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March, 1915

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The Acadia Athenæum

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

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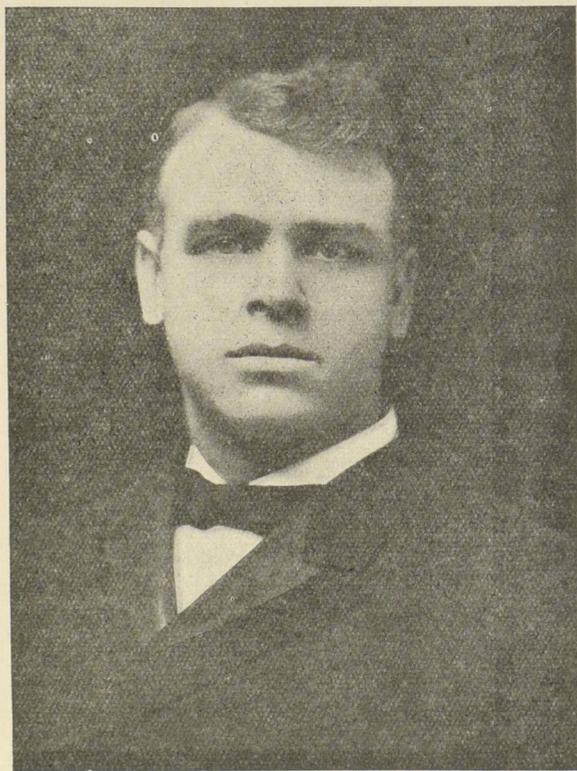
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REV. GEORGE BARTON CUTTEN, Ph.D.

A Message.

(Dr. Cutten completed five years' service as President of Acadia on February 1st. At the beginning of his sixth year he presents the following message to the student body. One of our grave Seniors has promised us an article on the progress of Acadia during the past five years. We hope to publish this in a succeeding issue.—Ed.)

In the College viewed from the standpoint of pure intellectual training, there is only one gospel, and only one sin. The gracious gospel is work; the unpardonable sin, idleness. Other sins may be tributary, but this alone is condemnatory. The idler is twice condemned, for he does not waste time in solitude. He ruins his own life and is condemned in damning others. He is the college parasite, the unproductive consumer. There are many forms of temptation, but no benevolent kind of sin. Idleness may be indulged under the guise of looking at a book, as well as by staring into vacancy; by over-indulgence in the harmless, as well as by dipping into the harmful; by over-emphasis of looks, as well as by under-valuation of books. Don't be misled by the brand.

The aim of college education is to teach one to undertake a task and to accomplish it in the best way. Curricula, courses, professors, and laboratories may hide the purpose, but this is really the idea. The college graduate who has not learned how to work has missed the kernel, even if he exhibits the husk to his friends. If habits of indolence are learned in college, a blessing has been turned into a curse.

Students have been known to complain that the professors have a prejudice against them; this is undoubtedly true. Professors do have prejudices against students of one class—that class is the idlers. If a student does his work faithfully, he may do whatever else he wishes and forgiveness is guaranteed. The only proof of his fidelity which can be accepted, however, is that he has neither time nor disposition to do things which need forgiveness. Work is not only a worthy accomplishment and a valuable employment, but a safe insurance.

The line of least resistance may be a proper and profitable track for electricity to follow, but it is destructive to manhood and enervating to woman. It has been ordained by a law higher and more rigid than that of any faculty, that overcoming the difficult is the method of education. If education means "drawing out," instead of pouring in, then education depends on the student. The only way of "drawing out," is by stretching a person's mental muscles and sinews to the utmost by constant exercise and difficult movements.

After all, we work, not for what we make, but for what work makes us. This is most true during the college years, and this is our joy. Many delude themselves by thinking they will have joy after their work is over. They never do. Joy in work, not joy after work, is the secret of happiness. We arrive to fulness of joy only when we realize that our work is making the everlasting and divine product — character.

THE COMFORTS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person — having neither to weigh thought nor measure words, but pouring them all right out just as they are, chaff and grain together; as certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and with the breath of comfort blow the rest away.

ANON.



Settled.

"Hello mate, what have you here?"

The broad-shouldered seaman glanced up quickly from a book that lay open on his knees as I entered the cabin. He hesitated a moment, passed his hand reverently over the book, — and that act told me more than words — then answered with a deep voice that had in it an echo of the sea: "Just readin' a bit from the Ol' Book; just readin' 'God is our refuge,' and so on, down to, 'Be still and know that I am God.' I always stop there — now that I have learned to 'be still' and do as the book says."

Then he looked away through the companion-way to the bright stars that twinkled through the rigging as the vessel rose and fell on the waters of the beautiful Miramichi River, tugging gently at her hawser, as if impatient for the morrow, when she would again be ploughing the open sea under the pressure of her white canvas. Most of the crew were making the best — or possibly the worst — of their last night ashore; a few were lying about on the deck, enjoying the balmy summer night. We were alone in the cabin.

Have you heard the voice of the sea when it comes up to your feet sobbing, as though it had something to tell you, yet knew not the language of your soul, and failing expression creeps back again as if in apology for its intrusion? Have you heard its more insistent demand as it lashes the thin walls of your tossing vessel, while the wind whistles in the rigging and the yards creak overhead? Have you seen it crash its irresistible battalions against man-made toys that are before it as dust in the path of a hurricane, and on, and on till they meet the challenge of the God-built walls of rock: "Thus far and no farther shalt thou come?" The sea is a world by itself. It has moods of its own; and you must know it in its moods to understand the men who 'go down to the sea in ships.' There are great experiences that never find expression ashore. I felt instinctively that I had stumbled upon one of them. Not often had I seen a sailor sitting alone with his open Bible upon his knees, and that light on his weather-beaten face. There was something here to be told — something that the sea knew.

I picked up the Bible from his knees and closed it, then allowed it to open of its own accord. The leaves parted again at the forty-sixth Psalm. The experiment was repeated with the same result. He smiled slightly as I passed the book back to him and threw myself upon one of the bunks where I could see his face.

"Better open up, old man, and tell me about it," I said.

"Not a very long story," he replied slowly. "It happened some years ago. You know this coast pretty well, I reckon?"

"Yes, I've been wetting my feet in these harbors for many a year," I answered.

"Well, 'bout fourteen year ago I visited these parts; shipped in here from Liverpool on the British barque 'Cymba,' an ol' East Indiaman, 'bout eighteen hundred tons—fast sailer, but too much upper gear for her beam, always too cranky to carry a deck-load at sea. Maybe you remember her?"

"Cymba"—the name struck me like an electric shock, but it called forth no associated idea, so I shook my head.

"Well, it's no difference; I was just goin' to mention a chap who was aboard that trip. Him and me was butties always—both pretty strong and careless, though as different in most ways as any two men you ever see. Jake was Danish blood, a square, decent chap, well educated. He didn't do any boastin,' but he wasn't scared of nothin' that walked, on sea or land. I was a rampin,' swearin' cuss; had sailed with some of the worst devils on the Atlantic, and sort of felt myself a kindred spirit of theirs. But somehow we took a likin' to each other, and for two years, whether it was short'nin' sail in a forty-knot breeze, or scrapin' tackle in spare time, Jake and me wasn't far apart.

We used to lie out lots of nights in the lee of the bulwarks and talk, Jake nearly always had me cornered on the talkin' line, for I didn't know much to talk about, 'cept scraps and close hauls at sea, and rampages ashore. Jake had more schoolin' than me, and used to get into places where I could only listen. He talked about Plato and Socrates and a lot of other fellows that I always thought were fiction characters, till I heard Jake speak as if they were personal acquaintances of his. Then he went on sometimes to talk about theology and science, and told me all the things people were thinkin' in and things they were sayin' without much thinkin', about God and the universe. Sometimes he took out some papers and read to me.

I listened, not because I cared what people thought or said, but it was new and interestin' out there at sea, and I liked to hear Jake talk. I don't remember much of what he read 'cept that the general conclusion was that there was no God, 'spite of all that others had said to the contrary.

I didn't know for a long while just where Jake himself stood on the question, but I knew it was in his mind a good deal. I used to find him lookin' serious like and thinkin' pretty hard when there didn't seem to be any particular need of it; and I used to swear pretty strong just to wake him up a bit.

One night — I remember it was a night like this, only the moon was full, and scarcely a ripple on the water, we were off the coast of France then, all our canvas on, but none of it drawin' much — I remember I says to him, 'How about that God business of yours now, Jake? You've spouted the opinions of all the philosophers and scientists and smaller fry, but I can't see as that's goin' to do much good, if you haven't got an idear of your own.' I may as well confess — though I wouldn't then — that I was a little uneasy 'bout the thing myself; and sometimes when the ol' barque was dippin' her jibboom into the seas as if she wanted to go under to stay, and rollin' her yardarms down to the water, all that would come to my mind, and I would wish the whole thing was settled one way or another. It struck me that with all my swearin,' and my cuttin' up ashore, I wouldn't have much to argue my case on if Bob Ingersoll and his mates happened to be wrong; and besides, it didn't seem to be just the right thing to have this big sea runnin' loose with no one in charge. Still I couldn't figure out what God could be, or how he would do things if He did exist.

But Jake, when I asked him that night, didn't say nothin' for a while; then he just scuffled his feet a little and said, 'I dunno, Pete; I'm inclined to think there is no God; no one can prove that there is. But somehow it leaves a big gap in things, Pete, when you leave Him out.'

'I guess that's because you've got into the habit of thinkin' of Him as havin' a real place of His own,' I said. So we dropped it there.

'Bout a month later we ran into Bay Chaleur for a cargo of lumber, and docked near a little French village.'" Here came the association for which my mind had been laboring: Barque 'Cymba,'

Caraquet, 1900! But I said nothing, and the sailor continued: "Some time after we left there Jake and me was out on the sprit one night lashin' in a jib, and he says to me, 'I promised a fellow back there, that when I settled that question I'd let him know; but his vessel went out in the night, and I don't know who he is, or what his address would be!'"

'No difference,' I said, 'you'll never decide anyhow.'

Well, we ran into Liverpool, discharged our lumber, and started for Buenas Aires, with a mixed cargo. Jake and me was the only ones left of the ol' crew, and we had decided to go just one more voyage in the 'Cymba.' I had spent all my pay ashore and Jake had sent his home. He got a letter, too, before we sailed, and I saw him readin' it in the fo'cas'le, when none of the crew was 'round. I caught a glimpse of a little picture in his hand one day when he had that letter out, and I felt sure the face was none of his sisters.

All went well till we were within three days of our destination, somewhere along the coast of South America; then a sudden squall struck us one night and caught us somewhat off our guard. It was the first mate's watch at the time, and when he saw the squall comin' he called all hands on deck. He had her sailin' under considerable canvas, and we never got a chance to get much of it off. There was a good sea runnin'. When the squall struck, two of the jibs went into ribbons, then she broached to and ran into a trough of the sea. She was a cranky craft anyway, and the wind had an awful hold on her long spars with the canvas on them. The mate knew that the only chance was to get it off somehow. The main top-sail split, and began to thrash the mast in a dangerous fashion, and we heard the mate yell, 'Way aloft men, and clear away.' Jake and me jumped into the main riggin' together, and were soon lyin' out on the tops'l-yard, cuttin' adrift the thrashin' sail. It seemed as if all the demons of the Atlantic were loose that night. The ol' barque reeled over at times till her yards dipped in the sea, and we thought she would never right herself. Then an awful darkness settled down on everything. The howl of the wind, the beat of the canvas, and the black, awful nothingness all about us filled me with a terror that wasn't like anything I had ever felt before — and death and I had signed articles under the same skipper more'n once. I just hung on to that yard like a madman.

Then all of a sudden I heard Jake's voice near me. He had to yell to get above the roar of the storm in the rigging, but I knew by the sound of his voice that he wasn't scared, not a bit. It had a ring to it that I had never heard before; it was clear above the storm: 'Pete, it's settled — last night I saw Him — all came to me — 'Be still and know that I am God' — that's in the Book — 'Be still and know' — Then there was a crash that drowned his voice, and everything seemed to go from beneath us. I knew what it meant; the mast had broken and gone by the board! There was a plunge through the awful darkness into the water, away down deep — and those words still goin' like lightin' through my brain — 'Be still and know — be still and know'; and some voice seemed to finish the sentence — 'That I am God.' It was a long while before I came to the surface — at least it seemed so; then I found myself clingin' to some wreckage. The squall was over in a few minutes; and soon daylight came 'but there was no sign of the 'Cymba,' or of any living thing. And all the while the words, Jake's last words, were ringin' in my ears: 'Be still and know —'. And they come to me yet on every storm; but they're wonderful comfortin' now. The tramp steamer 'White-head' picked me up 'bout noon that day, and I went back to England on her.

"Now, that's all the story, stranger, 'cept that I got this book soon as I got ashore, and no one's heard Pete swear since then. I got a letter too, that was addressed to Jake, found out the girl whose picture he had, and told her the news. There's only one thing more I'd like to do for Jake, since I'm in this part of the world again, I'd like to see the fellow Jake promised, and tell him how he decided that question."

"You've told him," I said, as I reached for his hand, "Good-night; I'm due ashore."

J. G. MCKAY, '15.

August Weismann.

(The life work of a great biologist briefly reviewed.)

August Weismann was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main. He received his early training in his native town, preparing later for medicine at Gottigen University. He became disinterested in this and took up the study of biology with Leuchart, becoming so successful that he was appointed to the chair of zoology at the University of Freidburg, where he remained for the rest of his life.

Shortly after his appointment his eyesight failed, and he was forced to abandon microscopical work for some ten years. During this period of forced relaxation from such work, he probably conceived the ideas whose development form such a distinctive part of his life's work. After a partial recovery he took up the study of the Daphnids. In this group he worked out many of the physiological processes together with their development and life history, finding the relation and alteration of sexual and asexual generations to external stimuli.

In 1881, he commenced the study of the relative length of life in different groups of animals, from which he inferred that the duration of life in any group was dependent on the conditions in which it lived, and that physiological death was not a general phenomena. From this he conceived the idea of the germ-cell, and then the continuity of the germ-plasm. At this point he took up an experimental study of the Lamarckian theory — the assumption of the transmission of "acquired characters." He rejected this theory only partly on the failure of evidence and then studied Darwin's theory of pangenesis, but this failed to meet the requirements. The result of these speculations led him to conclude that the germ-plasm alone possesses the power of reproduction; the body is simply a carrier of the germ-plasm which is immortal; the constitution and characters of these bodies are due to parental germ-cells of which they are off-shoots.

Weismann emphasized the germ-plasm more than the germ-cell, and he located this in the chromatin of the nucleus of the reproductive

cell. In order to account for variations from parental type, Weismann postulated certain biological units, the biophores; these were combined into groups to from the determinants, one of those corresponding to each cell or group of cells that constitute a definite character in the development of the organism. In other words the germ-plasm contains the entire potentialities of the fully developed organism. He further postulated that the determinants are built up into combinations called "ids," each of which contains all the properties of all the characters of the species. These ids are further grouped into "idants."

Before fertilization can take place the ovum and spermatozoon must undergo a process of maturation, by which half the ids contained in their respective nuclei are extended. This leaves each with half the germ-plasm necessary for reproducing the species. Fertilization is a process by which these halves are brought together in the fertilized egg. The resultant germ-cell, therefore, contains ids from two sources which permit of variation from parental type in the offspring. As a result of this we find more variation in sexually produced organisms, than in asexually reproduced organisms.

A clear conception of Weismann's explanation of what this division means, is essential to an understanding of his views of heredity. He said there must be two kinds of nuclear division. First, a division by which each chromosome (made up of idants) is split lengthwise so that each nucleus receives half of each id. This is called doubling division. Then there must be another kind of cell division in which the chromosomes are divided so that each new cell has only one half of the ids present in the mother nucleus. This later division results in unlike halves and he called it differentiating or reducing division. One of the cells resulting from the doubling division forms the basis of the future organism, the other, multiplying only by doubling division, and therefore retaining all its determinants, is set apart to form the germ-plasm of the new organism. Weismann predicted that the reducing division would be found to take the place in the formation of sperm-cells and polar bodies during the formation of egg-cells.

The facts of nuclear division are of great importance with relation to the theory of sex. It was Weismann's theory that the function of sex was to secure variability through the combination of ids from different sources. This doubling of ids at different times of fertilization would lead to ever greater complexity with each successive

one. Weismann's theory of the mechanism of the nucleus has been born out by later study at every point, but his views on the causes of variation have not been upheld by experiment.

According to Weismann's theory there can be no transmission of acquired characters, because there is no means by which these can influence the germ-plasm in such a way that they shall *determine* development in future generations corresponding to parental modification. It does explain, however, the re-appearance of characters in parents and offspring, as well as the fact of diversity, since the combination of ids is never the same in any two germ-cells.

Weismann recognized the fact, that Darwin's doctrine of evolution was far from adequate. In fact, we may consider his whole life work an attempt to strengthen the weak points in Darwin's theory of natural selection. He did not believe that there was something innate in living matter which compelled evolution along certain lines. "His explanation rested on an extension of the principle of selection to the units that make up the germ-plasm (Gruenburg)." The theory of germinal selection supposes that the development of the ids rests upon the conditions of growth, there is competition among these units, and the survivors will determine both the character of these individuals and also the character of succeeding generations. In other words, his theory of germinal selection was that natural selection by determining which individuals will persist and have progeny, also determines the character of the germ-plasm and the direction of the variations. By this means only could he reconcile the contradiction between the assumption of the general fitness of organisms on the one hand, and the assumption of this fitness from accidental variations on the other hand. He had to admit that the initial variations must have been determined by accident, but insisted that succeeding variations must have been determined by some internal mechanism of the germ-cells.

Weismann, at first, was a firm believer in epigenesis (development of the egg itself), as against the former preformation view (the development of a miniature organism within the egg), but as his ideas broadened he was forced to reject this, and work out a new phase of preformation. He held that there were representative units present in the fertilized egg from the very first, and they are transmitted to offspring as stable units. When he came to apply this theory to the regeneration of lost parts, he met the same difficulties

which Darwin encountered with his gemules (minute granules formed by the division of the general body cells, which are supposed to be dispersed throughout the whole system. They multiply and are collected to constitute the sexual elements.) In the case of the regeneration of the lobster claw, how can cells in the adjacent part proliferate cells which will form a new claw? Weismann had to resort to a theory of accessory determinants, that is, inactive claw determinants, becoming active through the stimulus of local injury.

Here is an abandonment of the specificity of the determinants and a sliding back into epigenesis. The same difficulty is met in the segmentation of certain eggs, each part of which after division will develop into a new organism. Like examples are found in begonia leaves and willow cuttings which will beget new organisms when placed in the proper conditions. Here a single cell or group of cells, not necessarily germ-cells, may develop into a new organism.

There is considerable in Weismann's theory that demands attention, yet there are many things which do not seem to be substantiated by proof, or by the acceptance of the leading biologists of the day. How much is truth, we do not know, and even in these enlightened days dogmatists may profitably remember Huxley's apothegm that, "science commits suicide, when it adopts a creed."

F. L. SWIM, '15.



Fear Not.

Fear not because the sky is dark,
And storms are raging for awhile,
For soon from out the cloud shall break
The rainbow with its cheering smile;
The tempest soon must spend its force,
And holy calm the heart will fill,
As to the mighty wind and waves
The words are whispered, "Peace be still."

Weep not, tho' life has lost its charm,
And joys seem buried in the past;
The future holds a fuller joy,
Which to eternity shall last,
A greater charm is yours to have,
A joy unspeakable and choice,
Then lift your weary head and hear
The sweet and gladsome word, "Rejoice."

Faint not, tho' rough the way of life,
And tho' you stumble in the race;
The distant goal will yet be reached,
By cheerful heart and steady pace,
Press on, for night is drawing nigh,
And when, at last, the course is run,
The greatest crown of all will be
To hear the final words, "Well done."

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

The Petitcodiac "Bore."

Moncton, New Brunswick, has a special attraction for tourists who are fond of seeing the wonders of nature. This is the "bore" of the Petitcodiac River, a phenomenon that may be seen every time the tide comes in, though it may be witnessed to much better advantage at the time of the full-moon tides. This phenomenon is THE wonder of the Maritime Provinces and ONE of the greatest phenomena of the world. In order to understand what "the bore" really is, one must have an idea of the relation of the river to the Bay of Fundy and of the Bay to the Atlantic Ocean.

When there is no tide the river, which is about one-third of a mile wide at Moncton, practically disappears. There is of course some water in the river-bed, but the quantity seems so small as it flows along the Channel, with the hundreds of feet of sloping banks of red mud on either side, as to seem scarcely worth considering. There are miles of this smooth, slippery mud, inclined at an angle of repose, and for several hours each day the vessels at the wharves are as clear of water as if they were on dry docks. This is the way the Petitcodiac appears when the visitor goes to see "the bore."

In the meantime, however, the tidal wave of the Atlantic has struck the coast of North America, and pouring into the Bay of Fundy has risen higher and higher as its volume has been compressed by the narrowing shores. Reaching the head of the Bay, it is forced into the estuaries, and at high water has risen from twenty-five to fifty feet, the height varying with the spring and neap tides.

After entering the wide mouth of the Petitcodiac, the tide is compressed by the narrowing of the river about eight miles below Moncton. The flood does not pause, but comes rushing through the narrow space, rolling itself up the river-bed in a wave which looks like a mighty and ferocious sea-serpent. This is "the bore." The height of it varies according to the conditions by which the outside tidal wave is governed. There are times when "the bore" is only one or two feet high, but during spring tides at the full moon, there may be a wave of from seven to ten feet, or possibly higher.

Although I have witnessed the approach of "the bore" many times, I enjoyed it most at moonlight, when it appeared with peculiar effect and advantage. On a still summer night several of us had

gathered on Sumner's Wharf (Bend View Park has since been provided), high above the bed of the river, where we soon heard a low rumbling at a distance, which as the moments passed gradually became a loud roaring. When "the bore" finally came into sight it seemed like an angry beast rushing upon his prey. What a glorious spectacle. I cannot describe it, nor shall I soon forget it. On that particular occasion "the bore" was probably five feet in height near the wharf and gradually lower as it receded towards the opposite shore, for it stretched wholly across the river-bed. As it passed by directly below us, its roaring was loudest, and we scanned its crescent-shaped front from the wharf to the other side. All our thoughts and feeling were absorbed in the monster before us. Onward it rushed, until it crossed the imaginary line between the moon's rays on the water and the darkness beyond. This, to me, was the climax of its advance. From that time, "the bore" pursued its course up the river at the same time rising high upon the banks; another wave followed, and before long what was a little while previously a muddy hollow became a broad and beautiful river, glistening like molten silver in the moonlight.

W. S. RYDER, '15.

TO A PANSY.

O pansy, pansy, thou art handsome, grave and wise,
 World-old, world-wise, with wistful, understanding eyes;
 Old patriarch of all the flowers and richly drest,
 Like as the day when near its death assumes its best,
 Thy beauty is the beauty of strong character!

The royal trappings of the milk-white horse of dawn,
 In peerless, misty morn, the wakened frisking dawn,
 The butterfly's bright wing so fluttering and light,
 The shroud of the dying day, the curtain of the night,
 Do lend and blend their richest hues for thy bright robe.

O peerless pansy, gentle, loving, thou art human,
 Thou dost this sinful, blood-bleared world illumine;
 Thou knowest all, each fear and tear, or sin, or sigh;
 And teach us simply, learned pansy, O we cry,
 To do the right, and how to live, and how to die.

ESTHER GOULD, '18.

“Too Late.”

It was a clear, calm night in January; the snow lay soft and white upon the surrounding country; the air was keen and piercing. Over the hills the moon was slowly rising. It cast its ray of light upon the snow, causing it to appear like so many diamonds. It was a beautiful picture, but little did he notice the beauty of it. He was alone in this world, an outcast. Only a month ago he had a happy home, now he had nowhere to lay his head. She who was his companion in life, who made the dark days bright, was now gone; money had been spent in carousing; he alone remained to tell the story of how after his wife died, he gave up all hopes of life; nothing now remained, as it seemed to him in his deep sorrow, but death, and the sooner it came the better.

On this particular night, he was treading his weary way down the street which ran past the church. Forth from the windows of the sanctuary were streaming rays of light. As he approached, he heard the choir singing that old familiar hymn,

“Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.”

In some strange manner these words seemed to touch a tender spot in his heart. He stopped short, paused, asked himself, “Why should I be affected by such words, I who have this night cursed God in my despair?” He moved forward again. The hymn progressed,

“The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on.”

Again he paused, this time before the church door. The streams of light seemed to beckon him in. In meditation he stood for a moment, “No, I won’t go in,” but before he realized it, he found himself inside the edifice.”

The usher who was standing by the door gazed with disdain upon the stranger, whose clothes were becoming shabby. Close by the door was a seat partly filled with old worn-out books. To this seat the usher conducted him. Farther up the aisle, occupied by well-dressed men and women of society, were nicely cushioned pews, but none of these were for him.

Throughout the service he sat, holding his head in his hands. Not one word of the service did he hear until the "Amen" of the benediction was pronounced. The congregation was going out, as he arose to go, he knew not where. As he moved along, he was given "a wide birth" by the ladies dressed in silks and satins. No one spoke a kind word to cheer his lonely spirit; even the pastor ignored him.

As he approached the steps leading down to the pavement, he fell. Death was now fast overcoming the stranger. At once many willing hands were at his side; those who had passed by him in scorn but a moment since were now offering their services. He was carried back into the church. This time he was carefully placed, not upon the hard cold seat in the rear, but upon the most comfortably cushioned pew. As those around pressed near to aid him, he kept them back with a wave of his hand. "Had you spoken a word of comfort or cheer to me but a few minutes ago, I would have been on that 'strait and narrow road,' but now it is too late, I'm dying." When he had thus spoken, he breathed his last.

Silence reigned for awhile, broken only by the sobs of the women. All thoughts of their positions in society were forgotten; all were on the same level; with pride broken down, there they stood condemned by his last words, "too late."

F. W. CURRY, '18.



Anticipation.

Glancing across the world of snow,
 The setting sun makes haste to go;
 Today, I know, is tried and sweet,
 Tomorrow calls my lagging feet.

* * * * *

Those songs inspired my spirit's cheer,
 That sunlight warmed the glowing year,
 Those dear companions round me sung,
 While life, and love, and hope were young!

These with to-morrow fade apace,
 Like joy and gladness from a face;
 And trusting part, yet half in dread,
 I question, "What shall be instead?"

The day grows shorter, eve' is chill;
 The oracles I seek are still;
 Yon evening star, which glitters low,
 Seems e'er to point the way to go.

Another day with which to cope
 Reveals celestial paths of Hope,
 More than I ask or dream to see,
 In God's great universe for me.

S. W. STACKHOUSE, '16.

Why The Greeks Went To War.

Supper was ready at camp. Before the cookee had finished ringing the bell, the men were trooping in to the well-laden tables. A strange mixture of races and types of men was gathered here, such as can be seen at any construction camp. Stolid and heavily mustached Russians, light-haired Austrians, dark eyed Italians, tall Cape Bretoners, and a few former farm-hands, jocularly termed apple-pounders, were there. In everything, each type has a peculiar way of its own, in eating, dress, talk, and pronunciation of English.

At other camps it was often difficult to keep peace between the different groups, but at Camp III little trouble ever came; the cook was of the best, and the foremen, mostly young though experienced, were not only fair to the working men, but faithfully carried out the directions and orders of the walking boss, or "Walker," as he was often called.

He had been away for several days, and now all the men expected him. Although everything had gone along smoothly during his absence, yet he would certainly be welcomed back, for no one worried when "Dad" was around. Keen, thoughtful, silent, yet often humorous, this man drove his men day after day, getting for the time a maximum amount of work; always establishing records, yet ever seeing to the individual care of the workers. No complaint was too small for his attention; loafers received no favors, while workers were always treated well. This was the secret of his successful leadership. To stay at Camp III, each man from foreman to water-boy must come up to a standard, but those who stayed scarcely ever had reason to desire a shift to another camp.

Supper had just begun, when the door opened and Dad came in. A medley of greetings assailed him, and he smiled as he sat down at his accustomed place at the end of the table with the engineers and foremen. Among them was the one he had left in charge, a handsome young Scotchman know to all as Neil. His particular work was acting as gang boss over a bunch of Polacks, who respected him as a close second to Dad himself.

After the usual small talk about the weather, and "How's everything down the line," Dad asked Neil for a brief outline as to the

progress of the work, to be detailed later in his office. After several statements Neil said: "There's a bunch of new Guineas here; they looked like good workers and I took 'em on." "Where are they?" asked Dad, looking around. "Why they've gathered a few boards, built a small shack, bought some tarpaper to cover it, and are living by themselves just across the gully, and are cooking their own meals." "But Neil, you know that's against the rules of the company. All employees, except those whose homes are nearby, must eat at camp. You should not have allowed it. After supper we will go over and talk to them."

Neil, however, did not seem to take the reproof very hard.

After the meal and a small chat with the cook, Dad and Neil strove over to see the Greeks. All that Neil would say in explanation of his breaking the rules was — "Wait and hear what they have to say."

In a few moments they came to the little shack. Outside of it, around a fire, six Greeks were waiting for a pot of vegetables to cook.

"The leader is Constantin Manolis," said Neil, "and can talk very good English."

As the two men approached, the group stood up. "This is the 'walker,'" explained Neil, and he wants to know why you don't wish to eat at camp. He says its against the rules, besides you would fare better, and be able to work harder than by eating food you have prepared in this fashion."

"Yes, sir, sit down, sir," said the Greek, pulling forward a low bench; "you see, we six here are poor, very poor. We only arrived in Canada eight months ago, and in Sydney there is little work, so we came here. We can eat cheaper this way, than by boarding at camp, and we can also save more money to bring our families to Canada. We have left them in Greece, and there they are waiting for us to send for them."

The stern look on Dad's face softened and he said — "Well, first tell me why you came to leave your home and all about it; later on I'll tell you what I'll do."

So, there by the fire, under the stars, accompanied by the sighing of the night-winds through the trees and the bubbling of the brook below the hill, the Greek in broken English told their story. Briefly it ran somewhat as follows: "We all lived in a little village in Greece. There we made a small living for ourselves and our families.

But in spite of the fact that wonderful tales of Canada filtered through to us, we never wished for a change. Thus we lived with little excitement, but happily settled, until word came that the old enemies of our country—the Turks—were preparing for war against us. A few of the younger men volunteered and went away. Fewer returned, sadly broken physically, but eager to get well again, so that they might return to the front to get revenge for the atrocities committed.

We were told of the ill-treatment and massacres of women and children; how that the bodies were slashed down and across as an insult to our religion. As we heard, a feeling of exceeding bitterness against the Turks and a hatred greater than ever filled our minds.

Then our King sent word that he wanted more men. We six went with many others carrying with us the blessings of the women folk who stayed at home. It was not easy, but our King had asked it.

Long days filled with weary marches, attacks and counter attacks followed each other monotonously. Our food gave out for awhile, then when it came we found our water supply gone. Hunger was bad enough but that awful thirst! One day it seemed as if lakes danced before us, and a few would struggle forward only to fall on the hot ground disappointed. Then the rain fell. It is hard to imagine how good it was to feel the water soaking in our clothes. Soon we had enough but still it fell; and then instead of sleeping on the hot ground we slept in mud. Many died but few complained, for all were eager to fight. Finally the great day came. With great shouts we swept down upon the Turks. Later we found that they were utterly routed for we six were all wounded. A couple of days later we were in Hospital, and it was almost worth the experience of being wounded just to feel clean again. So many needed attention, that those less seriously wounded had to give way to others. We soon recovered, but all of us bear marks of that battle. I have relics left—one bullet in my side, another in my arm, which to this day you may easily feel. The rest of us have bits of metal which were extracted from our wounds.

After the war and we had gone home, life was a hard struggle. Our families had needs, crops were so poor, prices so high that at last we decided to come to Canada. It is hard work here, but already we love this new country. Some day we hope to bring out

our families, and perhaps go to the western wheat fields of which we have heard so much. But to get our families here means money, and so far we have not even homes. So we must save, and living in this way helps us. If possible we would like to be allowed to follow our plans."

A long silence followed, only broken by the bubbling of the contents of the kettle over the fire.

Then Dad turned to Neil and said quietly, "I don't believe it would be right, if they turn out to be workers, and I believe they will, not to let them have their way." And to the Greeks he said "All right, stay where you are, but be to work as promptly as the rest, and — let's go Neil."

So the two strode towards the little office, each imagining the days which these men had experienced, and of what the future held for Canadians.

C. W. DEL PLAINE, Eng.

Here is another "knitting chorus" similar to the one about "Sister Susie." This was written by a newspaper man in New York for a comedian:

"Netty's knitting knick-knacks for the soldiers.
Her nobby knack at knitting nets them neckties by the score;
Some natty soldier knockers would prefer some knickerbockers
To the knotty, knitted neckties Netty knits for necks galore."

Excerpts From The Calendar of The University of Utopia.

A series of lectures is given at the beginning of each college year on "How to Study." All new students are required to attend these lectures.

Regular physical exercises throughout the year are compulsory for *all*. The purpose of this regulation is not merely to preserve the physical health of the students, but to enable them to do their best mental work. This exercise, obtained in various ways according to the season, is arranged for by the physical instructors.

Sophomore Latin has been made an elective.

The Editor-in-Chief and the Business Manager of the college magazine are awarded three college units for their work. As their work affords a valuable training, it is well worth this consideration.

REMARKS: The above regulations are excellent. The first two clauses are particularly worthy of attention. A series of lectures on "How to Study," can be made highly profitable. Our studies have a two-fold purpose; namely, mental training and acquisition of knowledge. Many of us seemingly fail to realize that neither the one purpose nor the other is served by neglect of work throughout the term, followed by "cramming" at the end. "Cramming" has two bad features; first, as the knowledge thus jammed into the mind does not stay there long, the process results in practically no increase of knowledge for future use; secondly, it results in an actual weakening of the mind. "Cramming" is like the handling of very heavy dumb-bells by one who has not developed the muscles by gradual training with lighter apparatus; there is an over-strain that is sure to work injury.

While writing on the subject of "cramming," G. F. Woodbury says: "This is quite different from another exercise, which seems very much like it; that is, of taking frequent and long reviews of work already done. This results in a strengthening as well as a refreshing of the memory and the other mental processes, while at the same time it gives a bird's-eye view, and also a more detailed

and accurate knowledge of the subject in hand. Then, too, it keeps one's knowledge in readiness and in form for use."

But "cramming" and reviewing are not the only subjects that may be considered in such a course of lectures, there are many other suitable subjects.

Now permit a remark regarding the second clause. During the "Dark Ages," the sports of the colleges were confined almost wholly to those most perfect, physically. The physically unfit and the athletically unskilled, for whom athletics could do most good, were entirely neglected. We are glad to note that at Utopia not only will the athletes have their usual opportunities of indulging in football, hockey, etc., but all the other students will also benefit from this side of college life.

A. H. G. MITCHELL, '16.

AN ANTHEM.

A sailor who had been to a church service where he heard some fine music was afterward descanting upon an anthem which had given him great pleasure. A listening shipmate finally asked:

"I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?"

"What!" exclaimed Bill, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?"

"Not me."

"Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem. But if I was to say: 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give, give me, give me that, Bill, give me, give me that 'and, give me that 'andspike, spike, Bill, give me that, that 'and, 'andspike, 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike, spike, Ahmen, Ahmen, Bill, give me that 'andspike, spike, Ahmen, why that would be a hanthem."

—Selected.

To Die or Not to Die.

For many years I have been a resident physician in one of the great London hospitals. During that time I have met with many strange experiences; many unusual tales have been related to me by various persons who have come under my care, but of them all the most wierd, the most difficult to believe, is the story told me by Lieutenant Cunningham, who was invalided home from the front early in the great war, which is even yet raging in Europe. In order to place the whole matter before you, let me retrace the circumstances surrounding his case, and the incidents leading up to the time when he called me to his bedside for the purpose of giving me the information which I, in turn, feel bound to communicate to the world. It may seem like unprofessional conduct on my part to reveal the confidences of a patient under my care, but as I was not enjoined to secrecy, and as the event which was narrated to me, has such an important bearing upon some of the strangest psychic problems of the day, I feel duty bound, as I have said before, to make it public.

To go on with my story, Cunningham was a Second Lieutenant in the Black Watch. A typical Scotsman, lean and rugged, there beat beneath his somewhat rough exterior a big human heart, full of love for his wife and child, a youngster of about five years; yet when the war came he was forced to leave his family, for the call of duty of defence of the Motherland was even stronger than the ties which bound him to his home. His regiment was among the first to cross the Strait of Dover to France. The world well knows how every inch of ground was stubbornly contested before the impetuous advance of the over-confident German hosts, how at last the tide of invasion was turned by the memorable battle of the Marne, and how the Teuton armies were forced back to the Aisne. It was at Mons that the Black Watch, along with several other regiments of the line, was stationed, and here it was that the British regulars, under the gallant Smith-Dorrien, showed the stuff of which they were made. During this wonderful battle, my patient had received his wounds, how, I did not know, as he had not spoken since his arrival in England four weeks before, but he had evidently had a marvellous escape, for a rifle bullet had passed clean through his head, just behind and a little above his ears. A forearm splintered by a shell-fragment was of minor importance, but the main injury had puzzled

me a good deal. To have a hole bored clean through the head, and to survive in spite of it, is an occurrence which seldom happens; while the retention of all the faculties after such a wound has been inflicted is even more marvellous, the man was surely fortunate. Indeed, I have only heard of one similar case in the annals of surgery, when a man lived to a ripe old age after having had a crow-bar driven clean through the side of his head.

I had naturally ascribed the soldier's silence to his strange wound, as he seemed to be in a sort of coma, so that my surprise can easily be imagined when Nurse Joudrey, who was attending the patient, brought me word that he desired to speak with me concerning a matter of great importance. I went at once to his bedside, in the ward specially reserved for serious cases. Tip-toeing softly in, I stood for a moment contemplating the pitiful sight he presented, with his arm in splints and his head swathed in bandages. While I was mentally reviewing the history of his case as I then knew it, the wounded man opened his eyes; then, becoming aware of my presence, feebly extended a hand, the whole one, to grasp my own.

"How long have I been here, doctor?" he inquired, weak though he was, and with Scottish ancestry betraying itself, in his speech.

I told him that this was the fourth week.

"How did I come here?" was his next question. Then I related how he had been sent over from a field hospital shortly after the tide of German invasion had been stemmed and turned; how the Allied troops had pushed their enemies back to the Aisne, repelled a desperate attempt upon Calais and Dunkirk, and were now forcing them slowly but surely back to their own borders. I informed him too of the Russian and Servian successes, and of the glorious achievements of our own navy. All this appeared to please him immensely, his eyes lit up beneath the bandages which swathed his head, while a quiet smile flashed across his lips as he said: "Ah, man, but they're paying those Germans back for the way they treated the Belgians."

The smile vanished as quickly as it had come, then a sober, earnest look replaced it. The wounded soldier beckoned me to be seated in a chair close to his cot. I did so.—"Doctor," he said, deadly serious, "I have passed through an experience such as never a man before me has had. I was killed, yes, killed, on the field of battle, but I'm living now. It's God's solemn truth," he asserted, as a light of incredulity showed in my eyes, "every word of it is

true, but I can thank God that I'm alive today. I'll tell you all about it, though I've not told anyone else, but when I'm finished you'll have to believe me."

"Why its incredible, impossible," I cried, "you must have been dreaming. But go on, let me hear the story."

"Well," was the reply, "I'll do it on one condition."

"What is it?" I asked.

"That you won't interrupt me till I'm through."

I nodded assent, and the tale was begun. I'll put it in his own words as nearly as possible.

"The Black Watch, in which I am a Lieutenant," began the soldier, "was, as you no doubt know, ordered out for active service in France immediately upon the outbreak of the war. We were about the first to get into France. Our corps, under Smith-Derrien — a better leader there never was — had been detailed to check a section of the German advance as well as we could, without, however, losing too many men. We had many a brush with the enemy's cavalry patrols, and I tell you those Uhlans didn't get far when we were anywhere about. Our own regiment behaved splendidly. The odds against us were tremendous, but our retirement was orderly and slow, due to the bravery of the various regiments forming our rear guard. The Germans kept on coming, we never had a moment's peace. Man, but it was hard, gruelling work to have to retire, and keep on retiring before those oncoming hords of blue-gray uniforms. We fairly ached for half a chance to meet them hand to hand, to see if their boasted system turned out better soldiers than ours. Our men were just spoiling for a scrap, but French and Joffre evidently didn't plan to give us our chance till later.

At last we reached Mons. Orders came to hold it at all costs. The Germans were to be checked now, and, if possible, turned back. You can't imagine the joy of our lads when the news came. We all settled down to work with a will to dig ourselves in, and well we did it too. The artillery was placed a bit behind us, then with a subdued eagerness we waited for the attack. It came soon enough.

Early next morning, before sunrise, the invaders flung their forces against our lines. We drove them back. It was my baptism of fire. The roar of guns, the rattle of rifles, the scream of shells, the sputter of Maxims, and the groans of the wounded, mingled to produce an awful uproar. As each time the advancing masses were

hurled back, fresh troops were sent forward. The courage of those Germans was wonderful, marching as they did, in close formation, to certain death. Their losses were terrific. But our own men were falling fast as well. They behaved splendidly, and the old fighting spirit of the English never gave an inch. We held those grey-coated human machines at bay all that day, then about dusk their heavy artillery arrived and began to make things hot for us. The shrapnel came like hail-stones; to show a head meant death. I signalled with my hand to another officer and got a broken arm out of it. There was no time to stop, so I bound it to stop the bleeding and stuck at it.

The expected attack soon came. We of the Black Watch had to bear the brunt of it, but little we cared, we'd been spoiling for the scrap all along. We held our fire till we could see their teeth, then the front ranks seemed to melt away as we poured a murderous fire into them. But they came right on. We met them with the bayonets, we gave them a taste of British steel. One burly German rushed towards me, he raised his rifle, then a terrific explosion tore the air, as a shell lit in our midst. A red-hot iron seemed to pierce my brain, and for a time I knew no more.

The next sensation I received, was one of floating. A strange feeling of freedom possessed me, then I saw. Below lay the battle-field, where the Black Watch still valiantly repelled all attacks. For a space they would be driven back, only to reform and rush the Teutons back again. As night fell, the Germans fell back, beaten off. In my interest I had forgotten the queerness of my position. Where was I? In the air, yet unsupported! I couldn't understand it, I seemed almost entirely free, yet something bound me. There below (I could see through the darkness), lay my body, with the head bleeding from a hole in the side. It looked dead, the heart was silent. Was this the result of death? I didn't know, yet I couldn't seem to feel utterly free. My thoughts were turned, however, when a Red Cross surgeon, seeking the wounded men, drew near, flashing his lantern in each pale face. On reaching me he laid a hand over my heart, shook his head, then moved on. A feeling of elation passed over me. No more would the troubles of the world concern me, henceforth I could do as I wished, in a painless, joyful life. No suffering from wounds, no world struggle. But—what about my family? Even as thoughts of those at home came to me, I was with them. It was evening, my wife was preparing our wee laddie

for bed. 'Say your prayers, Robbie, before I go, and don't forget papa,' I heard her say. Then the dear bairn knelt at her knee and said his simple prayer, to the Father, ending with, 'an' please God, keep daddy safe, an' bring him home soon.' His mother tucked him in his little cot, and as her lips brushed his forehead in a good-night caress, I heard her echo his simple prayer.

Doctor, that was too much for me; a great longing filled my soul to go back home. If I did not — I could not think of the result — poverty, privation, starvation, or worse, might befall my loved ones. Yet mine was the decision, I felt it. To die or not to die? was my question, and it didn't take long to answer it. I would not die, but live, for their sakes, no matter what pain it cost me. Doctor, that's why I'm here today, instead of rotting on the fields of Mons. Even as I determined to go back, I was over the battle-field once more. My soul with a great wrench, seemed to become once more confined within the limits of my body. The pain was too intense to bear — I fainted dead away. The stretcher-bearers must have picked me up and brought me to a hospital, so that I suppose that's why I'm here now. There's my story doctor; you can believe it or not; suit yourself."

"I believe you," I said, but he continued, "When I first came to, I couldn't speak, but my speech came back to me today, that's why I called you in. The other reason, doctor, is that I'd like you to send for my wife and child. I'm going to live, I know it, for their sakes. Their address is in my uniform pocket." With that he relapsed into silence.

I too was silent, for a while, thinking. Had his consciousness left him for a time, leaving his sub-consciousness in a trance, as it were? Did this explain his so-called sense of partial freedom. It was beyond my knowledge to explain, perhaps some scientist will make it clear, who knows? In concluding my account of this strange case, I may say that I did as the wounded man requested. Needless to say he recovered under the watchful care of his wife. A stiffness remained, however, in his right hand, incapacitating him for further military service. Lieutenant Cunningham received an honorable discharge, and retired on a pension to his native highlands of Scotland. Here at least, it seems to me, is direct evidence that a Greater One than ourselves controls our destinies even amid the shock of battle.

A. W. ROGERS, '15.

(*Member of 6th Mounted Rifles.*)

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W. S. RYDER, 1915, Editor-in-Chief.

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I. C. DOTY, '15, Athletics.

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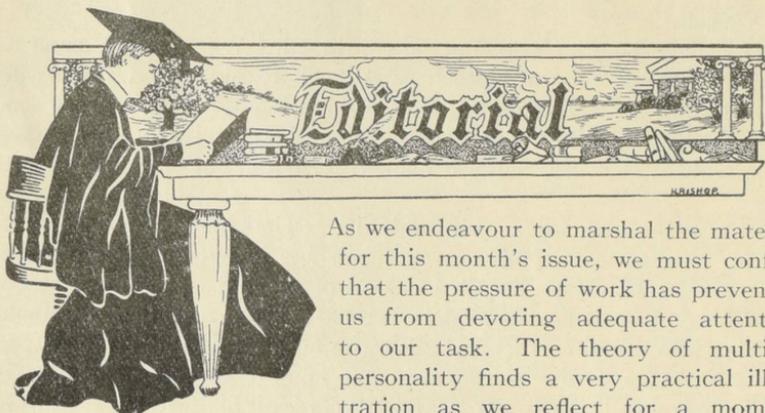
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H. F. LEWIS, '17, Circulation Mgr.

MISS A. ATKINS, Seminary.

C. WHITE, Academy.

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



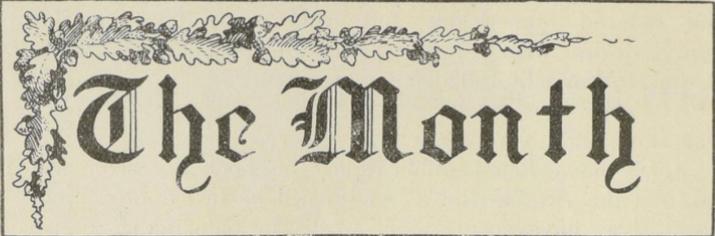
As we endeavour to marshal the material for this month's issue, we must confess that the pressure of work has prevented us from devoting adequate attention to our task. The theory of multiple personality finds a very practical illustration as we reflect for a moment upon the variety of our own "selves." When self number one asks self number two to act, the latter is very often engaged with something else of equal or greater importance. Since self number three and self number four are also pretty well employed, they are unable to render much valuable assistance. There are several matters of student interest about which we should like to write. If the

time ever come (we hope it may come), when these different "selves" become reduced numerically and can co-operate to perform all necessary duties with a fair measure of efficiency, we will devote more time to our editorial department.

One thing, however, we believe, deserves mention. By the time these words have found publication, the hockey season will have passed, and the Acadia-King's Debate will be fast approaching. Our representatives have spent many weeks in painstaking preparation. Like many other extra-curricular activities, the long hours of grinding are not especially spectacular and are consequently unappreciated by those represented. Our debaters are working with the confidence that they shall have the full-fledged and vigorous support of the student-body in Windsor on Thursday the 25th.

We should also mention that our Exchange Editor, Mr. A. W. Rogers, '15, has enlisted in the Sixth Mounted Rifles and thus closes his work with the ATHENÆUM this month. While we congratulate him upon his decision to serve the Empire, we regret to lose him from the staff. Mr. Rogers has proved to be an efficient co-worker. He has contributed largely to the Literary Department this year, and has won his Literary "A." For the splendid way in which he has discharged his duties as Exchange Editor, and co-operated with us in developing the paper, we thank him. As he leaves Acadia to train for active overseas service under the British Crown, we wish him God-speed.





The Month

DRAWN BY HORACE BISHOP '13

Awarding of Athletic Distinctions.—Owing to the doing away with the annual football banquet this year, on account of conditions caused by the war, the presentation of letters and caps to the members of our different athletic teams, who had not received them in previous years, took place in College Hall on Monday evening, February 1st. The students from the three institutions were present. Mr. J. A. Green, '15, president of the Athletic Association, occupied the chair. After very brief introductory remarks, he called upon Professor Clarkson, who announced that a Wolfville friend of Acadia had offered a trophy to be competed for by the members of our Officers' Training Corps, and to be awarded at the end of the year to that member of the corps who should be adjudged the most proficient in all branches of drill. This announcement was most enthusiastically received. Mr. Green then called upon President Cutten, who was given a magnificent reception as he came to the platform. Dr. Cutten made one of his usual witty and forceful addresses. He complimented the team on the work of the season, and attributed their failure to win the Clark Trophy to the fact that the student body as a whole had not co-operated with the team to the utmost of its ability. In presenting a purse of seventy-five dollars in gold to Coach Chipman from the student body, Dr. Cutten paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Chipman's ability and untiring zeal in his efforts to whip the team into shape. It was regretted that Mr. Chipman was unable to be present at the meeting, owing to a business engagement.

Dr. Cutten then awarded "A's" to the following men: Bishop, '18, Eagles, Eng., Rex Harlow, '17, McCurdy, Eng., Parker, '18, Roscoe, Eng., Richardson, Eng., and Steeves, Eng., in football; Allen, ex-Eng., Moore, '17, McNeil, ex '16, N. Rogers, '16, Smith, ex-Eng., and Stackhouse, '17, in hockey; Archibald, Eng., W. Kitchen,

ex-Eng., Mason, '14, Rouse, '17, and Ryan, ex-Eng., in basketball; and Allen, ex-Eng., Elderkin, '17, Feindall, ex '16, Lewis, '16, McKeen, ex-Eng., and McCurdy, Eng., in track. Of these, Ryan, Archibald, and Kitchen had already won their "A's" in other sports. Distinction caps were presented to Eveleigh, '14, and Leeman, '16, in hockey, and to MacKay, '15, in track. McKay and Leeman had previously received caps in other sports.

All these men were enthusiastically cheered by the students when they went to the platform to receive their distinction awards.

The next award which Dr. Cutten announced was that of a gold "A" to Dr. Coit, whose indefatigable efforts, untiring zeal, and inspiring presence have so aided Acadia's football teams for the past seven years, and on whom the Athletic Association conferred this well-merited honor. Seldom has any man received such an overwhelming ovation in College Hall as did Dr. Coit as he went forward to receive his "A." Although taken completely by surprise, he made a very neat speech in acknowledgment. This closed the regular program of the meeting, which broke up with the giving of the College yell and Acadia doxology.

Dr. Smith's Lecture.—The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are deeply indebted to Dr. Smith for his splendid illustrated lecture on "Pekin," which he delivered in the Science Hall on February 10th. The pictures, nearly all in colors, were full of information concerning Chinese architecture, life, and customs. He closed with a strong appeal to the students to give their lives to missionary work, and especially to medical missionary work in China. Dr. Smith has kindly offered to give us another lecture on "The Siege of Pekin."

Freshman Theatre Party.—On the occasion of the production in the Wolfville Opera House, on Monday evening, February 15th, of the play "Officer 666," by the Academy Players of Halifax, the Freshman class held a Theatre Party. Some ten or twelve male members of the class, accompanied by a like number of "Freshettes," attended the play under the chaperonage of Dr. and Mrs. Coit. Although the Freshmen did all in their power to keep the matter a secret, their plans fell into the hands of the Sophomores, who filled the two front rows of the gallery, and made merry at the expense of the party. During the first intermission, members of the Sophomore class marched down the aisles, carrying huge placards,

which they posted in such a position that they could be easily read from all parts of the house. One of these bore the inscription, "The Babes of 1918 Are Here," and the other, "Freshman Yell—Pea Green, Sea Green, Evergreen, '18." These created a laugh which greatly added to the embarrassment of the Freshman theatre-goers. The Sophs also showered them with rice as they left the Opera House, and disarranged their clothing somewhat, but they managed to get safely to the Royal Hotel, where they had a banquet. A good toast list was drunk, speeches made by Dr. Coit and others of the Freshman class, and the party broke up about midnight. All enjoyed the evening very much. The Sophomores also declare that they enjoyed it immensely.

Hockey Dinner.—After the Acadia-U. N. B. hockey game on Wednesday evening, the 17th, the U. N. B. team, with their trainer and business manager, were the guests of the Acadia team at a dinner in the Acadia Villa Hotel. After the rival teams had done ample justice to the bountiful menu provided by "mine host" Rockwell, Mr. James A. Green, President of the A.A.A.A., took the chair, and called for speeches. The following responded to Mr. Green's request: Captains Blaine Pugh of U. N. B. and "Doc." Leeman of Acadia, "Dess" Atkinson, business manager of the N. B. team, I. C. Doty, the Acadia business manager, coach Len. Eaton of Acadia, and referee W. C. Ross of Amherst. After the speech-making, a pleasant time was spent in singing College songs; the function broke up about one o'clock with the rendering of the U. N. B. and Acadia yells.

Professor MacKay's Lecture.—On the evening of February 16th, Prof. MacKay, of Dalhousie University, lectured in College Hall, under the auspices of the Science Society, before a large representation of the student-body, upon the subject, "The Anglo-Saxon and the Teuton in Science." In his introduction, the lecturer asserted the falsity of the prevalent notion that Germany stands and has always stood supreme in scientific research and invention. He indicated that, previous to 1815, England had done much more pioneer scientific work than Germany. The lecturer argued that not only in the period before 1815, but since that time, the inventions of England have had greater era-making value than those of Germany. Germany's scientific work has been extensive; England's has been intensive,

and on that account of much greater importance. The lecture was both very instructive and highly appropriate.

The Junior Social.—On February 18th, the members of the Junior class assembled at the ladies' residence in honor of three classmates, Norman Rogers, Wentworth Lewis, and George Morrison, who are leaving shortly for the front. After two delightful hours spent chiefly in playing games, all adjourned to the dining room, where, owing to the kindness of the Freshettes in serving, an excellent supper was enjoyed. After supper, farewell speeches, expressing the appreciation of the class for the boys' companionship and its regret at losing them, brought all face to face with the fact that Acadia was losing three most valuable men. Norman Rogers, a former president and a representative of the class in many ways, was elected honorary president for life. After supper, all assembled in the club-room, where they sang until eleven o'clock. College and class yells brought the evening to a close. Professor and Mrs. Balcom and Dr. Thompson, the chaperones for the evening, joined heartily in the entertainment, and thereby added greatly to its success. Through the kindness of "the powers that be," including the obliging matron, Mrs. Raymond, the Class of '16 have thus had the honor of holding the first social function in the splendid new college girls' residence, or, as it is familiarly called, "Tully Tavern."

Farewell Reception for Volunteers in Third Contingent.—On Tuesday evening, the 23rd, a farewell reception was held in honor of A. W. Rogers, '15, J. Went. Lewis, '16, George M. Morrison, '16, Norman McL. Rogers, '16, L. C. Eaton, ex. '16, and John R. Smith, B. A. '13, who have volunteered in the third overseas contingent. Mrs. Cutten, Mrs. DeWolfe and Mrs. Balcom acted as chaperones. Although there was genuine sorrow at the thought of losing these fellows from our midst, the reception was enjoyed. Once again the ATHENÆUM bids Godspeed to those who go from our College to our country's defence. We feel keenly the loss of these boys, who have played such an important part in Acadia life, and yet we know that they will show the same noble spirit upon the battle field, that they have manifested among us. Our loss is the Empire's gain.

College Band.—During the past month the College Band, which was formerly so active in College life, has been resuscitated. It consists at present of about twenty members and additions are being made from time to time. The band has been very active, and has

been playing at "Open Rink," at the different intercollegiate hockey games played here, and in occasional midnight serenades around the "Sem," and "Tully Tavern." It has certainly made an auspicious beginning, and has afforded a great deal of pleasure.

Senior Party.—The girls of 1915 have always had the reputation of being excellent social entertainers, but no function which they have got up has been more thoroughly enjoyed, than was the party which they gave to the male members of the class at "Tully Tavern" on Thursday evening, February 25th. The guests, other than class-members, were President and Mrs. Cutten, Professor and Mrs. Balcom, and Professors Sievers and Waldrop. The party was a "farewell" to Arthur W. Rogers, who has enlisted for overseas service with the third contingent. Use was made of the reception room, dining room and club room. Games and songs provided entertainment for the party; an excellent supper was served, the Sophettes very kindly acting as waitresses. During the evening, President C. A. S. Howe, on behalf of the class, presented to Mr. Rogers a beautiful wrist-watch as a token of their appreciation and esteem. Speeches were also delivered by Dr. Cutten and Professors Balcom, Waldrop and Sievers.

Military Drill.—Colonel Thompson visited the University on February 16th, and inspected the squad which drilled during the Christmas vacation. His report was very encouraging and ought to stimulate us to make the Acadia training organization mean something. After the inspection, he gave to the male students, in College Hall, a general outline of the origin and purpose of the plan for military training in our colleges. He also informed us that by Canadian law we are all members of the Canadian Militia, and on that account, he said, we ought to fit ourselves, as far as we have opportunity, to take our part in the Empire's defense. He said that the aim of this new institution was to make soldiers and not officers. We regret the loss of Sgt. Major Long, who has rendered us such excellent service. He has enlisted in the Cavalry of the Third Contingent. We hope to obtain another instructor in the near future.

Day of Prayer for Students.—Sunday, February 28th, which had been set apart all over the world as a day of prayer for colleges, was fittingly observed at Acadia. In the morning at 9.30, prayer-meeting was led by Dr. DeWolfe. This was quite largely attended, and very much enjoyed. In the afternoon at four o'clock, a meeting was held under the auspices of the college Y. M. C. A., with President

Kinley in the chair. After the opening hymn, the invocation prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Purvis Smith; after this, Miss Sands, of the staff of the Acadia Conservatory of Music, was heard with much appreciation in a vocal solo, "Out of the Depths Have I Called Upon Thee, O Lord." President Kinley then called upon Rev. W. N. Hutchins, Ph.D., Acadia B. A., '91, to address the meeting.

Dr. Hutchins delivered an address of unusual beauty and power. He said that the greatest enemy of mankind is moral weakness. To overcome this, strength is necessary. The elements of this strength are courage, firmness and tenderness. Jesus Christ is the source of all strength. In conclusion, Dr. Hutchins pointed out that the urgent need of the times is for leaders of high moral purpose and manly strength. Although intended primarily for the students, Dr. Hutchins' address was keenly appreciated by all the very large number who were present.

Presentation to Norman Rogers.—The members of the "Frat House," are known far and wide for the spirit of fraternity among its members. Practical evidence of this was recently shown in the presentation to Norman Rogers, '16, one of their number, of a beautifully engraved gold wrist-watch on the eve of his departure for Kentville to join the K. C. H., in which he is enlisted. The presentation was made by Mr. Fred. Spencer, in the Frat House Club Room. Mr. Rogers was completely taken by surprise, but acknowledged the gift in a few suitable remarks.

Mr. Taylor Statten's Lecture.—On March 1st, Mr. Taylor Statten, of Toronto, Y. M. C. A., National Boys' Work Secretary, lectured before a large gathering upon the subject, "Boy's Work in the Sunday School." He indicated clearly how the Sunday-school is continually losing its boys of the middle teen-ages. He said that it was chiefly the aim of the organization which he represented to influence the boys in this period of their lives to devote themselves to that which is noblest and best. He reminded us that among such boys the Sunday School should find its greatest opportunity in supplementing the gradually waning influences of home and school. The "gang" spirit is not a bad thing, but a good thing, which needs to be properly directed. The Sunday-School to be successful must teach the gang to function properly and use the gang instincts for the betterment of the boy himself. The speaker then outlined "The Canadian Standard Efficiency Tests," whose aim is to develop the all-round

boy and eventually the efficient man. The address was very practical and inspiring.

Acadia Academy.—Although the Academy has suffered greatly from the effects of the fire on February 3rd, which totally destroyed the "Academy Home," and resulted in heavy losses for the inmates personally, the work has been carried on during the month with much progress. Much credit should be given to those upon whom fell the responsibility for the location of the students in that trying hour, for the methods by which they so quickly arranged comfortable quarters for the students. The students, who had lost all their books, and practically all their personal belongings, feel greatly indebted to the governing body for the way in which they were cared for, and the hospitality shown them.

The regular Academy classes were resumed the following day; having obtained very soon after the fire a new outfit of books, the wheels of progress were once more put into motion after little interruption. The monthly examinations, which should have taken place the same week, were held on the following week. Judged from the results of these examinations, the work has been satisfactory.

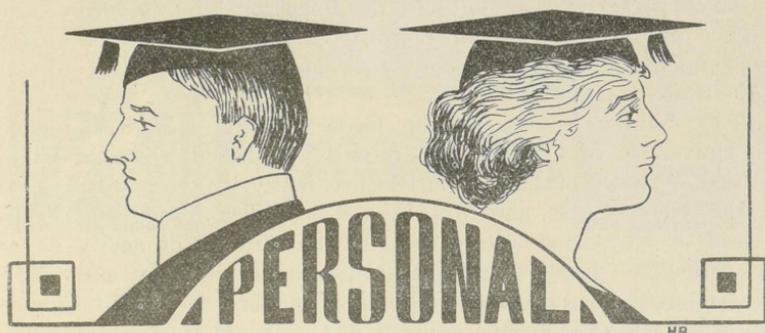
ACADIA SEMINARY.

Skating.—When the skating was at its best, the Seniors gave their annual skating party, chaperoned by Miss Frost and Miss MacPhee. After the skating, supper was served at the Seminary by the Juniors. The Seniors have enjoyed greatly the privilege of skating on Friday afternoons. Open rink on Saturday has also been enjoyed by all the girls. The band made the skating much more pleasant.

Junior Sleigh Drive.—The class of 1916, chaperoned by Mrs. Richmond and Miss Chute, had a sleigh drive to Kentville, where they enjoyed skating in the arena. They returned to the Seminary about eleven o'clock and the Seniors served them refreshments before retiring.

Valentine Party.—February 14th could not go by unnoticed in the Seminary. A valentine Party was given in the gymnasium, which was suitably decorated. The good time and refreshments were enjoyed by the girls and Faculty.

For the benefit of the Red Cross fund, a number of the girls gave a little entertainment on Saturday evening, the 20th, in the gymnasium. A large number were present; the proceeds amounted to over ten dollars.



'83 — Rev. A. L. Powell has resigned the pastorate of the Gasperreau church, and has removed to Acadia, Yarmouth County, N. S.

'83 — Rev. I. W. Corey, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, recently visited his mother who is seriously ill at her home in New Canaan, N. B. Mr. Corey has spent twelve years in Kenosha, where he is now in his third pastorate.

'86 — Rev. W. V. Higgins recently completed twenty-five years of missionary service in India. His Indian people took occasion to celebrate the semi-jubilee, and presented Mr. Higgins with an address and a number of presents, all of which testify to the esteem in which he is held.

'90 — Rev. Clarence R. Minard, formerly of Nova Scotia, died on New Year's Day at La Mesa, California, a victim of the "white plague." He was ten years pastor of the Capitol Hill Church, Denver, Colorado, where his work among the college men of that city was marked with success.

'91 — Rev. W. N. Hutchins spent Sunday, February 28th, in Wolfville. It was the day of Prayer for Colleges, and Dr. Hutchins addressed a mass meeting of the students in College Hall at four o'clock, and preached in the Baptist church Sunday evening. He is a strong and scholarly preacher, and his addresses were much appreciated.

'92 — Howard S. Ross, of Montreal, has come into considerable prominence through his address on "Womens Legal Rights in the Province of Quebec," given before the "Equal Suffrage League."

The January 16th issue of Beck's Weekly, contains an article by him on "Woman and Property," and the issue for January 23rd contains another article on "Woman's Property Laws in Quebec." These are compared with laws on the same subjects in other provinces and in the States.—Bulletin.

'93 — Shirley J. Case, of the Department of New Testament in the University of Chicago, has recently published a second volume entitled, "The Evolution of Early Christianity."

'00 and '02 — Dr. and Mrs. Vernon L. Miller, formerly of Tusket, arrived in Nova Scotia recently after an absence of nearly a year. Dr. Miller has been taking a special course in surgery and kindred subjects, at the end of which he obtained the F. R. C. S. of Edinburgh. Dr. Miller will take up his residence in Halifax, at least temporarily.—Bulletin.

'10 — Stockwell Simms and Myrtle Fox of Fairville were married on Wednesday, January 20th.

'11 — Born at Paradise on January 11th, to Rev. and Mrs. J. D. McLeod, a son.

'12 — George R. Lewis is studying post-graduate work at Rochester University.

'12 — H. H. Pineo is Lieutenant in the Sixth Mounted Rifles now drilling at Amherst.

Ex. '15 — P. F. Murray is employed with the Lynn Gas and Electric Co., Lynn, Mass.

The following college men have enlisted in the Sixth Mounted Rifles: Arthur W. Rogers, '15; Norman Rogers, '16; J. Went. Lewis, '16; G. M. Morrison, '16; J. R. Smith, '13; Leonard C. Eaton, '16.





The world is a queer sort of a place after all. We who are receiving University training preparatory to taking our places among the other peoples of the earth, hear much of the new spirit of Altruism and of the Brotherhood of Man, which are more and more dominating the thought and minds of men today. That that spirit is abroad, and is truly existent in some individuals we verily believe, but much time will yet elapse before great social institutions resign themselves to its benign influence. Be that as it may, we in the various colleges should set an example along this line. Right here in the Exchange Column an opportunity lies for some helpful work.

To be a true brother to another is not to push him downward, even if he be already deep in the mire, but rather to raise him up, to set his mind upon a higher plane. Yet the old brute ideal of "the survival of the fittest" seems yet to be extant among Exchange editors, as elsewhere in this world, despite the fact that altruism is supposed to reign supreme. Censure a man, pick out the parts of his work that are not quite up to standard, ignore completely whatever merit the rest of it may possess, and you dull his inspiration, make him downhearted, discourage him from attempting to improve upon his previous efforts. If rather you emphasized the praiseworthy elements of what he does, suggesting carefully any improvements that may be deemed necessary, a wonderful transformation takes place in the man's attitude toward his work, and improvement is certain to follow. Herein lies a hint to us Exchange Editors. We do not always heed the Biblical mandate, "Judge not, lest ye be judge," and in consequence sometimes call down upon our heads the indignation of our brothers. To our mind, the word "judge" embodies a spirit of fairness, of criticism that will lead to improvement and that, as has been previously suggested, is careful praise tempered with reasonable

censure. We Exchange Editors are not omniscient, usually we act upon the impulse of the moment, yet as far as was possible the policy of this column during the present year has been somewhat as just outlined. That has been our ideal, though of course we have not always lived up to it.

Some of our contemporaries have evidently adopted a similar mode of procedure, and we take this opportunity of thanking them for whatever they have said, such criticism has heartened us for further efforts. Others have followed the plan of strict censure, "To roast or not to roast," seems to have been their motto. Good may have been accomplished, but we are dubious. Perhaps some of this latter class would benefit by an application of the Golden Rule, so that we may forget the doctrine of altruism for a time.

"The Argosy" because of our printing two well known war songs has inferred that we were short of material, entirely oblivious of the fact that they themselves have in the same issue published verses which are of perhaps less interest to the general public than the ones aforementioned.

The Exchange Editor goes on to say, speaking egotistically in the nominative singular (a breach of editorial etiquette by the way), that he has "given up reading martial literature in connection with the exchanges," intimating that the pages of contemporaries are flooded with "Battle Crys and War Chants." He seems to forget that the "Argosy" also falls beneath the sword of his condemnation in publishing the war poems in the February number. Not all mortals have gifts. If some are endowed with the spirit, perhaps they can serve their country somewhat by their verses. True, all cannot be Kiplings, but surely they should not be denied opportunity to voice their thoughts "for a' that."

We read with much interest "The Romance of a Wristlet." It is essentially a Mt. Allison story, is well written and reflects the college spirit in a way that few stories do. We take pleasure in congratulating its author.

The Exchange Editor of "The King's College Record," is evidently a telepathist as he has commenced his column in the January number with the identical verse we ourselves quoted in our preceding issue. We might suggest happily that great minds run along similar channels were it not for the fact that we who peruse the columns of other

journals are not, we suspect, taken seriously by any but ourselves. The articles of this number are of more general interest than usual, though a story or so would in our opinion add tone to its literary quality.

"The Sheaf" as usual presents an attractive exterior as well as an interesting interior. Among other comments on the war is a striking comparison of "Two Warfares," namely those of the world, and those of God, tabulated according to cause, purpose, forces, weapons, cost and results. It seems a pity after so many centuries of Christian development that the world still holds to war as a means of settling disputes, but the struggle is upon us now. All we can do is to face the cause calmly, and act in accordance with our duty as circumstances direct.

"The McMaster University Monthly" has a strong editorial upon "The Forgotten Hero." It tells how of two brothers, one volunteered for the front, while the other went as a missionary to Africa. Both were McMaster students, yet as the missionary departed after bidding farewell to his soldier brother, he said, "In the eyes of the world he is a hero, but I am a "crank!"

It is too true, that in these strenuous times we are prone to forget the lonely hero, who may feel the country's call for foreign service, yet must be true to his trust and remain at home to perform faithfully some ignoble task "far from the madding crowd." To these too must we give honor, it is their due for they too form a part of the whole which is our Empire.

"The Manitoban" as usual presents a pleasing array of literary material. We note especially a poem entitled, "The Cross and the War." Those who believe the present struggle to be devoid of Christianity in any phase should read this. It presents the war as seen by one follower of Jesus Christ. Here is the closing stanza:—

"Not Super-man, but Brother-man,
 In the world that is soon to be,
 And men will speak of the greatest war,
 As "the war that made men free."
 For the thunder-roll of drums today,
 And the holocaust of war,
 Means the world-wide sway of the Cross of Christ,
 And ITS triumph, evermore.

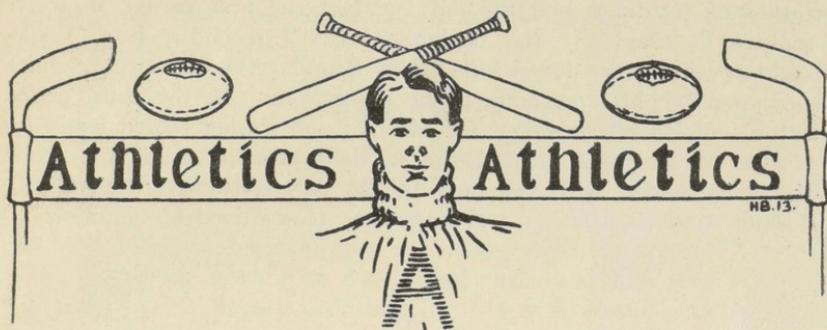
An editorial upon "Chivalry and Sacrifice" might well be taken to heart by a good many of us. We men who are attending a co-educational institution often seem to forget that the young ladies expect us to be chivalrous, even though it involves sacrifice on our own part. It is their due, as it was when knighthood was in flower, to receive kindly consideration and courtesy under all circumstances. Sometimes we forget even to be polite in our manner, attitude, or language when in the presence of the gentler sex, yet we are at that period of life when our habits are beginning to lay hold upon us and unless we are chivalrous now we probably never will be. May we take heed, examine ourselves, our conduct and act accordingly.

In closing this Exchange, the last one which the present editor shall write, we bid our contemporaries farewell as we go out to answer a sterner call and to take up that which the poet claims is less mighty than the pen. Yet the wielding of the editorial quill has always given us pleasure, we hope it has not given others pain. We have appreciated the criticism of others when the right spirit was behind it, not otherwise, and have endeavored to profit by it. We have gained some insight into the life of other colleges, have caught some glimpses of this spirit, and have endeavored to reflect the Acadia spirit to some extent ourselves. Again we say to our brother Exchange Editors, "Good-bye."

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

WINNERS FOR MARCH.

ARTICLES:— F. L. Swim, '15; No second.
 STORIES:— J. G. McKay, '15; C. W. del Plaine, Eng.
 MONTH:— E. C. Leslie, '17; J. S. Millett, '16.
 ATHLETICS:— M. G. Saunders, '16; J. S. Millett, '16.
 JOKES:— D. Crowell, '15; E. B. Lockhart, '16.



ACADIA 9; KING'S 3.

The first game in the Intercollegiate Hockey League was played in Windsor, February 3rd, between Acadia and King's. Over a hundred and fifty Acadia supporters accompanied the team in a special train. During the first two periods the play was quite even,—but in the last period Acadia by superior teamwork completely outclassed their opponents. Acadia had the long end of the score in each period,—the first period ended 2-1, the second 4-2, while the end of the game saw the score 9-3, in favor of Acadia. Eagles and Stackhouse played the best game for Acadia, while Leeman in goal made many brilliant stops. Hutchinson and Scarfe starred for King's. Jack McLeod, of Halifax, refereed the game, which was rather rough because of the heavy ice. The teams lined up as follows:

ACADIA.		KING'S.	
Leeman.....	Goal	O'Brien.	
Godfrey.....	Point	Ernst.	
Stackhouse.....	C. Point	W. W. Smith.	
Parker.....	Rover	Hutchinson.	
Eagles.....	Center	Helbert.	
N. Rogers.....	L. Wing	Harris.	
Archibald.....	R. Wing	Scarfe.	

MT. A. 4; ACADIA 3.

Acadia received her only defeat of the season at the hands of Mt. A. in Sackville, February 10th. In spite of the soft ice, the game was fast, and marked by individual rushes and heavy checking.

Parker of Acadia scored the only goal of the first period after five minutes of play. At the beginning of the second period, Eagles made another score for Acadia, then Brundage scored two in quick succession for Mt. A., making the score a tie. In the third period Eaton and Brundage scored for Mt. A., and Parker scored again for Acadia. Acadia was unsuccessful in their attempt to tie the score. The game ended with the play in Mt. A.'s territory. Rev. W. C. Ross of Amherst refereed. The opposing teams lined up as follows:

ACADIA.		Mt. A.	
Leeman.....	Goal	Heartz.....	
Godfrey.....	Point.....	Gray.....	
Stackhouse.....	C. Point.....	Crowe.....	
Parker.....	Rover.....	Poole.....	
Eagles.....	Center.....	Eaton.....	
N. Rogers.....	L. Wing.....	Brundage.....	
Archibald.....	R. Wing.....	Pendrih.....	

For Acadia, Parker, Godfrey and Leeman played to the best advantage, while Brundage and Crowe were the Mt. A. stars.

ACADIA 2; U. N. B. 1.

Acadia played her last Intercollegiate league game, when she defeated U. N. B. in Wolfville, February 17th. The ice was soft, and combination play was almost impossible. Nevertheless the game was fast, and the penalties handed out were few. In the first period, honors were even — Eagles scored for Acadia, and Gibson scored for U. N. B. During the second period neither side scored. B. Mooney was injured, but was able to return to the game. The result of the game was in doubt until one minute before the game ended, when Eagles scored again for Acadia. Eagles, Godfrey and N. Rogers starred for Acadia, and B. Mooney for U. N. B., while both goal-tenders played brilliant games. Rev. W. C. Ross of Amherst refereed.

The teams lined up as follows:

ACADIA.		U. N. B.	
Leeman.....	Goal	Maimann.....	
Godfrey.....	Point.....	Melrose.....	
Stackhouse.....	C. Point.....	Balkam.....	
Eagles.....	Rover.....	B. Mooney.....	
N. Rogers.....	Center.....	Kitchen.....	
A. Rogers.....	L. Wing.....	P. Mooney.....	
Archibald.....	R. Wing.....	Gibson.....	

We trust that the confiscated Acadia banners have become acclimated to U. N. B.

ACADIA 7; KING'S 6.

Acadia played an exhibition game with King's in Wolfville, February 24th. Acadia's lack of practice since the U. N. B. game showed itself in the first period during which King's scored four goals. In the second period Acadia opened out, and scored three goals. Stackhouse scored the first in an end to end rush, and this was followed by scores by N. Rogers and Eagles. Play was very fast in the third period, and the result of the game was in doubt until the end. Scores by N. Rogers and Archibald put Acadia ahead, but soon King's tied the score. Then Eagles scored twice for Acadia, and just before the close of the game King's scored again leaving the final score 7-6 in favor of Acadia. Eagles and N. Rogers for Acadia, and Hutchinson for King's, were the stars of the game. Harry Fraser of Wolfville refereed. The teams lined up as follows:

ACADIA.		KING'S.
Leeman.....	Goal.....	O'Brien.
Godfrey.....	Point.....	Harris.
Stackhouse.....	C. Point.....	Ernst.
Eagles.....	Rover.....	Hutchinson.
N. Rogers.....	Center.....	Helbert.
A. Rogers.....	L. Wing.....	W. W. Smith.
Archibald.....	R. Wing.....	Scarfe.

As a result of the victory of U. N. B. over Mt. A., February 25th, in Fredericton, Acadia is tied for first place in the league, and will have to play-off with the winner of the Mt. A. — King's game for the Sumner Trophy.

ACADEMY ATHLETICS.

The Academy hockey team defeated the Port Williams' team in Wolfville on February 23rd. The game was fast, despite the soft ice. Walker, Sharpe and Rogers starred for the Academy team. The Cads lined up as follows: Goal — Grady; Point — Sharpe; C. Point — Walker; Rover — Porter; Center — Rogers; L. Wing — Stewart; R. Wing — Pattillo.

BASKET-BALL.

PORT WILLIAMS' GIRLS 24; CO-EDS. 22.

The Port Williams' girls played their return game with Acadia Co-eds. in the Wolfville gymnasium, February 15th. The game was exciting, and the score was close during the entire game. Both teams showed improvement since the former game. Miss Smallman for Acadia and Miss Susie Chase for Port Williams were the stars. The following was the line-up:

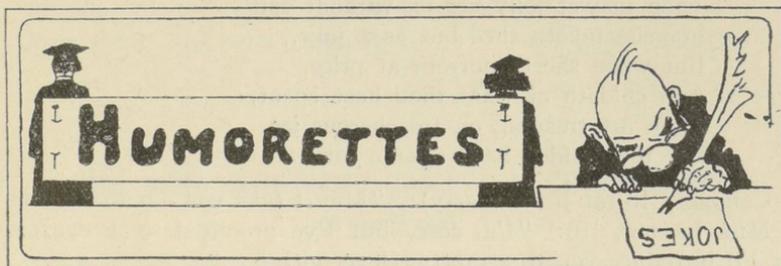
ACADIA.		PORT WILLIAMS.	
Miss Smallman.....	Forwards	Mrs. Pitman.
Miss Chase.....	"	Miss Susie Chase.
Miss Eaton.....	Centers	Miss Helen Kidston.
Miss Baxter.....	"	Miss Lulu Kidston.
Miss Pinneo.....	Guards	Miss Jean Chase.
Miss Thorpe.....	"	Miss Rand.

F. F. Chute, '13, and W. G. Archibald, Eng., refereed. After the game the members of both teams were entertained at Tully Tavern.

INTERCLASS HOCKEY.

The first game of the Inter-Class Hockey League for the shield presented by Mr. W. Mitchell on behalf of the Automobile Skate and Cycle Company was played Monday, March 1st, between the Junior—Freshman and the Academy teams. The Junior-Freshmen were weakened by the loss of Parker and N. Rogers, and the result was never in doubt. The final score was 6-1 in favor of the Academy. Hirtle played the best game for the losers, and Walker, Sharpe and Rogers for the winners. The line-up:

ACADEMY.		JUNIOR-FRESHMEN.	
Grady.....	Goal	Brown.
Sharpe.....	Point	Carter.
Walker.....	C. Point	Leeman.
Porter.....	Rover	Smith.
Rogers.....	Center	Hirtle.
Stewart.....	L. Wing	Saunders.
Pattillo.....	R. Wing	L. Harlow.



Miss Daniels, '18 (as Murray shielded her with his arm from the Sophomore shower of rice, after the play): "Oh! Hazen, do put up the umbrella; somebody might see us."

Miss Wilson, '15 (after reception): "Say, Hazel, how many topics did you have with Spencer?"

Miss Smith, '15: "Only one, the first and the last."

Wickedness in High Places. Greek Prof: "Is that a rough or a smooth breathing on *elko*. It looks like *el* to me."

Miss Starratt, '17: "Why don't you go to the Sunday night sings?"

Moore, '17: "Oh! I can't sing."

Miss Starratt: "That doesn't make any difference, Leslie goes."

Miss Wood, '16: "Are you going down town?"

Miss Clark, '16: "Yes, do you want some one-cent stamps?"

Miss Wood, '16: "Not while the telephone lasts."

Miss Freeman (in Library Science Class): "You may put Burton in the stackroom, Miss Wilson, but keep George Eliot on the reserve shelf."

Cad (in Tully Tavern dining room): "Won't you have some sugar, 'Sweets to the sweet,' you know."

Miss Elliott, '16: "Won't you have a cracker, 'Crackers to the cracked' you know."

WARNING.

When she letteth thee recklessly spend,
 And laugheth to see thee go broke,
 Thou may'st jolly her on without end
 For she taketh thee but as a joke.
 But when she demurreth at price,
 And chideth at what thou hast spent,
 Thou art treading on treacherous ice,
 For the maiden hath solemn intent.

Calhoun, '16 (at Junior party): "May I take you out to supper?"

Miss Layton, '16: "I'm sorry but I've promised some one else,
 but I'll introduce you to a pretty, clever girl."

Calhoun: "But I don't want a pretty, clever girl; I want you."

Miss Weston, '18: "Who saw you home from the Senior party?"

Miss Baxter, '15: "One of the fifteen boys."

Miss Weston: "O were there only fifteen boys there?"

Women have many faults,
 But men have only two,
 There is nothing right they say,
 And there's nothing right they do.

— EXCH.

Biology Prof.: "What is a caterpillar?"

MacNeil, '18: "It is an upholstered worm."

Miss Morse, '18: "Will you please pass me my diminutive
 argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perfor-
 ated, with symmetrical indentations?"

Miss Pickles, '18: "Do you mean your thimble?"

McPhee, '17: (at reception): "You're on the introducing com-
 mittee, can you find my girl for this topic?"

Murray, '18: "What is her name?"

McPhee, '17: "Miss Cellaneous."

And Murray hasn't found her yet.

Prof. in Sociology: "In country districts the minister is looked
 up to as a superior being in a class by himself."

Whitman, '15: "Not around here."

Bleakney, '16 (during discussion after psychology class): "Bernie, is love an instinct."

Wood, '16 (emphatically): "Yes."

Bleakney, '16: "Well, I must be in love."

Miss Pineo, '16 (when told above): "I knew that long ago."

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Owing to the financial stringency, the Business Staff of the Athenæum is having a hard time to finance the paper this year. We hereby make an urgent appeal to all who have not paid their subscriptions this year to do so at once. We also regret to announce that we shall be compelled to keep back the June issue from any who have not paid their subscriptions by May 30th. Surely the old Acadia spirit will not let us stand by and see the college paper fail for lack of funds, but will inspire all to send in their subscriptions immediately.

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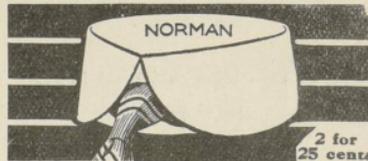
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