of the forest. With difficulty "Four-toes" crossed the open space and disappeared into the thickets.

"Hang it!" muttered the figure, uncocking his rifle as the pathetic form of the bear passed out of his sight, "What will the boys say about it?"

L. M. R., '24.



## IN MEMORIAM

IN early days when cave-men lived,  
The strong, strong arm the maiden craved;  
No weakling dared the sweet thing woo,  
Nor he who was not housed—or caved.

But now that brawn gives way to brain,  
And weaker grow encircling arms,  
The maiden easier doth succumb  
To merely intellectual charms.

Nor is she fussy as she was  
To call the cozy cot her own,—  
A two-room flat contents her now,  
Since wear and tear have greater grown.

Nor does she still with hubby plead,  
And beg him not to stay out late;  
Now alimony flows so free,  
She hales him to the Magistrate.

Oh, vanished days of strong-armed peace,  
When rarely railed the female tongue!  
That welcome change from days like these,  
Rotating Nature, brings along!

For, all things going to the head  
Necessitates this weeping pen:  
The maiden must be gently led,  
Until the arm grows strong again.

A. D. F., '25.

## UNDERSTANDING LIFE

THE train jerked. It rattled. A cloud of cinders entered here and there through open windows and settled impartially upon grimy, red plush seats and passengers beginning to approximate the plush in griminess. A baby's cry from one end of the car mingled with a guffaw of laughter from the opposite end. With an increased rattle of clanking iron the door swung open and shut with a bang, meanwhile admitting the conductor with his nasal rendition of "Centur-ville ne-hext! Centur-ville!"

The effect of these words was immediate. A *New York Times*, heretofore sheltering an occupant of one of the red plush seats, descended to the floor. The man thus unmasked took a cursory survey of his person. With evident danger from the knife-edge crease in his trousers, he flecked away a portion of the dust collected thereupon. This preliminary to more definite action completed, he rose. With precise movements he gathered up club-bag, overcoat, gloves and walking-stick and with these made his way to the rear platform of the car.

Walking down the aisle between the grimy plush seats he was indeed a figure to command attention. Tall, immaculately dressed, assured of manner, every detail of his appearance suggested the young and successful man of the world. Strong chin, firmly compressed lips and clear grey eyes bore out the impression. A slight contraction of the brows marred an otherwise open expression. His very evident polish was not in accord with his surroundings, and this lack of harmony found adequate expression in his countenance.

"Oh, there's Phil Carter!" said one woman to another as he passed the two on his way to the rear of the car. In reply to the enquiring look of the latter, she continued, "Why, you remember meeting him down in Centreville that summer you spent with me, don't you?"

"He isn't the one who was rushing Betty Henderson then, is he? I remember *his* name was Carter", answered the other.

“Yes, that’s the very one. I suppose he’s on his way home to see his mother. She’s the only one down here that he’ll look at since he’s had such a success at law.”

“But what about Betty ? I thought they were engaged.”

“Well, I guess they were. But he got such big notions in his head away at college that he went to New York looking for bigger game”.

“Why, Betty, as I remember her, was a sweet girl, pretty enough to turn anybody’s head and sensible too. I shouldn’t think any man would turn her down”.

“No, I shouldn’t think so either, but Phil makes me sick with his conceit anyway ! He’s coaxing his mother and father to move to New York now, too, so that he won’t even have to bother coming down here to see them”.

“I suppose he’s married some New Yorker, then, by this time ?”

.. “No, he nearly broke Betty’s heart, and then didn’t find anyone else to take her place. She never said much about it—you know she’s that kind—but I guess she felt pretty badly when he went away”.

“Where is she now ?”

“Oh, the poor child has had to stay home with her invalid mother, but Mrs. Henderson can’t last much longer”.

The conversation was interrupted by the grinding of brakes as the train came puffing to a standstill beside a typical small-town station. From a nondescript group on the platform there detached herself a quiet little woman with soft gray hair and eager gray eyes, who stepped forward expectantly. Carter, from his vantage point on the rear car, spied her, and the pucker was quite gone from his brow by the time he had reached the platform and gathered her in his arms for a hasty embrace.

“Well, little mother, just as faithful as ever, aren’t you ? You never miss meeting my train”.

“Why, of course not. The moments when I can see you are so precious I can’t afford to miss one of them”.

“There now, mother, there’s one more point for my argument that you leave Centreville and come where you could see me all the time”.

A faint shadow passing over the woman's face checked further words.

"Well, we won't say any more about it now, will we?" and Philip looked down affectionately as they moved away from the station.

\* \* \* \* \*

Late that afternoon Philip found himself alone on the verandah of the unostentatious but comfortable Carter home. He was in a reflective mood. The familiar surroundings brought back memories of his younger days. His thoughts wandered at random while his gaze rested idly on the casual passers-by.

That looked like Dick Henderson passing. How they used to play together! And Betty—he wondered what she was doing now. Poor little Betty! He hadn't seen her since he went away four years ago. How hard their parting had been out there in Willow Lane with that look of a wounded thing in her eyes! Yes, he had been cruel. A shade of self-condemnation settled over his features, but he dispelled it with a shrug. What nonsense for him, of "Sanborn, Doubleday, and Carter, Barristers, New York", to be mooning over a little village girl like this! Doubtless she had fallen in love with some country store-keeper by this time. Imagine introducing anyone of such narrow ideas into his brilliant set! The mere idea was preposterous.

A sweet voice from the doorway broke in upon his reverie. "Phil, dear, supper is ready", said Mrs. Carter as she crossed to his side, running her fingers lightly through his crisp, dark hair. "That was a very pre-occupied expression", she continued. "What were you thinking about?"

"Oh, nothing", he smiled back. "That is—merely a variation of my old theme, New York versus Centreville. I wish I could get you to come away from this place. You are not meant for a life that so cramps your ideas. I want you to know *real* life".

The shadow crossed Mrs. Carter's face again. She spoke gently. "Phil, I don't like to hear you always speak of Centreville that way. It hurts. Our life is just as real

as yours if only you were tolerant enough to see it. You *will* see it, too, by the time you understand life as well as I do”.

It was Philip's turn to sober. “I'm sorry, mater, I didn't mean to hurt you. Perhaps we may agree on this some day”.

The woman smiled again. “Well, anyway, we must go in. Betty Henderson is coming over after tea. She runs in often, and when she said she was coming tonight I didn't bother telling her you would be home. You don't mind, do you?” she added, glancing up at him.

“Why, of course not, mater. Betty's and my troubles were over four years ago”.

“Yes, dear, I know. I used to hope—”, but her voice trailed off into a sigh.

“Well, mater, that couldn't be. My profession had to come first, you know”, Philip concluded, as he rose.

Mrs. Carter did not reply in words, but her expression conveyed a certain disappointment as she turned toward the house, followed by her son.

Moments fled. Shadows lengthened over the verandah. Finally Philip re-appeared and resumed his pose. The ruddy reflections of a brilliant sunset crept in about him and tinted his handsome features. He remained motionless save once, when he slowly shook his head, murmuring half aloud, “No, I'm afraid I'll never understand that way”.

A footstep sounded on the gravel walk. Philip looked up. The rosy tinge of the twilight reflection fell on a young woman, tall and graceful of carriage, who was walking toward him quite unconscious of the eyes upon her. The light glinted on the wavy masses of her golden hair and softly blended with the fairness of her skin. Could it be?—it was—Betty!

Philip looked, and as he looked his heart did something which it had not done since the days when this same Betty had first changed the rhythm of its beat. The same Betty—yes, but now a new Betty, the like of whom there was not in the whole of New York. Rising, he advanced to meet her at the steps, and the same rosy light enfolded the two as they faced each other after four years of such sunsets.

“Betty”.

“Phil”—and the roses which suffused the girl’s cheeks outdid the sunset flush and told a tale no words need repeat.

Hands clasped, eyes met, and there was silence for a moment—an eternity.

Suddenly Philip spoke. “Betty, let’s walk again through Willow Lane. I understand life a lot better than I used to”.

E. L. M., '24.

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## THE CONSTITUTIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF CANADA SINCE 1867

THE growth of Canada to nationhood, a growth that enables her to take her place on a basis of equality with other British Dominions and with the United Kingdom itself, may be attributed to two very important factors—the growth of national consciousness, and the development of national institutions.

There is no definite period from which we may date the beginning of the growth of national consciousness. About 1860 there were those people who were contented to regard themselves merely as inhabitants of a country entirely subordinate to Great Britain. Others, who wished to sever all connections with the Mother Country, did not look upon this plan as a means of establishing a Canadian nation, but as a plan whereby Canada might become annexed to the United States. The fear that the latter plan might in some way or other be carried out, was responsible to a certain degree for the desire on the part of the Canadian provinces to unite into some form of federal state. In this way they would be able to withstand any attempts on the part of the Americans to bring them into some form of union with the United States.

One means of securing a realization of national consciousness is by national institutions, institutions dealing not merely with local affairs, but dealing with affairs common to all provinces in the federation. Such national affairs would include the regulation of trade and commerce—it is inconceivable that these could be regulated by the individual

states within the federation,—matters dealing with the defence of the country, with the currency and coinage, and with the relations with foreign countries.

When the Canadian Constitution was framed and after it had passed the Imperial Parliament in an act known as the British North America Act, there were those in Canada who believed that the federation would mean a severance of the bond that united Canada with the mother country. There were others, and numbered among this number we must include the “fathers of Confederation”, who believed that the plan suggested by the British North America Act was, to all intents and purposes, one which would enable Canada to rise from a position of dependency to an independent state, retaining all its former bonds of loyalty and union to the mother country, and at the same time attaining a position of equality of status with other British Dominions and even with the British Isles.

In making a brief outline of the great constitutional development of Canada since 1867 we can only touch upon the essential features. When the French ceded Canada to Great Britain by the Treaty of Paris, the Governor was appointed by the Imperial Government and he was responsible to a department of the government, namely, the Colonial Office. In the constitutional development that gradually followed, the Governor-General was appointed by the Imperial Government, subject to the approval of the Canadian Government of the day. This development, however, is not the result of any amendment of the Constitution, but has taken place by usage and convention. In 1876 the Colonial Secretary proposed to issue permanent Letters Patent and Instructive to be observed by the successive Governors-General. These proposals, however, did not meet with the approval of the Canadian people, and the Minister of Justice was successful in obtaining an entirely new form of Instructions, which were more satisfactory. In 1869 a matter concerning Provincial Acts was brought to the attention of the Colonial Office. The Colonial Secretary advised that the Governor-General was an officer of the Imperial Government and was to act in its interests, even against the advice

of his ministers. After much discussion, in 1875, the Minister of Justice, Mr. Blake, asserted the Canadian claim that the Governor-General must act on the advice of his ministers, and this position was finally accepted by the Colonial Office.

In 1879 Sir John Macdonald visited England in the interests of the Canadian Government. He pointed out that the great extension of Canadian Trade and Commerce made it necessary that this matter should be dealt with by the governments directly involved, and should not be carried out thru the Imperial Parliament. "The growing trade and commerce of the Dominion with foreign nations was proving the absolute necessity of direct negotiation with them for the proper protection of her interests". The appointment of a "Resident Minister" to act directly with the British Government for the negotiation of commercial treaties between Canada and foreign countries was urged. As a result of these things the office of High Commissioner for Canada was established, and Sir Charles Tupper, the first High Commissioner, who was appointed in 1884, obtained the right to negotiate commercial treaties—treaties which were to be made directly by the Canadian Government, and not thru the intervention of the Colonial Office.

Another result of the visit of Sir John Macdonald to England in 1879 was the establishment of a system of Imperial Conferences, the first of which was held in 1887, but in these Conferences the Dominions were regarded as being mere dependencies. The visit of Sir John Macdonald did not result in the immediate calling of a Colonial or Imperial (as it was later called) Conference, but it led to emphasis being laid on the necessity for a close personal consultation between the governments. Conferences were held in 1887, 1894, 1897, 1902, 1907, 1911, 1917, 1918, and 1921. At first the dominions were regarded as being mere *dependencies* and the conferences were regarded as taking place between the *Dominions* and the *Colonial Office*. Through the medium of these conferences many notable constitutional advances have been made, and as a result, great changes have come in the status of Canada. The dominions are now regarded as

being on an *equal basis* with other parts of the Empire, and not as being dependencies of the British Crown. At the conferences held in 1907 it was decided that future conferences should be held between the *Government* of the United Kingdom and the *Governments* of the self-governing Dominions—a very important development.

In 1878 the Canadian Government desired to appoint Sir A. T. Galt High Commissioner in London, and they desired that he should have some voice in the negotiation of treaties in which the interests of Canada were involved. The British Government replied that he would have to act with the British Government or with the British Ambassador. As has been pointed out, the Canadian Government was successful in 1884 in obtaining the right to negotiate its own commercial treaties.

The Imperial Government has power to impose upon all the Dominions direct taxation, compulsory military service, etc., theoretically. However, this power has never been exercised. It is left with the representatives of the people of the country which is to be taxed. Again, the King has power to veto all bills passed by the Canadian Government. This power has not been used for over fifty years, and so we may say that these legal rights have fallen into disuse, and hence regard this as an example of constitutional development.

With regard to the military and naval defence of the country it may be said that Canada now has full control of her policy. Formerly British soldiers and sailors defended the country, British officers commanded the Canadian militia, and all the operations were controlled by the Imperial Government, but now all is changed and the Canadian Government controls the situation as regards military and naval defence.

Canada, before the War of 1914, was allowed no voice in foreign affairs. Since the closing of the Great War, the Imperial Government has recognized the necessity of consulting with the Dominion Governments in regard to peace and war and other matters of foreign policy. The Dominions were given a voice in the League of Nations and now take

their place side by side with the other nations forming that great League.

Thus, through a gradual but certain process of development, Canada has emerged from the state of a dependency of the British Crown to a practically independent nation, retaining, however, its close intimate relationship with the Mother Country.

P. L. J., '23.

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### A TALE OF THE FLU AT ACADIA

**M**ETHOUGHT one day 'twould be a merry deed.  
To aid those people who were most in need  
Of ease from study, and of rest from work,  
By giving them excuse their tasks to shirk.  
And so I sought Professor Ramsay's cot,  
And gave him many chills and flashes hot;  
Soon was it noised with zest the College through,  
And students shouted gaily, "Good old Flu".  
Then did I hasten to the home of Rau,  
And was well-pleased to see next day, I vow  
Results of germs not yet matured, when he  
Made grave threats boldly, telling what must be.  
The next day found him also fast in bed,  
With throbbing pains throughout his limbs and head;  
And since I thought of me *he'd* had enough,  
I hurried off to Rhody with a cough.  
In English class-room note the empty chair,  
The faithful Rhody was no longer there;  
And as he strove to ease his weary chest,  
Students agreed that he deserved a rest.  
I tried to lay for Chickie eke a snare,  
And nearly caught him, when he cut his hair.  
Exceeding sport is this, I thought, and ran  
To find kind Dr. Tommy "He's a man  
Who needs a change from labor and its care;  
I'll give to him at once a generous share.  
I must not slight hard-working Perry so:"  
And meditating thus, to him did go,

And gave him fever till his throbbing brain  
Soon worked in circles, where it once was sane.  
I worked full well in ways obscure and known;  
I caused to Dr. Spidle many a moan;  
Try as he would to mitigate his woes,  
I caught him in the head, and in the chest,  
I wrought dire havoc, and I did my best  
To keep him from his work for many a day,  
While revelling in what I called fair-play.  
And even the good President-Elect,  
I was not slow in catching in my net;  
For hardly had he landed in the town,  
When with a dose of Flu was stricken down.  
“Now students gay, in Tully, Town and Hall,  
You’ve had your fun, but pride must have its fall”.  
Thus musing, gave I each a good-sized share;  
All thought they ill deserved my tender care.  
But fast I laid them low with blows so fine,  
They recognized full well, what skill was mine.  
My energies directed were anew,  
The holidays enjoyed by them were few.  
And truth to tell, I did not overlook  
The dean, the matron, doctor, nurse and cook.  
I think you will conclude that germs so rife,  
Can play their part in adding spice to life.  
Thus have I happy been for many a day,  
Though people hoped that brief would be my stay;  
And sadly do I hasten to embark,  
For gladly would I linger here, but hark !  
I hear the south wind moaning through the trees;  
Soon will the spring call forth the early leaves;  
I fear I must hie hence without delay,  
Warm weather comes, I cannot longer stay.

L. M. M., '25.

A decorative rectangular border with ornate, scroll-like corners. Inside the border, the word "SCIENCE" is written in a simple, sans-serif, all-caps font, centered horizontally and vertically.

# SCIENCE

## GOLD

**G**OLD, altho regarded perhaps as one of the commonest and best known of our minerals, is nevertheless little understood by the majority of people. The general appearance of the metal is well known, but little is understood of its occurrence in nature, of the methods by which it is obtained, of the process of its refining and of its physical and chemical properties. Gold, from the very earliest times, has been regarded as a precious metal chiefly on account of its scarcity. It was used by the early Greeks, Romans and other ancient peoples for ornamental as well as for many other purposes. Since the early Romans called the precious metal "aurum" the symbol *Au* has been derived. At the present time gold is used for ornamental purposes, but it is chiefly as a standard of value that it is important. Since gold is our standard of value it remains stationary in price, that is \$20.67 per ounce. Due to the great gold discoveries during the latter part of the 19th Century and the resultant increase in production gold became relatively cheaper and other articles were made more expensive. However, during the period of the late war, the output of gold has decreased rather than increased. In 1915 the value of the gold mined was \$470,500,000, while in 1918 the value was approximately \$373,000,000. The decrease in the value of the output was largely due to the fact that while the value of other metals increased the value of gold remained stationary.

As to the occurrence of gold in nature it is found chiefly in the free state, although it is also found in sandy deposits and in quartz veins. Very often large nuggets are found in

the sand deposits along the banks of rivers. In the natural state the metal is not always pure, being alloyed quite frequently with small quantities of other metals, such as silver, copper and lead. Gold, in the purest state, is a very soft metal and it can only be used for ordinary purposes, such as coinage and ornamentation, when alloyed with certain other metals, silver and copper being the most important alloys. The Transvaal is the largest gold producing country in the world. Gold is also found in large quantities in the United States and in Canada, the latter producing about one-fifth of the world's supply. In Canada the gold deposits are to be found mainly in the Yukon. There the gold is found chiefly mixed with fine grains of sand in the river beds.

The most common and best known methods for obtaining gold are by placer, hydraulic and vein mining. The process in which the sand grains are placed into "sluices" and then passed over by water is known as the placer method. The sand particles are washed away by the water and the grains of gold, being heavier, sink to the bottom and in this way are collected. When the sand particles containing the grains of gold are washed or forced into the sluices by means of powerful streams of water the process is known as hydraulic mining. These streams of water are forced through pipes at a great pressure. In vein mining the quartz, in which the gold particles are embedded, is stamped into a fine powder by means of a stamping machine, and the gold is extracted by one of the following two methods,—Amalgamation method and the Cyanide method. In the former process the powdered quartz is passed over copper plates by means of streams of water. These copper plates are *amalgamated* with mercury in which the gold is dissolved. The mixture is then distilled and the gold is left in the vessel, the mercury having been distilled off. In the second process, the cyanide process, the quartz powder is treated with a dilute sodium cyanide solution and since gold is soluble in this it may easily be obtained by one of two methods, electrolysis, however, being the method chiefly used.

As to the process of refining, the method of electrolysis is most generally used. When the particles of gold have

been dissolved in a solution of sodium cyanide and this solution has been electrolyzed, the gold is deposited in a pure condition on the cathode. When the particles, in which the gold grains are to be found, contain metals which are easily oxidized, the process of cupellation is chiefly used. Among such metals which are easily oxidized are lead and copper. In this process the materials are exposed to the flame from a fire made on a shallow hearth in which bone ash is the fuel generally used. In the oxidizing process which follows the metals having the least oxidizing powers remain and in this manner the gold is refined. A third process in which gold may be refined is that in which nitric or sulphuric acid are used. Since gold is soluble only in a mixture of hydrochloric and nitric acids it will not be dissolved in the nitric or sulphuric acids. The acid is heated and the materials containing the gold particles are added. All the impurities are dissolved, leaving the gold free.

In considering the properties of the gold it is hardly necessary to deal with its general appearance. It is yellow in color and is the most malleable and ductile of all the metals. As has been mentioned before, it is very often alloyed for purposes of general usage, with such metals as copper and silver, in order that the resulting metal may have greater durability and lasting qualities. For coinage purposes gold is only about 90% pure and for jewelry purposes gold is about 75% pure. Pure gold is regarded as being 24 carats, these expressing the fineness or purity of the gold, and hence 100% pure. Thus 18 carat gold, the standard, would contain only 75% pure gold. As to the chemical properties of this metal it can be said that it is little affected by most solutions. It can be dissolved in a solution of Aqua Regia—a solution of hydrochloric and nitric acids, but this is practically the only acid solution which will have any effect upon it. It is not affected by atmospheric conditions and hence will not rust. Thus because it is not easily affected and since it is relatively scarce gold is used as a standard of value.

P. L. J., '23.

## THE ECONOMIC IMPORTANCE OF BACTERIA

IT is coming to be recognized more and more, at the present day, that all powerful things are not large and awe-inspiring. Many things of great importance to man are very small. This is very true in the case of bacteria, for while microscopic in size, they are of very great importance.

The need of an accurate knowledge of these forms of plants has led to a special science—Bacteriology. While a part of Biology, Bacteriology is of sufficient importance to rank as a separate science and has for purposes of investigation, special apparatus and technique. While a few unrelated facts in regard to bacteria have been known from early times, it was not until the latter part of the nineteenth century that any scientific investigation was carried out in this field. In 1872, Cohn published a classification of the different forms of Bacteria. About 1870 a disease attacked the silk-worm, so that this profitable industry of Southern France was seriously interfered with. Pasteur was asked to investigate the disease and as a result obtained knowledge of a bacterium, which was causing all the trouble. This led him to further investigations of bacteria, so that he was really the founder of the science of Bacteriology.

Pasteur—working in conjunction with Lord Lister of England—made investigations concerning pathogenic bacteria and laid the foundations of modern antiseptic surgery. Lately the importance of bacteria has been studied in many manufacturing processes, with the result that many chemical reactions are now brought about and accelerated by these single-celled organisms.

These bacteria occur almost everywhere—in water, of every depth, in the air, in the soil, in all organic matter, and in countless other places. Nearly all forms are microscopic, the average diameter being about .001mm, although some only .0005mm in diameter have been measured, and others too small to be seen with any microscope are known to exist.

In respect to external form, all bacteria may be divided into three general classes. The Coccus forms are spherical;

the Bacillus forms are oblong, and the Spirillum forms are curved and corkscrew like. All are single-celled organisms but several cells may be united in a structure to form a filament.

Bacteria are very simple in internal structure. They consist of a mass of protoplasm, containing a few granules, surrounded by a membrane. But there may be further differentiation in the cells of bacteria which has not yet been perceived by any means of magnification such as science now possesses.

All bacteria have vegetative reproduction, that is by cell-division. The cells divide quickly so that multiplication is very rapid, in fact in twenty-four hours the progeny of one cell may run into the millions. At times of unfavorable conditions, that is when the nutritive supply fails, the protoplasm gathers into the center of the cell and is enclosed by a heavy membrane. These are called spores but are only cells in a special form to resist unfavorable conditions.

The active part of the bacteria is the enzyme. Enzymes are auto-catalytic agents which can start a reaction and keep it going without themselves being changed. It is the enzymes in bacteria which bring about many changes, and bacteria perform different kinds of "work" according to the different enzymes which are present in their cells. The economic importance of bacteria may be realized from a short discussion under the following divisions.

*Saprophytic Bacteria* attack dead organic matter and bring about putrefaction and decay. They are Nature's scavengers, for they reduce complex carbohydrates and proteins to simple elements ready to be again incorporated into growing organisms. If we imagine a condition where all decay in a forest has ceased, we see at once the great importance of this work of bacteria. In the systems for disposing of sewerage, certain forms of bacteria break down the complex decaying organic matter into harmless, simple forms.

Certain forms of bacteria bring about fermentation and produce substances of commercial value. The fermentation of glucose (grape sugar) produces alcohol. All alcohol is

produced by the action of the enzymes, contained in bacteria, upon sugars.

Acetic acid is formed by the fermentation of alcohol; lactic acid by the fermentation of lactose (milk-sugar). The production of desirable flavors in butter and cheese depends largely upon the action of certain bacteria.

In the purification of city water, bacteria are used. The water is filtered through sand beds which have been inoculated with a certain kind of bacteria. The bacteria form a coating over the particles of sand and collect the suspended or dissolved organic matter as it passes through the sand-beds.

*Parthogenic Bacteria* attack living organisms and in many cases cause disease. The disease is either a result of a direct attack upon the tissues, or of the production of a poison (toxin), or of both. Many diseases such as diphtheria, tuberculosis, pneumonia and cholera are known to be the result of bacterial activity. Modern surgery is based upon excluding or neutralizing these injurious forms.

Besides those attacking animals, there are those forms which cause disease of plants. Pear blight, cabbage-rot and other diseases are caused by the action of bacteria. In respect to the large number of plant and animal diseases which they cause, bacteria come into close economic relationship to man.

Not all bacteria associated with living organisms are harmful. It seems necessary that certain bacteria be present in the digestive tract of animals. In recent experiments it has been found that if all bacteria are excluded or removed from the food of a chick, growth is greatly retarded.

*Nitrogen Bacteria* are forms in the soil which are able to utilize directly the free nitrogen of the air. The power of these forms is remarkable and very important, since green plants can use nitrogen only in certain compounds. In some of the Leguminosae, such as the clover and the pea, these bacteria grow in "nodules", on the root and take up free nitrogen. Since soils become greatly depleted of nitrogen, the power of these bacteria is of very great importance in enriching impoverished soils.

*Nitrifying Bacteria* are also soil-forms, and although they contain no chlorophyll they can manufacture their own foods. Their nitrification consists in oxidizing ammonia to nitrous acid, then reducing nitrous acid to nitrites, and finally to nitrates, which are the nitrogen-bearing compounds available for green plants.

These forms which can "fix" nitrogen in such a form as to be available for chlorophyll-bearing plants, are very important, for without their action the soil would become depleted of nitrogen, and good crops could not be grown.

One striking feature of bacteria is their resistance to external conditions of temperature and moisture. In low temperatures which would kill ordinary plants, bacteria thrive. Some forms can exist by anaerobic respiration, that is, respiration without oxygen.

The above presents, very briefly, some of the ways in which bacteria are of importance to man. Bacteriology is a great field of research, not only for the scientist in the laboratory, but also for the chemical engineer. Many industrial processes, which were formerly carried on by expensive methods, are now brought about by these hosts of busy toilers. Truly the diverse and powerful action of these bacterial forms is of wonderful importance, and we may look for great developments in the field of Bacteriology.

C. V. M., '24.

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## Editorial



TO many it may seem rather superfluous to discuss the problems and possibilities of student government at Acadia, for student government here is certainly far from being a failure. In fact we feel that this year it has been a distinct success, yet not nearly as much so as it could be if more interest were given it. We use the term student government in a broad sense to include both the Student Committee and the House Committees. It is a system that has infinite possibilities of benefit for all concerned, and under conditions such as we have here at Acadia should be a far greater success than it is. But until the majority of students realize this, not a great deal can be done either through it or for it, for co-operation is its foundation, and a few champions, however ardent they may be, cannot work wonders alone.

First of all, let us remember that our various constitutions are not the creation of some external body, but were

made by us, those at present in force having been drawn up while many of us were in college. For this reason they include only such rules and provisions as seem to us as students necessary or advisable, and these were put in such a form as to make them as fair and as workable as we could. Since, then, these are the best that we can make, wherein is the reason for dodging or evading or endlessly criticizing the rules that we have put upon ourselves ?

Conditions change, of course, though not with lightning rapidity, but when changed conditions have made any rule unworkable, the reasonable thing to do is to change it or altogether do away with it, not, at least, to evade it or occasionally to enforce it. A constitution, to be a live thing, must be up-to-date and practicable.

To turn to the executive committees themselves,—their work is far from being easy, dealing, as they do, with questions of student conduct and of personal rights, but no one in positions of responsibility does have an easy time, although a little more thought from others could make it far more so. It is easy to forget that by student government we mean government of ourselves by ourselves, and to think of it as government of ourselves by a small committee whose task it is to keep law and order at any cost. In a successful system of student government the executive committee is not a police force to control an uninterested crowd, but the crowd are controlling themselves in conformity with their own established laws, leaving to the executive the work of deciding special questions and dealing with new situations.

Yet a great deal depends not only upon these attitudes, but upon personal qualities of which there is much need, not only in student government, but in all our relations—just co-operation and toleration. It is so obvious that the success of any student affair depends upon the whole-hearted co-operation of every individual, that it seems unnecessary to repeat it, but much can still be said and done in this respect. The basis of co-operation, however, must always be that feeling of individual responsibility for the success of all student affairs—this means interest and work, an active, loyal support of every activity, a whole-hearted effort of each and

every one of us to do all we can for as many things as we can.

Much of our difficulty is just that of the friction caused by misunderstanding and criticism, but especially criticism. When we have elected committees we have chosen the best people we can get to do special work for us, so it then devolves upon us to regard their work and their decisions as the best that can be done, to make an effort to understand their position, and above all to support and never to criticize, least of all to condemn.

Under conditions such as we have here, a small student body, mainly in residence and closely allied in interests, we have an excellent opportunity for the development of an ideal type of student government. We have very much yet to do—we are still far from the place where we can successfully carry on the honor system in classes and exams, but we *can* do this and many other things. It is a worthy aim, and in its accomplishment we will do great things both for ourselves and for our college.

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During the past year we have several times had to withhold units because of unsatisfactory material, but in this issue we have had the pleasure of exercising this right in the opposite direction and granting an extra unit in the Humor department. Instead of granting units on the 3, 2, 1 basis for stories, as was planned, the six units were distributed in two awards of two units each and two of one each, as this better represented the comparative merits of the stories selected.

## ACADEMY DEPARTMENT

THOSE who attended the annual reception of Acadia Academy on St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, can but agree with the writer, that as in former years, the evening was a great success.

The gymnasium showed in its decorations the evidence of much thot and hard work on the part of the decorators. Banners, Acadia and class colors were much in evidence, all suitably arrayed, with here and there bits of green, suitable for the occasion, tastefully arranged.

The programme for the evening was of a pleasing variety and included the following numbers:

Solo—Mr. Harry Mollins.  
 Reading—Miss Frances Corning.  
 Violin Solo—Miss Joyce Clarke.  
 Reading—Mr. A. D. Flowers.  
 Solo—Miss Lamont.

The members of the Halifax Academy hockey team, who were defeated by the A. C. A. hockey team on Saturday, were among the guests of honor at the reception.

The chaperons for the evening were, Mrs. W. L. Archibald, Mrs. H. S. Thurston, Mr. W. Shatford, Pres. of School and Mr. P. Mackay, Secretary.

Much credit is due to the members of the Reception Committee, for their very efficient work, in connection with this most successful event in the year's programme.

The Cads who attended the "At Home" of the Senior Class, Acadia Ladies' Seminary, on Friday evening, reported an enjoyable time.

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 Y. M. C. A.

Among the speakers at the Y. M. C. A. this month were Dr. F. W. Patterson, Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. N. Morton and Mr. J. Jess; these speakers all brot messages of help.

## JOKES.

M-Q-n '24—(at supper table)—I didn't come here to talk I came here to eat.

M--K--y '23—So I notice.

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OVERHEARD ON SENIOR SLEIGH DRIVE TO KENTVILLE.

D-v-is '23—That's great cocoa.

C-p-l-d '23—Yes I wish my throat was a mile long.

Quiet Voice—It is.

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C-l-d-r '23—I hear Jim you have reasons to be ambitious.

C-l-t-n '23—How's that?

C-l-d-r '23—You're always looking for encouragement thru Hope.

---

K-ll-m '24—So Estey is good at Mathematics.

M-s-on '23—Yes he's a Schur-man at all problems.

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Dr. Archibald (Calling roll at chapel)—Estey, Killam—

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## HOCKEY.

The Senior Class hockey team (minus first team men), crossed sticks twice with the Middlers.

In the first game both sides worked hard and being pretty evenly matched, the game ended in a 1-1 score.

The second game was faster, Shatford showing up well on the Middlers forward line, while the Seniors had good material in their defence men. Despite a 4-1 score in favor of the Seniors, the game was very interesting.

*Halifax 7—A. C. A.—1.*

The Academy Hockey team accompanied by Dr. Archibald after an attempt to reach Annapolis the previous day, played the Halifax Co. Academy in the Arena, Halifax on Saturday March 10th.

In spite of a 7-1 score the Halifax team by no means had the edge on the play. Again and again the puck wended its way towards the Halifax goal but the keeper of that particular spot was always wide awake and allowed nothing in. The first score was made by Halifax on a close in-shot, but before the period ended Johnson, by a long shot near centre ice, made the first and only tally for the Cads team.

The second period was fast but it being an off day with the Cads goalie, two more marks for Halifax were registered.

With a 3-1 score both teams entered the last period with ginger.

With the final whistle the score stood 7-1.

All the Cads speak very highly of the way in which they were received and entertained by Major Logan, of the Halifax Academy staff, and the members of the hockey team. A very delightful dinner was provided for the members of the visiting team at the Navy League Building. The boys returned on the midnight train.

#### *Acadia Academy 5—Halifax Academy 4.*

On Saturday, March 17th, the Academy met the Halifax County Academy team in a return match. The train from Halifax was several hours late, and the game was called as soon as the boys were able to get into togs.

Those who had a look at the ice predicted a slow game, but they had not counted on the contestants, and were therefore greatly surprised to witness one of the fastest junior games of the season. However, the teams voted the ice "sticky" and the playing was therefore not as interesting as it would otherwise have been.

In the first period both teams got away with a good start. Acadia had a recent defeat to offset, and the visitors were going to make them fight for a victory. The playing was plainly with the Academy in this period, and only the stone-wall-like defense of McCuen in goal for the Halifax team, under constant bombardment, saved the visitors from a big score against them. The period ended without a score.

The players went on a clean sheet of ice for the second period. The play varied from end to end for a time, but early in the period Chipman sent one in from right wing. Soon after "Dutchy" Himmelman made the second score for the locals. After a great deal of hard playing the visitors sent one in from close in, and Johnson retaliated with another count for Acadia. Just before the whistle blew, the Halifax boys made a rush and sent in another, ending 3-2 in favour of the home team.

The third period was a harder one for the supporters of the Blue and Garnet, and only the brilliant playing of Zwicker in goal to back up the team saved the day for the home boys. Several times the rubber was sent from a mix-up in front of the goal, but was not able to escape the watchful eyes of our goalie. However, the visitors managed by dint of hard playing to net the disk twice, and our team were indebted to Eaton for trying to score.

The teams agreed on two five-minute periods overtime, and went on the ice determined to win. In the first half Johnson again scored for Acadia, and although the visitors tried hard to retaliate, the game ended 5-4 in favour of the home team.

The game was characterized by good team work, and there was not much individual work to comment upon. Both goalies played a fine game, and "Dutchy" Himmelman for the forwards and Johnson and Jenkins for the defense showed to advantage.

Supporters of both teams agree to divide the honors evenly among the players of the Halifax team.

Hollie Morrison refereed in a very satisfactory manner.

#### Line-ups:

Acadia:—Zwicker, goal; Johnson, Jenkins, defense; Himmelman, Chipman, Phillipps, forwards, Eaton, Sub.

## A SLEEPLESS NIGHT

“WELL Ray”, said Maurice, as he lowered his share of the camping outfit, at the spot where we had decided to pass the night, “I’m glad to be rid of that load, darned if it didn’t seem to weigh a ton, especially the last few hundred yards”, and Maurice stretched himself on the grass in pleasant relaxation.

“Yes,” I replied, “It was a hard tramp, but our work is not yet done. I expect Don and Phil will soon heave in sight and we must all turn to and fix things up for the night.”

We had spent about ten days camping and fishing at Robinhood Lake, and were making our camp that night about a day’s tramp from the railroad line, where we planned to board the train for home.

Our party consisted of four: Phil, Don, Maurice and myself. Phil and Don were army pals of mine; Maurice was a bank clerk on the Bank of Canada staff at St. John, N. B. During our army career, Phil had suggested a trip, such a one as we were just completing. At the last moment, deciding to make it a quartette, our good friend Maurice was asked to join us.

The spot we had chosen for our camp was on a bit of a knol lwith a grassy bottom, which, as we thot, would help to soften our beds; altho had we known it, feather beds could not have been enjoyed by us that night, had they been at hand. Almost surrounding us was dense forest, gradually sloping back with seemingly increasing height. In front of us there was a bit of clearing, some hundred yards in area.

Before the boys arrived, Maurice and I discovered an old wood road, which, as we surmised, brot us to a small sized stream, where we secured a bucket of cold water for the evening meal.

“Greetings, mighty warriors, carriers of the blessed aqua” was Phil’s welcome on return to camp, as he assisted Don to put up the tent and drive home the pegs.

“What kept you fellows on the road?” I asked of Don, as he strolled over to the fire which I had just started.

"Thereby hangs a tale", was his mysterious rejoinder, and as he remained silent I glanced up.

Don was a chap who was rather inclined to be of quiet disposition, a fellow none the less likeable and one whom I had made a bosom friend while in khaki.

"Ramble on", I said, "You didn't see any bears or wildcats on your way down did you?" and I laughed as I remembered how urgently our friends had pressed us to carry some sort of firearms.

"No," replied Don, "We did not actually see a bear or a wildcat either for that matter, but I'll tell you what happened and you can judge for yourself", and Don seated himself beside the fire, over which I had suspended a kettle of water.

"To keep up with you and Maurice on the way down was impossible. Phil and I found the tent about all we wished to tote over a rough road on a hot summer's day, therefore we decided to take occasional rests.

"Well", he continued, "to make a long story short, we had made one of these stops and while I stretched myself out for a few minutes beside the load, Phil went seeking a babbling brook, claiming his thirst to be worse than that of a man lost in a desert. I had just begun to doze in the shade of a giant pine, under which we had stopped, when I heard someone call, 'Don Don!' Scrambling to my feet I started in the direction I had seen Phil take, with the words 'Coming! Coming!'

"All sorts of ideas entered my head: was he tree'd by a bear? had he lost his bearings, or was a sprained ankle the reason for the call? I was soon to find out. Pushing my way as best I could thru the dense undergrowth, I came upon Phil standing beside the body of a young deer, which evidently had not been long dead. "Well!, I exclaimed, "is this all that you have to give as a reason for disturbing the slumbers of the just?", and I glanced indifferently at the dead body. 'Nothing mysterious about a dead deer', I added, 'Probably some fellows have shot it and have gone for help to get it out'.

"'You're anything but a detective', replied Phil, as he glanced at me with an air of tolerance. "In the first place

you will note that the body is still warm; second, that had there been a shot, we, being in the vicinity, would have heard it, and last but not least this deer has *not* been shot, it has been killed by some wild animal', and Phil made the last remark in a decided tone of voice.

"He was not long in convincing me that he was right, for the throat of the deer bore a wound which told plainly enough how it had met its death.

" 'Seems to me', I said, after a brief silence, 'That some animal has seized it and simply worried it to death, 'And', I added, 'is probably now not far away, in all probability frightened away at our approach'".

" 'Then the best thing we can do is to start moving,' and Phil, suiting the action to the word, moved with some speed to the place where we had left the tent, "and, well"—, and Don paused with a sort of sheepish grin, "I was not far behind when he reached there".

"I'll say you were not", laughingly said Phil who had come up in time to hear the last end of Don's story.

Being the oldest in the party, the story which Don had told caused me more or less thot. Here we were some eight or ten miles from the nearest settlement and in thick woods, without anything in the way of defence; of course there was the axe, but as Phil remarked, 'what use was this against a bear or a wildcat?' Whatever fears I had I kept to myself, for I saw that Maurice, the youngest in the party, was already beginning to cast anxious looks in the direction of the shadowy edges of the woods.

By the time Maurice and Phil had completed the tent-pitching, "Cook House", was sounded by Don. No company answered the call more quickly than we did that night.

"I'll tell you what, fellows", said Maurice, as he dished more beans out of the pan. "Say what you like, but I am beginning to get what I suppose you fellows would call 'cold feet'. Suppose that was a bear or some other sort of animal which killed the deer, don't you think the beggar has lots of relations around here, some of whom like as not will pay us a call?", and Maurice shifted a little nearer the fire, which threw its rays of light into the gathering darkness.

"Pshaw!" said Phil, who never seemed troubled with nerves, "And what if he does?. We'll simply sound the 'fall-in' and—and——and——"

"Yes", chimed in Maurice, "welcome him like the Prodigal Son".

"No! not that", said Phil, "I forgot we had no rifles with us. Well", he added, "we will have to welcome him with the axe. But what's the good of thinking about the bear or elephant or whatever it was? It won't bother us", and Phil reached for another doughnut.

All the time Don had said nothing, altho as I glanced at him I noticed that he was thotful.

In spite of Phil's attempts at gaiety, the gathering darkness seemed to bring feelings of unrest.

"Suppose", I said to Maurice, and I winked at Phil, "Suppose you take the axe and see if you can get us a little more fire-wood as I am afraid we are going to run out soon, unless we wish to turn in early."

"We——ll", said Maurice, "if it's all the same to you fellows, I'll take my turn at the dishes tonight, for to tell the truth I'm not keen on wandering around and taking a chance of meeting Bruin or any of his relations".

"Give me the axe!", was Phil's demand, "and behold me sally forth to manicure old bruin's nails", and he disappeared in the darkness with a laugh.

"Let's have some songs", remarked Don, when Phil had returned safely with a good-sized load of wood, and so for the next hour we entertained the silent forest with a varied line of entertainment; with song, mouth organ selections and experiences.

"Well," said Phil, as he stifled a yawn, "it's now past twelve o'clock and I for one am waiting no longer to welcome our mutual friend the bear," and glancing at Maurice with a roguish look he entered the tent and commenced to make up the beds.

"How will we sleep, Ray?", said Maurice to me, as everything seemed ready for turning in. (It had seemed an unstat-ed agreement throughout the trip, that I be recognized as the leader of the camp—possibly on account of my age).

We had arranged our blankets lengthwise with the tent, and on the left as we entered the tent, I indicatd Phil's bed on the outside, next to him Maurice, then Don, leaving myself to make a bed beside Don.

Being the oldest I had taken the outside bunk on one side, leaving Phil the post of honor, if such it might be called, on the other side.

We passed about an hour discussing various topics, the bear episode seeming to have been forgotten, perhaps on account of the mosquitoes which seemed to be holding some sort of a jubilee at that particular spot. I heard Don muttering to himself in French, for he was somewhat of a French student, and inquiring what he had said, he replied that 'he was only preaching the gospel of peace to the mosquitoes'. Evidently his peace proposals were not accepted for I heard, yes, and I sometimes felt him, as he made savage lunges at his invisible antagonists. War had evidently been declared on Phil's side of the tent, for on several occasion I heard him also making frantic efforts to combat their sharp attacks, while Maurice evidently believed in conducting war in silence or else had dozed amidst the noise of battle around him. On my side of the tent I was having my own troubles, and it must have been somewhere near two in the morning when anything like silence reigned in the tent.

It being a warm night, we had rolled up the tent flaps in order to catch any stray breeze which might be on the go.

I was lying on my back, my left arm stretched out at almost a right angle, my hand being on the outside of the tent. In this position I probably spent half an hour thinking over the events of the trip and especially of the day.

All at once somebody or something, human or otherwise passed on the outside of the tent, almost stepping on my outstretched hand. Recalling it afterwards, it semed that the foot of something, walking close to the tent on the outside, had just missed my hand in making a step. For a whole minute at least I was speechless, I believe that my hand did straighten out some in an upward direction, and I am certain that I cannot allow the heat of the tent to account for the drops of perspiraion which stood out, seemingly all over me.

I did not move for full sixty seconds, while thots came and went in rapid succession. Was it a human being? was it a bear or a wildcat, or what might it be?, or had I just imagined that something had passed, due to my thots being centered more or less on Don's account of the deer incident? That it was no dream I was soon to learn.

"Ray!", and Phil's voice came in a half whisper. "Ray did you hear anything?", and I imagined by the way he held his breath that he like myself thot that he had had a dream.

"Yes", I replied and related to him what had happened. Don and Maurice, easily awakened, listened in silence.

"Well", said Phil, "there certainly was some animal or somebody prowling around very near this side of the tent. I was sleeping, or trying to sleep, with my back to the side of the tent, and I distinctly heard something brush against the canvas".

For another minute we left each other to our own thots. "Well," I said jumping up, "probably someone is outside," and with that I shouted "Hello, out there!" followed by, "Who's there?" Then we all listened—all was silent. Get the gun, fellows, and lets out after the beggar", and Phil, falling in with my idea, cried, "Here it is, let's at him", while Don and Maurice, knowing we had no gun, were making frantic efforts in the dark to find the axe, which of course we had forgotten to leave at hand.

Outside, the fire had almost completely died out, leaving only a few embers; darkness reigned throughout, that sort which one can almost feel. We stood still and listened—nothing disturbed the stillness. It was not hard to imagine all sorts of hidden forms around us.

Bending over the fire, such as was left, Phil was in the act of recalling it to life, when suddenly—out of the darkness without a word of warning, something shot past me as if propelled from the mouth of a cannon. A second later I heard a cry from Phil. Gripping the axe, which I had stumbled over on the way out, I covered the intervening space to the fire as quickly as possible, experiencing for a second time that night the fear of the unknown.

I almost fell over Phil who was just getting to his feet, more angry than frightened.

"Roasted, that's all", was his answer to my anxious inquiry. "Whoever was playing leap-frog with me was a mighty clumsy actor; he just gave me enough of a push to make me think I had entered the hot place head first", and Phil swore softly, as he nursed his burned hands.

Realizing the necessity of light, we soon had a huge bon fire combatting the immediate darkness, while we discussed the visitor who had paid us such a flying visit; and his relation if any to the disturber of our sleep.

There is little more to add. Sleep that night was out of the question altho at times we would doze by the fire, starting suddenly to life at the snapping of the fire, or the scurrying of a rabbit in the nearby undergrowth.

Daylight found a weary quartette, and brot with it the evidence that whatever had visited us during the night the first time, was not human. This visitor had passed close to the tent and must therefore have passed directly beneath the guy ropes. From these deductions we decided that it was most likely a wildcat in both instances. Probably the same hot coals which had caused Phil to swear, had been our guardian angel, causing the wildcat to seek solitude in the neighboring forest. Whatever it was is still a mystery to us and must remain so.

We completed our hike next morning to the main road, being rather glad to leave the dark forest behind us and to come in contact once again with civilization; and especially were we glad to see the train, which came in due time to bear us homeward.

The incident will long remain in our minds and especially so in mine, and even now I feel the foot of some shaggy monster almost treading on my outstretched hand.

## A FRENCHMAN ON MACBETH.

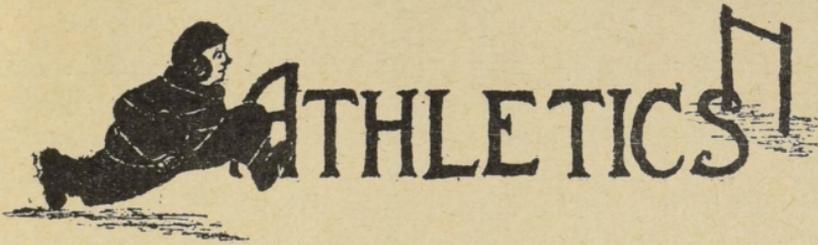
An enthusiastic French student of Shakespeare thus comments on the tragedy of Macbeth:—

“Ah! your Mossieu Shak-es-pier! He is gr-r-aa-nd—mysterieuse-soo-blime! You ’ave reads ze Macabess?—ze scene of ze Mossiou Macabess vis ze Vitch—eh? Superb sooblinité! W’en he say to ze Vitch, ‘Ar-r-roynt ze, Vitch! ‘she go away: but what she say when she go away? She say she will do s’omesing dat aves got no naáme! ‘Ah. ha! She say, ‘I go, like ze ra-at vizout ze tail but I’ll do! I’ll do! I’ll do!’ W’at she do? Ah, ha!—voila le graand mystérieuse Mossieu Shak-es-pier! She not say what she do!”

This was “granted” to be sure; but the prowess of Macbeth in his “bout” with Macduff, awakens all the mercurial Frenchman’s martial ardor:—

“Mossieú Macabess, he see him come, clos’by; he say, ‘Come on Mossieú, Macduffs, and d-d be he who first says Enoffs!’ Zen ey fi-i-ght-moche. Ah, ha!—viola! Mossieú Macabess, vis his bright r-a-pier ‘pink’ him, vat you call, in his body. He ’ave gots mal d’estomac: he say, vis grand simplicité, ‘Enoffs!’ What for he say ‘Enoffs?’ Cause he got enoffs—plenty; and he expire, ri-i-ght away, ‘mediately, pretty quick! Ah, mes amis, Mossieú Shak-es-pier is rising man in La Belle France!”

L. V. T. ’23.



THE Western Section of the Intercollegiate Hockey League ended with the game at Fredericton on February 15th which U. N. B. won by a score of 7-3. As each team won its home game the Section ended in a three cornered tie. There was some misunderstanding of a rule passed at a Conference at St. John last year and as a result U. N. B. played Kings for the Sumner Trophy and Dalhousie for the Maritime Intercollegiate Championship, winning the first and losing the second game. The difficulties arising from this infraction of the rule have not yet been cleared up and as a result nothing has been definitely decided upon with regard to the awarding of the trophies.

The season from the point of view of Acadia has been fairly successful and the team has made a very creditable showing in all the games in which it has participated. The student body feels that the confidence which it had in those which represented it on the ice was fully warranted and congratulates the team on the showing which it made in face of difficulties which were not small.

In Basketball both the men's team and that of the Co-eds have made an even better showing as both were successful in winning their leagues. U. N. B. was defeated by a considerable score in the Memorial Gymnasium here and Mt. Allison forfeited here rights to the title. In the Co-ed's League the Acadia girls won their home game and lost to Dalhousie at Halifax, but as the total scores counted and Acadia had a considerable margin she succeeded in carrying off the title.

## ACADIA—U. N. B.

The last hockey game in the Western Section of the Intercollegiate League was played at Fredericton between University of New Brunswick and Acadia on Thursday, Feb. 15th. The game was very close for the first two periods, neither team showing any great advantage. In the third period, however, U. N. B. came back strong and rushed the Acadians who were unable to keep up the fast pace set by their rivals.

In the first period U. N. B. scored a few minutes after the face-off and again a few minutes later when Fleet made a long shot from right wing. Hirtle, the fast Acadia centre, just after the close of the period, rushed down from center ice for the first score for his team.

In the second period U. N. B. scored first after a pretty bit of combination play by Reid, Fleet and Cain, the latter scoring. Towards the end of the period Morrison rushed up center ice, but was stopped by Jewett. After some clever stick-handling the Acadian succeeded in scoring, thus making the score 3-2 in favor of U. N. B.

Immediately after the opening of the third period Hirtle rushed thru the U. N. B. team and scored for Acadia. The U. N. B. goal tender, from this time on, had many shots to stop but he played a clever game and was largely responsible for his team's win. Shortly after Hirtle's score for Acadia, Reid of U. N. B. scored for his team from a mix-up in front of the nets. Towards the end of the period Lounsbury made a long shot from the wing and scored. A few minutes later Fleet scored on Cain's pass and this was followed closely by a shot from Lounsbury which ended the scoring. The final score was 7-3 in favor of U. N. B.

It was difficult to choose the outstanding players on either team. Hirtle, Clark and Morrison played good games for Acadia while Lounsbury and Fleet were prominent players on the U. N. B. team.

The line-up:—

ACADIA.		U. N. B.
	<i>Goal.</i>	
Wright		Lister
	<i>Defence</i>	
Clark		Jewett
Murray		Lounsbury
	<i>Forwards.</i>	
Morrison		Cain
Hirtle		Fleet
Conrad		Reid

Neil Wilkie, of Halifax, acted as an impartial referee.

### BASKETBALL

ACADIA, 14—DALHOUSIE, 15. ..

Acadia played a return basketball game with Dalhousie at Halifax on March 2nd. In a slow contest the Tigers won a 15—14 victory. Dal made the first scores of the game on penalty throws but Acadia came back strong near the end of the period, having a six point lead on the Dal team. During the period Wigmore, for Acadia, was successful in obtaining several baskets from centre floor. The main features of the first period was the guarding by both teams and the ability of the players in securing long shots. Combination play was not in evidence during the period. Score at the end was 10—6 in favor of Acadia.

In the second period Dal scored nine points, while the Acadians were only successful in obtaining four. At times the Dal forward line showed signs of combination work, which was largely responsible for their winning baskets in the second period. During the final minute of the game Acadia endeavored in vain to score and would have succeeded but for the fine guarding of Coster and McOdrum. The game ended 15—14 in favor of Dalhousie. Mr. Stirling acted as referee. The line-up:—

## ACADIA ATHENÆUM

ACADIA.		DALHOUSIE.
	<i>Forwards.</i>	
Wigmore		Muir
Brown		Wilson
	<i>Centre.</i>	
Chipman		Grant
	<i>Guards.</i>	
McCready		McOdrum
Rhodenizer		Coster

ACADIA, 22; Halifax Y.M.C.A., 12.

The Acadia basketball team met the Halifax Y. M. C. A. team at Wolfville on Feb 22nd in an exhibition game. The game was hard fought thruout but at no time did the playing of the visitors seriously threaten the success of the locals. The Acadians played a good game and were deserving of the victory. The Y. M. C. A. were successful in obtaining the first score of the game, Frew making the shot. A few moments later Chipman scored for Acadia and was later followed by Robinson. The combination of the two teams was good, although the Y. M. C. A. seemed to have a slight advantage. Frew scored a second tally for his team, which he followed up with a third basket. Acadia scored three baskets and one personal in quick succession and the period ended 15—6 in favor of Acadia.

The second period opened with a rush but neither team seemed to have any great advantage. The local were successful in making several more scores, while the guarding of the Acadians prevented the Y.M.C.A. from obtaining many points. The game ended 22—12 in favor of Acadia. The line-up:

Y.M.C.A.		ACADIA.
	<i>Centre.</i>	
Whittock		Chipman
	<i>Forwards.</i>	
Lucas		Robinson
Frew		Wigmore

*Guards.*

Worsley  
Greig

Rhodenizer  
McCready

ACADIA, 17; HALIFAX Y.M.C.A., 16.

On March 1st the Acadia basketball team played a return game with the Halifax Y in Halifax. This was one of the fastest and most hotly contested games seen in the city this season. The guarding by both teams was excellent and for this reason the score was kept down. The Y.M.C.A. began the scoring and netted three baskets before the Acadians scored. However, in the last few moments of the period the visitors came back strong and led their opponents at the end by a score of 9—6.

In the second period the play continued fast but neither team seemed to have any great advantage. About two minutes before the end of the game the Y.M.C.A. led by a score of 16—15. However, Chipman, the Acadia centre, scored a long shot from near the centre of the floor and this score gave Acadia a 17—16 victory. Robinson scored the greatest number of points for the winners, while Frew and Piers each scored 6 points for the Y.M.C.A. The line-up:

HALIFAX Y

ACADIA.

*Forwards.*

Piers  
Frew

Brown  
Robinson

*Centre.*

Whitlock

Chipman

*Guards.*

Greig  
Lawrence

McCready  
Rhodenizer

ACADIA, 21; WANDERERS, 26.

The Wanderers' basketball team of Halifax played a return game with the Acadia team in the Memorial Gymnasium, Wolfville, on Friday evening, March 9th. The game was fast thruout and was characterized by the accuracy of the

shots of the visitors. However, good guarding of the Acadia men kept down the score. The combination work by both teams was good and it was due to the combination plays that many of the scores were made.

In the first period the Wanderers started strong and it was a few moments before the Acadians were successful in netting their first score. From that time on the game was close and both teams worked hard for the victory. Combination work, added to the accuracy of the shooting of Ritchie McCoy, of the Wanderers, was largely responsible for the lead his team had over the locals in the first period. The Acadians, however, showed up well and scored on several long shots.

In the second period the play was faster than in the first period and the Acadians scored several times. Toward the end of the period the score was very close and great excitement prevailed. However, the Wanderers, after some of their smooth combination plays, were successful in obtaining several more baskets and the final score, 26—21, was in their favor. Acadia played a good game and made a very creditable showing against what is considered the best basketball team in the Provinces. The line-up:

ACADIA.	WANDERERS.
	<i>Forwards.</i>
Robinson	McCoy
Wigmore	Wilkes
	<i>Centre.</i>
Clarke	Armitage
	<i>Guards.</i>
Rhodenizer	McLeod
Chipman	Hattie

ACADIA, 35; U. N. B., 21.

The first game of basketball to be played in the Western section of the Intercollegiate League was played at the Memorial Gymnasium, Wolfville, on Thursday evening, March 15th, when Acadia defeated University of New Brunswick in

a fast but somewhat one-sided game. The visitors showed good team work but the guarding of the locals prevented them from scoring. The Acadians also showed good combination, which at times was really excellent, particularly the work of Wigmore, Clark and Robinson, when these players took the ball up the floor thru the U.N.B. team and scored. The guarding by the locals should also be noted. Dummer and Seely were the outstanding players on the U. N. B. team.

In the first period the game was close for the opening minutes of play, but Acadia gradually showed their superiority over the visitors in combination work and accuracy of shooting. Wigmore and Clark scored several baskets for Acadia but toward the end of the period U. N. B. rallied and were successful in making several difficult shots. The period ended 25—14 in favor of Acadia.

In the second period the game was not as interesting as in the first session. The shooting by both teams was not as good as that during the initial stages of the game and the combination work was not so much in evidence. In the first ten minutes of the play Acadia scored several times and were successful in keeping the opponents' score down. Chipman, Acadia, made a long shot from center floor, and netted a basket for his team. Toward the end of the period the game was closer, neither team seeming to have any great advantage and as a result this part of the game passed almost scoreless. The game ended 35—21 in favor of Acadia. T. Hutton, of Moncton, refereed in a very impartial manner. The line-up:

## ACADIA.

## U. N. B.

*Forwards.*

Robinson (7)

L. Gilmore (6)

Wigmore (9)

Seely (7)

*Centre.*

Clark (11)

R. Dummer (8)

*Guards.*

Rhodenizer

E. Kerley

Chipman (4)

G. McPhail

*Spares.*

Brown (4)	W. Jones
McCready	S. Miller
	J. Clayton.

## ACADIA VS. MT. ALLISON (CO.-EDS., 15—17.

On Feb. 17th the Acadia team met the Mt. Allison Co-eds. at Sackville. Owing to the storm the game was not played on the 16th as scheduled and in spite of the tiresome delay the Acadia girls put up a good fight. The game ended with a tie, 15—15, and in overtime play Mt. Allison scored the winning basket. The line-up:

## MT. ALLISON.

## ACADIA.

*Forwards.*

Miss Piggott	Miss McLaughlin (Capt.)
Miss DesBarres	Miss Archibald

*Centre.*

Miss Chowen (Capt.)	Miss Colbath
Miss Westhaver	Miss Prescott

*Guards.*

Miss Smith	Miss Doherty
Miss Thomas	Miss Mitchell

## DALHOUSIE—ACADIA (28—12).

In the fastest game of the season Acadia defeated Dalhousie, 28—12. Dalhousie was handicapped by the loss of their captain, the jumping centre, but put up a good game. The Acadia team-work showed a marked improvement over that of the preceding games and all were star players. The line-up:

## DALHOUSIE.

## ACADIA.

Miss Crichton	Miss McLaughlin
Miss Campbell	Miss Archibald
Miss Grant	Miss Colbath
Miss Hawkins	Miss Lawson
Miss E. Mader	Miss Doherty
Miss Barnstead	Miss McLean

## ACADIA GIRLS, 15—MOUNT ALLISON GIRLS, 20.

The Acadia Co-ed basketball team met their second defeat at the hands of the Mount Allison Girls' team in the Memorial Gymnasium, Wolfville, on March 2nd. Combination work was poor on the part of both teams and the shooting was not as good as might be expected. In the latter respect the Mount Allison forwards excelled. Many fouls were given against Mount Allison but in spite of this the excellent work of the forwards netted them 14 points to the locals' 6.

In the second period the Acadia girls outclassed the visitors in combination work and in shooting. In the final minutes of the game play was very even and there was no scoring by either team. In this period Acadia scored 9 points and Mt. Allison 6. The final score was 20—15 in favor of Mt. Allison. The line-up:

MOUNT ALLISON.	ACADIA.
	<i>Forwards.</i>
Miss Piggott	Miss McLaughlin
Miss Desbarres	Miss Archibald
	<i>Ceentre.</i>
Miss Chowen	Miss Lawson
Miss Westhaver	Miss Colbath
	<i>Guards.</i>
Miss Thomas	McLean
Miss Smith	Miss Doherty

## ACADIA GIRLS, 11; DALHOUSIE GIRLS, 13.

The second game of the Girls' Intercollegiate Basketball League was played in Halifax, Saturday, March 17th, between Acadia and Dalhousie. The game was not as interesting and as fast as might have been desired, but nevertheless the play was good at times. The Acadia girls did not exhibit the skill in shooting and scoring that characterized the game at Wolfville, which Acadia won by the score of 28—10. The score at the end of the first period in the game at Halifax was 10—3 in favor of Dalhousie. In the second period the Acadians came

back strong and outclassed their opponents in every way. The final score was 13—11 in favor of Dalhousie. Since the Intercollegiate Cup is awarded on a basis of total score and not on the basis of games won Acadia Girls now have the trophy, since the total score of the two games played is Acadia 39, Dalhousie 23. The line-up:

## ACADIA GIRLS.

Miss McLaughlin  
Miss Archibald

Miss Colbath  
Miss Lawson

Miss McLean  
Miss Doherty

## DALHOUSIE GIRLS.

*Forwards.*

Miss Campbell  
Miss Crichton

*Centre.*

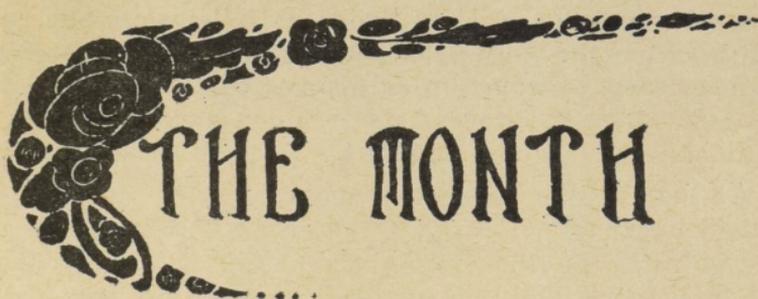
Miss Mader  
Miss Hawkins

*Guards.*

Miss Barnstead  
Miss Proctor

A. B. Dawson acted as an impartial referee.



A decorative floral border with roses and leaves, curving around the title.

# THE MONTH

*“—the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surge upon surge”.*

**D**URING the past month, the surface of our placid little sea of life at Acadia has been roughened by the stir of passing events. As from pebbles dropped into the water, light ripples of pleasure have radiated from our social activities. Larger waves have arisen from intercollegiate contests. A cloud has passed over us, and the waters have been darkened when one of our number has become engulfed and lost to our sight. Thru it all, continues the calm flow of college work, bearing us with it on our way from this haven of Acadia to the Sea of Life without. Already the Seniors are nearing the outer waters, and when the shoals of Senior Essays are safely passed they will be nearing the graduation exercises which mark the boundary between us and the outside world.

Y. M. C. A.

On Feb. 21st Mr. Corey addressed the meeting on the subject of “The Social and Political Situation in India”. His discourse was very enlightening and greatly appreciated by all present.

Mr. Spidell was the leader of the service on Feb. 28th, his talk being enjoyed by everyone.

On March 7th Dr. Patterson delivered a brief, but delightful, address on “What is Religion?” Another enjoyable feature of the evening was a solo by Mr. Mollins.

The meeting of March 14th was addressed by Mr. Hemmeon, who spoke on the essentials of religion and the tests of faith. No one who has heard Mr. Hemmeon can doubt that his address was successful and interesting.

#### S. C. A.

At the regular Sunday evening service of Feb. 19th "Bessie Lockhart Night" was observed. Dora Baker, '24, assisted by Edith Illsley, '25, led the meeting, which proved very interesting and instructive in regard to our mission work.

The service of Feb. 25th was postponed until the following week, when Prof. Rogers addressed us on the present situation in Europe, giving special attention to the distress in Austria among students. The topic was particularly timely in that it preceded the appeal for funds for the "Student Relief", and convinced us of the reality of the present need in Europe.

No service was held on Mar. 11th, owing to the lectures of Dr. Gray, which were taking place at that time.

#### DR. GRAY.

In spite of the glowing reports which preceded Dr. Gray, all failed to do justice to the man himself. We expected much, but for once the old adage was reversed and realization was even greater than anticipation. His first meeting on Friday morning, March 9th, was on the vital question of "What is the Good of Religion?" Convincing us of its basal necessity, he continued his lectures, taking as his subjects "What are the Fundamentals of Religion?" "The Kingdom of God", "The Relations of Men and Women", concluding Sunday evening with the topic "The Secret of Power". Beside this series of addresses, he gave special talks to different groups of the student body, preached in the Baptist Church Sunday morning, and held an "Intercession Service" in the Seminary Chapel Sunday afternoon. His lectures were both practical and appealing, perhaps the greatest element of their charm being the human quality of Dr. Gray himself which was revealed in his every word.

## PROPYLÆUM SOCIETY.

On Monday evening, Feb. 19th, the Freshettes had charge of the regular meeting of the society. The audience, seated on cushions around the fire, was delighted by the entertainment, consisting of the following program:

Clause I: Synopsis—Evangeline McLelland.

Clause II: A pantomime", "Once Upon a Time".

Miss MacLean's reading as an accompaniment of the pantomime was, as usual, a particularly pleasing feature. The Freshettes are to be highly complimented on the quality of the entire program. The critic for the evening was Evelyn Bentley, '25.

The Senior Sophomore debate was the program of the regular meeting on Monday, March 5th. The subject was: "Resolved that the present system of Intercollegiate Athletics as carried out by the North American universities is injurious to the true function of a College". Miss Davison as leader, supported by Misses Miller and Sanford, upheld the Affirmative, while the Negative was supported by Misses Beardsley (leader), MacNeill and MacLeod. The decision was given in favor of the Seniors. A humorous critique by Miss Baker brought the meeting to a close.

## CLASS ACTIVITIES.

## SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN SKATE.

Hearing rumors of upper class skating parties, the Freshies and Sophs bethought themselves of the words of the wise man, "Practice makes perfect", and decided to get in training for the days when they should partake in such events. As a result, Wednesday evening, Feb. 21st, found them all at the rink, where they skated away the evening with the band in attendance. Training in Math. I. enabled them to "visualize" the "eats" so clearly that they were finally drawn away to Willett Hall club room, where they were awaited by a delicious menu, including Tucker as an entree. The chaperons

were Miss Johnson and Prof. Ramsay, who joined with the rest in voting the evening a great success.

#### SENIOR-JUNIOR SKATE.

On Friday, Feb. 23rd, the strains of the band again provided a "stimulus" rinkward, and in this case the "response" came from the Seniors and Juniors. As in the proverbial case of the Pied Piper, there came old skaters, and new skaters, past, present and future skaters. All alike spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening, and after successfully working up their appetites, repaired to Willett Hall, where refreshments were served. Miss White and Miss Johnson, Prof. Rogers and Prof. Rau acted as the chaperons for the party.

#### ENGINEERS' SLEIGH DRIVE.

Who would not have been an "Enginette" when the report went abroad that the Engineers were inviting their fair friends to a sleighing party on Monday, March 12th? Originality marked the party, too, when it was discovered that their goal was Port Williams rather than Kentville, whither all orthodox drives lead. Amply—nay, abundantly!—chaperoned by Misses Grant and Chisholm, Messrs. Rogers and Ramsay, and Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock, the jolly party returned to the home of the latter, where they were entertained as only Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock can entertain. Delicious refreshments and a glowing fire made the time fly. Its flight was further hastened by the "applied science" of story-telling, which brought the evening to a close. All too soon Tully laid claim to her own, and the "fair ones" disappeared, giving numerous and lengthy assurances of the success of the party.

#### SCIENCE CLUB PARTY.

On Tuesday evening, March 13th, the members of the Science Club entertained a number of the Co-eds in Willett Hall club room. The entertainment commenced with games, and a "scientific" boxing bout, passed on to several gay rounds of Tucker, and when an extension of "late leave" had

been procured the last hour or so was spent listening to the "Acadia orchestra" while refreshments were served. Dr. and Mrs. DeWitt chaperoned the party.

### GIRLS' INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

On Friday evening, March 16th, the Acadia Co-eds debated with girls of Dalhousie in the School for the Blind, at Halifax, on the subject: Resolved, that to secure industrial peace in Canada, voluntary methods of conciliation, arbitration and mediation are preferable to any form of compulsory legislation for the settlement of trade disputes. The Dalhousie team consisted of Miss Claire Murray, Miss May Linton (leader) and Miss Olive Atlee, who upheld the affirmative of the question. The Acadia girls, defending the negative, were Miss K. Bowby (leader), Miss Jean Walker and Miss Helen Archibald.

All the speakers showed a perfect familiarity with their subject, and a simple, direct style of speech which made the debate very interesting and kept the listeners in doubt as to its final outcome. The judges, Hon. E. H. Armstrong, Dr. Clarence MacKinnon and Judge Margeson, of Bridgetown, awarded the debate to the Dal. girls.

### INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

The Intercollegiate Debate between Acadia and Dalhousie was held in Wolfville on March 27. The subject under discussion was, "Resolved, that the right of appeal from Canadian Courts to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council should be abolished. Acadia upheld the affirmative and Dalhousie the negative. The speakers for Acadia were V. L. Pearson (leader), F. W. Doyle and H. B. Camp; and for Dalhousie, L. W. Fraser (leader) D. McInnes and W. S. Gilhirst.

The debate was of an exceptionally high order, showing careful thought and preparation on both sides. The subject, although involving legal technicalities, was made very interesting by both teams, and they carried their audience with them through the entire debate.

The judges, who were Prof. W. M. Tweedie, of Mount Allison, Rev. Dr. Philp, of Sackville, and Rev. P. A. Walker, of Amherst, gave the decision to Dalhousie.

After the debate a banquet was given in honor of the debating teams at the Devonshire tea room. The judges and representatives of the faculties of both colleges were also present. Toasts and speeches were made which evidenced the bond of friendly feeling existing between Acadia and Dalhousie.

We congratulate Dal. on their winning of both debates this year.





'83, '98, '00—Dr. W. C. Goucher, Dr. C. W. Rose and Rev. S. S. Poole were in Wolfville Feb. 15 and 16, attending a meeting of the Board of Governors

'86—Rev. A. K. DeBlois, of the First Baptist Church, Boston, is spending three months in Egypt and Palestine and plans to attend the World Baptist Convention at Stockholm.

'89—In the absence of the pastor, Dr. H. T. DeWolfe preached morning and evening in the Baptist Church, Wolfville, on March 4.

'91—Dr. J. H. McDonald has returned from a four weeks' vacation in New York.

'91—Rev. H. Y. Corey, returned missionary from India, supplied the Wolfville Baptist Church on March 18.

'95—Rev. Ralph E. Gullison and Miss Ida Newcombe were married at Ramapatnam on January 10.

'03—Dr. Leslie Eaton has been appointed to the school board in Wolfville.

'00—Rev. J. A. Huntley was installed as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Moncton, on Feb. 4.

'13—John A. McDonald, M. P. P., of Kings, has been appointed member of the Executive Council of Nova Scotia.

'15—Mrs. Mary K. Ingraham has published a short review of the Kaiser's Memoirs in Harper's.

'19—Prof. Norman McL. Rogers lectured in Bridgewater on “Conditions of Canadian Nationalism”.

'20—Miss Jean Bishop is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Hutchins.

'20—Donald D. Foster has won the Loomis Fellowship at Yale.

Ex '24—The marriage took place at Wolfville, Feb. 14, of Jennie Tamplin and Robert Stirling.

Dr. F. W. Patterson supplied the pulpit in Wolfville, Feb. 25, in Truro on March 4, and in Halifax, March 17.

'02—In the absence this semester of the dean of the college, E. Gordon Bill is acting dean at Dartmouth.

A. L. S., '19—Miss Marie Wilson is at her home in Wolfville, at present, and has completed a contract for a musical tour through the United States.





“Think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well”.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

This should be the attitude and aim of every one who wishes to write successfully, and no one should write who does not wish to write successfully.

Of course, you say, every one cannot obtain success. This is true, but every one can at least have success as his or her goal. The higher the aim the better will be the finished result. And so if your aim is the highest possible your result naturally will be the measure of your ability.

We know that the majority of our contributors for college magazines have this as their end, and it is with a friendly feeling that we offer our poor criticism. “To judge of poets is only the faculty of poets, and not of all poets, but the best”. So we do not attempt to say that our criticism is always for the best. Most people say that critics are a species of tinkers who make more faults than they mend ordinarily. And we heartily agree with them, but still we have confidence enough in ourselves to believe that once in a while we appreciate that which is worth appreciating and regard with less favor that which seems to us to be below what might be expected.

Our college exchanges afford us great pleasure, for without them we would be entirely ignorant of the activities of the many universities with which we have no personal acquaintance. This is one great service which the college paper faithfully fulfills. We notice that more and more of our college magazines are changing their form of publication

from a magazine to a newspaper. We are sorry to see this change, for, although the paper is full of interest and very attractive, it contains much less material of a literary character than the book form. To us it seems that such a magazine neglects its most important function, that of inspiring the students to literary attainments.

“THE ARGOSY WEEKLY”.

The new form of publication of the “Argosy” is very successful as a weekly issue. It contains the latest reports of the Literary and Debating societies, and newsy accounts of the various activities of college life. The March issue contains an excellent editorial on “The Small College”, the sentiments of which we heartily endorse. By successfully combining the literary and non-literary material an interesting and up-to-date paper is the result.

“THE UBYSSEY”.

We enjoy this weekly very much. It is exceedingly “newsy”. The events of interest to the university are very well written. The week’s events, and also sports, are given a prominent place. The correspondence column is very interesting at times, as it seems often to throw a clear light on some very interesting university events. We notice that your editor states that you are trying to make your paper conform as far as possible to the preference of its readers. In this we think you are very successful. The snapshots in the March 8th issue add much to the general appearance of the paper. We would suggest that with your “newsy” paper an interesting story or two would not be amiss.

“THE BRUNSWICKAN”.

The Jan.-Feb. number has a good showing of articles, but your short stories do not come up to the usual high standard. Much space is given to write-ups of college activities and athletics. The poem “Lately at Evening” must be especially mentioned.

## “ THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW ”.

This review is a new one on our exchange list and is an interesting magazine of high standard. The humorous articles are particularly good, while several illustrations add much to its attractiveness as a whole.

## “DALHOUSIE GAZETTE”.

The “Dalhousie Gazette” well fulfills its purpose of keeping the students informed of current events concerning the college. Although the literary ability of the college is not evidenced, editorials concerning live questions of the moment, reports of debating and social events, a page of sport, and one of humor all go towards making this a successful paper.

## “WESTERN U. GAZETTE”.

The “Western U. Gazette”, edited in the popular newspaper form, has some excellent editorials. Most of our exchanges which come to us in this form deal with current events, but we are glad to see that your paper contains much that is literary also.

## “McGILL DAILY”.

The March numbers of your paper which have come to our notice are much appreciated. Everything which takes place at “Old McGill” is of great interest to us. Your editorial entitled, “Why Study”? seems to express a feeling that is universal. We would like to quote some of it:

“The best students often when they leave college state that the college activities were the bigger part of their college education.” . . . . . Quoting further: “Such statements become ridiculous in the face of facts. When educators from the farthest reaches of the country produce statistics of a striking similarity to the effect that it is the student who studies in college who succeeds in after life, the man who stands high in his class who attains a position

of prominence in the world of affairs, one can realize and then only that it is how will we apply ourselves to the main objective that determines the degree of our success".

#### "THE GATEWAY".

Your paper comes to us full of interesting articles on science and the topics of the day. We appreciate the news of your college functions, for it enables us to get in touch with your university life and compare it with our own. Your paper is well balanced. The "casserole" page deserves special mention for the jokes and witty sayings are exceptionally good.

#### "THE WILLOW PATH".

This "Literary Magazine of Colgate University" makes its first appearance on our exchange shelf this month. We would believe that your President had something to do with "The Willow Path" finding its way to Acadia.

This magazine is distinctly literary, it contains stories, poems, a two-act play, and considerable space is given to reviews of the latest books. Everything is well done and speaks for the high standard that must be held in order to reach such success. It gives your students a great opportunity for developing their literary ability. We expect that many of them will be heard from in later life.

#### "KING'S COLLEGE RECORD".

We notice in your magazine as in one of ours an article on "Rhodes Scholarships, are They Worth While?" Also a splendid review on H. G. Wells' "Outline of History". Your report of the Students' Conference at Toronto is very well written and includes everything which took place; the interesting details are not overlooked, as often happens in a lengthy report.

#### "MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG".

This magazine is full of interesting reading. The science articles, the sports news, and the university happenings, are

all capably handled. The snapshots are very good and add much both in appearance and interest to the articles in your "Log".

"THE SHEAF."

This paper from the University of Saskatchewan brings to us the college news of the prairies. The piece entitled, "The Four Sheiks" is unusual and very cleverly done. The poem beginning—

"One day, grown weary of the sad pretense

Of dining in the ladies' residence" . . . . .etc.

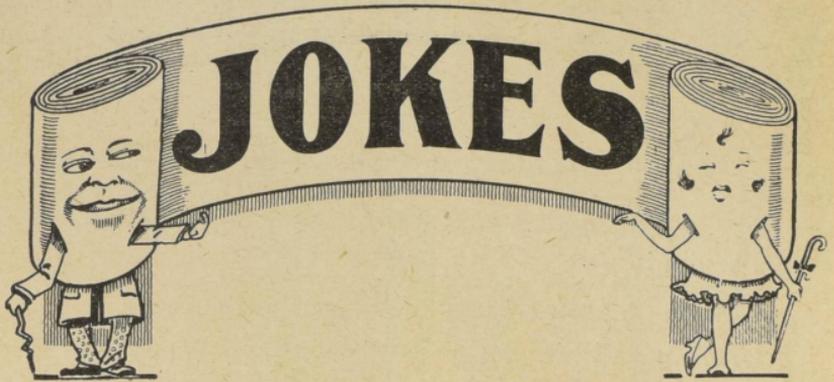
expresses a sentiment that *some* Acadia students might reciprocate.

"UNIVERSITY LIFE."

This student publication from Michita, Kansas, gives us an insight into the college life of the middle west of our neighboring country. The contributions to this paper are short and concerned mostly with college life. No space is given for literary composition.

"THE INTEGRAL."

This engineering monthly is one of our most appreciated exchanges. It is full of engineering topics, but not so much so that there is not space for other interesting subjects. The news of the various societies belonging to the University, the sports, the Alumni items, the calendar, poetry, and humor all are represented in the best manner.



Art '24—"I wish I were a star."

Flewie '24—"I wish you were a comet, and then you would come around once every fifteen years."

Sem—"Isn't Mr. Parson's voice heavenly?"

Friday—"Well, we must admit it is unearthly."

Overheard at Cad reception—Sem—"The man I marry must be bold, yet not audacious, handsome as Apollo, yet as industrious as Vulcan, wise as Solomon yet as meek as Moses—a man admired of all women yet devoted to the one woman."

Hanny Kitchen '26—"How lucky we met!"

Norm—"Eric, lets have a piece of pie."

Eric—"Is it compulsory?"

Norm—"No, its raspberry."

M-rs-ll—"I dreamed last night that I proposed to you. I wonder what that is a sign of?"

Edith '23—"It's likely a sign that you have more sense when you're asleep than when awake."

History Prof.—"Mr. Spidell, in your opinion was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots justifiable?"

Spidell '24—"Well—that's a question".

Prof.—"I intended it for one."

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Morrison—"What are you going to do when you graduate, Bill?"

Bill, Eng. '23—"I'm going to be a concrete engineer."

Morrison—"Well you have a good head for it."

---

Prof. R-ms-y—(at Rink)—"May I have a band with you tonight?"

Nurse—(card filled except No. 4)—"Yes, you may have four."

Prof. (very seriously)—"Wouldn't four be rather overdoing it?"

---

Saturday '26—"My those chocolates in Artie's window look good".

Oskar '23—"Yes, let's walk closer so you can see them better."

---

Overheard at Cad reception—Thorne '25—"My, there are so many at the Reception that Miss Chipman and I couldn't get room to squeeze in."

---

Muriel Stevens '25—(Complaining that her caller stays too long).

Viv '23—"The longer they are the better I like them."

---

(The lights at the lower end of the Dining Room not yet turned on).

Mrs. Weeks—"Mr. Collins, let the lower lights be burning."

---

B. Smith '25—"I tore my handkerchief yesterday."

Brownell (sympathetically)—"That must have been a terrible blow."

---

Judique—"Those windows are rather dirty, Oskar."

Oskar—"Well which ones shall I break?"

---

J. G. McLeod '24—"What has happened to your watch, Smithy—the one you used to have had a lovely gold case."

Smithy '24—"I know it did but as you have often heard—circumstances alter cases."

---

Baxter—"Look boys, here's a piece of rubber in my sausage."

Geo. Reid—Eng. '23—"That only goes to show that the motor car is replacing the horse everywhere."

---

Elsbeth '23—"If a party of boys is called a "Stag Party" what would a party of girls be called?"

Norm '23—"Stagnation I guess."

---

Favorite sayings—

Oskar—"Early to bed and early to rise,  
And you'll meet none of the regular guys."

---

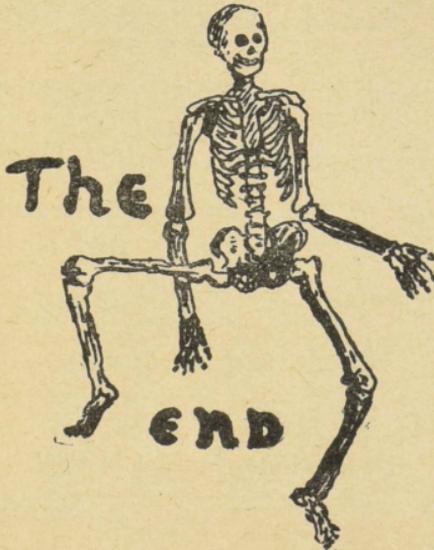
Troop—"Look wise and fool 'em."

---

Annie '26—"Would you like to take a nice long walk?"

Sleep '24—"Why I'd love to."

Annie—"Well don't let me detain you."

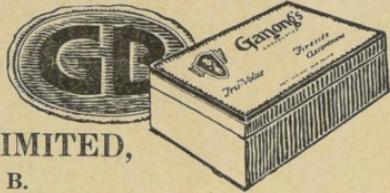


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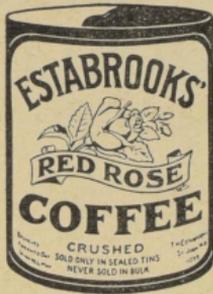
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