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April, 1915.

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The Acadia Athenaeum.

IS PUBLISHED DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR BY THE
UNDERGRADUATES OF ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

The aim of the ATHENÆUM is to stimulate the best literary work of Acadia undergraduates, to serve as a means of communication between alumni and students and to serve as a record of the life of the college.

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WOLFFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1915

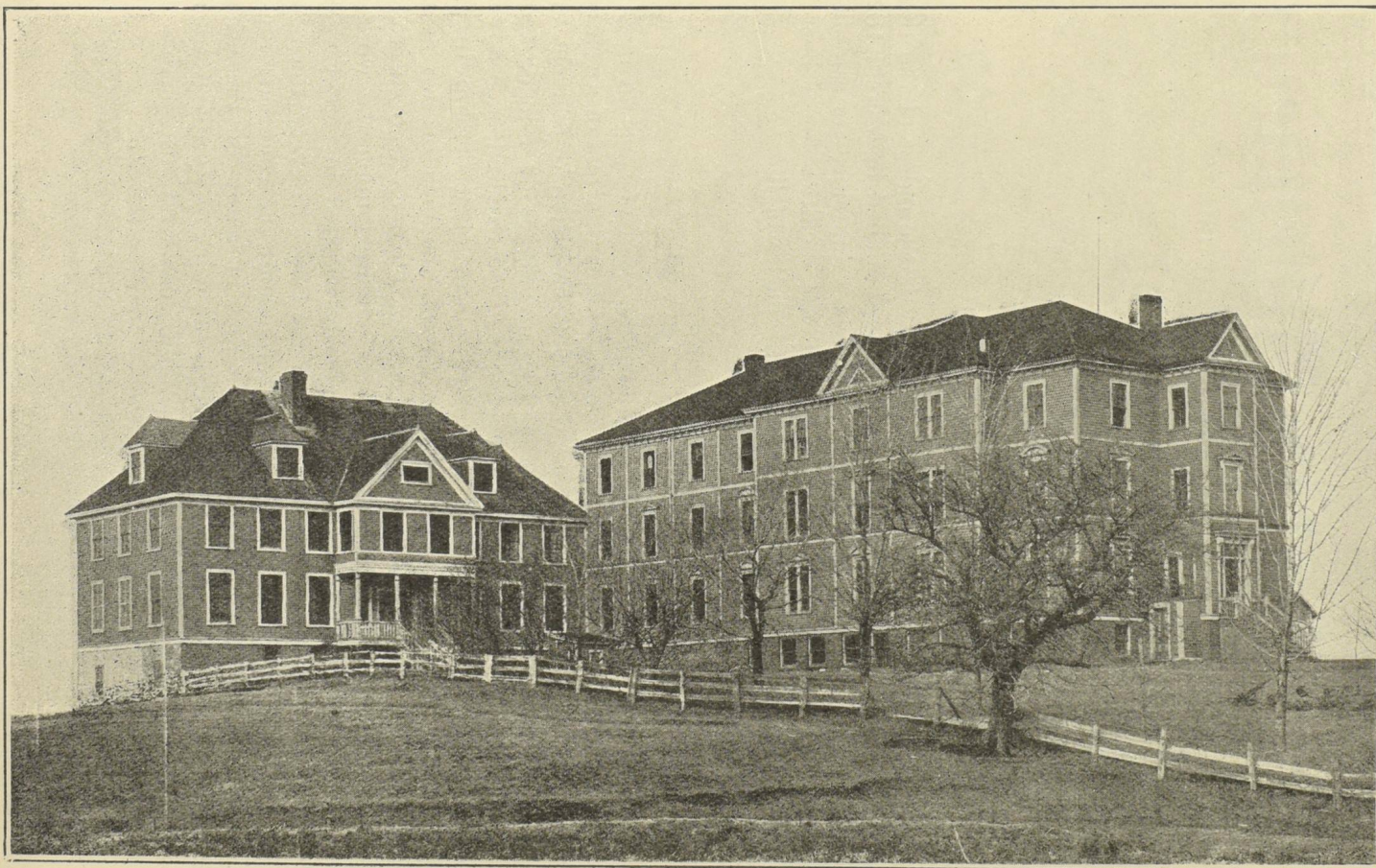
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The Academy.

Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy is the oldest of the three Acadia institutions in Wolfville, having been founded in March, 1829, as Horton Academy. During the eighty-six years since its establishment the Academy has provided educational facilities for a host of young men, preparing them for the larger duties of life.

IS IT NEEDED?

There can be no question concerning the need of such an institution at the time of its founding, more than three-quarters of a century ago. At that time there were no public schools, and scarcely any institutions in the country offering the advantages of a higher education. Young ministers and other young men required such advantages to fit them for their respective places of leadership in the various professions. Chiefly for this reason, the men of two generations ago wisely laid the foundations, and the men who succeeded them have, with their greater resources, enlarged upon the work of the founders. But conditions have greatly changed in recent years. Our land is now boasting of a free public school in every town and village, and high schools are located throughout the country. Pupils may prepare for University matriculation in many of these high schools. Why, then, is it important that the work of Acadia Academy should be continued? There are many considerations making its continuance imperative, of which several may be noted:



ACADEMY RESIDENCE AND E. W. YOUNG DINING HALL (Burned).

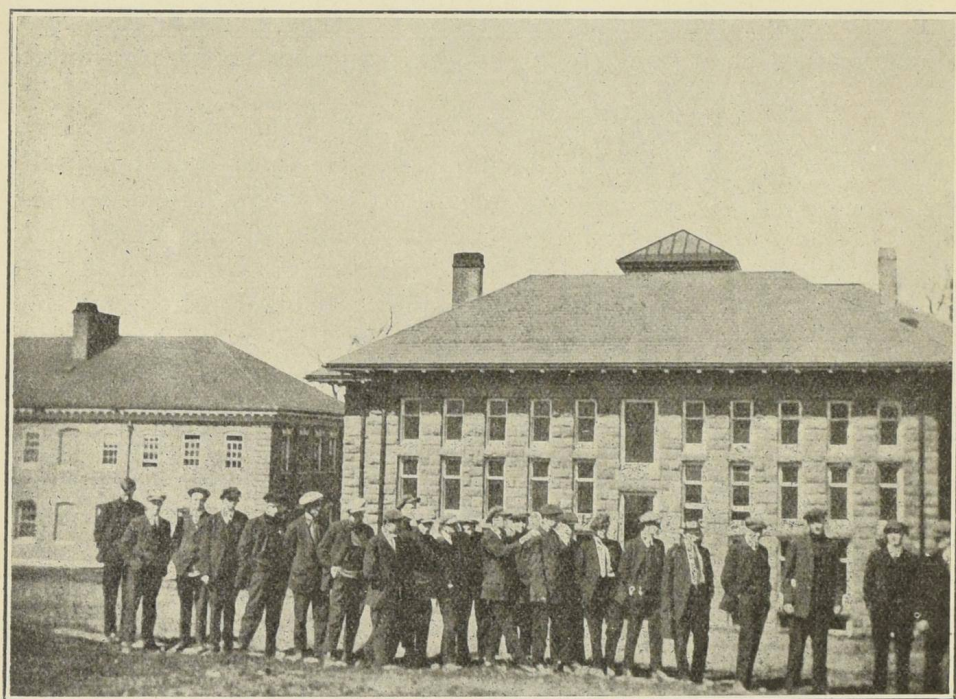
Many young men start late in life to receive an education. A young man of eighteen to twenty-five years of age does not care to sit in the public schools in the same class with boys of ten to fourteen years. Such a young man will find classes suited to his needs at Acadia Academy, and will discover that there are many others of similar age with the same aspirations and the same disabilities as he possesses. For such a young man the residential school is invaluable. It is true also that many of the brightest students come from rural communities remote from high schools. Of necessity they must live away from home in order to receive a high school training. At Acadia they are placed under the oversight of a staff of teachers who are experienced in dealing with boys. From the two classes of students above mentioned, a large percentage have entered the Christian ministry and other professions, after pursuing their studies in the University classes.

As wealth and an appreciation of the value of an education increase among the people of the Maritime Provinces, there will continue to be an increasing demand for the training of the Residential Boys' School. In Acadia Academy provision is made for such training, rather than compel parents to send their boys to similar schools in other countries.

The life of a good residential school is of great value to a boy in the proper development of his character. He must adjust himself to others, and must have proper regard to the rights of his fellow-students. He is influenced by the public opinion of the school and helps to create a school conscience by which many of his acts are determined. The respect for properly constituted authority, and the necessity for observing rules and regulations, both of which belong to school life, are invaluable in the training of a boy. Many boys learn to be punctual and develop methodical habits in a year or two of well directed school life. It has been said that "the high character of Englishmen in public life is largely due to the high character of the English residential schools." Statistics show that the number of parents patronizing the residential schools for boys on this side of the Atlantic has increased one hundred per cent within a few years. A boy who is sent to such a school is in a measure thrown upon his own resources, and thus develops certain qualities of character better than if he had remained under home environment.



ACADEMY ON FIRE



Academy "Bread Line" Between Willett Hall and Tully Tavern.

PRESENT PLANS.

Since the disastrous fire of February 3rd, when the Academy residence was destroyed, many have been interested in the future of the Academy. The Board of Governors has given the matter careful consideration, and has decided to rebuild the Academy, by erecting a modern stone residence, practically fire-proof — the new building to be ready for occupancy at the beginning of the next school year, September, 1915. The old location north of Main street has been abandoned, as the site is needed for enlargement of the athletic field. A new block of land bounded by University avenue, Park street and Westwood Avenue, about 480 feet long and 350 feet wide, has been set aside by the Governors for Academy purposes. The new stone residence will have three stories and a basement, and will front on University Avenue, about fifty or sixty feet north of the old Chipman Hall location. This building will contain a dining-room and kitchen equipment, hospital, club-room, and rooms for about sixty resident pupils. The dining-room will accommodate about one hundred boarders. Provision is made in the architect's plans for future enlargement as the necessity arises by the increase in the number of students. For the present, the Bishop House, known as "Butt Inn," will be used for the accommodation of twenty students, who will use the dining-room in the new residence. Mr. A. R. Cobb, who was the architect of the Emmerson Memorial Library, is preparing the plans for the new Academy residence.

THE FUTURE.

In the near future the Academy should have a modern class-room building on the new grounds. The stringent financial conditions due to the war make it impossible to erect this much needed building at the present time. A splendid opportunity is here presented for the investment of money which will show large returns in educated manhood in the days to come. Every effort to strengthen the efficiency of this department of Acadia, means added efficiency to all departments. Numerous friends of the Institution in many parts of the world will be glad to know that there is a bright future for the Academy notwithstanding her recent misfortune.

W. L. ARCHIBALD,
Principal.

The Wanderer.

The setting sun was changing all the Occident into a bright, luminous and golden mass beautiful to behold. The tender ground-creeper was closing its leaves, the lotus its petals, as evening was ushering in the night.

The place was in the southern part of India. All around grassy knolls, stretching far and wide, broke the evenness of the surface, while in the distance rose a lofty range of mountains, known as the Eastern Ghants. A railroad ran to the west of the mountains and many were the villages to be seen on the practically level plain. Countless cultivated fields gave evidence of the energy of the people. The quaint shanty-like watch-towers, added an excellent touch of beauty to the great brown, waving fields of ready-to-cut rice.

If one had at this particular time been standing or sitting on the "Great Rock" of Samya, as it was called, unto which sloped the higher masses, one might have seen wagons and men laden with burdens going as fast as possible to reach the nearest village before dark. But there was one person on that highway whom the comprehensive eye could not have failed to overlook. He was a young man, to all appearances, he carried no burden, he did not seem to notice the approach of sundown and so he was not walking very fast. He was bearing a burden in his heart which he could not well shake off.

On a closer examination, one might have seen that he was a Brahmin and so was equally well dressed to fit his rank of society. He wore no more than the ordinary Brahmin, but he was dressed with more taste. His shoes and his feet were very dusty, an ample evidence that he had walked a long way. He looked tired and weary, but nevertheless his sturdy and manlike form portrayed very little elements of weakness.

He was wandering along thus when he heard the barking of the dogs from the next village, and putting a hopeful expression on his face he hastened his steps forward. Thither he arrived in good time. As usual, at sundown, when the workers come in there was quite a crowd at the head of the village, some chatting and gossiping, some playing games, while to add a touch of life to the meeting

together, there were a couple of fights going on. Some one had borrowed some oil and had not returned it and for this the peace was broken up.

Soon the crowd dispersed to their various homes to get their evening meals. No one said a word to the young man nor offered to help him at all. He felt still worse but still kept wandering along from house to house in the hope of having someone aid him. As he approached the outskirts of the village at the other end, he espied an old couple resting peacefully outside. He was struck as if by a lightning shock when he saw their faces. No wonder, for he thought he saw in them those faces of his father and mother for whom he was looking. The old couple looked up and were also astonished to see the face of one who looked like their long-lost son. The old man beckoned to the young man to approach and seat himself near. There is never any mistake in distinguishing a Brahmin from a person of any other caste. The old man asked some questions, but on receiving no very satisfactory answers, he concluded that this young man could not be his boy. However, he offered him something to eat and night's lodging. The youth accepted both invitations very heartily and soon had finished his meal. It was now dark and they turned in for the night. The old man began singing songs of his own composition, which were composed about this son. The young fellow took it all in but decided not to bother asking any questions until the "Feast of Feeding the Dead." Then it was that he hoped to find out more. The next day he hired himself out to work for the old gentleman.

At last the long-looked-for day came. Concealing himself where he could hear but not be seen, he waited until the old couple came out to pay their regards to the dead. Their story convinced him of something, and we shall see what that was.

Walking around the house unconcernedly, he came up to them and poured forth a voluminous story of how when a boy of ten years he had been sold by his father, because of the dreadful famine. From then he had roamed most everywhere when he had the money. The broad sheets of water of the Ganges; the Himalayas, the wonderful roof of the world; Bombay, the opening of mails to India; Delhi, Calcutta, Allahabad and Colombo had not escaped him in his travels in search of his father and mother. "And now," said he, "I have

come to reclaim you." "So let it be," they said, and the three were reunited never to be taken from each other until death should separate them.

A. Y. COREY, A.C.A., '15.

TO THE MAYFLOWER.

Fair flower of truth, so humbly grown
When skies are gray, or rough winds blow,
In cloak of green, with virgin gown,
You shame the snow.

You cheer before the birds can sing
In garden drear and dark hedgerow,
A herald true of coming spring —
Brave flower of snow.

How sweet the fragrance that you shed
As to the breeze you meekly bow,
Unstained and pure your petals spread
To catch the glow.

Close to the earth you nestle sweet,
But through the air your greetings throw.
In lonely service at our feet
Your beauties show.

Sweet flower of hope, so humbly grown,
You hear no crown of brazen glow;
But, richer far, contentment's crown
Adorns your brow.

O! would that men were true as thee,
With heart as pure, tho' stationed low,
O! would that men from pride were free —
Meek flower of snow.

HERBERT J. BLOSSE, A.C.A., '15.

Belleisle Bay.

My aim, in writing this essay, is not to elaborate the beauties of my native land, but rather to awaken within my readers a greater appreciation of the land wherein they live. Nature has so abundantly blessed "The Maritime Provinces" that one finds difficulty in determining where to begin and where to cease singing their praises. Their attractions are many and varied. They possess countless lakes, rivers and water-falls. They abound with attractive hunting grounds. They are rich in natural phenomena and have many points of literary, as well as of historic, interest. I might tell of "The Garden of the Gulf;" I might write about "The Sportsman's Paradise" (the basin of the Miramichi); I might dwell on "The Land of Evangeline." These places, however, have been pictured by pens far mightier than mine, so that, leaving them, I shall endeavor to draw a picture of an unfrequented spot of beauty.

To the northeast of St. John, and about thirty miles from that city lies a tributary of the St. John river known as the Bay of Belleisle. This sheet of water is one of the most picturesque in America and being devoid of all semblance of strong tides or currents it affords opportunities for boating and bathing equal to, if not better than, any other in eastern Canada. Let us imagine ourselves enjoying a canoeing excursion on the St. John.

Throughout a bright June day we have been paddling amid scenes of grandeur, which lend to this river the suggestive name "The Rhine of America," and now as evening approaches, we find ourselves entering a land-locked bay, which is about twelve miles in length and one in breadth. The weather conditions are ideal, the sky is clear, the sun pours down his slackening rays upon us and not a ripple disturbs the surface of the water as stroke after stroke urges our frail bark onward. Scarcely have we emerged from the narrow channel, which forms the entrance to the bay, when we are attracted by an abrupt break in the hills on our right. Upon examination

we discover a narrow creek winding its way far back among the tree-clad hills. This is a place rich with historic story, for it was its exquisite beauty that led the sturdy Empire Loyalists, about 1785, to found here the village of Kingston. Our purpose, however, is not to write history and so we pass on. Suddenly, in front, a little to our left, appears a small but rocky island. Its rugged outline seems suggestive of the dark past. Here and there its stony sides are dotted with dark evergreens, mingled with the brighter tints of mountain ash and maple. Its summit is crowned with grim survivors of the primeval forest, which, towering above us, lend a sort of solemnity to the scene. On the whole, this island presents the same appearance today as it did centuries ago, when gay Frenchmen were led by its grandeur to give to bay and island the names which they still bear.

Now the bay appears to open before us; on either side wide sandy beaches skirt the waters' edge; on all sides the hills rise sharply from the beach and innumerable points jutting out into the water form as many pretty coves and recesses. Here and there we see the white canvas tents of the few American and other tourists, who have accidentally learned of this enticing camping ground. Here and there, clustering among the trees on the hillsides, farm houses are visible. In the clearings, which are everywhere present, herds of cattle and flocks of sheep may be seen peacefully grazing in the evening sunshine.

Onward we glide as fast as our tiring strokes will carry us, until, as we approach the head of the bay, the hills recede on our right permitting the land to slope gently for some distance from the shore. Here the forest has yielded to the axe of the settler, and green fields, dotted with the homes of peasants, stretch as far as the eye can reach. These, bathed in the light of the sinking sun, present a picture of rustic peace, happiness and prosperity, unsurpassed in song or story.

At last, as the evening twilight shades into the softer light of the summer moon, we enter the dredged track leading to Hatfield Point. This village is at the head of navigation on Belleisle Bay. The channel is about three-quarters of a mile in length and its course is pointed out to us by two light-houses, one of which stands guard at either end. All is still, the rays of light descending from the light-house towers are reflected back by our rising and descending

paddles. Far astern the clear waters of the bay lie sparkling like diamonds in the silver flood of moonlight. Now and then the tinkle of cow bells can be heard as the simple Acadian lads drive home their father's herds.

Here the bay rapidly closes in; soon it is but a narrow creek that runs for many miles up a deep and narrow valley. Faintly, but distinctly, echoing down this valley, we hear the sound of the far off church bell calling the devout to evening prayers. A hush falls over all. The scene is so impressive that not a word is spoken until we are aroused by the grinding of our canoe on the sandy beach. Unconsciously we have drifted and now a voice breaks forth—

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

The voice goes on until that touching piece is ended and then as the last sweet sound dies away, we separate—you to go back to the duties that are before you, I to my unfinished tasks. Let us hope that the scenes through which we have just passed may inspire us to greater efforts and that our labors may be lightened by a fuller realization of the goodness of God.

C. K. GANONG, A.C.A., '16.



The Sermon.

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By lands unseen, are showers of violets found
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."— *Gray*.

The picturesque village of Whitedale, in the north of England, is almost surrounded by a range of high hills, which, covered with gorse and heather, are profuse in color. The hamlet itself, with its low-roofed, whitewashed dwellings; its diamond-paned, lattice windows; its narrow, cobble-paved streets; its old-fashioned inn; its public pump; its ancient stocks and old-world air, is suggestive of the England of the middle ages. But for one sign of activity, with its close relationship to modern life, one might easily imagine that two centuries ago, Whitedale fell into a peaceful slumber from which sleep of contentment it was loth to awake.

Its only sign of activity is also its only blemish, and it is a disfigurement which the inhabitants have bitterly resented ever since its introduction into their midst. During the lifetime of the old Squire the place had been secluded, and the simple-hearted rustics had daily "pursued the noiseless tenour of their way" in perfect happiness. Two years ago, however, he had been killed whilst hunting and his only son, Percy, now reigned in his stead.

The new Squire had come to Whitedale from Oxford, where he had come in touch with modern ideas and methods, and he immediately began to remodel his estate upon scientific lines. This produced an immense sensation in the place, and he and the changes he instituted became the talk of the village. The great theme of conversation at the *Malt Shorel*, the local hostelry, was Master Percy. Mine host had given it as his solemn opinion that these things portended the end of the world, and over their long clay pipes his guests had sagely nodded their acquiescence. Old John, the cobbler, had protested violently to his set of cronies against the innovations being introduced by Master Percy. "Jest ye mark my words," he had said, "Whitedale is agoin' to the bad, an' noa gooid can ivver coom oot o' all this."

According to their conception the greatest folly of the young Squire could be seen incorporated in a group of buildings situated just outside the village. Throughout the day could be heard the rattle of machinery, and the calls of busy men at work there. Towards this place the young Squire often rode on Black Bess, the best mare in the county, and the lads would touch their caps to him, while the lassies would curtsy their respects. His cheery greeting was ready for all, and he had always time to listen to their troubles and the desire to ease their burdens. They could not understand, and thus they hated his modern views, but they could not help loving and respecting him. Maggie Brown, who kept the post office, was never tired of singing his praises, for she had been nurse at the Hall when he was a "bonnie wee bairn." Of course she never approved of his opening the coal pit, any more than did her neighbors, and she felt her beloved Whitedale was disgraced when the mine was started.

But this sensation, like all others, lost its newness and novelty, and gradually they came to look upon the coal pit as a necessary evil. They were able to get their coal cheaper, and the Squire paid better wages for mining than he did for plowing. Work was also more regular than when they were "rained off" in their farming days, and these were convincing arguments to the poor.

Such then were the conditions at Whitedale when our story opens.

The particular day of which we write was a lovely Sabbath day in May. The sun was shining with all its glory, and the gentle breeze was laden with the perfume of the honeysuckle and the brier. To one who knew Whitedale it was evident that some event of unusual importance was taking place, and little groups of men and women were standing about, eagerly discussing the situation. The previous day something had gone wrong in the mine, and most of the men were laid off until the trouble could be removed. Master Percy and a gang of men were down there now examining the ventilation, and endeavoring to rectify the trouble.

It happened, however, that there was another cause for the unusual excitement provided this Sabbath day. They were deeply interested concerning the advent of the new parson into their midst. "Old Parson Black" had been with them for nigh half a century, but, owing to the infirmities of old age, had resigned some few weeks

ago. The Squire was the donor of the living and it was rumored that he had presented it to one of his college chums. Again the village worthies were indignant. They had become so accustomed to the sight of their aged vicar's white head, and the hypnotic monotone of his voice, that the coming of a younger man seemed almost sacrilege. "We doan't want ony o' them new-fangled idees praiched i' Whitedale," said John, "that college larning is jes' what's a'spoilin' them young chaps; wot wi' theer long words we canna understan'; theer Greek an' Flosipy, an' goodness knows wot. I doan't see no sense on't."

In those words he had expressed the general opinion of the village. They had often grumbled at Parson Black's sermons, but this they forgot as they unanimously condemned beforehand the preaching of his successor.

Towards the little ivy-clad church in the hollow they were now wending their way in response to the cheery invitation emanating from its steeple. Soon the sacred edifice was filled, the bells ceased tolling, and the ringers took their places with a dignity befitting their important office. In a few minutes the door of the minister's vestry quietly opened, and their new vicar was standing before them.

As he took his place at the lectern he felt keenly conscious that he was the cynosure of all eyes, and as his gaze swept over his flock he thought that some of those eyes held an unfriendly look. In appearance he justified their expectations concerning his youthfulness, but as the sturdy miners and farmers looked, they confessed in their hearts that he looked every inch a man.

Ronald Drayton was indeed a man in the highest sense of the word. Of strong physique, his muscular arm had more than once helped his *alma mater* to victory on Regatta Day. His mind was as healthy as his body, and his high ideals and clean living had made him the greatest force in the University. His sense of duty was of the highest, and in response to its call he was in the parish church of Whitedale that day. Temptations had come with the offer of a larger field and more aristocratic parish, but he resolutely put them behind for the sake of those simple-hearted rustics now before him. He knew that he had difficulties before him and prejudices to overcome, but he steadfastly set himself to the task.

As the service proceeded the look of scorn gradually left the face of old John and a kindlier light came into many eyes as they felt

the strength of that winsome personality. The preacher passed from the lectern into the pulpit, and with a clear, steady voice he announced his text. His lips parted to utter the opening sentence of the message he had prayerfully sought and carefully prepared.

It was at that moment the awful unexpected happened!

A terrific roar that thundered its echoes from peak to peak awoke the stillness of the hour. The little church shook to its foundations; the windows rattled; the children screamed; the congregation started to its feet with blanched cheeks and trembling lips. One thought, and one only, was in their minds at that awful moment — the pit!

With a cry of agony the whole assembly rushed for the door and the cry of "The Pit! The Pit!" broke from every lip. Down the avenue of elms they surged. Sobbing, heart-chilled wives rushed on through their blinding tears; lassies whose tearless eyes told the story of anguish; fathers and mothers whose boys were the great solace of their old age, all hurried on hoping in some way to save those near and dear. "What has happened? Where are the men?" they cried. The cloud of smoke pouring from the shaft was their only reply. Around that fearful column of blinding smoke gathered the grief-stricken people in fear. Down there were husbands, sweet-hearts, sons, — and God alone knew what had happened to them!

"Where are the men?"

Again the question was asked, but this time with a voice of authority and strength, and a tall, athletic-looking man pushed his way through the crowd. The whisper went round, "the new parson," and somehow his presence gave them courage. Again he asked the question and a sobbing voice answered, "Doon i' the pit, parson, doon i' the pit!"

"Can nothing be done to save them?"

"Nothin', parson, we canna goa doon i' that stuff."

Drayton turned his eyes again to the shaft and breathed a simple prayer for guidance. A gleam of hope came into his heart as he fancied the smoke looked thinner. His sense of duty asserted itself; his decision was made.

"Who will volunteer to go down with me?" he cried.

Stimulated by his courage a dozen men sprang to his side, whilst a cheer broke from the people around.

We cannot stay to narrate in detail the story of that gallant band of rescuers. We can but hint how one by one those entombed miners

were discovered and brought to the surface. Some were but fearful wrecks of the strong men who went down to work at the ventilator that morning. Others were silent in death when discovered, whilst but a few escaped unscathed. Down in that awful blackness, and in the midst of poisonous fumes, many a noble deed of unselfishness was perpetrated, and many a heroic deed was performed.

But if ever you go that way, call at the cobbler's shop, and there you will find old John still busy with the awl and last. And as he tells you the story of that day, a glistening tear will fall and hit the rivet before the hammer strikes. With his voice trembling with emotion he will tell how, after all had been brought to the top, as they thought, it was discovered that Master Percy was missing. He will tell you how the young parson, although weakened and tired by his heroic and superhuman efforts of rescue, again returned into that pit of horror to look for his chum, the young Squire. By and by their young master was found and sent up to the surface, but, although they waited a long time, the parson didn't come. When they went down to seek him they found his body at the bottom of the shaft, but his spirit had gone to the One who made it.

Maggie is getting old now, but she will take you to the little churchyard, and there, under the willow, she will show you a white marble cross, bearing a simple inscription. The name of their young vicar, the date of his noble self-sacrifice, and the text of his unspoken, yet eloquently preached sermon, are what you will read. The text is this: "Greater love hath no man shown than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

HERBERT J. BLOSSE, A.C.A., '15.



Wolfville.

Then and Now
1910-1915.

"Wolfville! Wolfville! next stop Wolfville!"

The brakeman's warning was followed by a "tooooo-tooooo-to-to" from the locomotive. A few moments later I stepped from the morning express to the platform of a little "two-by four" station house labelled Wolfville.

But ————— that was five years ago.

The sudden transition from the quietude and luxury of a D. A. R. coach (!!??!!) to a scene of bustle and confusion was a thrill in itself. That, however, was merely a beginning of thrills. I had almost succeeded in elbowing a passage through the ubiquitous crowd, upon whose presence at the Wolfville depot arrival and departure of trains utterly depends, when suddenly,

"Obstipui, steteruntque comae, et vox faucibus haesit" creatures in human form, wildly gesticulating and shouting bore down upon me.

"Royal Hotel-Roy-Evange-al-Hot-line-tel-Ac-Roy-ci-al-a-Hot-Vil-el-la."

Only with difficulty I resisted the importunities of the cabbies and transfer men, but escaping at length, I set my feet in the way that led to that historic pile — The Horton Collegiate Academy House.

But ————— that was five years ago.

When first I viewed that ancient institution for the harmlessly insane, upon the shoulders of whose monitors selfish or incapable parents had been wont to shift the obligations and responsibilities of parenthood, I felt a sensation of "goose flesh." But when I reflected upon the success which the old Academy had enjoyed in shaping most unpromising material, I was encouraged to commit myself to its refining and molding influences.

Having entered the office of the Principal, I meet a jibbering crowd and instantly wondered if any relation existed between it and the mysterious symbol ($A^\circ=1$) I saw upon the black board. As thoughts of Mafia bands began to flit through my excited imagination, the dinner-bell clanged. Responding to its summons I descended

to that subterranean "Chamber of Horrors," the Academy dining-room. Seizing a knife in my right hand, and with my left tightly grasping a fork, I entered upon a "struggle for existence" with such energy as would clearly indicate "prehuman ancestry." Dinner over, we were startled into silence by the stentorian tones of L. R. and settled back to hear the inaugural address of the house master.

"Gentlemen," he began,—the address reveals the vein of humor in L. R.'s make-up—"the powers that be"—after five years I have not learned whether this reference was to one or more—"have placed in my hands this list of rules for the government of this Academy. Now gentlemen, I have gone over this list carefully. I can see nothing objectionable herein. The prohibitions are very sensible and I'm sure, gentlemen, if you will but exercise a little common sense, and always have due regard for the other fellow, there's as little danger of trouble overtaking you as there is of a celluloid dog overtaking an asbestos cat running through Tophet. However, gentlemen, you don't have to take my "ipse dixit" for it. Read these rules. Take due notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

L. R. sat down amid a storm of applause. Then that silver tongued orator, A. DeW., rose in his place, opened the sluice gates of his wisdom and released a flood of oratory upon us, such as was calculated to make a Patrick Henry or a Bryan by comparison appear like mutes.

"Gentlemen," he said, "firmly convinced in my own mind as I gaze into your intelligent faces, that there is resident within you potentialities of greatness which conscientious effort is able to develop, I would exhort you with all the powers of persuasion, with which a kindly providence was wise enough to endow your humble servant, to apply yourselves with energy to the tasks that now lie before you, so that some day as a result of the training which I and my learned colleagues shall attempt to give you here, you may be able to discharge with ability, and with credit both to your capable instructors and yourselves, the duties now performed by those whose places you will then be filling."

After this crime against human patience and the King's English, there came a yearning to get away from "hot air" into the fresh air, so I sallied forth to the banks of that mud canal which the people of Wolfville called Main Street.

But ——— that was five years ago.

I thought I had seen mud at low ebb tide in the basins of the St. John, Petitcodiac and Avon rivers, but these slimy channels as compared with Main Street, Wolfville, were macadamized highways. Horses wading knee deep in the mire had, through the suction of the mud, their shoes loosened from their hoofs. Moving vehicles left no tracks behind them. Flags on either side of the road indicated places to pedestrians where it was possible to cross with the least danger to person or property. Of course, reader, you will understand this description is true only of rainy seasons. During dry spells Main Street was generally up in the air.

Someone has proposed as a test of one's efficiency, the ability to see something more than mud in a mud puddle. Whether or not this test can be regarded as infallible, certainly it was the reflection of a high white tower in Wolfville's "Main Mud Puddle" that directed my gaze to a tall, white, wooden, antiquated meeting house, styled the Baptist Church.

But ——— that was five years ago.

It is difficult to recall the emotions that surged over my soul when my eyes first rested upon this symbol of the religious achievements of a past age. It may be I am reading subsequent reflections into that first experience, but I knew this sepulchral looking building had been a great religious centre from which streams of Christian energy had gone forth with revivifying power to the uttermost parts of the Maritime Baptist constituency. With true Catholic instinct I uncovered my head in the presence of a religious ruin. "Oh shrine of the saints," I mused "how thy glory has faded! Mohammed has forsaken his altars! His chancel is deserted, and thou art become an empty Mecca to which past champions of orthodoxy resort either to be canonized or fossilized."

The gloom occasioned by these reflections was quickly dispelled a few minutes later by a fight for life in that large packing case at the east of Rand's drug store, which citizens of Wolfville were condemned to use for a post-office.

But ——— that was five years ago.

The "Black Hole of Calcutta" or the "Inquisition" has a very vivid connotation for one who has ever been caught in that human crush before the general delivery window of the old post-office. I was indeed glad to come through the experience alive. But, believe me, I learned caution. When a few moments later I stood before the

quarters of the Royal Bank in the Herbin Block, I was quite content "to be on the outside looking in."

But———— that was five years ago.

It is said that where the treasure is, there the heart is also. If this proposition is true, its corollary is also true; where the treasure is not, there the heart is not. I had no treasure in the old Royal, hence my heart was not there. I was easily attracted elsewhere. Strains of music, which to me never fail to make a powerful appeal, now came to my ears. With eagerness I followed them to their source in a dingy loft above Godfrey's hardware store. This was Wolfville's Academy of Music, popularly known as "Keith's Nickel."

But———— that was five years ago.

Cromwellian austerity on the part of the Baptist community, together with a far seeing collegiate fiscal policy, had made of Wolfville an amusement desert. The Nickel was its one refreshing oasis. The facilities were poor, however, and often the entertainments were hardly above mediocre. Notwithstanding that, a pleasure starved public showed their appreciation through generous patronage.

Now, reader, the time has come to break with the past. Perhaps you may think it came long ago, but I have been lingering in the yesterdays with a purpose. They furnish an adequate background for the picture of today. Only against this background of yesterday can the progress, indicated by the present, be effectively outlined. What then do we see?

The little "two-by-four" station house of yesterday is gone. A fire-fiend claimed it. But today a beautiful sandstone depot, with ample offices, comfortable waiting rooms and excellent lavatories is erected on its site. The old Academy, too, has gone and in like manner, but from the ashes of the old a newer and a better one will soon be rising. So also the "Main Mud Puddle" of yesterday has disappeared and today the whirl of autos, the rattle of wheels, and the clatter of hoofs is heard on a firm pavement. Likewise the ancient shrine of the Baptists has been demolished. Profane hands tore it from its foundations, but today an imposing structure of brick and stone is standing in its stead. In like manner the "Black Hole of Calcutta" has vanished. Today the citizens of Wolfville are the proud proprietors of a fine sandstone post-office, which in point of architectural beauty and practical utility challenges criticism. On the site of a tobacco emporium, lately owned by Mr. Ted Bowles,

a beautiful brick structure has been erected, and here the Royal Bank having deserted the dark cramped quarters of yesterday, has made a new home. Add to these several improvements, a new freestone Presbyterian church, an opera house of ample size and excellent appointments, scores of splendid residences, and, moreover, the several additions which have been made to the college plant, viz: the observatory, the new Rhodes Manual Training Building, the library, Willett Hall, "Tully Tavern," and it will be seen that since 1910 Wolfville has not been standing still. Progress along every line, social, political and religious, has been phenomenal.

But now the same silent but powerful forces that have been at work to produce these changes have also been at work in our own lives to modify them. Five years ago when we first thought of making Wolfville our home, our hearts were filled with misgivings. A Baptist deacon had described the place as "Wolfville, Holy Wolfville, a place where even the trees are holy." We could not be certain that the place contained enough carnal elements to make life worth living. Now, however, after five years' residence we can say with the utmost enthusiasm, "Wolfville, the Lord bless you. You're all right."

C. A. S. HOWE, '15.

"PADDLING MY OWN CANOE."

Afloat on the river! my boat has slipped out

From the quay; and the bubbles astern,

Aerial sentinels, cluster the wake

Of a keel that shall never return.

Afloat on the river! the past slips away,

And the present lies open to view;

My prow toward the future, my face to the day,

I am paddling my own canoe!

The hamlets familiar have flitted astern;

From the bridges above me I see

No longer the smile nor the wave of a hand;

Mute faces look downward to me.

Might be lonely, this journey, and hard, should it last;

Might be, I should long for the shore;

But hurrah, I'm no quitter — I'm following fast
On the fellow who paddled before!

I watched him set out on his journey that day
But he didn't know it, his wealth
Of good judgment was spent, so he thought,
On making things right for himself.
He chose the best compass, best paddles, best boat,
Chose better, perhaps, than he knew,
For I copied — glad for it, I too am afloat,
And am paddling my own canoe!

The rapids are swifter by far than I thought;
The eddies — I'm longing for rest;
The threat of the darkness climbs up in the blue,
And a thunder-cloud hangs in the west.
But what of the danger, the darkness to boot!
My faith lends its strength to the oar;
The labor — I'll bear it, for this is the route
Of the fellow who paddled before!

Tonight I shall lie 'neath the light of the stars,
On the banks of this tumbling stream,
And my camp fire kindle the embers, perhaps,
On some spot where another has been.
I'll be better content, then, to rest there and sleep,
If another has chosen it too;
And tomorrow'll be brighter when out to the deep
I shall paddle my own canoe!

It isn't all pleasure, this journey I take;
The river — no matter, it's wide,
But the shoals not all buoyed, nor the smooth places safe;
And it's tempting to drift with the tide.
But oh, it is wonderful, say what you will,
When a boatman puts out from the shore,
How he's helped by the influence coming back still
From the fellow who paddled before!

J. G. McKAY, '15.

Leo Tolstoi.

Leo Tolstoi may be ranked among the first of the great men of the last decade. He was loved by his family, hated by a great mass of the Russian people, and admired by the world at large. He was a great writer and a prophet to his own people. Tolstoi is one of the best examples of that text, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." He is known wherever books are read. His works have been translated into forty-five languages and dialects, and his books are being purchased every year all over the world.

In Count Tolstoi we have a man who is a compound of extremes. In him we find pride and humility, a novelist and a philosopher, a nobleman and a peasant, a man intensely human, an artist who reveals the greatest artists, a Christian who denies the resurrection, the trinity, and the deity of Christ, whose doctrines are similar to those of the modern Spiritual Unitarianism, who takes the "Sermon on the Mount" literally translated as the supreme law of the Christian life, the father of thirteen children and the author of "Kreutzer Sonata," a vigorous opponent of the autocracy, but also a merciless satirist of the aspirations of the Liberals.

Although the message of Tolstoi may sound crude and rough to our western ears, yet we are forced to recognize that in a land like Russia where religious despotism is supreme, he was but a voice crying in the wilderness and preparing the way for a new social order to be based on liberty, equality and fraternity.

In Russia, Tolstoi was both hated and feared by the aristocracy, he was looked upon as an idle visionary by the liberal forces, his teaching and example were scorned by his own family, he was misunderstood by the great mass of the working people and peasants, the object of the most venomous persecution from the priests and bishops, excommunicated by the Church, and his body refused Christian burial.

Tolstoi is a direct descendant of that notorious statesman, Count Tolstoi, who lived during the reign of Peter the Great. The first Count was a man with a great mind but a base soul. It is said that very often during the feasts at the palace, the Czar would tear off Tolstoi's long wig and clapping him on the back of his head

would say jestingly, "Oh head! Oh head! if you were not so wise you would have long since been severed from the body."

Leo Tolstoi was born in 1827, in a village with an unpronounceable name, and in this same village he spent his last days. Both his parents died when he was very young, and he was brought up by a maiden aunt. When a boy he is said to have been most incapable and lazy. The German tutor of the Tolstoi family characterizes his pupils in the following manner: "One of them is both willing and able, the second is willing but not able, the third is able but not willing, and the fourth is neither willing nor able." The fourth was Leo Tolstoi. Later he was sent to a preparatory school, and then to the University of Kayan where he studied Oriental languages. It was here that his great abilities began to be revealed. After this, for a period, his life consisted of drinking, gambling and general dissipation. He served in the Crimean War, took part in the events of Sebastapol and won promotion. It was here that he produced his first works, among which were: "Childhood, Boyhood, Youth," "The Invasion," "Sebastapol in May," "Sebastapol in August," and "Sebastapol." After the war he returned to Russia and devoted himself entirely to literary work, and from that time to the present the world has looked upon Leo Tolstoi not only as a literary genius, but also as a prophet to the Russian people.

After his return to Russia, he fell in love with a young woman, many years his junior. Her father wished to see his elder daughter married first and would not give his consent to the marriage. It was only when Tolstoi threatened suicide that he gave his permission. She made Tolstoi a model wife, staying by him through every phase of his mental and spiritual development and stopped short only when to go on would have endangered the education and social standing of her children.

Tolstoi had his weaknesses and his inconsistencies, his gospel was distorted and often had an agnostic ring, but no defects or shortcomings on his part can prevent us from often hearing in his reason and voice, the echo of the oracles of God. He was a man who knew the truth and whom the truth made free. The desire of his heart seemed to be expressed in those words of Whittier, "Oh speed the moment on, when wrong shall cease, and liberty and love, and truth and right, throughout the earth be known."

S. W. STACKHOUSE, '16.

Acadia---King's Debate.

The Annual Intercollegiate Debate is one of the college activities that is eagerly looked forward to each year. This year Acadia met King's at Windsor, and added another victory to her magnificent record in debating. The debate was held in the Opera House, which was filled with a large and attentive audience, about one-half of which were Acadia supporters who went down on the special train. Ex-Mayor, H. W. Sangster, of Windsor, was in the chair, and after a few introductory remarks he announced the subject for debate, which was as follows:

"Resolved, that the free importation into Canada of iron and steel products, as defined, would be more advantageous to Canada than protective duties, ranging from fifty to one hundred per cent, on such products."

Iron and steel products were defined as meaning "rolled iron, pig iron, bar iron and steel, and such products."

King's supported the resolution and had as their speakers, Messrs. M. Byron, '17 (leader), H. T. Pym, '16, and R. B. Blauvelt, '18. Acadia was represented by Messrs. W. S. Ryder, '15 (leader), C. A. S. Howe, '15, and C. W. Robbins, '15. Until the evening before the debate it was thought at Acadia that N. McL. Rogers, '16, would be one of the Acadia speakers, but late that evening King's notified the Acadia Athenæum Society that they would not debate if Mr. Rogers were retained on the Acadia team. They based their objection on the fact that Mr. Rogers is not taking classes at Acadia. The facts, briefly stated, are these: Mr. Rogers was appointed on the debating team during the first week of February. He continued in college until almost three weeks before the debate, when he left for Kentville to join the Sixth Mounted Rifles, in which he had enlisted for overseas service. Since he had already done more than a month's work in preparation for the debate, and had been granted his year by the University Faculty (as were all the other students who enlisted at the same time) he was considered a member of the student body until the end of this year and so was retained on the team.

Rather than become entangled in a dispute with King's on the subject, the Athenæum Society asked Mr. C. A. S. Howe to take Mr. Rogers' place. Although Mr. Howe had but twenty-one hours in which to prepare himself, he consented to man the breach, and in so doing won the admiring gratitude of all Acadia students.

Mr. Sangster called upon Mr. Byron to open the debate for King's. Mr. Byron defined the terms of the resolution. He then gave a number of objections to the high protective duties. He said that duties increased the price, not only of the raw material, but of manufactured articles. High protection is sectional, enriching few at the expense of many. It would have a deterrent effect on ship-building. It tended to stock manipulation and hurt foreign trade. Canada needed cheap rails for railway building, and high protection would tend to raise price of rails. Mr. Byron quoted figures from various sources to support his contentions. His delivery was easily the best of the King's speakers.

Mr. Howe opened for Acadia. He said that the question under discussion dealt only with specific products, that a duty of fifty-one per cent would satisfy the provisions of the question, and that the negative was arguing for permanent and not immediate results. The steel industry was one of immense importance. The speaker traced the tariff history of Great Britain, Germany and the United States and showed that they had all, at one time or another, employed the principle of high protection in order to foster their great industry. Mr. Howe then reviewed the theory of international trade with which he said the negative policy was in accord. Infant industries should be protected. By the application of the protective policy, financial investments would be more secure. Mr. Howe made a magnificent speech, more especially when the circumstances under which he debated are considered, and he was given round after round of applause both at the opening and conclusion of his speech.

Mr. Pym then resumed the argument for the affirmative. He said that protection was not necessary because the iron and steel industry had been aided by bounties. The duty would greatly increase the cost of necessary articles, such as stoves, ranges, etc. It would strike a severe blow at our basic industry of agriculture, by raising the price of farm implements. He then went on to show the benefits of free importation. It would increase the efficiency

of the plants by giving them cheaper raw material. The speaker dealt at some length with dumping and claimed that free importation would not accelerate it, nor would high protection prevent it. Mr. Pym's speech was logically argued, but his presentation lacked force.

Mr. Robbins was Acadia's second speaker. He said that protection meant development of the basic iron and steel industry, while free importation could mean nothing but its decline. Canadian plants can manufacture steel and iron rods, rails, etc., but they need protection from foreign competition in order to get thoroughly established. Freedom from competition would lead to powerful, large scale production. The negative policy would lead to development of our immense deposits of iron ore and coal. At present we are importing ninety-four per cent of the iron ore used in Canadian mills. There were millions of tons of this ore in Canada, which would be used in our own plants if foreign ore were subjected to a high protective tariff. Mr. Robbins had a great speech and he delivered it in an excellent manner. His delivery was the best of any speaker on the platform.

Mr. Blauvelt closed the debate for King's. He said that free importation was a policy for the benefit of the masses, not of the classes. It would benefit labourers by reducing the cost of living. Under the negative's policy, he argued, the cost of living would become very high, and the home, the centre of the life of the nation, would be weakened. High protection would increase the cost of education, since it would increase cost of school buildings, etc. Mr. Blauvelt fell far below his associates both in the matter of his speech and in his delivery.

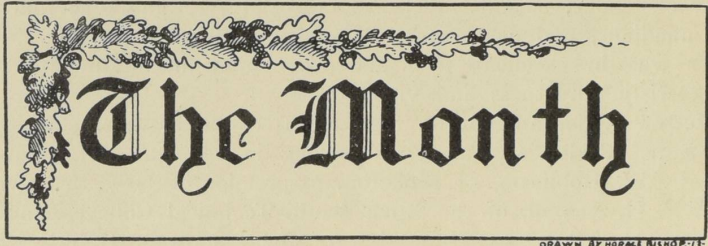
Mr. Ryder was the third speaker for the negative. He showed the fallacy of the two popular propositions that free importation means decreased prices and that high protection means increased prices. He claimed that the protective policy would ultimately mean lower prices to the consumers, and especially farmers and grain growers; that free importation could not possibly do so. The duty on the finished product is not affected by the resolution. The only market for the products of the basic industry would be the secondary industries. If the basic industries raised the prices of their products to the secondary industries, the latter would be unable to withstand foreign competition and hence would be driven from the market. Therefore the basic industries would not raise their prices, but would

make them as low as possible, in order to retain their only market. This would tend ultimately to the reduction of prices. High protective duties on these products would also strengthen the purchasing power of labour, benefit all classes of society, retain home markets for Canadians, and cause an unparalleled national expansion. Mr. Ryder was in excellent form and drove home his arguments with characteristic directness and vigor.

Messrs. Ryder and Byron then rebutted the arguments of their opponents. Ryder was especially strong in rebuttal. The judges, Hon. C. W. Robinson, of Moncton, ex-premier of New Brunswick; Prin., F. H. Sexton, of the Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax, and Dr. Alex. MacKay, Supervisor of the schools of Halifax, then gave in their decisions separately. After considerable delay, the chairman announced that Acadia had won both in argument and presentation.

E. C. LESLIE, '17.





"Wide flush the fields, the softening air is balm; echo the mountains round; the forest smiles; and every sense and every heart is joy."
— THOMPSON.

Freshman Athenæum.—The annual entertainment given by the Freshman class before the Athenæum Society was put forth by the class of 1918, in College Hall, on Saturday evening, March 6th. The audience, as usual on such occasions, was very large. Several members of '18 took turns in reading the paper. It included editorials on the Thurber trial and the Freshman theatre party, which were followed by stories and articles, as follows: "The Battle of Wolfville," "Visions of the Future," "A Freshman's Impressions of Acadia," and "Mr. Oliver's Dream." The story entitled "The Battle of Wolfville" is worthy of special mention. It was a well worked out tale of a German siege of Wolfville. The Sophomores, so the story runs, were humiliated by the Germans, while the valiant Freshmen were successful in recapturing the town from the invaders. A number of "soaks" were sprung on various members of the student body, the Sophomores, of course, getting the most attention.

During the entertainment, the Sophs, besides other side-features, brought a young pig on the stage. The animal was marked "1918," but the Freshmen, ignoring this mark, put it off the stage as an intruder from the camp of their enemy.

The stories and articles were humorous and well written, and reflect great credit on the class of '18.

Seminary Recital. — The Seminary pupils' recital in College Hall on Friday evening, March 12th, was up to the usual high standard. The selections, in pianoforte, voice, violin and elocution, reflected great credit on both teachers and pupils.

PROGRAM.

1. Allegro (from Quartett in D Minor).....Haydn
 STRING QUARTETT
 MISS LANGLEY, 1st Violin MISS DEWOLFE, Viola
 MINNIE MILLER, 2nd Violin HELEN STARR, 'Cello
2. Sonata Op. 13 — First Movement.....Beethoven
 VIVIAN DUNCANSON
3. Carissima (from the Red Feather).....Penn
 MARGARET MURRAY
4. Reading — "Cutting from "Les Miserables"
 Jean Valjean and the Bishop.....Victor Hugo
 EMILY MACLEAN
5. Valse de Concert.....Wieniawski
 CORA KAYE
6. Chanson Toreador (from Carman).....Bizet
 FRED C. MANNING
7. Four Bars in the Key of G.....Osborne
 MYRTLE GANONG
8. Theme Varie.....Paderewski
 CHARLOTTE LAYTON
9. Sonata (for Pianoforte and Violin).....Grieg
 MISS FLORENCE BROWN, MISS HELEN DEWOLFE.
10. En Automme.....Moszkowski
 JENNIE PRESCOTT
11. Waltz Song, The Seasons.....MacFadyen
 EVELYN NEILY
 GOD SAVE THE KING.

Sophomore Theatre Night. — The Sophomores held their theatre party on Monday evening, March 22nd, at the Opera House. The play was "The Senator Keeps House," which was presented in excellent fashion by the Academy players of Halifax. The party was under the chaperonage of Prof. and Mrs. Perry and Prof. Hannay.

As the curtain came down after the first act of the play, and as the lights came on, a second curtain, hung high on the wall in the front of the theatre, unrolled and exhibited to the eyes of the audience a donkey, and a quotation: "The know-it-all Sophomores are here."

Evidently the Freshmen were also present.

Following the play, the Sophmores adjourned to the Royal hotel, where a sumptuous banquet was partaken of. After the banquet the following toast list was drunk:

The King.....	Proposed by E. C. Leslie
GOD SAVE THE KING	
The Ladies.....	Proposed by G. B. Peck.
Responded to by Miss A. D. ALWARD	
The Faculty.....	Proposed by I. B. Rouse
Responded to by PROF. N. C. HANNAY.	
Our College.....	Proposed by J. H. MacNeil
Responded to by PROF. H. G. PERRY	
Our Class.....	Class Yell

The party broke up about one o'clock with the singing of the Acadia Doxology and the National Anthem.

Trip to Windsor.— It is refreshing to note that spontaneous enthusiasm still occasionally crops out in connection with our college activities. Elizabethan freshness, rather than Queen Anne dullness, still has a foothold here. Never was this fact better exemplified than on the occasion of the Acadia-King's debate on March 25th. The eleventh-hour objection made by King's against one of our debaters, and the necessary substitution of another man, only added fuel to the fire of enthusiasm already burning fiercely. When the matter of the special train was brought before the student body. "Of course, we're all going down!"

Though prevalent colds prevented many, almost two hundred students and professors, together with the college band, accompanied our debaters to Windsor. The Acadians, occupying a reserved part of the Opera House, lustily cheered and sang the good old Acadia songs both before and during the debate. Our band, already famous for its excellent music, did itself full credit.

The debate itself is fully reported in another column; suffice it to say here that Acadia won.

On the return from Windsor, a procession of students, headed by the band, marched in pure joyousness of heart with a touch, possibly, of business instinct, to the home of President Cutten. Here they received with cheers the welcome and not totally unexpected news that there would be no classes the next day. Proceeding to Dr. DeWolfe's residence, the fellows also obtained the assurance of a holiday for the Sems. After some more innocent hilarity, the crowd broke up in the "wee sma' hours."

Music Festival — The Annual Music Festival given under the direction of the officials of the Acadia Conservatory of Music was held this year in College Hall, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, March 29th and 30th. The concerts were most enjoyable in all respects. The chief feature of the first concert was the work of the Acadia Orchestral Club. The Club of about fifty members gave an excellent program under the efficient leadership of Miss Beatrice Langley, teacher of violin in the Conservatory. The Orchestra was assisted by Mrs. Maude Pierce Allen, of New York, soprano, and Mr. Gerald McElhiney, of Halifax, baritone. Both these artists were heard with much appreciation in several numbers. On Tuesday evening, Frederic H. Cowan's famous cantata, "The Rose Maiden," was given by the Acadia Choral Club of sixty-five members, assisted by Mrs. Allen, Miss Eleanor P. Sands, of the Acadia Conservatory staff, contralto; Mr. George Eldred Rasely, soloist, of the Old South Church, Boston, tenor, and Mr. McElhiney. The production was under the general direction of Mrs. Cora Pierce Richmond, with Mr. Carrol C. McKee at the piano. This was the first appearance of the Club before a Wolfville audience, and all the members acquitted themselves most creditably. The work of the soloist was appreciated very much, and those who had charge of the festival are to be commended for securing singers of such marked ability. During the evening, magnificent bouquets of roses were presented to Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Allen, and Miss Sands. The program follows:

- 1.— INTRODUCTION (Instrumental).
- 2.— CHORUS..... "Green vale, and vine-clad mountain."
- 3.— RECIT (Tenor)..... "And through Earth's bridal chamber."
 RECIT (Soprano)..... "Oh hear, thou king of beauty."
 RECIT (Baritone)..... "Nay, why should all my gladness."
 DUET (Soprano and Baritone)..... "The rose of love."
 RECIT (Baritone)..... "Lose, then, thy peace forever."
 DUET (Soprano and Baritone)..... "Soon as the mountain-summits."
- 4.— RECIT (Tenor)..... "So spake the spring."
 CHORUS..... "A maid more beautiful than May."
 SOLO (Soprano)..... "Bloom on, my roses."
- 5.— CHORUS..... "Mid the waving rose-trees."
- 6.— RECIT (Soprano)..... "God greet thee."
 SCENA (Contralto)..... { "Ask of yon ruined castle."
 "Yet chime they so sadly."
 RECIT (Tenor)..... "Also! the hand is thine."
 CHORUS..... "Oh! earth-born sorrow."

- 7.—TRIO (Soprano, Contralto and Baritone) "Hast thou wandered?"
 SOLO (Baritone)....."If thou hast aright beholden."
 8.—AIR (Tenor)....."The sleep of even."
 9.—RECIT (Baritone)....."Hark! beneath her window."
 DUET (Soprano and Tenor)....."I know a rosebud shining."
 10.—CHORUS....."'Tis they wedding morning."
 11.—SOLO (Baritone)....."Where gloomy pine-trees rustle."
 12.—RECIT (Tenor)....."For from the summer blossom."
 13.—CHORUS (Male voices)....."What sounds there so softly?"
 CHORUS OF ELVES....."Farewell, sleep thou lightly."
 14.—FINALE (Solo, Tenor and Chorus)...."Yea, e'en as die the roses."
 GOD SAVE THE KING.

Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.—During the past month these societies have been greatly helped by the visits of Miss Jamieson and Mr. Clark, the Dominion secretaries of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., respectively.

On Wednesday evening, March 17th, Miss Jamieson gave a very helpful address to the students.

On March 31st, the service was led by Prof. Hannay. His short talk was most inspiring.

A new feature, or, according to some with longer memories, a newly revived feature of our Y. M. C. A. work was the conference held at Truro on March 19th, 20th and 21st, at which were present representatives from the colleges in the Maritime provinces.

Acadia's delegates, who are all on the Y. M. C. A. cabinet of next year, feel that they have received a tremendous stimulus and great encouragement for the accomplishment of the work of the coming year. Invaluable suggestions were given by the leader, Mr. Clark, Dominion Y. M. C. A. secretary, and by the professors from the different colleges represented. In addition, the meeting together and exchange of ideas by the students from the different colleges were most helpful.

This conference is to be an annual event, we are glad to know. Next year it meets in Sackville.

Acadia Fire Brigade.—The Acadia students have lately exhibited their ability along a new line. Not long ago, a small fire brigade, with a hose, reel and a chemical engine was organized among the boys. On Sunday, March 28th, the fellows had a chance to show what they could do, for at 2.30 a. m. of that day a disastrous fire broke out in Wolfville, which had practically destroyed a large store and a dwelling-house before anything at all could be done to stay

the flames. The Acadia fellows, however, were early at the scene, and rendered most efficient aid to the town firemen. The prey of the flames was limited to four buildings; a fifth, a store, would undoubtedly have been destroyed but for the help rendered by the Acadia boys. Foremost among the Acadia workers was our President, Dr. Cutten, who by his energy set a worthy example for the boys.

The Academy.—The students of Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy wish to express through the pages of the *ATHENÆUM*, their sincere thanks to the Board of Governors for the sympathy that they have shown towards them, and for the splendid financial assistance that they have rendered to them in making good much of the loss that was sustained by the fire of February 3rd.

At the Y. M. C. A. convention held at Truro, on March 19th, 20th and 21st, the Academy Y. M. C. A. was represented by Mr. T. M. Webb and Mr. E. R. Mills, the latter of whom is now at his home in Truro. Mr. Mills has been attending Truro Academy since the fire here. Since the fire, also, the Academy Y. M. C. A. has accepted the offer of the college Y. M. C. A. to amalgamate with them.

On Friday evening, March 19th, the Academy students held their annual reception. The Hall was nicely decorated with flags and banners for the occasion. There was a large number present. Mrs. H. G. Perry and Mrs. W. L. Archibald acted as chaperons. Needless to say, the evening passed very pleasantly for all.

The declamation contest of the Academy for the Boates medal, was held on Monday morning, March 29th. There were five contestants this year and the contest was close and very interesting. The declaimers were R. E. Page, A. F. Corey, C. Corey, E. A. Robertson and C. K. Ganong. The faculty, acting as judges, gave the decision to C. K. Ganong with A. F. Corey as a close second. Mr. Ganong's subject was Joseph Howe's address on Canada and the United States.

Apology.—We feel that an apology is due for an error on our part, by which no accounts appeared in the March number of two splendid recitals given by the Seminary, one by the faculty and a second by the advanced Seminary pupils. We are very sorry for these omissions, and will try to prevent any such occurrences in the future.

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLI.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1915.

No. 6

W. S. RYDER, Editor-in-Chief.

A. H. G. MITCHELL, '16, Month. J. S. MILLETT, '16, Exchanges.

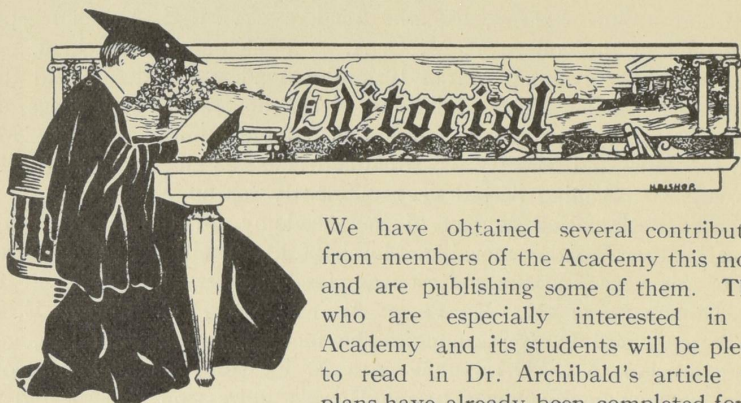
J. W. MEISNER, '15, Personal. Miss L. CHASE, '16, Humorettes.

I. C. DOTY, '15, Athletics. C. A. S. HOWE, '15, Staff Artist.

M. G. SAUNDERS, '16, Bus. Mgr. H. F. LEWIS, '17, Circulation Mgr.

MISS A. ATKINS, Seminary. C. WHITE, Academy.

A. P. WATSON, '17, and L. F. LEWIS, '18, Assistants.



We have obtained several contributions from members of the Academy this month and are publishing some of them. Those who are especially interested in the Academy and its students will be pleased to read in Dr. Archibald's article that plans have already been completed for the construction of a larger and better Academy building, which is likely to be ready for occupation next September.

As announced last month, our exchange editor, Mr. Rogers, has enlisted in the Sixth Mounted Rifles. His successor in the exchange column, Mr. J. S. Millett, '16, enters upon his work in the present issue.

On account of the illness of our joke editor, we have been unable to publish a joke department this month. Apologies to those who get the *ATHENÆUM* for the sake of the jokes.

One of our noted Sophomores has given us a write-up of the intercollegiate debate. As he presents the facts concerning Norman Rogers and Mr. Howe, we have nothing further to say. In view of such circumstances, however, our readers will readily understand why four men appear in our debating team picture. On behalf of the team, we wish to thank the professors and students, who so enthusiastically supported and encouraged us in our apparent predicament.

In a recent business meeting of the Y. M. C. A., it was decided to send five delegates from Acadia to the Northfield students' conference, in June. The expenses of these delegates will be partially borne by the students. Other colleges of the Maritime provinces have been placing ever-increasing emphasis upon the importance of the Northfield conference. We fear that Acadia has lately been "following afar off." If an appeal be made for voluntary funds with which to help in this matter, may we recognize that not merely our Y. M. C. A. but our whole college is at stake, and that we should be well represented among our contemporary colleges.

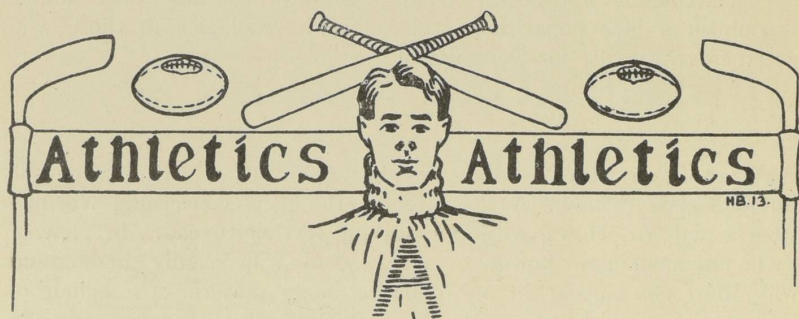
(Cads are residing in Willett Hall on limits for mysterious disappearance of Dock Book).

Rust.— "How are chances for getting out tonight?"

Mr. Foster.— "Nothing doing."

Rust.— "When are they going to lift the ban?"

Foster.— "I don't know. They have only lifted the book so far."



MOUNT ALLISON 4 — ACADIA 3.

The tie in the Intercollegiate Hockey League between Acadia and Mt. Allison was played off in New Glasgow, on March 10th, resulting in a win for Mt. Allison, which thus retains possession of the Sumner trophy for another year. The teams were evenly matched, and the game was very fast from the start, in spite of the rough ice. Towards the close of the first period, Rogers scored for Acadia on a pass from Hirtle, but soon Eaton evened the score. In the second period, which was the fastest of the game, neither team scored. In the third period, Hirtle scored for Acadia three minutes before time was called, and Mt. Allison was lucky enough to again tie the score—Pendrih scoring the goal. It was decided to play overtime periods of ten minutes' duration until one or the other of the opposing teams should emerge victorious. The first two overtime periods were scoreless, but in the third, the climax came. In this period Pendrih and Eaton scored for Mt. Allison. Acadia endeavoured desperately, but vainly, to tie the score, although Eagles succeeded in netting another score for the garnet and blue.

Rev. "Billy" Ross, of Amherst, refereed the game which was rather rough, as was only to be expected, several penalties being handed out impartially to both sides. Both goal tenders played stellar games, especially "Doc" Leeman, Acadia's captain, who was never in better form. Rogers and Hirtle for Acadia, and Eaton and Pendrih for Mt. Allison, showed up to the best advantage. The opposing teams lined up as follows:

ACADIA.		Mt. Allison.
Leeman.....	Goal.....	Heartz.
Godfrey.....	Point.....	Gray.
Stackhouse.....	C. Point.....	Crowe.
Eagles.....	Rover.....	Poole.
Rogers.....	Center.....	Eaton.
Hirtle.....	L. Wing.....	Brundage.
Archibald.....	R. Wing.....	Pendrigh.

Although the hockey team was unsuccessful in landing the trophy, it gave a good account of itself. It is the opinion of the editor of this department that their good showing is due, to a large degree at least, to the splendid services rendered by their coach, L. C. Eaton, ex '16, who is now a member of the Sixth Mounted Rifles.

On the evening of March 11th, the Acadia co-eds gave their first exhibition of hockey during the present season, when a team picked from the Senior and Sophomore classes defeated the Junior-Freshettes, by a score of 4-2. Two periods were played, the score at the end of the first period being 2-0 in favor of '15-'17. The game was fast throughout, and many brilliant rushes were made, although the superiority of the winning team was manifest at all times. Coach Godfrey refereed to the satisfaction of all concerned. The opposing teams lined up as follows:

'15-'17		'16-'18.
R. Wilson.....	Goal.....	P. Pinneo.
E. Starratt.....	Point.....	V. Sleep.
A. Outhouse.....	C. Point.....	C. Layton.
E. Smallman.....	Rover.....	E. Johnston.
D. Crowell.....	Center.....	V. Thorpe.
H. Cushing.....	L. Wing.....	M. Schurman.
G. Blenkhorn.....	R. Wing.....	L. Chase.

The Inter-class Hockey League has been played and the winners for 1915 are the Engineers, who thus become the first possessors of the shield, presented by the Automobile, Skate & Cycle Co. Most of the games were hotly contested, two of them requiring overtime periods in which to decide the result. The Senior-Sophomore team

finished in second place, and the game between this team and the Engineers was the most exciting of the league, although that night the ice was more fitted for water polo than hockey. The final league standing is:

	Won	Lost
Engineers.....	3	0
Senior-Sophomores.....	2	1
Academy.....	1	2
Junior-Freshman.....	0	3

The following men represented their various classes in the different games:

Engineers:—Steeves, Spencer, MacCurdy, Eagles, Dexter, Vaughan, Roscoe, Archibald.

Senior-Sophomores:—Chipman, Godfrey, Stackhouse, MacPhee, Peck, Tingley, Moore, Turner.

Academy:—Grady, Hennigar, Sharpe, Walker, Stewart, Porter, Rogers, Pattillo, Hay.

Junior-Freshmen:—Leeman, Carter, Brown, Evans, Harlow, Smith, Hirtle, Saunders.

Cad (After watching Murray, '18, escape from a back window of Willett Hall and run across the ploughed ground in his barefeet, pursued by the Sophs.)—"Swiftly glides the Mohawk o'er the plain."

Dimock.—"Why is it, Richardson, that you parade up and down the street so much in front of the annex?"

Richardson.—"I'm training for the Infantry."

After the King's-Acadia debate in Windsor.

Pym (King's College).—"Of course they were more eloquent, but we had it in argument and gestures. Did we not?"

Supt. McKay (judge).—"If you fellows ever expect to learn to trim Acadia, you will have to start Baptist prayer meetings down here."



No college liveth unto itself. Without the enthusiastic battles in hockey, football, debate, and other intercollegiate activities, college life would lack its greatest charm and college itself would be a mere solitary retreat for "Il Penseroso." We need an exchange of ideas, of methods, of vitality. The Exchange Departments perform this function on a small scale, in that they aim to place before the readers of the respective college magazines, what they consider to be of highest inspirational and instructive value. To do this is our purpose.

Examinitis.—Examinitis is one of the most dreaded diseases of college life. It occurs as an epidemic during December and April and relapses frequently occur in September. The ravages of this disease thin the college ranks to an alarming degree and students have for years sought in vain for a cure or antidote by which it might be overcome or rendered harmless. It is not too much to say that ninety per cent of the sufferings of college life are directly traceable to this scourge, students are attacked again and again, Arts students being particularly liable to it.—MANITOBA.

Modern Fiction.—How many readers of modern fiction skim along until the plot is picked up, and then rush madly forward till the end of some exciting climax or a delightful love scene is reached merely "to get the story!" Surely most of the popular fiction found in our books and periodicals has something more to it than can be obtained by doing this. Some, it has to be admitted, exists for entertainment alone, to while away leisure moments that might be more foolishly mis-spent; and certainly it is one of the purposes of fiction to be

entertaining — it must be so to be effective. But to be really worth while, there must be something deeper, something that finds an echo in our highest thoughts and makes us wiser or happier, or both. There must be something to awaken ideas — not agreeable fancies, merely, but live ideas — that will broaden the reader's horizon, that will make the sympathies keener and more penetrating and, hence, that will make for the sum total of the world's betterment. — MCMMASTER MONTHLY.

Rubber Stamp is now used for Arts Notices.— The number of notices sent out to students by the office of the Dean of the Faculty of Arts has reached such alarming proportions recently, that it has been found necessary to obtain a rubber stamp bearing the well-known legend "Please call at the Dean's office immediately." Previously each notice was typewritten with the aid of carbon paper. — MCGILL DAILY.

Officers' Training Corps.— The Officers' Training Corps of Mount Allison is now an accomplished fact. The gymnasium was fitted up during the Christmas vacation and since then two experienced officers have been assigned by the military authorities for duty here. Squads have been organized and drills arranged. The student body has entered enthusiastically into the movement and although membership entails considerable addition to what is already in many cases an overcrowded time-table, the response evoked is abundant justification for the formation of the corps. — ARGOSY.

About Societies.— It is quite impossible for any one student to take an active part in one-half of the student organizations. But it is possible for every student to make a real contribution to the work of some society. Most organizations — those named among them — have a strange habit of giving a man back far more than he puts into them. The profit so derived is, so to speak, a premium which goes with the privilege of attending lectures. One wonders when the school-boy spirit will begin to be less in evidence and full advantage be taken of all opportunities for educational improvement. — SHEAF.

THE IMPATIENCE OF YOUTH.

As when a half-grown boy, who makes his way
To school, some morn, with lunch box in his hand,
Midway, upon a country road, will stand
And lift the lid and eagerly survey
His mother's thoughtfulness for him that day,
And bit by bit the box is emptied out
Till, when the others open their's at shout
Of glad noon-tide, and join in lusty play,
He seems like one apart — a bankrupt lad!
So there are those who in life's early morn,
Ere they its shining thoroughfares have found,
Lay waste their powers, and find the journey sad,
Through after years; for trees of blossoms shorn,
In autumn will in barrenness abound.

— THEOLOGUE.

THE PLUGGER.

The plugger, God bless him, he's up with the lark;
In study he takes a delight.
He cons and considers from daylight till dark
And often far into the night.

He wants to know all — to stand first at the "quiz,"
He wants to win medals and praise;
Yes, alas! 'tis for such fleeting honours as these
The plugger will shorten his days.

There are things to be learned that are not in the text,
And in strife for position and fame,
The plugger, 'tis certain, will never stand next
Till he learns from the man in the game.

His form is grown wasted, his face is like milk,
With wearily peering at books.
He forgets that the man who hires him and his ilk
Will often judge a man by his looks.

So he keeps grinding on, caring nothing for dress,
There's a limit to all that he knows;
He may find that the ladies and men, I confess,
Will often judge a man by his clothes.

When you're out to win bread, in a vortex you're whirled
Gold medals make mighty poor fare;
And you've got to get out and kick shins with the world,
If you want to be getting your share.

— QUEEN'S JOURNAL.

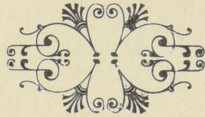
The "Argosy" of February contains some excellent full-page illustrations, descriptive of the college grounds and buildings. The first page contains a war sonnet entitled, "The Mailed Fist," written by Mr. H. G. Black, a former Acadia professor. "A Girl's Experience at Mount Allison" and "Mount Allison at Commencement," give us a good insight into the college life. The great variety of stories and articles adds spice to the issue.

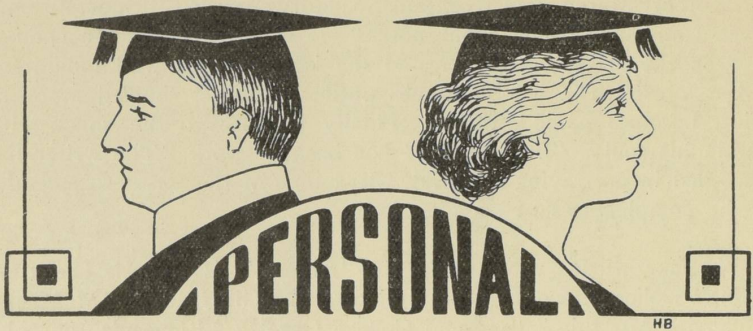
The March number of the "Record" shows more originality on the part of the students than any other former issue of the college year. We believe that such an attitude toward the college magazine is the only one that will really make it successful. The staff complains of their great difficulty in obtaining sufficient contributors. How would the competitive system of contributing work at King's?

We wish to call the attention of our readers to a story, "The Farmer's Friend," which appeared in a March issue of "The Manitoban." Polly Stone, the writer, describes in a highly entertaining manner the adventures which he and a motorcycle had together while trying to persuade farmers that a book, "The Farmer's Friend," was indeed their friend and that it was cheap at the price of only one dollar. The farmers, however, who were not easily persuaded, finally planned to tar and feather the would-be book-seller. The latter, in fleeing from the danger which threatened him, ran into an even more difficult situation. The humour of the story is illustrated by its closing sentences: "I saw right away that country life was too tame for me. I needed excitement, so I came to the city." Read it!

Another March issue contains a story entitled "Superstition," which commends itself to our notice. It is an account of a combat between the art of a trapper and the instinct of a wild inhabitant of the forest. The war continues until the hunter, baffled at every point, becomes panic stricken. Finally he goes to the shack with fear in his soul — "Superstition" has been at work. The writer has succeeded in portraying the wild, wierd tone of the forest so essential to the completeness of such a story.

We acknowledge with thanks the "Argosy," "Dalhousie Gazette," "King's College Record," "Manitoban," "McGill Daily," "McMaster University Monthly," "Normal College Gazette," "Queen's Journal," "Sheaf," "Tantramar" and "Theologue."





'69 — Rev. Dr. Sanford, our veteran missionary to India, recently underwent an operation in the north of that country, for the purpose of having cataracts removed from his eyes.

'78 — Rev. Burton W. Lockhart, of Manchester, N. H., was honored by a reception on January 25th, given by the members of his church in celebration of his sixtieth birthday and of the twenty-first anniversary of his pastorate.— Bulletin.

'83 — Charles Osborne Tupper, M.D., D.D.S., died in Brooklyn, New York, February 22nd, aged fifty-three. After graduating from Acadia he took his degree of D.D.S. and M.D. at the University of Pennsylvania. He practised some years in Amherst, then removed to Brooklyn, New York.

'84 — Professor F. R. Haley was recently called to Norwich, Conn., by the death of Mrs. Haley's brother and father.

Ex. '84 — Rev. Robert McDonald has resigned the pastorate of the Washington avenue Baptist church, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to accept a call to the Plymouth Congregational church, at Worcester, Mass.— Bulletin.

'92 — Rev. J. B. Ganong, of North Sydney, has been called to the position of Superintendent of Home Missions for N. B.

'93 — At Halifax, on March 1st, Capt. Henry J. Starratt and Florence MacBlunt were married. Capt. Starratt has charge of the cycle corps recently recruited for the second contingent overseas forces.

'95 — Herbert A. Stuart died at his home in Hammond, La., on February 6th. He leaves a wife, neé Faye Caldwell, '95, a son and a daughter.

Ex. '96 — Rev. W. B. Bezanson, of Dorchester, has been called to the Temple church, Yarmouth, N. S.

'97 — Lieut. Stanley Jones, of the Princess Patricia Light Infantry, was the first Acadia man to be wounded in the war. We are glad to report that his wound is not serious and that he will probably be on duty again.— Bulletin.

'02 — Capt. W. B. Roscoe has been appointed adjutant of the Sixth Canadian Mounted Infantry.

'06 — Rev. F. S. Porter, pastor of Germain street Baptist church, St. John, supplied the pulpit of the Wolfville church, Sunday, March 14th. In the evening he was the speaker at the monthly missionary meeting conducted by the college Y. M. C. A.

'07 — At Freeport, on March 28th, Rev. Frank H. Eaton and Lola Campbell were married. Mr. Eaton becomes pastor of the Bridgewater Baptist church, April 4th.

'09 — Rev. F. F. Foshay, who recently resigned the pastorate of the Aylesford church, has removed to Rumford Falls, Me., having accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at that place.

'09 — Rev. F. C. Rideout, of Bridgeport, Conn., has recently published an article in the Maritime Baptist, entitled "Fanny Crosby's Farewell."

'12 — Austin Chute, who is teaching Latin and Greek in the boy's school at Hartford, Conn., is spending the Easter vacation at his home in Wolfville.

'12 — Ralph W. Donaldson, of Port Williams, who has just obtained his B. S. A. degree from Guelph Agricultural College, has enlisted with the University Corps. The corps is training at Montreal.

'12 and '13 — Born, on February 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Allaby, of Truro, a son.

Eng. '14 — Mr. Clifford Smith, now of Montreal, is spending a few days in Wolfville.

A. C. A. '10 — Rev. W. H. Freda has accepted a call to the Baptist church, of Dorchester, N. B.

The following represented Acadia at the Boys' Conference, recently held in Halifax: Dr. W. L. Archibald, Mr. I. S. Nowlan, Messrs. M. R. Millett, '16, who was appointed President of the conference, P. Tingley, '17, B. Angus, '17, A. P. Watson, '17, C. B. Schurman, '17, I. Stackhouse, '17, H. Wilson, '18, and F. L. Simpson, '18.

The Acadia Y. M. C. A. was represented at the Maritime Y. M. C. A. conference held in Truro, March 19th to 22nd, by the following: A. H. G. Mitchell, '16, R. S. Gregg, '16, B. Wood, '16, C. F. Bleakney, '16 and M. Sanders, '16.

A. C. A. CLASS OF '14.

- J. E. Widden has enlisted for the front.
- D. Smith has joined the class of '18.
- A. L. Steeves has joined the Engineers' Class
- J. B. Amos has enlisted for the front.
- L. B. Payzant is at home at Dartmouth.
- A. McN. Parker has joined the class of '18.
- W. Rogers is attending Toronto University.
- H. H. Titus has joined the class '18.
- A. W. Murray has enlisted for the front.
- G. V. Lantz joined the First Canadian Contingent.
- L. W. Frost joined the First Canadian Contingent.
- H. M. Foster is at Hampton, N. S.
- J. I. Mosher has joined the class '18.
- W. A. Allen is running a fox ranch at Summerside.
- H. H. Murray has joined the class '18.
- W. R. Acker has gone to the front.
- J. H. Morse is taking business at Academy.
- G. C. Dexter has joined the Engineers' Class.
- P. W. Freeman has enlisted for home defence.
- F. L. Simpson has joined the class of '18.
- H. A. Gibson is attending U. N. B.
- B. C. Wood is at home in Tryon, P. E. I.
- M. J. Armstrong is taking business this year.
- C. G. Scott is at home in Windsor.
- W. L. Coleman has joined the class of '18.
- W. G. Kitchen is attending U. N. B.
- I. W. Clarke has joined the class of '18.
- W. A. Ferris has joined the class of '18.
- H. G. Lawrence has joined the Engineers' Class.
- J. L. Wood has joined the class of '18.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Rev. I. C. Archibald, H. M. Bates, C. R. Bill, D. C. Clarke, C. A. Dawson, Grace L. DeWolfe, Mrs. (Dr.) N. P. Freeman, W. S. Frail, F. L. Swim, C. M. Haverstock, B. Haley, Mildred Harris, L. M. Johnston, C. T. Jones, E. D. King, Edith M. Kierstead, Nora E. Lewis, G. H. Lutz, Rev. D. H. MacQuarrie, J. W. Margeson, P. F. Murray, J. S. Millett, Waldon M. Palmer, S. S. Poole, Dr. A. P. Rogers, C. W. Roscoe, C. L. Sanderson, B. G. Scott, Rev. A. A. Shaw, Maude Stevens, M. J. Tamptin, Rev. W. B. Wallace, H. R. Welton, Mary Raymond, Dr. Spidle, H. V. Giberson, J. I. Morton, A. O. Shepherd, Albert Corey, Aileen Armstrong, Alice Atkins, Helen Cox, Gladys Currie, Kathleen Richards, Marguerite Robinson, Annie Walton, Ethel Fullerton, Evelyn Spidle, G. H. Lunn, Georgie Lent, Rev. F. H. Wentworth, K. A. Wilson, Lulu Zwicker, O. W. Parker, Annie Longley, Cora Kaye, Rowena Carpenter, Reta Cook, J. T. Prescott, Dr. Tufts, Claribel O'Brien, George Perry, F. W. Pattison, Bessie Rice.

WINNERS FOR APRIL.

POEMS:—J. G. McKay, '15; J. S. Millett, '16.

ARTICLES:—C. A. S. Howe, '15; E. C. Leslie, '17.

STORIES:—J. S. Millett, '16; S. W. Stackhouse, '16.

MONTH:—E. C. Leslie, '17; J. M. Boyer, '18.

EXCHANGES:—S. M. Hirtle, '18.

ATHLETICS:—M. G. Saunders, '16; J. S. Millett, '16.

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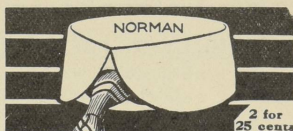
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