

XVII 1

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November, 1920

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Contents

Winners For The Month.....	1
The College—After Summer Vacation (Poem)—H. D. Fritz '22.....	2
The Mysterious Switch—Merle Mason '22.....	3
The Wallace Conference—K. Fitzpatrick '21.....	9
Country Joys (Poem)—E. F. Layton '21.....	13
A Belle Isle Romance—E. C. Prime '22.....	14
The Sackville Conference—A. E. Warren '23.....	22
The 1918 Girls' Reunion —Annie Allen '18.....	27
A Fancy (Poem)—Marion Grant '21.....	30
Mrs. J. E. Wilson—E. F. Layton '21.....	31
Prof. W. M. Whitelaw—E. C. Prime '22.....	31
Instructor C. R. Russell—J. MacNeil '21.....	33
Prof. E. D. MacPhee—A. B. Corey '22.....	34
Science	36
Modern Wharf Design and Construction—H. H. Wetmore, Eng.	36
The Development of Organic Chemistry—K. E. Mason, '21.....	41
Athenaeum Competition	45
Editorial	46
Seminary Notes—Hortense Griffin.....	50
Academy Notes—C. M. Spidell, A. C. A. '21.....	52
Athletics	54
The Month	60
Personals	65
Exchanges	70
Jokes	74

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLVII. WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1920 No. 1

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems—1st. Marion Grant '21; 2nd. E. F. Layton '21.

Articles—1st. K. Fitzpatrick '21; 2nd. A. E. Warren '23.

Stories—1st. Merle Mason '22; 2nd. E. C. Prime '22.

Science—1st. K. E. Mason '21; 2nd. H. H. Wetmore, Eng.

Month—1st. H. S. Thurston '22; 2nd. T. L. Brindley, '23.

Athletics—1st. R. S. Longley '21; No second.

Personals—1st. W. Miller '22; 2nd. E. Peck '21.

Exchanges—1st. W. H. Elgee '22; 2nd. I. C. Haley '22.

Jokes—1st. M. O. Brinton '22; 2nd. H. S. Thurston '22.

Seniors—10 units.

Juniors—13 units.

Sophomores— 2 units.

Engineers— 1 unit.

Pennant won by Juniors.

THE COLLEGE—AFTER SUMMER VACATION

THE trees conceal the storied pile
With leaves of varied hue
Which chilly Autumn sends awhile
Till colder winds ensue.
Seen thru this screen of blazoned leaves
Upraised upon the hill
The well remembered College breathes
In reverence—and is still.

Is still as tho a memory
Her anxious spirit moved
And contemplation's imagery
Recalled her past beloved.
To Thee return the happy throng
Acadia, Muse's daughter,
Grave learnings home, gay haunt of song,
Our cherished Alma Mater.

H. D. F. '22.

THE MYSTERIOUS SWITCH

“**I**N a consulting room of the Victoria Hospital in Kempton, in July, 1914, two doctors were standing over the unconscious form of a girl, who had just been brought in by the ambulance car. The story received from the ambulance driver was that the body had been found on a high precipice on the bank of the Hudson River. The only knowledge that could be gathered from the affair was that evidently the driver had lost control of an automobile of which she was an occupant. A wire fence had been broken down at a sharp turn of the road and the machine had probably struck a large spruce tree, which showed signs of an accident, and the machine had turned turtle and rolled over the bank into the river below where everything was carried out to sea. Lying about on the ground near the girl were a number of tools, broken glass from the windshield, the cushions of the seat, and a robe.

The girl's head must have been struck by some part of the machine when it turned over, for a part of her skull seemed to be crushed in. The girl had been unconscious for fourteen hours now, and the doctors were holding a long consultation concerning the advisability of operating at once upon the injured skull. This course was finally chosen, and preparations for the delicate operation were begun.

It was a very difficult undertaking, and the doctors knew that there was only a slight chance that the operation would be successful. However, the operation was performed and evidently was successful, though the girl was still unconscious. About twenty-four hours afterwards, the senses of the girl were seen to be gradually returning, and two or three days later, she seemed to be perfectly well except for one thing. She was positively unable to recall to her mind anything concerning the accident or any of the events which preceded it.

Whenever the accident or anything concerning her work previous to the accident was mentioned to her, a cloud seemed to settle over her brain, and struggle as she would she seemed

unable to pierce this seemingly dark veil drawn over her mind. But there was one thing that she insisted upon: that was that she should always have near her the robe which had fallen from the auto.

The doctors considered at that time that the girl should be placed somewhere under the oversight of some doctor, who could take care of her in case she should lose control of her mental faculties, a happening that seemed probable under such conditions. Therefore, one of the doctor's being my second cousin and knowing that I was a doctor here, handed her over to my keeping.

"This was four years ago. Since then, she has been down here in Florida working sometimes as a waiter in this hotel. When not working she usually sits out in a chair on the lawn, where she enjoys the fresh breezes from the sea!"

This was the story that doctor Wilbury was telling a group of people assembled in a room, where, on a bed, this same girl was lying unconscious due to the wound of a bullet which had entered her body and pierced her left lung a short distance above the heart.

One member of the group said that he had been looking out over the sea from his wondow, when suddenly his eye had been attracted by a strange scene down below on the lawn. This girl was sitting in a chair with her robe over her lap when a man who had just come to the hotel the same day, strolled out leisurely in that direction. When he happened to be near the girl, she glanced up, caught sight of his face, and instantly became as white as death. She called to him to come near her, and as he did so, she showed him a corner of the robe which she was holding. The man immediately turned pale, trembled, and staggered for a second, then wheeled around, snatched a revolver from his pocket, fired a shot at her heart, and disappeared from sight around the corner of the building.

The onlooker said that when he saw this, he rushed downstairs, telephoned for the police, and then, having summoned help had carried in the bleeding body, he called Doctor Wilbury.

After receiving this information, one of the group gained possession of the robe and examined it. In one corner was a strip of cloth with the letters H. B. M. distinctly marked on it. Thinking that this might have been the initials of the man, he sought the hotel register, but there was no man there with the initials H. B. M. The clue seemed very small indeed. Nobody seemed to have heard of, or seen any man of such description or of a name with those initials, and with so little information regarding the man, the police seemed unable to find any traces of the murderer.

About eleven o'clock that night the girl became delirious, uttering many strange words that could not be understood. Only once her saying became intelligible. "H. B. M." she said, "where is he? Has he gone? Get him, get him." She was silent for a moment, and then began again, "He caused the accident. He meant to kill me. Oh! get him before he escapes—the murderer. "After these words, which the Doctor wrote in his note book, although they did not greatly enlighten him, she began to utter mumbled and confused words which gradually ceased and left her in quiet rest. At about three o'clock in the morning she heaved a last sigh and her suffering was over.

Early in the morning, Dr. Wilbury hurried to the Telegraph station and telegraphed to his cousin, Dr. Frankland, in the Victoria Hospital, the events relating to the death of the girl and especially the words uttered before her death. Soon he received a reply stating that his cousin wished him to proceed on the next train to the office in the Hospital, as he had obtained information of a very important character.

Accordingly, upon his arrival in Hampton, the doctor at once proceeded to the Hospital. There, after a few greetings, the two men settled down strictly to business.

"There is a town by the name of Hartland, not far from here", said the surgeon. "That is the place where the accident to the girl took place four years ago. I ran up with my car after getting your telegram, and I discovered that about four years ago—that was about the time of the accident—a man by the name of Henry B. Morden, who had been liv-

ing there for some time, had unexpectedly left the town in his automobile. He had caused the report to be spread abroad that he had left the town to follow his wife, who, he said, had recently gone to Goldbury in California to visit a brother, and, through the agency of her brother, had bought a wonderful farm which he was now going to take over. This was the only thing that anybody seemed to know about the man."

"What did he do with his property in Hartley," said the other.

"He sold it to a renting agent; but by chance, the house has been unoccupied ever since, was the reply. "I also sent a telegram to a friend living in that town in California, to gain some information concerning this man and woman. Here is the answer that I just received a few months ago. It says "Have searched every possible source for information of party concerned. No man or woman of such description ever heard of here. Must be a mistake in name of town.

Signed, E. L. JAMESON.

"Well, this is growing into quite a mystery," said Doctor Willbury, seriously.

"Yes," was the answer", we shall have to make some important investigations right away, and I have already formulated a plan. We will go right away to Hartley and make a search of the house to see if there is any clue there concerning his disappearance. While I get out my little roadster, you call up the police station, report the case, and tell them that we will call shortly for the best officer of the force, Detective Kinley, of the Langdon Mystery case if possible."

In a few minutes, the two doctors were spinning toward the police station, where they were fortunate enough to find Officer Kinley, and they immediately proceeded to the Morden house in Hartley. The key of the house was obtained, and a thorough search of the cellar and immediate surroundings was made. All bolts, loose boards, and everything at all suspicious looking were carefully examined, but there seemed to be nothing out of the ordinary or which could yield any information.

A similar search was made on the first floor and attic, but with the same results. In order to be sure of having spared no pains, however, the officer advised them to search once more before leaving the house.

In a room which had served as a dining room for the family, there was a large open fireplace. On the mantle piece above it, a square shaped clock was resting, and as Kinley started to move it, he noticed that it was fastened down. At once, he opened the small door of the clock and found there, instead of the pendulum which he expected to see, an apparent electric switch. He showed it to the two doctors and then pressed the button of the switch. Instantly, there was a grating noise somewhere, apparently, in the partitions; but nothing could be seen. However, it was discovered that the unseen operation required a great deal of electric power, Evidently, some electric machine was set in operation by the button.

When the power was on, it was seen that the grating sound lasted for a few seconds, and was resumed again when the button was again pressed.

Kinley searched all round the walls to see if there was any effect produced there by the electric power. Nothing was discerned there; but he seemed able to lift a few boards from the floor near the fireplace. Kinley lifted them and told Dr. Wilbury to press the button. He did so, and what was their surprise to see a portion of the partition below gradually slide away with a prolonged grating sound, revealing a deep hole comprising a closed portion of the lower part of the old fashioned chimney. A terrible odour at once came from that direction; but this did not hinder the men from searching the interior of the hole to discover its contents. There they found a dead mangled body which a neighbor identified as that of Henry Morden's wife. It was a grave situation and no time for delay. The latest pictures of the murderer were sent to all newspapers and all sea ports of America, together with a good description of him and an account of the murder.

In a few days, a wireless message was received from a ship leaving Florida for the West Indies. The Captain reported that he thought the murderer was on board his steamer. The report said that he (the Captain) had observed, on the steamer, a certain man, with a person whom he called his nephew. The face of the man reminded him of a face he had seen elsewhere. This fact together with the fact that the two persons were always together,—the nephew never seemed to play about the steamer or engage in boyish activity,—caused him to be somewhat suspicious of the couple. Therefore, he had looked up some pictures in his cabin, and had found that one of the pictures and the man observed were marvellously alike—except for the fact that the man in question had a moustache and beard which was lacking in the picture. When he had covered over with paper the portion of the picture with the beard in it, there was no mistaking that the picture was that of the man.

The suspected man and nephew were brought back to port and the man was tried. He was found guilty of murdering his wife, and of taking another man's wife to himself, for she confessed that she had left her former husband to marry him.

He also confesed before his death that he had murdered his wife, and that their maid had learned of the murder, so that he had found it necessary to put her out of the way. He said that he had placed her in his car after gagging and binding her with a rug from the auto. Then, where the road sharply turned at the top of a precipice on the bank of the Hudson River, he had tied the steering wheel, set the car in motion, and let it plunge over into the river to go out to sea. He had not seen the car strike the tree and leave its occupant on the bank, because a team was coming from the other direction around the curve and he had to disappear in a strip of woods near by to escape notice. Whence he proceeded to the station and joined his new wife. Then, he said, they went to Florida to engage in work there, thinking that he had sufficiently covered up his tracks so that his crime would not be discovered. As for the electric invention, he said that he

discovered it in the house when he moved into it, but he did not know for what it was originally intended.

By a series of undue accidents, their trip to Florida had been delayed when they discovered that the affair was known. The couple attempted to leave the country unrecognized and managed at a very late hour to secure berths in the ship which later brought them into the hands of the proper authorities.

MERLE MASON.

THE WALLACE CONFERENCE

THE weather, the place, the leaders—everything conspired to make the Y. W. C. A. Conference held at Wallace from June 22nd to 30th, a thoroughly enjoyable and profitable outing. All the Y. W. C. A.'s. of the Maritime Colleges were represented, including for the first time delegates from Prince of Wales. In addition to these, we also had one representative each from McGill and Toronto. Acadia, unfortunately, had a very small delegation—only four girls from the College and one from the Seminary.

On our arrival at Wallace we were met by cars and buckboards and transported to the camp four miles away. Here we met Miss Hamilton, our Secretary, and Miss Muriel Roscoe '18, who was business manager, and who assigned us to our various tents. The camp was ideally situated—about a dozen tents in an open field sloping down to the water of Wallace Harbor, with the dining-hall nearer the road, and farther away, the Hostess House where all our general meetings and study groups were held.

Our daily program was arranged about as follows:

7.00 a. m.—Rising Bell.

7.30-7.45—Quiet.

7.45-8.15—Breakfast.

8.15-8.30—Morning Prayer.

8.30-9.30—Bible Study.

9.30-10.30—Study hour.

10.30-11.30—Mission Study.
11.30-12.30—Student Discussion.
12.30-1—Dinner.

Afternoon free for recreation.

6.00-6.30—Supper.
7.30-8.30—Devotional service.
10.30 —“Lights out.”

Our first meeting after breakfast was a short devotional service, conducted either by leaders or delegates. From that we went to Bible Study. Prof. Line, Mount Allison, conducted a class on “The Social Principles of Jesus” by Rauschenbusch. The discussions on the meaning of the Kingdom of God, and on the practical application of the teaching of Christ to modern economic and social problems were especially interesting, although somewhat spoiled by the effort to cover as much of the book as possible in the short time that we had. A second class met with Dr. Falconer, Dalhousie, to study First Corinthians, while Miss Ruth Woodworth, Acadia '17, made clear to a third group the seeming difficulties of Sharman's “Jesus in the Records”, with which most of us had had but little success.

The hour after Bible Study was free for study and preparation of the next day's work, or for group discussion. Then at ten-thirty we went to Mission Study. We started out with two groups, one of which was led by Dr. O'Hara, a medical missionary, who told us of her hospital and educational work in Dhar, India. Unfortunately through illness, she was only able to take her classes for a couple of days, and we all drifted into the other class which proved to be extremely interesting. It was led by Miss Tomi Wada, a Japanese student from Teachers' College, Columbia, and graduate of the University of Tokyo. She gave us a very vivid idea of conditions in Japan, taking it up under various phases,—political, religious, educational, social, economic, etc;—as well as considerable interesting information concerning Japan's international relations. It was her first trip to Canada and in order to see as much of it as possible, she had come via Montreal and Que-

bec, and was returning to New York by way of the Annapolis Valley and Yarmouth. She was very much interested in any information about our colleges, especially historical traditions connected with the localities from which we had come, and from us she wanted to hear the stories of Evangeline and Grand Pre, with which she was already quite familiar,—in fact she showed a remarkable knowledge of things Canadian for a person studying in an American university.

The last hour every morning was given over to general discussion, led usually by Miss Hamilton, or Miss Woodworth, Chairman of the Findings Committee, of matters pertaining to the work of the Y. W. C. A. as carried on in the Colleges, the real purpose of such an organization in the student life, exchange of ideas regarding Bible and Mission Study groups and the best methods of conducting such groups, but more especially of the organization of the new Canadian Student Christian Movement. It was rather startling news to most of us that we were no longer a part of the Y. W. C. A., and we found it somewhat difficult to adjust ourselves to the idea that we must assist in making plans for the new organization which is to take the pace of the old one, to the actual constitution and management to which few of us had given any thought as long as everything went along smoothly. Consequently it was with some difficulty but with a great deal of interest that we entered into a discussion of ways and means, and the appointment of members to the Interim Committee and the Maritime Council, which bodies are to assist in the management and planning of affairs until the organization of the Student Christian Movement is complete.

Our afternoons were taken up with hikes, swimming and rowing, although broken into occasionally by meetings for delegation leaders and Findings Committee, which came especially hard on such a small delegation as ours. One afternoon we were taken for a sail out to the mouth of the harbor, where we could see Oak Island, of Captain Kidd fame, and Prince Edward Island, lying like a blue line on the horizon. The yacht was towed out by a motor boat, and we were supposed to come back under sail, but just as we turned, the wind died

out absolutely, and for an hour or so we drifted in with the tide, until our friend of the motor boat spied our predicament and came to the rescue. A glorious coat of sunburn compensated for the delay. Another day we were all taken out in cars to Fox Harbor Point.

The evening meetings were always especially interesting. Besides our leaders, we had the privilege of hearing some of the visiting speakers—Mr. Albright, who told of his visit to India; Mrs. Forbes, from the Presbyterian Mission Board, who made a stirring appeal for Missionary workers; Mrs. Hiltz, from the Anglican Mission Board, and Miss Esther Clarke representing the U. B. W. M. U.

One evening we had supper on the shore and after it was over Miss Wada entertained us with a little story, a Japanese version of Rip Van Winkle, and then sang a Japanese boat-song and some college songs. The contrast impressed all of us,—a group of typical Canadian college girls, sitting by a Nova Scotia Shore, listening to Oriental fairy-tales and melodies by another student just like ourselves, from a country on the other side of the world. It emphasized a suggestion made by Miss Wada that we should send copies of our college bulletins to Y. M. C. A.'s. and similar organizations in Japan for a great many Japanese students want to come to Canadian and American universities but do not know which to choose, and she thought that our smaller colleges would be much better for them than the large ones, and not only better for them but of benefit to us.

It was with considerable regret that we "broke camp", in spite of the depredations of mosquitoes and caterpillars, and every girl who was present will look back on it as a week profitably and enjoyably spent. This account is of necessity short, and can give but a slight idea of the pleasure and benefit derived from meeting students from other colleges, and the inspiration of the leaders. It is to be sincerely hoped that Acadia will be represented by a much larger delegation at the next Conference, in order that the work in College may be carried on with greater enthusiasm as a result of the combined efforts of the large numbers. K. FITZPATRICK, '21.

COUNTRY JOYS

GIVE me a country fair to dwell,
The sympathy of hill and dell,
The rare retreat of forest green,
Where one may flee, and there unseen
Look at the secrets of the heart,
As little children go apart
To view alone their treasure store,
And count their precious trifles o'er.

Give me green fields to wander through,
Where all the world seems glad and new.
'Neath country sky unmarred by smoke
A guardian stands the lofty oak,
The willows bending all day long
List' to the river's tuneful song;
There let me breathe the fragrant air
Life is a joy, a thrill, a prayer.

E. F. LAYTON, '21.

A BELLE ISLE ROMANCE

IT was moonlight on the old Belleisle and a subdued silence hung over Ralston's Point, the particular place where the Natural History Girls from the City, were enjoying a weeks' outing. The only sounds to be heard were the occasional tinkling of a distant cow bell, and the conversation of the frogs, further up the creek. Two or three canoes were gliding along in the path of the moon, while the rest of the party were gathered around the bonfire, chattering and humming popular songs at regular intervals. It is not "visitor's night" but rural folk are not very formal and the camp girls were glad to have callers at anytime.

Mrs. Macintosh, or "Mrs. Mac." as the girls called her, had just finished giving the girls a talk on Browning and the discussion promised to be a lively one, when Harry came through the shaded path that led to the camps. He was only a stranger to Mrs. Mac., for this was their second day in camp and she had not been up to the village to meet any of the residents. The girls knew him though, for they had seen him nearly every time they went for the milk. Indeed, Harry was quite an important personage, for he was the only son of the widow Ralston who owned this Point. Lucy jumped up as soon as she saw him, and advanced to extend a welcome.

"Mrs. Mac," Lucy said, "will you meet Mr. Ralston—Harry, we call him, and—Mr. Ralston, this is Mr. Mac. Perhaps you'd like to meet the rest of these girls, Harry," she continued, giving the other girls a wink at the same time, "and this is Miss Rising."

"Oh I guess I've seen the most of them, thanks. How do you do, Miss Rising. I heard you folks had a victrola with you," he added, "and I thought perhaps you'd be playin' it tonight."

"Why certainly, Mr. Ralston—or Harry—we'll be very glad to play it for you," said Mrs. Mac. "Lucy, you're near the victrola; will you put on one or two records for Mr. Ralston?"

"Delighted! Mrs. Mac," answered Lucy. "What do you like Harry?"

"Oh, I'm not particular at all. I like that 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's all here,' pretty well. It'd be very fittin' too, wouldn't it?"

"Just the thing, Harry, and you think up another while I'm playing this one."

Harry's next choice was "Bubbles", and then a few band pieces.

All this time, Harry was sitting next to Mr. and Mrs. Mac. He enjoyed the music, but he felt terribly embarrassed the longer he stayed there. He wasn't accustomed to being in the company of so many young ladies. His life had been a more or less secluded one, and his knowledge of the fair sex was very limited. The girls were sitting in a circle around the fire, and all eyes were centered on Harry. *He* thought so, anyway; in fact he was sure that one girl directly in front of him, was constantly winking at him. It annoyed him somewhat. His face was hot and he was sure he was blushing.

"She needn't think she can fool me," he said to himself. "I'm not as 'green' as she thinks I am."

He tried to console himself with this thought, but all the time he was feeling more uncomfortable. He tried once to freeze her with a glance, but it didn't seem to have any effect.

Harry rather liked the looks of Miss Rising, and he cast more than one glance in her direction. "Of course she's older," he said to himself, "but she looks like a sensible young woman."

After the music stopped, the girls from camp two, served refreshments of ginger-bread and camp coffee, and this gave Harry an opportunity to change his position. This time he directed his steps towards Miss Rising. He did his best to keep up a conversation. He knew he wasn't any 'talker', but he was quite proud of the way he was able to talk with Miss Rising. "You know," he said, "she's one of those kind of people that's easy to talk to."

"How do you like the Belleisle, Miss Rising?" he asked.

"Oh, I just love this river, Mr. Ralston. It must be lovely to live here all the year round. You know I just love the country. I have always lived in the City, and one lives a more or less secluded life there."

"What part of the city do you live in, Miss Rising," continued Harry.

"Oh, I do not live in New Brunswick. My home is in New York. I was sick most all winter, and my physician advised me to go away for a change of work and where I could be in the open for a few weeks. Just at that time I saw an advertisement in the New York papers for a cook to accompany these girls, so I applied for the position, and here I am in delightful New Brunswick."

"Well I'm sure I'm glad you like the province, and I hope the change may do you good. I don't know much about city life myself. It is quiet around here, but it seems to suit me pretty well."

Every morning after that, Harry saw that a pint of fresh cream was delivered to Miss Rising. He didn't deliver it himself, but he gave his mother instructions to send it along each morning when the girls came for the milk.

The day following his visit to the camp, was a most delightful one to Harry. There was no melody in his voice, and yet he sang all day to the accompaniment of the mowing machine. He appeared about ten years younger, and the farm did not seem such a weight on his shoulders. That evening found him returning to the camp, and this time he carried with him a huge bunch of beets for the girls, but he took good care to present them personally to Miss Rising.

"Bob", Rising, as the girls called her—for they all had nick names—was becoming quite interested in Harry. She saw in him the pure, clean, strong man of the country, and his black mellow eyes standing out against a sun-tanned complexion, had a peculiar charm for her. She guessed the country air was doing her good all right, for she felt like a new being.

The two weeks passed all too quickly for Harry and Miss Rising. In fact, Harry never got familiar enough to call her Lou, until the last day or two, and she had only met Mrs. Ralston once. Harry didn't know anything about canoeing, but he had one of the fastest mares in the country—so he told Lou—and the moonlight nights were 'great' for driving. The girls all thought that "Bob" was having a better time than they were.

That winter, Harry made a lot of improvements on the old house. His mother had wanted him to do it for a long time, but he would never listen to her. She wondered at the sudden change in him, and yet felt he wasn't doing it solely for her. The old kitchen had been turned into a large dining room; the old grate removed, and a large new fireplace with a mantle put in its stead. A new dining room had been built on the southern end of the house, where it would get both the morning and afternoon sun. As soon as it was warm enough, the house was painted inside and out, and a nice new wire fence replaced the old one made of poles.

Mrs. Ralston was suspicious of Harry's intentions until Easter, and then he broke the news to her, by showing her a letter he had received from Lou, acknowledging the engagement ring. Mrs. Ralston always thought she wanted to see Harry get married, but now she wasn't sure whether she was glad or not.

The only thing that worried Harry, was how he was going to find his way around New York, but after he had gathered all the sap from the maple trees and the spring work was finished, he started for the States. His only baggage was a faded umbrella, and a little extension case that his father had brought with him when he first came to the Belleisle. His mother watched him out of sight, with tear-dimmed eyes. "I'd rather take a lickin' than do this," were the last words she heard him say.

When Harry stepped off the train in New York, he thought to himself, "well, if this is what every fellow has to go through before he's married, I don't blame so many of them for remaining single." He made sure that his money was still pinned in

his inside coat pocket, and that Lou's street address was still in his hat. His mother had sewed it there before he left. Grasping his faded hand bag with a terrified grip, he edged his way thru the crowd till he came to the information bureau.

"Say, Boss," he said, "can you tell me where a feller could put up for the night?"

"Yes, sir," was the sharp reply, "here's a guide book. Next, please."

Harry found himself pushed aside and another man being served. "Gee, that feller's obligin', ain't he? If that's the kind of people they have in New York, Belleisle is good enough for me. What good is this old book to me? I want some place to turn in for the night. Perhaps this policeman can tell me."

"Say, Boss, can you tell me where a feller can get a night's lodgin' in this berg?"

"Walk down the lobby and inquire first door to the left, sir," was the curt reply, and Harry thought that at last he had something definite to work on. After waiting about half an hour, his turn came, and he was obliged to engage a messenger boy to conduct him to a lodginghouse.

"Will you register, sir?" asked the boarding house proprietor.

"Does it cost anything?" replied Harry.

"Oh no, we just like to know who our guests are."

"Well, you can just write my name for me, if it's all the same to you. I'm Harry Ralston from Belleisle."

"Very well, sir. Do you wish to be called for breakfast?"

"No, you needn't bother. I always get up about five on the farm, so I expect I'll be awake early. I got a lunch with me anyway."

Harry followed the porter closely, but halted when he came to the escalator. "No, sir!" he said, "you don't cetch me goin' up on that thing. I don't want to be killed yet a while. S'posin' I got my feet caught in it! No, sir-ee! I prefer to walk up the stairs."

Alone in room thirteen, Harry locked the door, placed the dresser against it, and pulled down the blind, before he took off his coat and hat. Then he counted his money and found that so far, no pickpocket had got the best of him. He was tired, and the bed felt good, but he told his mother afterwards, that he slept with one eye open all that night.

Next morning he awoke at his usual hour and walked to the window to see what the weather looked like. "I don't believe it's goin' to be a plantin' day today. I suppose Sam Jones is just loafing at my expense, weather like this, and I hired him to put in that buckwheat while I was away."

"Eight o'clock! Well I s'pose it's time I was beginning to look for Lou."

He found his way to the office again and addressed the clerk: "Good mornin', boss, how much do I owe you?"

"Five dollars, please," replied the clerk.

"*Five dollars*", exclaimed Harry. "Well I suppose I got to pay you, but I call that robbery. 'The Village House' down home only charges seventy five cents for bed and breakfast, and they put up a good square meal too. Here's your five bucks!"

Harry Ralston found his way to the door and there he stood gazing up and down the street. The boy told him last night that it was 16th street. He knew not which way to turn. "Hey there, old man," he said to a passer by, "can you direct me to No. 85—47th Street?"

"Ah, go on! what do you take me for? a traffic manager?" he replied, and whisked along.

"They're certainly an obligin' bunch up here," Harry said to himself. "I've driven many a feller ten miles for fifty cents, but up here they're not even willin' to show you the road."

"There goes one of the messenger fellows that brought me here last night. "Hey there, boy," he called, "can you take me to No. 85—47th Street?"

"Yes, sir, come with me."

Harry took a new grip on his umbrella and extension case, and started for 47th Street.

"Here you are, sir. One dollar, please."

Harry paid it reluctantly, and the boy was soon out of sight.

"Well, here I am at last," he said to himself, and Harry Ralston stood alone in front of 85—47th Street. He turned down his black velvet coat collar; wiped the dust from his new dongola boots; brushed off his hard hat with his coat sleeve, and then rang the door bell.

"How do you do," he said to the butler who opened the door. "Would Miss Lou Rising be in?"

"Whom did you say, sir?"

"There is no person here by that name, sir," and the door was closed in Harry's face.

"Well Harry Ralston," he said to himself, as he faced the street again, "what a fool you've made of yourself to let a girl 'take you in' that way. Here you've spent all this money, and bought that ring, and got nothing to show for it."

He took off his hat again to see that he had made no mistake in the number. "Yes, he was right; 85—47th Street."

Bewildered, he picked up his baggage again and descended the steps leading from the house. He gave one more look at the defiant white letters over the door, but the two figures 8 and 5, were very distinct.

"Well, sir," he said to himself. "I don't believe Lou Rising would put one over me like that. There's something wrong somewhere. I'll wait around here a while, and perhaps she'll be passing this way."

Twelve o'clock came and 47th Street was a busy thoroughfare. The noon-day crowd hurried to and fro, and once Harry thought he caught a glimpse of Lou, but she did not even look at number 85, so he concluded he had been mistaken. He did not dare to move from where he was standing, lest he should be carried away in the passing throng, or he might miss Lou. He was still standing there at one o'clock when the hurrying crowd again filled the street.

"Well, I suppose a man's got to eat," he said, and slowly picked his way across the street to the W. C. T. U. Coffee Rooms. He walked through the whole length of the restau-

rant and sat down in the corner, his face towards the wall.

"Soup, sir?" asked the waitress.

"No thanks, Miss. Just a kruller and a glass of new milk will do. I'm not very hungry."

"Say, Miss," he said to the cashier in a whispered tone, after he had eaten his lunch, "did you ever hear of Miss Lou Rising who lives in New York?"

"Yes," she replied, "she worked for us a while last year. She lives at No. 85—49th Street."

"That's the house right up there, ain't it?" inquired Harry, pointing to the house with his umbrella.

No, sir, this is 47th Street."

Harry looked inside his hat again, to see if all this fuss had been his own fault, but no! the little tag said 47th Street. "Perhaps poor old mother didn't have her glasses on when she read Lou's letter," he said to himself.

"Oh, I see!" he exclaimed. "Well, thank you, Miss, thank you!" and with a brisk step he made for the door.

"There goes one of them messenger fellers. "Hey there! "he called, "please show me the way to 85—49th Street."

"Certainly sir," replied the lad. "Come with me."

No. 85—49th Street looked good to Harry: He dusted his hat again, and went through the same preliminaries as he had at 85—47th Street. At last he had found Lou.

"Why Harry," she exclaimed, "here you are at last. I couldn't imagine what had happened to you. I've been looking for you all day. I thought you were to be here last night?"

"Well, I was delayed a bit," said Harry, freeing himself of his umbrella, extension case, overcoat, and hat. "I'll tell you all about it some day. I'm mighty glad to be here, just the same."

And in August, when the Natural History Society girls camped along the Belleisle again, "Fir Shade", the cozy home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ralston, was thrown open to them and even Lucy was a welcome visitor.

E. C. P. '22.

THE SACKVILLE CONFERENCE

OFF for "Old Mount A!" When did we hear that cry before? But this was not to be a struggle for mastery in the physical arena, nor to be a decision, one way or the other, on the debating platform. This was to be the Maritime Inter-collegiate Conference of the Student Y. M. C. A., with these definite purposes; general enlightenment on college matters; the mutual exchanging of ideas; and best of all, the moulding and cementing of a truer and firmer friendship amongst the students, and the institutions which they represented. Previous reports in our magazine have given in detail the procedure of former conferences, and the places where they were held.

For some years past the students of Eastern Canada had met in conference in the vicinity of the charming little town of Knowlton, Quebec, situated on the shores of beautiful Brome Lake. This was an ideal spot for such a Conference, but the great objection—distance—had prevented many of our Maritime students from attending. During that period however, a new idea developed, and a new spirit shaped itself. A large number of the conference leaders owed a heritage to the Maritime Provinces. Maritime delegates found an affinity for one another, with the result that the matter of an independent Maritime conference was discussed, and finally decided upon. Mount Allison University at Sackville was chosen as the first place of meeting.

It was a grand, sunny morning, Friday, May 28th, when the writer and other representatives of Acadia pulled out from Wolfville, on the early train, on the long tedious journey around by Truro. Spring in her budding beauty, had spread a greenish mantle over all the trees, and had clothed the fields in verdure. The fragrance of the newly-burst apple blossoms, and the clear, balmy air served to alleviate all feelings of fatigue, and make the journey pleasurable.

We arrived in Sackville about 7.30 p. m. Pentz of Mt. A. was down to meet us. He had the "Old College Buckboard" with him, and we all tumbled in. The delegates from Prince

of Wales College had arrived just a few minutes before us, so that we soon intermingled with other wearers of the "Red and Blue". The ride to the University residence was short, and enjoyable.

The conference had opened shortly before our arrival. Our genial president, Ron Longley, had preceded us by one day, and so was present at the opening meeting, to receive inspirations which our delegation might otherwise have lost. The address of welcome to the delegates was given by Dr. Borden, President of the University. Following this address an enrollment of the various study groups was made. At 7.30, Dr. Bronson, of Dalhousie, lead a very intreesting, and animated discussion on "Prayer, Its Use, and Its Meaning". Following this discussion, we were assigned our various rooms, where we slumbered peacefully.

Perhaps a few outstanding facts would now be in order. The total enrollment was forty nine delegates, and leaders, representing to a large degree almost every Protestant College and Academy in the Maritime Provinces. The lively interest in student work in Y. M. C. A. matters, on the part of thevarious faculties, was clearly indicated by the representation of college professors of the different Universities. Acadia, although she tied with Dalhousie on student representation, had the largest delegation, when the members of the faculty were added. To explain the matter more easily, Dalhousie had one man, Arthur Rogers '15, an Acadia graduate, whose sympathies were divided, therefore Acadia was in the lead.

Among the outstanding leaders, and speakers of the Conference were Dr. J. C. Robbins, Chairman of the Student Volunteer Movement,—anyone who has heard Dr. Robbins, knows that he is a man of power and action;—Mr. George Irving, Religious Work Secretary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A.; Mr. J. R. Harris, Industrial Department of the National Y. M. C.A.; Rev. L. L. Young, returned missionary from Korea, and Dr. R. C. Armstrong, missionary from Japan. The conference was very fortunate in having secured these men of ability, and their parts on the

programme cast a bright light on the path of the conference. Mr. E. H. Clarke, general secretary of the college Y. M. C. A., for Canada, was also present, and brought with him the greetings, and ideas of the other Canadian conferences.

The following routine was observed daily:

6.20 a. m.—Rising Bell; 7.00-7.30—Breakfast; 7.30-7.50—Chapel.

8.00-9.00—Bible Study;

Manhood of the Master—lead by Dr. Deland, Mt. A.
 Jesus in the Records—Sharman—D. Rhodenizer, Acadia.
 Social Principles of Jesus—Dr. Liddy, Mount A.

9.00-10.00—Rest Hour.

Advanced Course in Sharman (special)—for professors, and student leaders—Dr. Bronson, Dalhousie.

10.00-11.00 (a)—Mission Study:

Forum on Japan—Dr. Armstrong, Japan.
 Forum on Korea—Rev. L. L. Young, Korea.

(b) Social Study:

Canadian Problems—Mr. J. R. Harris, Toronto.
 World Problems—Prof. Balcom, Acadia.

11.10-12.30—Association Work.

12.30 p. m.—Lunch.

1.00-1.30—Business Committee Meeting.

1.30-2.30—Advanced Course in Sharman, (continued).

2.30-6.00—Recreation and Athletics.

6.00—Supper.

7.00-8.30—Devotional Service and Discussions.

8.30-9.30—Delegation Meetings.

The classes in the various subjects were under the direction of excellent leaders, and the discussions proved very interesting, and educational. The writer does not wish to be of biased mind in any respect, but he found the classes in “Jesus in the Records” very interesting, and stimulating to

the mind. He would strongly recommend this course to all college students. Those who had previously taken the Sharman course at Brome Lake, had the privilege of taking an advanced course of two hours daily, and nearly every old delegate availed himself of this opportunity.

The chapel service were always helpful and inspiring. They were conducted each morning either by one of the students, or by a leader. On Sunday morning the delegates had the privilege of attending service in the local churches of Sackville.

The group discussion work during the last hour and a half of each morning proved very interesting, as it dealt with the practical side of the work of the Y. M. C. A. Various matters such as, New Student Problems, Handbooks, Fall Camps, Y. M. C. A. Reception, Bible and Mission Study, were taken up and thoroughly discussed.

On Saturday evening, Dr. Armstrong gave a masterly address on the "Situation in Japan" emphasizing Japan's material progress, and the lack of evangelization. Japan was becoming more democratic however, and the great missionary need of today was for "leaders of leaders" in Japan.

Mr. Harris of Toronto gave a short address on "Canadian Problems."

On Sunday evening, Dr. Robbins delivered his address on the "World Situation". Mr. Irving spoke on "What is God Like?"

Monday evening, Dr. Robbins spoke on the "Student Volunteer Movement, Its Record, and Future Policy."

Friday evening, Prof. Balcom spoke on "World Problems", and was followed by Rev. L. L. Young, who gave his address on the "Situation in Korea."

Wednesday evening, Dr. Boyle, President of Kings University, spoke on "The Student and the Need of Today."

Thursday evening, Mr. L. A. Buckley, gave a very interesting address on "Boy Leadership". All these addresses were listened to with much appreciation.

The afternoons were devoted mainly to Athletics and games. Tennis occupied the greater portion of the time. A

rainstorm prevented a Tennis Tournament which promised to be interesting. Baseball on the campus, and Basketball in the gymnasium proved excellent forms of recreation.

Forest fires were raging in this vicinity during the conference. The Sackville Fire Department was called out on Monday afternoon. Some members of our group, realizing the vast amount of ability within the "Residence" impressed a passing motor car to take the students as assistants. We commandeered buckets from the college rooms, got aboard, and took a spin toward the neighbouring fire. We were not called into action, however, but we had the pleasure of a free ride, and of getting close to the blaze.

On Wednesday afternoon, Dr. and Mrs. Borden kindly entertained the members of the conference at an "Afternoon Tea". A very enjoyable hour was spent. The Acadia delegates wish to record their appreciation of this act of thoughtfulness and hospitality.

Thanks are due also to those friends of Sackville and Amherst, who so kindly took us out in their cars, around the Tantramar Marshes, and other points of interest.

The delegation meetings were always interesting. At 8.30 p. m. we used to gather up in "Ron's" and "Wets" room, and discuss everything worth discussing in college matters. "Bush", "Bill", and "Albert", were also very prominent members of these discussion groups.

Perhaps the best meeting of all was the one in which the presidents of three college Y. M. C. A's. were called upon to testify as to their opinion of the conference. The expressions of good will toward each other, and the feeling of friendliness, which developed still farther, as a result of this conference will have a beneficial effect in the students' attitude toward each other, and in the spirits of the different colleges.

The Acadia delegates left Sackville on Friday morning, June 6th, on board the "Maritime Express."

Since the conference at Sackville various changes have taken place. The Student Y. M. C. A. has always been under the jurisdiction of the National Council of the Y. M. C. A., and has received certain financial support in its work. Canada

has had at least three student secretaries. Owing to certain difficulties, principally financial, the National Council found themselves unable to continue the student work. They have cut down the number of student secretaries to one. One man cannot look after all the student work of Canada, so several conferences have formed an Interim Committee to carry on the work until matters can be adjusted. The result of this is likely to be a "Student Christian Movement" in Canada, directly affiliated with the "World's Student Christian Federation". Whether this movement will in any way affect the good work which the Y. M. C. A. has carried out in all departments at Acadia, we do not know. We trust that the work will go on in the same cheerful way in which it has always gone, and that, regardless of whatever name we may have to apply to our foster-mother, we may still have the local "Acadia Y. M. C. A."

A. E. W. '23.

THE 1918 GIRLS' REUNION

Ripero, tipero, zipperanna, zam
 Harpazo, pempazo, tumaluma iam
 Hipala, zipala, hamalama, lah
 Acadia '18! Rah, Rah, Rah!

NEVER was the old yell given more lustily than on July 10, 1920, on the shore of the Annapolis Basin. After two long years of separation the girls of '18 had gathered for a reunion:—the fulfillment of two years' dreams and hopes. Nine happy care free days we spent in our two cabins at the Sea Breeze House, Deep Brook. All that kept our outing from perfection was the unavoidable absence of two of our members, Anita Pickles and Marion Weston.

Our whole week was just one good time after another, so we said. By no means the least of these good times was our car-ride to Bear River and the afternoon and evening spent there among the cherry trees. Then there was our

“Theatre Night.” At the request of several guests at Sea Breezes staged for their amusement, and may be for their education, what we chose to call an “Acadian Evolution.” There we portrayed the stages of a college girl’s career from her entrance to Acadia’s halls as a young Freshette, until her departure as a full fledged Alumni, ready to take her place in the wide, wide, world. The time at our disposal for the preparation of this little impromptu affair was only one brief summer afternoon, but it brought back to us many a reminiscence of rehearsals for class Propylæum entertainments in our college days, which together with the apparent enjoyment shown by our guests fully rewarded us for all our efforts of mind and imagination.

One of the very best of our good times was our visit to Mrs. Marie Danielsen Smith’s (Acadia ’16) at Clementsvalle. The auto ride to her home was a delight in itself—but the few hours spent there at that charming hunting lodge.—Our Dream Lodge, we named it—were like a chapter out of a story book.

Perhaps the biggest event of our week was our Acadia Party. For two hot afternoons groups of the ’18 girls laboriously dug clams. It was hard work to capture those clams, sometimes with no other implement than our own two hands, it was harder still to convince one of our number that she was out on that hot muddy beach to dig clams, not to study Biology, but we finally succeeded in conquering as many clams as we thought we needed. Then on Thursday evening all the Acadians of the vicinity—representatives of College, Seminary and Academy—gathered around the bonfire on the beach. There as we roasted marshmallows and baked clams, aching muscles and sunburnt faces were forgotten in the joy of renewing old friendships and forming new ones with members of present day classes. When the last clam was eaten, and the tide drove us off the beach we went up to the pavilion where we played games, sang “the” songs and yelled “the” yells just as heartily as we had many a time in Assembly Hall or Club Room.

No account of our reunion could be complete without some mention of our daily swim. For among the members of '18 there were some staunch souls who braved the icy waves every day. Thanks to the energies of our volunteer swimming mistress, two at least made marked progress while others stood—or sat—shivering on the slip.

But perhaps the hours of our reunion week that we will remember longest are those quiet hours spent on the beach in discussions, such as those that once enlivened the rooms of Senior Corridor. Our own personal ideas, hidden from the world for two whole years, once more found utterance down among the rocks. Our discussions may have been more practical than they once were, for weighty problems relating to our lives as school teachers and business women had to be settled, while the problems of the college, of religion and science, particularly the science of medicine, were freely debated.

As we sat on the old wharf Sunday evening, the last night of our glorious week together, singing those hymns which we call the Acadia hymns because chapel made them so, we realized just what our reunion had meant to us,—the inspiration of new ideals, the renewal of ambitions, the broadening of vision,—withal the strengthening of a friendship already firmly established. As we thought of our college course overshadowed from beginning to end by clouds of war, and compared it with the course of the Acadia student of today when the attendance is so large and all the activities so intensely alive, the question came—would we exchange our course for the present? But swiftly came our answer—No! A friendship and unity such as ours could never have been developed had we not been so few in numbers and motivated by a common interest found in working together for our twenty-five soldier classmates and their khaki-clad comrades.

We believe that our reunion is unique in the history of Acadia, but we pass the idea along to other classes. We know of no better way of spending a vacation, and of no better place than Sea Breeze House. We have firmly decided that if it is possible we will meet there again next year and our outing will be all the more merry if one or more other classes are occupying other cabins there. A. D. A. '18.

A FANCY

O sweet form of life and beauty,
Come and drive away dull duty,
Come and take me by the hand,
Lead me into fairyland,
There to roam.

She approaches, lovely maid
In robes of gleaming light arrayed,
Takes and leads me ever on
Till the breaking of the dawn
O'er the foam.

Now she leaves me—gone the dream
Gone the sparkling mystic theme,
Now approaches grave, stern Duty—
“Leave this land of visioned Beauty!
Come thou home!”

Slow I turn to Duty find,
Yet her voice seems strangely kind,
“Follow me, fear not stern Duty,
I, the only strong, true Beauty,
Lead thee home!”

M. E. G. '21.

MRS. J. E. WILSON

ACADIA is glad to welcome Mrs. J. E. Wilson as House Mother of the University girls' residence. Mrs. Wilson is well known throughout the Maritime Provinces, through her active participation in Christian work. She is a native of Sussex, New Brunswick, but has spent much of her life in the United States. She attended school at Newton, and later studied at Bates College, Lewiston, Maine. Here she took an active part in college life, being for a time editor of the college paper, and maintaining a high standard of scholarship. Owing to ill health, she was unable to complete her Senior year.

Shortly after leaving college she became the wife of Rev. J. E. Wilson, then pastor of a church in Lewiston. Later they came to the maritime provinces, where he held pastorates in Tusket, Cheggoggin, Fredericton and Woodstock.

Since Mr. Wilson's death in November, 1918, Mrs. Wilson has been church missionary in the Baptist church at Woodstock and continued her activity in various forms of Christian work. Acadia is fortunate in having her here and we hope that she may have every success and great enjoyment in her new work.

PROF. W. M. WHITELAW

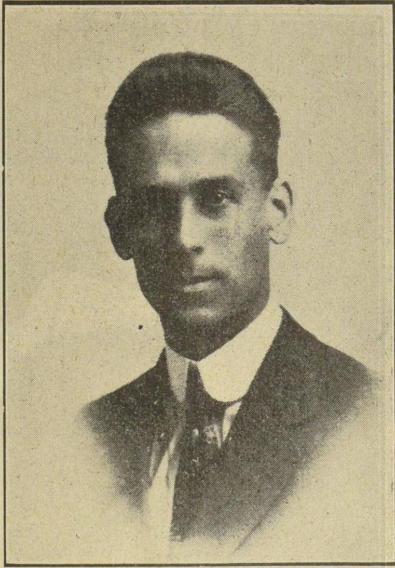
Acadia welcomes to her Faculty this year, a new instructor in History, Mr. William Menzies Whitelaw, M. A., B. D., succeeding Dr. Tufts, who for so many years has been in charge of this department.

Mr. Whitelaw is a true Canadian, a native of Quebec, born at Valcartier, a name that will be recorded in the histories of the World War. His early education was received in the Eastern Townships. In 1910 he graduated from Toronto University with first class honors in Philosophy, and the following year he was a member of the Psychology staff there. From 1911 to 1914 he studied in New York at Colum-

bia University and Union Theological Seminary, graduating from Union and completing the residence requirements for a Ph. D. in history. From Union, Mr. Whitelaw received the Schoales Travelling Fellowship, and in 1914 went to Europe for graduate study in history. He arrived in Heidelberg on Friday, July 31st, and mobilization was declared on Saturday, August 1st, but at the end of August he was granted his release on the understanding that he would remain a non-combatant.

The winter of 1914-1915 was spent at Edinburgh University, specializing in Church History. In the summer of 1915 he went to Egypt with an Oxford unit for Y. M. C. A. service, and from there to India with the B. E. F., and later, to German East Africa. From the latter place he was invalided home with malaria in 1917, via the East. After two months he went overseas with the Canadian Y. M. C. A., and received his discharge in April, 1919. During the last winter he has been doing research work in Canadian History in New York and Toronto, and has spent the past summer in Europe.

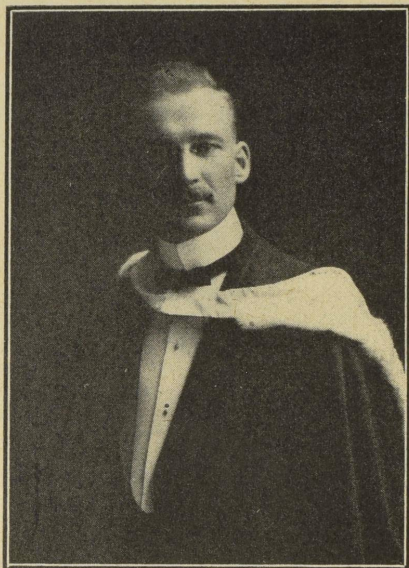
Due to Mr. Whitelaw's brilliant scholastic record and the wide experience which his work overseas has given him, his work in History at Acadia must necessarily be of a very high order.



INSTRUCTOR C. R. RUSSELL

Mr. Charles R. Russell, our new gym. instructor is a native of Bridgeport, Conn. He is a graduate of the International Y. M. C. A. college of Springfield, Mass., and has had considerable experience in gym. work. For four and a half years he was engaged in government club house work in the canal zone, and while there ministered to the needs of the Anzac and Canadian troops, who passed thru the "big ditch" on their way to the front. He was gym. instructor in Bridgeport high school for a year and served in the American Y. M. C. A. at Camp Pike, Arkansas. He comes to us from the Iowa State college of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts.

It is already evident that Mr. Russell's work at Acadia will be very gratifying to himself and profitable and pleasing to the students. The Athenaeum wishes to extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Russell and family.



PROF. E. D. MacPHEE

Professor Earle Douglas MacPhee is a native of Prince Edward Island. He first burst upon Acadia in the fall of 1915 as a Freshie-Soph. and joined the class of '18. Previous to this he had spent some time in the West and had taught in New Brunswick. "Mac" or "E. D.," as he was generally known, soon made it clear by his studious habits and exceptional ability for hard work, that he was here to get an education. Yet, despite this, he managed to find time to enter most of the college activities.

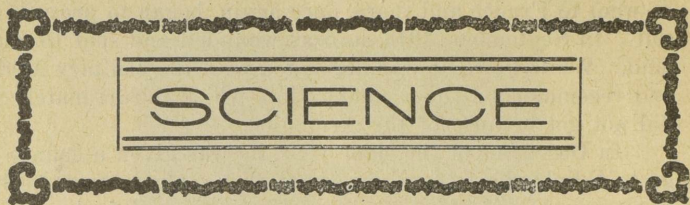
When, in the early part of 1916, the Highland Brigade was being formed, "Mac" was one of the first ten from Acadia to enlist in the 219th Battalion. In the Army he proved himself a capable soldier and rose steadily in rank to that of Company Sergeant-major. In the course of time

he went to France and there, once again, began to prove himself. In September, 1918, he was wounded and sent to England. While there he was decorated with the Military Medal and recommended for a commission, which unfortunately he did not get because of the Armistice.

In December of the same year, he was given a chance to go to Edinburgh to continue his studies. Once there, he began to apply himself most diligently to the task in hand and by June of this year had qualified for the degree of Master of Arts in Psychology and also for that of Bachelor of Education. Thus he is one of the two men upon whom the latter degree has been conferred by Edinburgh University.

We hear that romance has not been entirely absent from his life and that soon it is to show itself in some definite form. We welcome Professor MacPhee among us again and trust that his psychologizing will take some effect upon those whom he is now, and will, in the future, be endeavouring to instruct.





MODERN WHARF DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION

IN discussing the design and construction of anything as practical as a wharf, we must consider the practical sides of the question quite as carefully as the theoretical points involved. Of course there are no two harbors in the world where the conditions governing wharf construction are exactly the same. In fact there would hardly be two wharves in the same harbor that were built under the same conditions. Still, these different requirements are classified in practice into three or four groups, with one general style of treatment for each group.

The factors that determine the different groups are three in number: the volume of trade, the kind of foundation available, and the height of the wharf, this latter depending on the draught required and the rise of the tide. Where the trade of the harbor is not large, an extensive outlay of capital for wharf construction is not warranted. In such a case a wharf composed of a timber crib would probably be used. Wherever the trade will justify the expenditure, a concrete wharf is desirable. No matter what the amount of trade through the harbor is, if the foundation is of soft material such as mud or ooze for any considerable depth, it is necessary to use a wharf erected on piles, as no other construction will remain in place without undue settling.

Let us look into these different types in greater detail. We said that a timber crib is used in harbors where there is little trade. The main advantages of a crib of this type are its cheapness and easy construction. A crib wharf costs no more to erect than a pile one, and scarcely half as much as a

concrete wall. As far as construction is concerned, the crib is the easiest wharf to build, as it is only necessary to build the crib, tow it into place, and fill it with ballast. On the other hand, timber wharves are not as durable as concrete. True, all the wood that is permanently under water will be preserved indefinitely. A few years ago some wooden timbers were dredged out of the River Thames that had formed part of the foundation of London Bridge five hundred years ago, and these timbers were still perfectly sound. But wherever the wood is alternately wetted and dried, it decays after a few years and has to be replaced. Then, a timber crib is more or less plastic. If it rests on a foundation softer under one part than under another, or if it is unevenly ballasted, it will settle unevenly, twisting itself out of its original shape till it exhibits unsightly bends and humps. Another disadvantage occasionally encountered is that some harbors are infested with the Toredos or boring-worm, which ruins the submerged part of the crib nearly as fast as decay destroys the upper portion. From these serious defects we see that it is poor economy to use this type of wharf except on small, unimportant jobs.

A wharf made of concrete is strong where the crib is weak and weak where the crib is strong. That is, a concrete wharf is permanent whereas the timber is temporary; it is not likely to twist or detort from unequal settlement as is the crib for it is much more rigid; and it is not affected by decay or Toredos. On the other hand, the concrete wharf costs more and is more difficult to construct than the timber crib. However, the advantages of the concrete so outweigh its disadvantages that it is more economical to use than timber, in harbors of any size.

There are two main methods of erecting a concrete wharf, either by pouring the concrete into forms placed in the water, or by erecting a coffer-dam, pumping out the water, and then pouring the concrete in the regular way. The direct method is only safe when the foundation is very hard such as rock or hard-pan, as it includes taking a chance that the foundation is sufficiently hard in all places, without giving any chance to

inspect it. When a coffer-dam is erected, this danger is removed, since it is possible to examine all parts of the foundation, and any weak spots may be provided for.

In either case the concrete should be poured as nearly as possible in thin layers extending all over the job, rather than in blocks. The face of the wall should be protected by a framework of twelve inch square timbers, to prevent ships from injuring it. These timbers should be fastened in place by drift-bolts set into the concrete, and should be so arranged that they may be replaced when necessary. In Canada and the Northern States the concrete near the water level should be sheathed to protect it from the water, because the latter will freeze on it and might deteriorate the concrete. This precaution was neglected in constructing several wharves in St. John and in a number of places these wharves are crumbling at the water level due to the action of frost.

It sometimes happens that the rise of tide requires so high a wharf that the cost of a solid concrete wall would be exorbitant. When this occurs, there are two common solutions; either to make the wall with hollow spaces like an immense honeycomb on its edge, or else to use a timber crib under the water with a concrete wall above it. The first of these methods differs from the solid-wall construction only in that a number of vertical, circular forms are placed in the wall, and the concrete is poured around them and over their tops, forming a platform. A variation of this type occasionally used, is to build the concrete platform on concrete posts, instead of on the hollow wall. We shall consider this type in detail when we discuss wharves built on piles, which it resembles most closely.

The second method, that of a concrete wall on a timber crib, can only be used under the following conditions: the harbor must be free from the Toredos, which would destroy the crib in a few years, leaving the concrete in a very dangerous position; also the foundation must be capable of supporting the imposed weight. An example to prove this is to be found in St. John at Berth 16, where a wharf of this type was erected on a soft foundation. About the centre of the

wharf for a length of two hundred feet, the front of the crib settled badly, throwing the top of the wharf out of alignment about five feet, and leaving the wharf not only unsightly in appearance but awkward for ships to use.

When these two conditions about the Toredó and the foundation are fulfilled, the timber and concrete wharf is quite as durable as one made entirely of concrete, since timber under water will last as long as concrete, if not longer. As regards relative cost, the timber and concrete construction costs at least one third less than a concrete wall of the same height, when the latter is poured directly into the water. When a coffer-dam has to be erected before the concrete wall may be built, the total cost of the concrete wall greatly exceeds that of the timber and concrete type.

It is sometimes required to build a wharf where the foundation is not strong enough to support the weight of a crib or a concrete wall. In such a case it is necessary to use piling to support the wharf. This may be done in two ways, either by cutting the piles off close to the ground and placing a crib or concrete wall on them, using them as a foundation, or by continuing the piles up to the top of the wharf and placing a platform on them.

The plan of using the piles as a foundation and erecting the wharf on them is the one commonly adopted, although the other is sometimes employed. Using the piles only as a foundation requires that more piling be driven than in the other system, as the piles have a greater load to support. It is a harder type to construct than the other, as the piles have to be cut off under water and some form of stringers have to be fastened across their tops. Also this system requires more material in the wharf proper than the all-piling method. However, in practice this type possesses certain advantages that outweigh these defects. Its chief claim is its strength, caused by the weight of the crib or wall that composes it. It can withstand the blows and strains of a large ship far better than the other type, and so it will last longer without repairs. For this reason it is nearly always employed, except in small harbors where only small vessels call and only a light wharf is required.

There is another point that enters into wharf design—the nature of the backfilling in the space directly behind the wharf. Sometimes this space is filled in flush with the top of the wall. At other times the space is not filled in at all or only in part, and the freight shed, tracks, or whatever is behind the wharf, is supported on a pile trestle. The complete backfilling makes an additional thrust on the wharf and so requires a rather heavier wall, but on the other hand it forms a cheaper support for the equipment behind the wharf than a trestle, and it is a much firmer and more satisfactory support. For these reasons it is generally employed.

There are two times, however, when it is impossible to backfill behind a wall: first, when the wharf is erected on piles and there is nothing to keep the backfilling material from sliding into the harbor, and secondly, when the foundation is so weak that while it will carry a crib or concrete wall it will not support the additional load caused by backfilling. In these two cases it is necessary to use a trestle to support the equipment behind the wharf.

We have run briefly over the main factors that influence wharf design and construction. The all-important questions of rise of tide (determining the height of the wall), and the strength of the foundation, must be determined on the ground. When they have been settled, and from them the general type of wharf decided upon, the rest of the problem is merely a question in Statics which no competent Engineer should have any difficulty in solving.

H. H. W. Eng.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ORGANIC CHEMISTRY

BEFORE discussing this subject we must get a general distinction between organic and inorganic chemistry. Organic chemistry may be termed the chemistry of the hydrocarbons and their derivatives, whether found in organisms or not, while inorganic chemistry treats of all other compounds and the elements. While inorganic chemistry was primarily developed through the study of minerals and has a long history, organic chemistry owes its origin to the investigations of substances occurring in the vegetable and animal kingdoms and is essentially a nineteenth century science.

Now, if we go back in history to the ancients, we find that they were acquainted with many organic compounds such as vinegar (dilute acetic acid), artificially prepared organic salts, soaps, oils, resins, dyes, wines, etc. However, at this period, as well as in all other periods up to the close of the eighteenth century, the investigation of organic compounds was carried on mainly with a view either to the preparation of medicines or the improvement of technical processes such as dyeing, etc. In the seventeenth century attempts were made at the classification of substances by investigators such as Boyle and Nicolas Lemery. The latter, in 1675, taking as a basis the natural source of the compounds, framed three classes: "mineral", comprising the metals, minerals, earth and stones; "vegetable", comprising plants, resins, gums, juices, etc.; "animal", comprising animals, their different parts and excreta. This classification was generally accepted for a century or more and was strongly supported by the school of chemical philosophers called the "Phlogistonists". According to them, every combustible substance was a compound of "phlogiston" and the phenomena of combustion were due to the phlogiston leaving the compound. Therefore we may say that up to this time there had been no outstanding advances in chemical research.

However, in the later part of the 18th century, Scheele (1742-86) began the first organic researches of any

scientific importance. Among other discoveries, Scheele isolated and characterized many organic acids, especially the vegetable acids, and proved the general occurrence of glycerine in all oils and fats. Investigations such as these drew general attention to the subject and Lavoiser (1743-94)—who was largely responsible for the overthrow of the old “phlogiston” theory—turned his mind to this interesting branch of the science. Having explained the nature of combustion, he ascertained the ultimate composition of certain organic compounds through careful, although not always accurate investigations. Still, it must be borne in mind that Lavoiser did not distinguish organic chemistry as a special branch of the science. Such a thing could not have been brought about at that time without first completely overthrowing the wide-spread belief existing then, and also held at a later date by Berzelius, Gmelin and others, that the formation of organic compounds was conditioned by a so-called “vital force.”

Therefore, at the beginning of the 19th century, when qualitative and even quantitative analysis had attained a relatively high degree of accuracy, Lavoisier's experiments with alcohol, oil and wax were practically the only ones in existence designed to ascertain the composition of organic compounds. However, at this time, numerous investigators, among whom may be mentioned the three young chemists, Wohler (1800-82), Liebig (1803-73) and Dumas (1800-84), were coming into prominence and were destined to take an active part in the development of chemistry, especially along the organic side.

Organic chemistry then may date its beginning from the shattering of the dogma of “vital force”, which for so long had blinded all eyes as to the real formation and origin of organic compounds. This was effected by Wohler's synthesis of urea, the well known product of the animal organism, in 1828. But the belief died hard; the synthesis of urea remained isolated for many ears; and many explanations were attempted by the vitalists, only to succumb at a later date to the undubitable fact that the same laws of chemical combina-

tion prevail in both the animate and inanimate kingdoms, and that artificial synthesis of any substance, inorganic or organic, is but a matter of time once its constitution is determined. Here was the first great step, and organic chemistry began now to be spoken of as the "chemistry of the carbon compounds."

From this time on, until about the years 1850 to 1860, organic chemistry developed slowly, the greater generalizations of inorganic chemistry aiding it to a considerable extent. Yet, at the same time, it was a scene of persistent strife. Theory after theory arose in rapid succession, each aiming at the explanation of the structure of organic compounds, only to be overthrown in turn, but each leaving its germ of truth to be utilized by its successors. However things began to look more promising about the middle of the century, when Williamson and Kekule brought forward their theories of valence, and of structural formula or the graphic representation of molecules. Thus the idea that chemical compounds could be visualized as groups of real atoms united by real bonds, exerted a remarkable fascination, especially in synthetic studies, which gave the chemist almost creative powers, and also by the enormous interests involved in connection, for instance, with the coal tar products.

Let us stop for a moment and consider briefly the influence of organic chemistry upon the coal tar industry. Coal tar has always been a troublesome and practically useless product of gas works. However, in 1843 Hofmann succeeded in obtaining "aniline" from this product. Then in 1856, W. H. Perkin, an Englishman, by the practical application of this discovery produced the dye called "mauve", which stimulated a remarkable competition in dye industries especially among Britain, France, and Germany. Next in line came the "azo" dyes, and finally in 1865, Baeyer, after a series of brilliant researches, discovered the commercial preparation of indigo from naphthalene, another product of coal tar. But although dyes have been the chief products of coal tar, many other products used in the manufacture of perfumes, medicines, explosives, etc., have been obtained. Among these

may be mentioned the product benzene, which has led to extensive and most valuable researches. Its close relative, toluene, also obtained as a product of coal tar, has found great use in recent years in the manufacture of the powerful explosive commonly known as T. N. T. (tri-nitro-toluene).

This coal tar industry is only one of the many examples of the way in which organic chemistry and industry have advanced, hand in hand, with phenomenal rapidity and success since the early sixties of the past century.

Now, in conclusion, we have seen that, although organic chemistry really has its birth as a science at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the great advance in this branch did not actually begin until the latter half of the century. Up to this time its development had been greatly hindered by numerous and various obstacles such as, the erroneous idea of "vital force", and the imperfection of analytical methods for determining the composition of organic substances. However, during the earlier part of the second half of the century, by the introduction of the valence theory, structural methods, a new impetus was given to organic chemistry and since then the advance has been remarkable. And, although yet in its infancy, its valuable contributions to the health and happiness of mankind are beyond all estimation. I might mention, in passing, its tremendous influence upon the advancement of medicine, physiology, biology, bacteriology, the new science of chemotherapy, and other avenues of activity. Indeed, the specialization of the different branches of organic chemistry has gone on until they have become separate sciences in themselves. It is no wonder, then, that we are all astounded as we look back over the last sixty years and observe the remarkable development, far-reaching effects and marvellous results of organic chemistry. K. E. M. '21.

THE ATHENAEUM COMPETITION

THE Athenaeum competition is of two kinds;—that of the individual for the Library A, and that of the class for the class banner. Both are based on the unit system. The best contribution to any of our departments is awarded two units, the second best, one. To get a Literary A, one must win twenty-one units, at least ten and not more than seventeen of which are in the literary and scientific departments. Any undergraduate student of the University is eligible to compete and units may be carried over from one year to another. The banner is awarded each month to the class winning the largest number of units for the month. At the end of the year it becomes the permanent property of the class having to its credit the largest total number of units for the year. In 1918-19 it was won by the class of '20, and in 1919-20 by the class of '21.



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C. B. LUMSDEN, '21, *Managing Editor*.

T. A. MEISTER, '21, *Literary Editor*.

R. H. WETMORE, '21, *Science*.

H. H. WETMORE, Eng., *Athletics*.

E. R. FASH, '21, *Personals*.

C. M. SPIDELL, *Academy Representative*.

K. FITZPATRICK, '21, *Staff Artist*.

E. C. PRIME, '22, *Month*.

D. D. CAMERON, '22, *Exchange*.

C. I. MACPHAIL, '22, *Jokes*.

HORTENSE GRIFFIN, *Seminary Representative*.

J. W. LANK, '22, *Business Manager*.

H. GRIMMER, '21, *Circulation Manager*.



Editorial



THE Athenaeum is in the hands of a new staff. All are new to their offices and for the greater part inexperienced in this kind of work. But we intend that the paper shall perform well its twofold object of giving expression to the various phases of college life and developing the literary ability of the students. We are fully aware of our lack of experience and the importance of our charge. Our salvation however, lies in the fact that the Athenaeum is not a production of the editors. They merely arrange and classify the material. The writing is done by the student body. We feel sure that their pride in the paper and their jealousy of the high place it occupies amongst its kind, stimulated by the individual and class competition will not let the quality of our magazine suffer this year.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

The cost of publication has increased from year to year until now the subscription price does not begin to pay for

publication alone. Last year the actual cost of the Magazine per issue was more than double the selling price, and this year there has been another increase of 15% in the publishers rates, making it absolutely necessary that some of this additional expense be defrayed by our subscribers. As a result, we have increased our rates from \$1.50 per year to \$2.00. But even this increase does not solve the problem and we will find it necessary to economise in other directions and limit the size of the Magazine to about one hundred pages. What we lose in size we will endeavour to make up in quality. Furthermore we would ask our subscribers to assist us as much as possible by promptly remitting the amount due on their subscriptions.

A slight error occurred in the financial statement of last year's June Athenaeum. The \$15 for metal should have been listed as an asset carried over from the previous year, and on the debit side there should have appeared an item of \$10, for second prize in the competition of 1918-19, thus making a difference of \$5 in the net debt carried over from the previous year.

We regret having to report a lack of competition and consequent shortage of material in some departments this month. We believe this to be due largely to the faulty ideas upon the part of some individuals that there is so much competition in the departments where work was assigned them by their respective class committees that their efforts would be outclassed and superfluous. The trouble here is that the paper suffers. The high standard of the Athenaeum can be maintained only by the student body placing the largest possible amount of material at the disposal of the editors. Make those who get units work for them. See to it that whatever class wins the pennant this year has such a hard race that it will take it some time to forget that there are *other* classes in college. Do not be discouraged if your work does not win first place every time. Many of those who are getting first place this month have worked for years with little or no re-

cognition of their efforts. Remember the two-fold purpose of the Athenaeum. In our literary department alone this month there were nine stories, seven articles and seven poems submitted. Only two of each of these could be given units. What you gain by the practice is yours forever. Also, it is readily seen that by having such a variety to choose from the department attains a higher tone than could otherwise be.

Acadia is going ahead. This has always been evident, but never more so than at this time. Last year's advancement was largely one in enrollment and in spirit. After the students had gone, May 27th, "the hill" was much as it had been for years. But not so this fall. The first thing to strike the returning student is the Memorial Gymnasium. The outside is practically finished and the inside is being rushed to completion. Nothing could be more fitting for the purpose. Standing as it does on the edge of the campus and overlooking the very field where they whose careers at home and abroad it is to commemorate, struggled for Acadia's honor and learned to "play the game," it ought, by its very significance, to spur every Acadia man to excel even himself in contesting for the honor of his Alma Mater. By affording the much needed facilities for athletic training it will foster a hardier manhood and engender a greater enthusiasm and college spirit, thus in itself helping to uphold the torch thrown to us from falling hands.

Perhaps the next thing to remind the student that he is returning to a bigger Acadia than he left is the enlarging of the campus to the eastward. The would-be footballers of ensuing years will have two gridirons at their disposal instead of one.

Other objects of interest to many are the two trophy field guns standing before the library, and the Heinie plane in the large room of the College Museum.

The attendance this year is a record one. Every branch of college activity is feeling the throb of life that ever flows

thru the corridors and about the grounds. All our societies and clubs are organized and functioning. The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations are busying themselves with fall camp, religious, social, and missionary work; the Athenaeum and Propyleum Societies with debating and public speaking; Athletic Associations, overwhelmed with football, are, nevertheless, stealing stray glances at hockey, basket-ball, base ball, and track sports. The student committee is attending to the thousand and one little things that no one else seems to care about and which nevertheless must be attended to. Acadia Council is there with its good intentions and sage advice. Political, theological, choral and dramatic clubs and college band are making their own peculiar demands upon us, and in turn becoming items in that complex structure college life. Add to these the innumerable class meetings, cornboils, theatre parties, house parties, foot ball games, receptions, pyjama parades, and some studies and it is seen how the swarming youth at Acadia find activity for their enthusiastic souls.

Perhaps the most significant change this year is that in the teaching staff. Dr. Cutten, relieved of his class-room duties by Prof. MacPhee, can now devote more time to executive work. Prof. Whitlaw has succeeded Dr. Tufts upon his retirement from the history chair. Instructor Russell's rule proper begins with the opening of the Gym., but he is now doing his best to get our football men into shape and keep them "fit." These new instructors, as they become larger and larger factors in the affairs of Acadia, must of necessity exert a most desirable influence upon the spirit of the Institution. Not only have they excellent Academic qualifications but have seen behind the curtain,—they have gazed upon the souls of men and institutions as they struggled in nakedness beneath Mars' iron heel. Their outlook must necessarily be broader, their sympathies more extensive, as a result of their wartime experiences.

The Athenaeum welcomes the new students to Acadia and to all her varied life. For while the opportunities of the class room are what bring us here, yet not nearly all the treasures of a college course are passed across the instructor's table.

Our clubs and societies are all as open to you as was our football team and we hope to see you making as good a showing in all the others as you are there.

SEMINARY NOTES

THE Seminary opened for the work of the Year 1920-1921, September 2. An unusually large number of students applied for admission so that the congestion of last year has been duplicated. By rearrangement of rooms, etc. this has been relieved somewhat and the work of the year is progressing with the utmost smoothness.

We welcome some new teachers. Miss Muriel Thompson of Liverpool, England, assumes charge of the Art Department; Miss Florence Holt takes the place in the Expression Department, vacated by Miss Key. Mrs. Connaughton of the McGill School of Physical Expression, takes the charge of the Gymnasium. Miss Marie Underill of the Toronto Conservatory, is added to the Vocal Department. Mr. Frank Marsh, Jr., has become Director of the Conservatory of Music. He is by training and experience admirably qualified for this position and is commending himself to Teachers and Pupils alike as a master in his work. All the other Teachers are the same as last year.

The Faculty recital which was held Friday evening, Oct. 29, was largely attended and much enjoyed. The work was uniformly of a high order and the attention to detail characteristic of all. Mr. Marsh's work ensured smoothness in the execution of every part. The programme was as follows:—

Violin Soli—

- (a) Berceuse Tschetschulin
- (b) Oriental Cesar Cui
- (c) Serenade Prerne

Miss Pauline Tourjee Nelson

Miss Van der Pyl at the Piano

Vocal Soli—

- (a) Friend O' Mine.....Sanderson
 (b) The StarsPhilips
 Miss E. Marie Underhill
 Miss Van der Pyl at the Piano

Reading—

- “Happiness”J. Hartley Manners
 Miss Florence A. Holt

Vocal Soli—

- (a) Chanson indueRimsky-Korsakow
 (b) One Fine Day (Madame Butterfly) .Puccini
 Miss E. Marie Underhill
 Miss Van der Pyl at the Piano

Piano Soli—

- (a) NachstückSchurmann
 (b) Prelude, op. 3, no. 2.....Rachmaninoff
 (c) ValcikMokjres
 Mr. Frank E. Marsh, Jr.
 God Save The King

The various school activities, such as the Reception given by the Old Girls to the New Girls, the entertainment provided by the New Girls for the Old Girls, the Pierian Recitals and the Monthly Pupils' Recitals, are as a matter of course interesting to the participants if not to the uninitiated. But in the case of the Pupils' Recitals a splendid list of talent is being developed which augurs well for the future.

The Religious and Social Activities of the school will be referred to more fully in a subsequent issue. Well into another year the school is harmonious in spirit and life and the Seminary Spirit is something which has to be reckoned with.

Query! Who will give us \$350,000 for a New Seminary Building?

ACADEMY NOTES

THE Academy opened September 1st with a large attendance, there not being room for all at the residence a number are residing at Kent Lodge.

The Y. M. C. A. is following the custom of former years, by holding weekly meetings, which are well attended.

A school court has been formed, and due punishment has been awarded on several occasions to disturbers of the peace.

The foot ball spirit is prevalent as is shown by the numbers who turn out daily for practice. Judging by the enthusiasm and splendid showing, there should be no trouble in picking a team of winners. On October 13th the foot ball team played a try-out game with the college and suffered defeat, but nothing daunted they will try again. October 15th they played Kings Collegiate Academy at Windsor, and suffered defeat again, chiefly through fumbling. But it proved valuable as it brought out the weak points in the team. After necessary alterations, which are going on apace, the team will be in first class condition.

Many aspirants for the Team which is to run the Bulmer Cup Race, are taking daily training, their expectation is to win the Cup again this year, thus making it the permanent property of the Academy.

A class in Physical Training is being conducted by the Physical Instructor, Mr. Russel, on the campus every afternoon. Much benefit is derived from this class by those students who are not engaged in foot ball.

Many students took advantage of the three day vacation at Thanksgiving to spend the time at home. They returned very vigorous and attacked their lessons with great zeal.

On October 27th the Kings Collegiate foot ball team arrived here to play a return game with the Academy.

Promptly at 2 p. m. the game was called by Dr. DeWolfe, who was referee. It began by a kick off from the Academy: The playing which followed was rapid. Both teams being in good form. The first period ended with one touch in favor of the Academy.

The second period opened by a kick off from Kings. Then in a series of swift plays two more touches were made by the Academy, these were promptly converted by Wry, and the game ended 13 to 0 in favor of the Academy.

Academy Team.

Forwards.

D. McKay, M. Baker, H. Condon, G. B. McKay, P. Warren
 B. A. Parsons, H. S. McCulloch.
 H. S. McCulloch

Halves

K. Beaton, J. Wry, J. Sansom, B. D. Elderkin

Quarters.

G. W. Sprague H. Hodgson C. Langille

Full Back

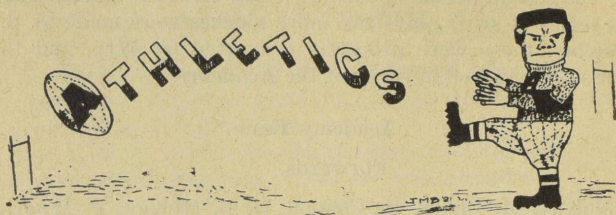
B. J. Elderkin.

Spares.

D. MacKeigen O. Smiley C. Naugler

All the Academy men were in good form but special mention should be made of K. Beaton and G. B. McKay, who were the stars of the game. The game was straight and clean from start to finish and we deeply appreciate the spirit of true sportsmanship displayed by the King's team.

C. M. SPIDELL.



FROM Sept. 29th when the first Acadia student landed at Evangeline Beach, Acadia can tell of Athletic Activity of one kind or another and the spirit of friendly rivalry has added much to the zest with which all have taken part in the various sports.

The first interesting event of the season, was a base ball game at the Beach between teams from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. As New Brunswick had no battery, Mason and Brown of Wolfville supplied this want, while Read and McLean occupied these positions for Nova Scotia. The game was interesting throughout and was loudly cheered by the spectators representing the two provinces with the Islanders supporting first one team and then the other.

The features of the game were the spectacular work of Crowdis, the Nova Scotia second baseman and the batting of McLean, who was out to equal the great American heavy hitter, and who always hit the first ball thrown.

The close of the ninth inning found Nova Scotia so far ahead that no effort was made to calculate the actual score.

..INTERCOLLEGIATE DELEGATION MEETING AT TRURO.

For several years the Athletic Associations of the various universities have felt that the time has arrived for a definite understanding regarding the Intercollegiate games. There was some talk of having a representative from each college at the Convention last June at Sackville to talk over the various rules and to revise them where necessary, but as this

did not materialize, a convention was called at Truro shortly after the opening of college at which Acadia was represented by Messrs. Tingley and Corey.

At this convention the different intercollegiate games were discussed and the rules revised where necessary. Also a schedule was drawn up for both foot ball and basket ball, but owing to Kings not having a representative there, nothing was done regarding Hockey.

It is hoped that this conference will do much to clear the way for a better undertaking among the maritime colleges and that it will meet annually for the same purpose.

TENNIS.

Very little interest is shown in this branch of sport by the major portion of the student body during the foot ball season, and yet every day the courts are filled with enthusiastic players drawn it is true largely from the Academy and Tully Tavern but showing the presence of good players all thru the University. Good material should be developed for the annual tournament next Spring.

BULMER CUP.

This cup presented several years ago by Mr. Bulmer for the class winning an eight mile road race three consecutive times. Until last year, the race has always been run shortly after the close of the foot ball season, but last year due to the lateness of the season, the race was not run.

There was some talk of the race being called off again this year but as this does not meet the favor of the trustees, the Acadia Council recommended that the race be run the first Saturday following the close of the foot ball season.

This race allows eight members from each class a chance for entering an athletic event and should be taken up this year by every class so that we may develop men for the Annual Track Meet which will be an established fact from now on.

FOOTBALL.

As usual the chief centre of Athletic activity during this part of the season is in foot ball, and every day sees the campus covered with men in the proper togs seeking to learn the fine points of the game.

Two teams are in action nearly every afternoon and it is hoped by the opening of the Intercollegiate league, that Acadia will have a team worthy to represent her upon the foot-ball field.

WANDERERS—ACADIA.

The first game of the season as far as Acadia was concerned, took place in Halifax on Thanksgiving Day, Oct. 18th, when the Acadia team met the Wanderers club on the latter's grounds.

Before nearly three thousand spectators, referee Allan called the game at 3 o'clock and for some time the spectators watched an interesting game.

Acadia had the kick off, and Tingley kicked the ball far into the Wanderer's territory, but it was promptly returned. Then for a time the ball was first on one side, then on the other of the centre line, until after the first fifteen minutes the Wanderers half line got away for a try, which was not converted.

After this the game was hotly contested but there was no further scoring on either side.

The Wanderers scrim was more successful in getting the ball and thus materially helped their half line.

A return game will be played in Wolfville on the 23rd and should be interesting.

Line up.

Acadia		Wanderers
	Full back	
P. Tingley		Edwards

Half backs.

Porter	Dr. Campbell
Clarke	Yeomans
Grimmer	Suteliffe
Langwith	McLeod

Quarters.

Murray	George Holmes
Fraser	MacCoy
Beardsley	Hunter (Capt.)

Forwards

McLean	Studd
Longley	Pacey
A. Tingley	Young
Atkinson (Capt.)	Power
Flemming	Monaghan
Wigmore	Fultz
McLeod	Schwartz

As winter approaches all eyes are turned towards the new gymnasium as it nears completion.

The building promises to be all that was expected of it. With its large floor space and the various other up to date equipment, it will be the centre of attraction during the basket ball season and should see some interesting inter-collegiate games.

Our instructor, Mr. Russell, is deservedly popular with the student body and will have many enthusiastic pupils in the near future.

ACADIA VS. WANDERERS.

On Saturday, Oct. 23rd, the Wanderers of Halifax arrived in Wolfville to play a return game with the Acadia team. A large crowd of Acadia students were at the train to meet the visiting team and the Wanderers and the Acadia yells were frequently heard.

Promptly at 2 p. m. the two teams came on the field. The Wanderers won the toss and chose to play with the wind.

At the kick off the ball went well down into Acadia territory but was soon returned and the game was on. During the first period there was no score on either side, the ball being first on one side of the centre line and then on the other.

In the second half, both teams began to work for a score, but during this period the Acadia team seemed to have a slight advantage. The play was mostly in the Wanderers' territory with occasional wishes to the Acadia end.

Finally Beardsley received the ball and passed to Clarke, who in turn passed to Johnson and Johnson in spite of all attempts to stop him, crossed the line for the first and only try of the game.

During the rest of the game, scrim after scrim took place on the ten yard line of the Wanderers territory but in spite of their efforts, the college boys could not again break them thru opponents' line. The game ended with the score 3-0 in favor of Acadia.

In watching the game, one could not but be impressed with the visitors, who are one of the cleanest teams that ever played on the Acadia campus. Every man on the team is a good sport and Acadia extends to them a welcome at all times.

Such games as that on Saturday should do much to promote the true sporting spirit which is necessary for real amateur sport.

After the game, the Acadia band led a procession of students thru the town so that there might be no doubt on the part of the townsmen as to who won.

Acadia

Wanderers

Line up.

Corey

Edwards

Hal ves.

Beardsley

McLeod

Clarke

Sutcliffe

Johnson

Arthur

Porter

Lane

Quarters.

Anthony
Grimmer
Robinson

McCoy
Schwartz
DeYoung

Forwards.

Eaton
MacDonald
Wetmore
Atkinson (Capt).
Flemming
McLeod
Wigmore

Studd
Young
Schwartz
Atkins
Simpson
Briggs
Monaghan





The Month

College under way—the functions necessary, and otherwise—to the beginning of the year, commenced. The Athenaeum held its first meeting on the evening of Oct. 9th.

Society. As usual, this was short and snappy, nevertheless
Athenaeum covering the necessary routine—to prepare for an active year of the work.

The Debating Schedule has been partially arranged, starting with Senior Junior Debate on Nov. 5th, 1920. Sophomore Freshmen Debate for Nov. 20, 1920.

Bible Study On Sunday afternoons Dr. Rodenhizer is holding
Class. a Bible Study Class. A large number of men are taking this up, and should find it very helpful and instructive. The book used is “Jesus in the Records”, by H. B. Sharman.

On Friday evening, Oct 15th, the college girls “showered” Dr. and Mrs. Thomson with kitchen utensils. Unfortunately Dr. Thompson was absent at a Faculty meeting

Shower for and unable to appreciate the “clever” Latin
Dr. and Mrs. verses which accompanied each article. Marion
Thompson. Grant '21, gave a witty speech, and the “showers were over” with the singing of Acadia songs. “What’s the matter with Mrs. Thompson, girls? She’s all right.”

On Saturday evening October 16th, the Willett Hall boys **Club Room** very pleasantly entertained the college girls in **Party.** their club room. This was greatly appreciated by those who were unable to go home for the holiday. Professor and Mrs. Perry were the chaperones.

On Tuesday evening October 5th, the Juniors "chivareed" one of their class-mates. Joseph Pyne, who took upon himself **Chivaree.** the bonds of matrimony, during the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Pyne were escorted to "Hughie's" for ice-cream. We wish them a long and happy married life.

The old girls of Tully gave a reception to the new girls on Oct. 9th, in the club room which was very nicely decorated for the occasion.

Reception Each "new" girl was escorted by an "old" girl, **New Girls.** thus making each others acquaintance.

Four groups were then formed, according to birth-days, and each performed some stunt. Before closing, refreshments were served, consisting of candy and apples. Songs and yells were indulged in, after which everyone agreed that a most enjoyable evening had been spent together. There were also present Mrs. Cutten, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Perry.

Each class naturally thinks its own party the best, and to this general rule, the class of '22 is no exception. On the evening of Oct. 11th, nearly every member of the class hied himself or herself to Willett Hall Club Room, determined to live up to the name of Jolly Juniors. Psychology **Junior Party** and Logic were forgotten; or if, possible, the though of the morrow's classes did intrude, vainly endeavouring to mar the pleasure of the occasion, that thought was, like Judas, consigned to his own place, and joy was unconfined. Various games furnished merriment for all present. After the serving of refreshments, the class

yell announced that the party was at an end, and the company regretfully dispersed, cheered however, by the thought that this party was not to be the last.

Realizing that both the time and the occasion were most favorable, since no interruption need be feared from the Sophs.

the Freshmen seized opportunity by the forelock
Freshman and held a party at the Ridge, on the same night
Party. that the Sophomores were making merry in the club room.

Gathered around the immense bon-fire, they passed a merry hour telling stories, singing songs and getting acquainted with each other, preparatory to many other such jolly affairs in the future.

Synopsis of "The Freshman Rush" a play in two acts.

Act I. THE GRAVENSTIEN RECEPTION.

The play opens with a representation of the Assembly Hall, with seats stacked against the walls, leaving an arena-like space in the centre. A large body of men assemble, some in holiday attire, some in working clothes. The latter play the most important parts.

The Prologue-speaker announces the purpose of the play. At the conclusion of his speech, pandemonium breaks loose, and cries of "Seniors! seniors!" "Juniors this way!" "Sophomores!" "Engineers!" "Freshmen!" fill the air. There is a scurrying to and fro, each man seeking his proper place.

The play proper now begins each class sends forth contestants to take part in the broad-grin, the cracker race, the hand-wrestle, and other events. The 2nd year Engineers are finally declared winners of the largest number of points.

The strain of the contest has apparently proved too much for certain of the Engineers. For the last five minutes they have been casting hungry looks at the two barrels of Gravenstiens occupying prominent positions on the stage. The bar-

rels are therefore opened, the apples passed around, and the famishing ones are satisfied.

The familiar tune of "Jingle Bells" rings out, and each class responds with its yell. After finishing their yell, the Sophs proceed to give two others, the last of which sounds remarkably like the one given a minute later by the Freshmen.

Act II. THE RUSH.

The scene is laid at the rear of the Sem. The falling rain dampens not the spirits of the actors, for the desire to win favor and applause from the fair spectators above, stimulates each to play his part well. First-year and second-year men line up in opposing ranks and glare fiercely at each other through the darkness.

The order for attack is given. The first-year men press forward valiantly, but are no match for the well-organized band of Sophs. Twice, yes, thrice, does the compact phalax of Sophs sweep everything before them, and victory is their. The entire first-year band is taken prisoner and on the following day march in chains gracing the triumphal procession of the victors.

Class parties were in order during the month following the opening of college. Early in the month, about forty Seniors assembled one evening on Randall's Hill, attracted by the bright glare of the bon-fire and the fragrant odor of boiling corn. A perfect night, perfect corn, and a perfectly jolly crowd, all tended to make the party a success. By unanimous vote the corn-boil was declared "the best ever". Moreover, let it be said that the lively way in which those Seniors raced around at "double dodge," demonstrated beyond all question, that the terms *grave* and *old* can be applied to no member of the class of '21.

Sophomore Party.

Not to be outdone by the Seniors in the matter of social activities, the Sophomores were next in line with a class party in Willett Hall Club Room on October 5th. Games and re-

freshments formed a prominent part of the evenings' program, the sounds of hilarity lasting far into the night. Near the zero-hour, the other inmates of the Hall, who were not eligible to take part in the festivities, were awakened by a thunderous yell, and realized that the first social function of the class of '23, would soon be a matter of history. Dr. and Mrs. Thompson were chaperones.

The Y. M. C. A. executive may well congratulate themselves on the success of their second fall camp at Evangeline Beach. The camp was inaugurated in 1919 as more or less of an experiment, but the success which has attended it both years, has placed it far beyond the experimental stage.

The camp opened on Friday, Sept. 24, with an attendance of 40, which, by Tuesday, had increased to about 65. Mr. Albright, Maritime Secretary of the Students' Y. M. C. A. was a welcome guest at the camp, as were also various members of the Faculty.

If the success of a corn-boil depends on the quantity of corn consumed, we may safely say that the corn-boils on Friday and Saturday nights were entirely successful. On both occasions the feeds were followed by short speeches by the guests, the foot-ball captain, and the president of the Athletic Association.

On Sunday evening the boys gathered around the big bonfire, and listened to short addresses by Dr. Cutten and Mr. Russell, the new physical director. Afterwards, hymns and college songs were sung, while a basket of apples claimed the attention of those who were not musical.

The baseball game on Monday afternoon, though not in the big league class, was by no means a disappointment to the fans who looked on. The Nova Scotia team, spurred to their best efforts by the cheers of their supporters, easily defeated the New Brunswick men.

The concert on Monday evening, by both college and town talent, ended the camp's program. The boys returned to Wolfville on Tuesday, preparatory to registration on the following day.



SENIORS OF 1920.

Harry Bill has a position in Winnipeg, Man.

Jean Bishop is at her home in Auburn. She will attend P. N. C. after Xmas.

Elmira Borden is attending Prov. Normal College, Truro.

Victor Burton is studying medicine at Harvard.

Muriel Cann Holmes is residing in Wolfville.

Miriam Chisholm is assistant librarian at Acadia University.

Carrol Clarke is attending Prov. Normal School in Alberta.

Charlie Corey is pursuing his studies at Babson Institute.

Joe Dobson is taking his third year in McGill Medical course.

Angus Elderkin spent the summer in Sask. He expects to return home shortly.

George Estabrooks is at the Sanitarium, Kentville.

Leonard Gray has a church in St. John, N. B.

Minta Hatfield spent the summer in Alberta. She returned home this fall.

Angela Herbin is taking special courses at Acadia University this year.

Midred Harvey is attending Maritime Business College, Halifax.

Charlie Huggins is studying Medicine at Harvard.

Mary Longley is teaching in the Canadian West at Pencers' Creek, Sask.

Francis MacAvoy is preaching at Aylesford, N. S.

Ralph Moore is teaching in Winnipeg, Man.

Hazel Morse has a position in the office of Simms Brush Factory, St. John.

George Nowlan is studying law at Dalhousie.

Pauline Parry is assistant librarian at Acadia University.

Ethel Rand is attending Normal School at Truro.

Dean Rogers has a position on the staff of Amherst Academy.

Dot Schurman is attending Normal School in Truro.

Paul Tingley is taking his M. A. at Acadia this year.

Harold Titus is pursuing his studies at Rochester Theological Institute.

Lorne Titus is teaching in Sydney, N. S.

Dorothy Williams is in New York studying to be a nurse.

Donald Foster is studying Physics at Yale.

Albert Longley is studying Biology at Harvard.

Vernon Van Wart is attending Harvard.

Hazel Walker is at her home, Truro, N. S.

ENGINEERS OF 1920.

Ralph Bates is studying Civil Eng. at McGill.

Hugh Black is studying Civil Eng. at McGill.

John Butterworth is taking Elec. Eng. at McGill.

Ira Clarke is studying Chem. Eng. at McGill.

Lawrence Cossitt is at his home in Smith's Cove, N. S.

William Delaney is studying Civil Eng. at McGill.

George Dexter is studying Eng. at Boston Tech.

Charlie Grant is remaining at his home this year.

Arthur Hickson is completing his B. Sc. course at Acadia.

Bigelow McKenzie is taking Eng. at McGill.

John Payzant is employed with "Payzant and King", Halifax.

John Potter is studying Civil Eng. at McGill.

Dumaresq Smith is at his home in Toronto.

Eddie Stewart is studying Eng. at Nova Scotia Tech.

Arthur L. Steeves is attending Nova Scotia Tech.

A. L. S.

'20. Edith Jenkins is attending Charlottetown Business College.

'20. Cassie Smallman is at her home in Summerside.

'20. Phyllis Polland is at her home in Yokohama, Japan.

'19. Marie Wilson is training for a nurse in the New England Baptist Hospital.

'19. Thelma Onner is training for a nurse in the New England Baptist Hospital.

A. C. A.

'20. Robie S. Bezanson is at his home in Margaretville.

'20. A. D. Brown is studying Medicine at Dalhousie.

'20. L. McG. Gray is studying Dentistry in Toronto.

'20. Frank A. Rees is attending Agr. College, Truro.

'20. Donald Smith is attending Upper Canada College.

'20. Murvale Vail is studying Engineering at Dalhousie College.

'19. Ruth Elderkin is teaching in New Jersey.

'19. Skippy Hill is studying Missions in Gordon Mission School, Boston.

'19. Martha Flemming is teaching in Halifax Academy.

'19. Vera Ogilvie is teaching in Glace Bay.

'19. A. M. Arbuckle is teaching at Rothsay Collegiate School.

'19. Don Grant is studying law at Dalhousie.

'19. Brad Hall having taken unto himself a wife (nee Miss Evelyn Smith of Clarence, N. S.) on Aug. 25th is now principal of the School at Parrsboro, N. S.

'19. Isabel Magee is teaching at Lilac Lake, Sask.

'19. Helen Beals is at Simmonds College, Boston, taking a course in library science.

'19. Carlyle Beals is studying medicine at Yale.

'18. Muriel Roscoe is teaching Science at Truro Academy.

'18. Norman McL. Rogers has received the degree of B. A., in the honor school of Modern History, Oxford.

'18. Esther Gould is taking her Ph. D. at Columbia University.

'18. Anita Pickles is teaching in Alberta.

'18. Baxter Spracklin is teaching in Sydney Mines. He was married in July to Miss Irene Philips.

'17. J. Frank Wright is taking his Ph. D. at Harvard.

'17. Ralph Smallman is taking his M. A. at Acadia University.

'17. Evelyn Fox was recently married to Byron Green. They are now living in Black Rock.

'17. Ruth Wodworth is a member of the Interior Committee of the Canadian Student's Christian Movement.

'17. Myra Barnes was married this summer, to Ernest Vernon, of Truro, N. S.

'16. Hettie Chute has returned from the North West where she has been teaching and is living at her home in Waterville this year.

'15. Esther Clarke is continuing her studies at Oxford.

'15. C. U. Robbins is preaching in the Dorchester Baptist Church and attending Newton Seminary.

'14. Rev. E. G. Dakin has accepted a call to the Springhill Baptist Church. Nova Scotia.

'14. Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Perry (nee Mary Jenkins) of Havelock, N. B. a daughter.

'14. A. A. Honey has accepted the appointment of Prof. of Economics at Fargo College, Fargo, N. D.

'13. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Haley, Sept. 5th, '20, a daughter.

'12. Roy I. Balcom is studying for his diploma as chartered accountant.

'11. C. D. Locke is teaching in Red Deer, Alt.

'11. Karl Eaton, M. D. was married to Clairie Wilkes, Vancouver, on Sept. 16, 1920.

'10. Willard MacIntyre and Jennie Prescott, A. L. S. were married, recently, at Albert, N. B.

'09. Fred Goucher has been married and is now living in England.

'08. Edith Spurr was married to J. Thompson Muir of Dundee, Scotland. They will reside at Winnipeg.

'08. We extend sympathy to the friends and relatives of Rev. Herbert Bagnall, who was killed in an automobile accident near Medicine Hat in August, 1920.

'07. William J. Wright geological professor at Acadia last year is now in India. He is employed by the government in search for oil.

'07. Etta J. Yuill is teaching in Chillinack, B. C.

'02. Dr. E. Gordon-Bill has recently been promoted to a full professionalship in Mathematics at Dartmouth College.

'98. Bessie Churchill, wife of Rev. H. E. Stillwell, Sec'y. of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board in Toronto, is at present in India with her mother, who has given fifty years of service to our mission work among the Telegu.

'95. Dr. W. Archibald has recently returned from an extended trip to the western coast.

'94. Rev. F. Beals of Lawrencetown has received a unanimous call to the Bedford Baptist Church.

'91. Rev. J. H. MacDonald received the degree of D. D. from the Presbyterian Senate which recently met in Pictou.

'91. Rev. Z. L. Fash has been celebrating with his church the, George Street Baptist, Fredericton, N. B., the 75th, anniversary of the founding of the church. A very successful week of meetings was held.

'86. Rev. W. V. Higgins has ended his furlough and is now on his way to India.

Our sympathy is extended to Mrs. Janet Marshall, matron of Acadia Academy, in the recent death of her daughter, Miss Lettie A. Marshall, May 27, 1920. Miss Marshall was a graduate of the Business Class, Acadia Business Academy, 1914.



ON taking up the role of a critic, we find ourselves in a very precarious position. However, we realize that the function of a critic should be based primarily, on pointing out the good qualities. This fact offers the one redeeming feature for our position. The following verse, which we quote from "The MacMaster University Monthly," seems to express our sentiments exactly:—

"To try not to criticize harshly
 As you scan each magazine through,
 To temper your justice with mercy,
 And give every fellow his due:
 To use you adjective sparsely
 But use them often enough—
 To let others know you enjoy them
 Is, generally speaking—the stuff."

We offer our hearty congratulations and sincere thanks for the many and varied magazines which we hasten to acknowledge.

Our Exchange Shelf is well filled with the Commencement Numbers of the different college magazines, and, as a whole, we consider them well worthy of the institutions which they represent.

Almost all tell a story of progress. The large number of graduates speaks well for the educational progress of the country as a whole.

THE ARGOSY.

The May number of the "Argosy" contains some very interesting letters from Miss Gladys Vaughan, who, for the past year, has been with the American Commission to Poland, as Bacteriologist. Miss Vaughan is a graduate of Mt. A. '10, but previous to this, she spent two years at Acadia.

This number give a fine account of the closing exercises. We missed the pictures and the write-ups about the graduates. It is always interesting to read about each individual.

THE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The University Monthly (U. N. B.) has good write-ups on the graduates, but otherwise its material is largely the copy of closing addresses. It would seem that neither Debating nor Y. M. C. A. work are very strong at U. N. B. Our best wishes for your intended efforts along these lines this y

COLLEGE RECORD.

The Kings College Record published a poem "The Trust," in which we find a verse which is certainly worth repeating:

"What though you lack the skill to free
The imprisoned angel in the block;
You do your part most worthily,
The while you hew the rock."

We are pleased to note the lead that Kings is taking in the matter of Wireless Telegraphy, both as a sport and as a college course.

Success to you, Kings in your campaign for re-building.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

The "Dalhousie Gazette" contains a very clever "History of the Class of '20", and rather good characterizations of its individual members, although they are very brief. The inclusion of a few poems would have added considerably to your magazine.

THE BOSTON UNIVERSITY BEACON.

The Boston University Beacon is twice welcome to our shelf; first, because of its own merits, and also because it is the only magazine to reach us regularly from an American University, and keeps us in touch with the spirit and methods of the trans-border institutions. The literary standard of the magazine is high. Perhaps the finest thing in the May number charming is the little poem "night". Speaking of Athletics, why not tell us of some of your games and contests? Or don't you care for criticism seeing that you yourselves make absolutely no comment upon your exchanges? May we ask tho is all life at B. U. as mechanical as that of your Athletics, is represented to be—"Students" in hours of concentration, Athletics in hours of recreation". Or does something else account for the marked absence of jokes and wit from your paper?

McMASTER.

The McMaster University Monthly for May, or as class of '20 style it, "The Year Book of 1920," gives to the careful reader a thorough knowledge of all branches of student life at McMaster. Since such should be the purpose of all university publications. McMaster is to be congratulated on this issue.

BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL.

Brandon College Quill, while not as successful as McMaster in reflecting all shades of college life, yet surpasses the latter in one respect, namely, by the inclusion of a table of contents.

McGILL NEWS.

The McGill News contains a great deal of ponderous material and for a college paper we would like to see some of it in a lighter view. There are good articles on Dr. R. Tait McKenzie and Sir Charles Davidson. In the department of Athletics there is an announcement from which the eastern colleges should take a lesson.

The football league in which McGill plays, had its autumn schedule prepared last spring. We hope the time will come when the Maritime Colleges will do the same.

RED AND WHITE.

There are several things which we appreciate about St. Dustan's "Red and White". First, there is the excellent taste with which the magazine is arranged. Also, we like the definite manner with which the editorial announces just what the magazine is, and what it represents. Some other college magazines might well take a lesson here. We even find some in which it can scarcely be found, where, and by whom, they are published.

THE COLLEGIAN.

The Collegian (St. Thomas) "Flower Number" presents one of the most artistically arranged magazines on our Exchange Shelf. Every department is admirably rounded off with the exception of the Literary department, which does not include any poetry under its heading.

The various cuts are exceptionally clear, especially the ingenious photograph of "The Collegian" Staff.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW.

The midsummer issue of the "College Review" contains some very pleasing material. We fail to appreciate, however, your scale of proportion between the various departments. The Literary section of your magazine seems to occupy a very subordinate position.

We also acknowledge with thanks, the following magazines:—

"Collegiate Outlook."

"Columbian."

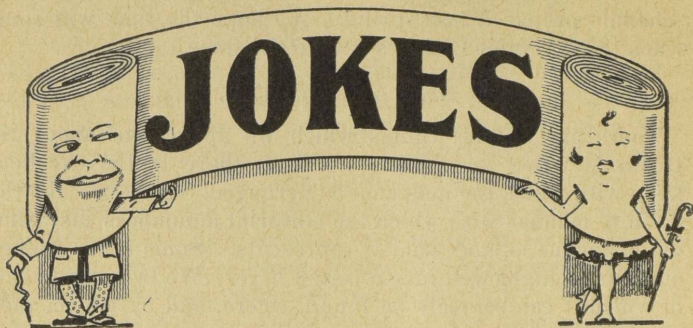
"The L. C. I. Review."

"The Collegiate" (Sarnia Collegiate Institute).

"Live Wire."

"X-Ray."

"Educational Review."



Dr. Hill,—“Give a test for an ammonium salt?”

G - - dw - n, '24—Warm until the odor of ammonia become visible, sir.

Prof. Coit,—How many sides has a circle?

P - - rs - n, '23—Two sir, inside and outside.

Heard on Senior corridor after 10.30 p. m.—Sh - h - h - h
don't run so loud.

M-ll-r, '23,—Is there an ink spot on the corner of my mouth?

G- -ch-r, '23,—Yes, right close to your ear.

Brown to Eng. Prof.—Should a person be blamed for something he didn't do, sir?

Eng. Prof.—Why of course not.

Brown—Well I didn't do my theme for this week.

Prof. Thompson—Give principal parts of verb “flunko”.

Williams '24—Flunke, flunkere, faculti, fictus.

Don Cameron '22 has forsaken his “Ford” and now goes on “Foot (e).”

Longley, opening Acadia Bulletin—We'll next sing from Page 30 "Fees and Current Expenses."

Atkinson—Solo by the Pope.

Sem teacher, (meeting friend on street)—who is that awfully wise looking chap who just passed?

Friend—That's Mr. Poole, he teaches in the Academy.

Sem teacher—My, I think he's just sweet.

Olmstead '23—Where do you find the story of Samson?

Grimmer '23—In the third chapter of Jacob.

Olmstead (5 min. later)—Say Grim I can't find any book of Jacob in this Bible.

P - - l -,—You shouldn't wear such flashy clothes to Church—they're too loud.

Th-rst-n,—Yes, but it says to make a joyful noise before the Lord.

Freshette—When I get to be a senior I'm going to have half a dozen boys on the string all the time.

Sophette—Why you don't have to wait that long, I'm only a Sophette.

Prof. Wheelock—Some of you will be clutching at straws as you go down for the third and last time.

Crockett—I've been hanging onto my straw so long that it's pretty near water logged.

Smart Soph. (In Bible I)—Who was Cain's wife?

Prof.—Not having had the pleasure of being at the wedding I cannot say.

McN - - l,—Don't you think my mustache becoming?

Barber (doubtfully),—Yes, it be coming, but slowly, sir, very slowly.

Psychology Prof.—Have you read the assignment for today?

Lank '22—No sir, I've been trying to get "Stout" all week, and couldn't.

"What we want to do now" said Leslie in his nomination speech at Parrsboro, "is to get rid of socialism, Bolshevism, Anarchism, Radicalism and Sovietism."

"True", shouted a weather beaten old farmer, "and while you're about it you might as well thrown in the rheumatism."

Hickson '21—"If a young man takes his girl to the show and then to the ice cream parlor and gets her home before midnight, should he kiss her good night?"

March, '21—"No. I don't think she ought to expect it. Seems to me he's done enough for her."

McNeil, (to Leslie seeking his collar button)—Do you know where you lost it?

Leslie—Of course I do. I'm just hunting in those other places to kill time.

H. S. Thurston (writing up month dept.)—The Freshmen seized opportunity by the fetlock.

LETTER FROM A FRESHMAN.

Dear Mamma :

Colege is just a splendid place. Everybody is so kind, and takes such an interest in us. Especially the Sophomores. You know the Sophomores are a sort of Big Brother Society here in college; they look after the Freshmen as soon as they come and show them a lot of things they never knew before and really make things interesting. Why, one night, before we had been here a week, one of the Sophomores who owns a great big car, took one of the Freshmen for a ride way out into the country. And then last week one of the Sopomores told me he would cut my hair for nothing. And he did, and I saved thirty-five cents. And then he put on some tonic that he said would make my hair nice and thick. And it did.

And then they let every single one of us take part in a play they had, where a lot of fellows chained together like convicts, walked up the street. And they said we did just fine.

And then the Sophomores know so much. Why, there's one of them named Activity (isn't that a funny name?) he's the queerest acting fellow and he studies logic and says he knows a lot. I'm going to study logic some day, and then I'll know a lot. And I'll be a Big Brother to the Freshman, just like Activity.

From your loving Willie.

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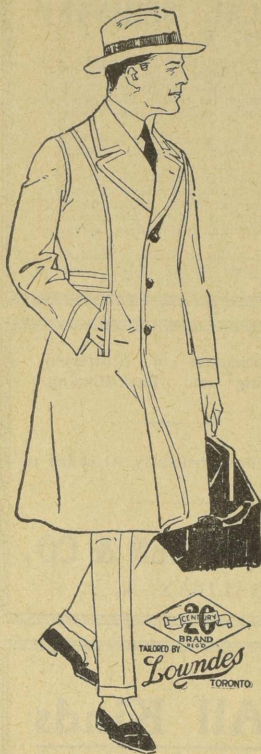
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