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Winners for The Month.

Stories—1st, Helen Shafner, '21; 2nd, Adelaide O. Connor, '21.

Articles—1st, C. E. Hill, '19; 2nd, L. B. Chase, '18.

Poems—1st, L. B. Chase, '18; no second.

Month—1st, W. E. Poole, '20; 2nd, L. Layton, '21.

Exchanges—1st, W. E. Poole, '20; no second.

Personals—1st, W. E. Poole, '20; 2nd, C. E. Clarke, '19.

Athletics—1st, D. H. MacPherson, '21; 2nd, F. R. Cole, '21.

Jokes—1st, W. E. Poole, '20; 2nd, T. A. Meister, '20.

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A Mid-winter Night's Dream.

THE snows outside are white and white;
The gusty flue shouts through the night;
And by the lonely chimney light
I sit and dream of Summer.

The orchard bough creaks in the blast,
That like a ghost goes shrieking past,
And coals are dying fast and fast,
But still I dream of Summer.

'Tis not the voice of falling rain,
Or dream wind blown through latticed pane,
When earth will laugh in green again,
That makes me dream of Summer.

But hopes will then have backward flown,
Like fleets of promise, long outblown,
And Love once more will greet his own;
This is my dream of Summer.

—WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL, (1861-1918).

Wilfred Campbell.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL, the subject of this sketch, was born in 1861 at Berlin (now Kitchener), Ontario, of Scotch and English ancestry, and was remotely connected with Thomas Campbell, the Scottish poet, and with William Fielding, the English novelist. He was educated at the University of Toronto and at Cambridge, Mass., was ordained in the Episcopal Church in 1885 and carried on parish work in New England until 1888, when he returned to Canada and became rector at St. Stephen, N. B. A few years later he retired from the ministry and entered the Civil Service at Ottawa, where he did valuable work in the Archives department. A short time prior to his death he undertook some special work which involved the investigation and writing the history of the Munition Industry in Canada during the war.

It is through his work as a poet that Wilfrid Campbell is chiefly known, but during the many years that he was a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines, there also issued from his pen tragedies, novels, short stories, historical sketches and essays on the questions of the day.

Much of his verse bears marks of his ardent Imperialism, and it is this note which seems to have made the strongest appeal to the British critics. His poems of a "Vaster Britain," which reflect the author's serious maturity when he believed he had a national message, are popular and virile. The author was made a member of the Royal Society of Canada in 1893, and was honored in 1908 with the degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen.

After all, it is for his songs of the beauties of Nature in his own country that Canadians will love to remember Wilfred Campbell. His beautiful pictures of the woods and lakes and streams have indeed been likened to "water-color sketches in verse." They belong to that golden age of Canadian poetry when Campbell, Roberts, Carmen, Scott and Lampman sang as would "a group of happy birds in springtime." There have been Canadian poets since but for lyrical beauty that age remains unsurpassed. Nature stands before us as in a looking-glass in such lines as these by Campbell:

“BLUE, limpid, mighty, restless lakes;
God’s mirrors underneath the sky;
Low rimmed in woods and mists where wakes
Through murk and moon, the marsh-bird’s cry.”

or these from “Indian Summer”:

“Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans,
With all his glory spread;
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now, by great marshes wrapt in mist,
Or past some river’s mouth,
Throughout the long still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.’

A fine appreciation of Campbell’s work appeared some years ago in “The Scottish American.” “No poet,” says that authority, “with the exception of Tennyson or Browning, has, during the latter half of this century, covered so wide a field, and yet risen so high in each department, in sustained flight of song. In subtle and weird imagination he has been likened to Poe, in lyrical flights and spontaneity to Shelley; in depth and breadth to Shakespeare and Browning, and for intense personality he is considered unique among the writers of the day. In his poems is felt the presence of a strong personality, intensely interested in the perplexing problems of human existence. Even in his ‘Nature’ verse beneath all his finer music, there runs a deep undertone of haunting mystical suggestion, which naturally links the restless phenomena of nature with the joys and sorrows of the human heart.”

So on New Year’s Day, 1918, after a brief illness from pleuro-pneumonia, Wilfrid Campbell, who stood well in the forefront of the select company of singers who have raised

poetry to a high place in Canadian literature, in the words of one of his own poems, came to "the end of the furrow."

"When we come to the end of the furrow,
When our last day's work is done,
We will drink of the long red shaft of light
That slants from the westering sun.

We will turn from the field of our labor,
From the warm earth glad and brown,
And wend our feet up that village street,
And with our folk lie down.

Yea, after the long toil, surcease,
Rest to the hearts that roam,
When we join in the mystic silence of eve
The glad procession home."

—L. B. C., '18.

The Published Poems of Bernard Freeman Trotter.

THE appearance of "A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems of War and of Peace," by Bernard Freeman Trotter, brings this autumn to the English reading public a notable contribution in the realms of Canadian verse. Students at McMaster University within recent years do not need an introduction to the work of this young Canadian poet. For years the various editors of *THE MONTHLY* bewailed the barrenness of academic fields. Contributors in prose were lamentably few, in "verse or worse" almost entirely absent. Even the inducement of a prize competition failed to call out more than a brace of stories. Poems were not to be had for "love or money." When Bernard Trotter appeared at McMaster all those who held an interest in the literary life of the students felt that at last the leanness of the years had passed away. A real poet had come to link his life with the University. During his course the issues of *THE MONTHLY* were greatly enriched by such poems as "A Ride by the Sea," "The Grey-Robed Child of the Sea," "Altars," "The Blessed Lie,"

and others. The war has called McMaster University to great sacrifices in the past three years, perhaps the greatest being the death in France of this soldier-poet last May. His lute lies broken, broken. And where is the voice to take up again the melodies that for us roam untamed to orderly and tuneful poesy? Trotter's poem, "Makers and Menders" in his volume now published lends itself to quotation here.

"My idol was broken, was broken, was broken!
Those lips like the petals of a broken lily
Were pale that laughed dawn red in the red dawning,
And old age came upon me as I kissed them.

"Then remembered I the broken watch and the watch-maker;
And I bethought me of a certain mender of idols,
How that he had wrought great wonders with his knives and simples;
And I found him, and showed him my Idol that was broken.
'Can you mend it?' said I, and hung upon his answer.
But he shook his head and looked at me in sadness:
'Alas!' said he, 'there is a jewel broken, broken,
A jewel that none can mend except the Maker.
Now I knew well who had made my Idol,
And that I could never hope to find Him;
Wherefore in a little while I took my Idol,
And laid it away where I could see it no more.'"

The triumphant note in the concluding stanza of "Makers and Menders" is too lofty for present grief to reach. We cannot now

"Forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears."

The Miltonic echoes are in our ears to-day.

"For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and built the lofty rhyme."

When Wilfrid Campbell, or one of his successors, prepares the next anthology of Canadian verse, the name of Bernard Trotter will take rightful rank as a poet of repute to whose birth and upbringing the Dominion holds first claim. Nor will this name fail of a place among the wider range of singers who serve the interests and interpret the ideals of the "Vaster Britain" recognized by the English speaking peoples

to-day. As Professor McLay aptly puts it in his admirable introduction to this collection of Trotters verse, enough of the output of this son of McMaster is left "to prove that he had the authentic singing note of the born poet." Imagination, sympathy, the eye for the beautiful, spiritual discernment, forms and phrases richly reminiscent of English poetic life and expression from Chaucer to Bridges, "the red sweet wine of youth" poured out upon Freedom's altar; all this and more, are found in "A Canadian Twilight," verifying the author's kinship with the poets of our country and our race, and creating for his life, his work, his death on the battle plains of Europe, an imperishable memory. In the words of the poem from whose title is taken the name of the volume, this poet can be truly said:

"To have perished nobly in a noble cause!
Untarnished, unpolluted, undismayed,
By the dank worlds corruption, to have passed,
A flaming beacon-light to gods and men!
For in the years to come it shall be told
How these laid down their lives, not for their homes,
Their orchards, fields and cities: "They were driven
To slaughter by no tyrant's lust for power;
Of their free manhood's choice they crossed the sea
To save a stricken people from its foe,
They died for Justice—Justice owes them this:
That what they died for be not overthrown." "

Amongst the Juvenile Poems that occupy the last thirteen pages of the book is one, "Friends of the Forest," written when the poet was a lad of sixteen, in the Evangeline country, which marks the nature lover. Like Lampman and Campbell and Carman, Trotter saw the hidden glories of the fields and woodlands and at an early age translated the vision of nature's beauty into rhythmic cadence.

"Give me no crowded city,
When my heart is lone and sad,
With its countless thronging thousands—
The tumult would drive me mad.

"In the throbbing life of the city,
Who cares for another's moan?—
Tho around me the crowd were surging,
I should stand for myself, alone.

"Give me no heaving ocean,
Give me no wind-swept plain;
For there—is but time for brooding,
Nothing to heal the pain.

"But give me the wide-spread forest,
With its hemlock, and beech, and pine,
With its ash, and its oak, and its maple,
And its ferns, and its mosses fine.

"With its rocky glens and streamlets,
And the music of water-falls,
With its birds, and beasts and flowers,
And its dreamy wild-wood calls.

"Tho' I wander, alone, through the forest,
There are friends upon every hand:
Tried friends, who comfort and soothe me,
As they whisper 'We understand.'"

Two years later in California Trotter penned a picture of the woodland violet that is full of music and color. It is on page 57. We select a couple of stanzas:

"And there, a half span from the water's edge,
A violet nodded, and, with coyest grace,
Bent lightly over from her crannied ledge
To see, reflected, her own perfect face.

"The clustering grasses nestled at her feet
In shy attendance, waited her command,
And, roguish, raised their slender forms to greet
Her green leaves set like guards on either hand."

While in the Muskoka Lake country in 1911 the account of a fatal accident read in the city newspaper set the poet musing upon his own passing, and again comes to the fore his passionate love of God's out-of-doors.

"Then, at the last—be it my lot to lie,
Not girded by four walls, or hemmed about
By beauty-blotting handiwork of man;
But in some forest shade beside the sea,
Or where the mellow wind among the pines
Sings the wild sweetness of our northern lakes
To souls that listen on their magic isles."

Readers of this magazine last month will recall the same insistent nature note in "The Poplars," written at Oxford in September, 1916.

"And so I sing the poplars; and when I come to die
I will not look for jasper walls, but cast about my eye
For a row of wind-blown poplars against an English sky."

It may be a mere whim, but to me it is in the songs of the sea that Trotter strikes the purest lyric tones. In such poems

as "Altars," appearing in the April, 1911, number of *THE MONTHLY*, and reprinted on page 65 of the published volume, he holds friendly communion with the serene heights,

" . . . barren peaks, so mightily outlined
In naked rock against a viewless sky."

but with the sea he enters into the intimate confidence of a lover. When "A Ride by the Sea," and "The Grey-Robed Child of the Sea," came to readers through the medium of *THE MONTHLY*, they felt that the poet had caught what Bliss Carman calls "the aliveness of the sea." In the two longest poems of the collection the plangent memories of life on the Atlantic and Pacific shores come to full and free expression. Note this from "Ingeborg: an elegy,"

"Mourn her, thou Ocean!—Need I bid thee mourn?
Ab! no: thou knewest. Ere that word forlorn,
That 'she is dead' could falter from the lips
Of those who watched, thou knewest; and the strips
Of umbrous kelp that hedge thy shoreward way
Shook tremulously, and a great shudder ran
Through thy deep bosom, and a voice began,
Thy voice, to wail along the desolate shore,
In anguish and in anger, that thy child,
Thy Viking-child, was lost forevermore,
Thy Viking-daughter, for whom a spirit wild
And free and unafraid had augured death
In storm-blown conflagration as of yore,
When the Valkyrie swooped the elusive breath
From heroes' lips up to the realms of Thor—"

The song of "Manannan, god of the winds and the sea," is a chanty John Masefield might have discovered.

"Find me a wave with a sea-green base,
A rollicking, wandering, roisterous wave,
With a crest o' foam, and a laughing face,
A bit o' blue where the wind-flaws part,
Ho! but I love the knave!"
And a sunbeam pricking his homeless heart—

The lure of the salt surges and the wide wet sea-lanes throbs in every line of "The Clan of the Waters." The description of the effect of the sea-god's gift in the lives of ocean farers merits the highest praise.

"And still the gift that the great God gave
Leaps in the veins of his children brave;
By day and by night they may not flee
The spell of the ocean's mystery:
By day and by night a love they know

Tameless, and changeable, as tho'
 The wandering wind had schooled it so;
 No peace have they by night or day,
 For a restless longing calls them aye,
 From the sheltered cove and the quiet bay,
 Out where the stormy tempests meet,
 To the drifting spray, and the driving sleet—
 And they cannot choose but go.
 With a laugh they claim their heritage,
 A laugh of something more than mirth,
 That bravely rings across the sea,
 And challenges eternity
 For the home they lack on earth,—
 And all who hear, from age to age,
 By this sign know their birth."

Scattered through the various poems in the book one comes across lines that for bright, compacted, thought-filling execution reach the level of the best English style. LL

"The peace of afterglow; the golden peace
 Of the moon's finger laid across the flood."

"our spirits hand in hand
 Will take the primrose path our spring-time planned,
 In spite of storm-washed furrows; . . . "

"one more jewel threaded star-like on
 The sacrificial rosary of France."

"A love as light as the wandering wind."

"And the shadow-ships lie long
 Where the moon shines dim o'er the curved sea's rim,
 And the wild wind sings its song."

"those short summers by the southern sea,
 When all the fabric of my life was lit
 With golden strands of friendship. . . . "

"So that in death is service, and the world
 Be thrust one hair's breadth nearer to the dawn."

"Star-dust! God-flung across an inky sky."

These are but a few of the many metrical jewels in the collection of Trotter's verse, that give evidence of poetic fancy tamed to serious art.

A Canadian poet at the front, John Daniel Logan, who, by the way, is one of Nova Scotia's sons, sent home not long ago a word-picture of Picardy. He is serving as a sergeant in the Canadian Infantry. It is interesting to compare the

verse of the tramping "non-com" with that of Trotter, who as an officer went a-riding through the same war-stricken land. Logan's poem goes under the heading of "War's New Apocalypse." We quote a couple of stanzas: : :

"When I, full-armed, marched forth through Picardy
 (Not pleasant Picardy of yore)
 The spectacles I saw in Picardy
 (In Picardy despoiled by war),
 Were not alone the wastes I thought would be,
 Nor only deeds I should abhor,
 But I beheld in town, in trench, on plain
 What may not be on earth again:
 The forms of Faith and Hope and Charity
 Walk close with Death in Picardy.

"The once fair fields of fertile Picardy
 (Oh, ruthless was the conqueror!)
 Stretched gray and fallow, far as I could see,
 Unploughed save by the shards of war;
 But when I passed beyond Sainte Emelie
 I glimpsed an old man, bent and hoar,
 At work afield while shells burst with their dread,
 Fell deviltries above his head.
 Thus Hope held fast, and wove earth's livery
 Of green and gold in Picardy."

"Trotter's poem is called "An April Interlude, 1917," and is on page 38 of the volume.

—By courtesy of "McMaster University Monthly."

Madame Breshkovsky.

NO woman of modern times has had a more dramatic career than Madame Breshkovsky, or, as she is affectionately called by her own people, the "Little Grandmother of the Revolution."

Madame Breshkovsky's parents were of high rank and well-educated. Because of her wide reading, she learned of the freedom in other countries and longed for the same in her own. In her childhood, she was with the peasants a great deal and saw how discontented and ignorant they were. She believed that conditions in Russia were so bad that little could be done until the common people were educated. In order to do what she could, she started to teach the peasants

on her father's estate. This had to be done secretly, because, under the regime of the Czar, it was criminal.

When she was twenty-five years old, she left her home and went to Petrograd, Moscow, and Kiev, where she joined the revolutionists. Four years later, she was arrested for spreading revolutionary propaganda and for teaching the peasants in an agricultural school, which her husband had established for her. She was sentenced to twenty-two years in Siberia, near the Arctic circle, where she lived under the most intolerable conditions in a temperature of 45 degrees below zero. At this time, she left a two-year-old son behind her. Here, she began to teach her fellow-prisoners, tried to escape, and was captured. As a punishment for this, she was sentenced to four years' hard labor in Kara and to forty blows of the lash. That was nearly forty years ago. Since that time, she has struggled unceasingly for Russian freedom. Many times she has escaped from prison and exile, been recaptured, and sent back to chains and dungeons. It is impossible to imagine the maddening solitude of her imprisonments; the filth of the huts into which she, with other prisoners, was crowded on the way to Siberia, and the relentless vigilance of the government spies during her exile. After she returned to Russia in 1896, she organized the society called the "Socialist Revolutionists." For eleven years she worked among the villages, always without any legal standing and persecuted wherever she went.

A little more than ten years ago, Madame Breshkovsky visited the United States. She made addresses on the cause of Russian freedom and collected ten thousand dollars from her American friends, as a fund to carry on her work. On her return to Russia, she was arrested and imprisoned again. A petition sent to the Czar, by Americans of position and influence, asked clemency for her; but it was denied. Finally, in 1915, she was exiled, for life, to the Siberian prison town, Yakutsk. At that time, she was seventy-one years old and was half-blind, with cataracts on both eyes. As soon as the revolution came, she started for Russia. All along the way, she was stopped to make speeches to the people, who welcomed her joyously. At Petrograd, she received an ovation such as no Czar ever commanded. At present, she spends

most of her time among the peasants, soldiers, and working-men, trying to make them understand what their new freedom means, and to hold them steady to the continuance of the war.

Apart from the romance which surrounds her life, Madame Breshkovsky would be a great woman wherever she were. In her manner, she is open, direct, going straight to the essential thing. Her face is dark, as if bronzed by a life in the open, yet it is soft and unwrinkled, except about the mouth. Her eyes are small and gray, and her short hair is snow-white. She dresses as simply as a Siberian prisoner, even though she is living in Russia's famous Winter Palace. Her fare is as plain as that of a peasant. She does not seem to feel the greatness of her work, neither does she glory in the overthrow of that power which has caused her so much suffering. She has undaunted courage in facing the problems connected with the establishment of democracy in Russia, the country oppressed for so long by autocracy.

Madame Breshkovsky displays the courage of martyrs and patriots, whose spirit can never be enslaved, no matter how much tyrants may break and bind the body. She is a woman doing woman's greatest work,—inspiring faith and idealism. *She* is Russia's real "Catherine the Great."

C. E. H., '19.

Thelma.

MRS. PYKE was grateful but determined. "It really is too good of you," she said, "but I am afraid such a creature would be thrown away on us. Why don't you send it to a Zoo?"

Gerald William thoughtfully buttered a piece of toast. "No!" he answered, "I shall not send Thelma to a Zoo. I want someone to make a pet of her; she has a very affectionate disposition. Do you know of anyone who would? I can't keep her myself, because I'm off to the Cariboo in a month or so."

"What about the MacLeans? I should think they could manage her. They're very old friends of ours and have a place at Moody. If you wish, I can easily write and suggest

that you should go down there for a day and take Thelma with you."

"It's very good of you," replied Gerald.

Shortly after Gerald left the room, Mrs. Pyke wrote the letter. "By the way," she said to her husband, "do you remember what he calls his charge?"

"Thelma, I believe," he answered.

She smiled, "How curious."

Four days later Gerald William and charge proceeded by the C. P. R. to the home of the MacLeans. For the first quarter of an hour of their journey Thelma, who had been carefully fed biscuits by her owner prior to being put in a large wicker cage in the freight car, slept peacefully. At Hastings, however, she awoke considerably excited. In a short time the cries she uttered distressed the train men so that, at the next station, Gerald was asked to take her into the passenger car with himself. At last Gerald arrived at Moody. Taking his suitcase in one hand and the cage in the other, he made his way to a coach. The groom touched his hat.

"Guest for 'Maple Hurst,' Sir?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Gerald. "This is all." And they drove off.

On arriving at "Maple Hurst," the home of the MacLeans, Gerald gave his pet to the groom.

A minute later he found himself in a drawing-room. As his name was announced, his hostess rose and advanced to meet him.

"Mr. William," she said with a suspicion of vagueness.

Gerald explained that he had just arrived from the city, where he had been staying with the Pykes; the lady's face cleared.

"We were expecting Thelma this afternoon by the 3.50 train."

"I have brought her down with me," said Gerald. "I'm glad you are looking forward to seeing her. But, of course, I could hardly bring her into a drawing-room—"

"I beg your pardon?" said the hostess.

"So I asked the groom to take her round to the stable and look after her!"

"You sent her to the stables!"

At this point the conversation became a centre of interest for the other persons in the room. Indeed, they waited with embarrassing intentness for his next words. But being fairly launched upon his favorite topic, he proceeded.

"Thelma became so troublesome after leaving Hastings that I was obliged to take her from the baggage car into the passenger car with me. Curiously enough, she quieted down at once."

"You can't imagine," he went on, "how sorry I shall be to lose her. I believe the little creature is never so happy as when she's sitting on my knee."

"On your knee! The little creature sitting on your knee!" repeated the lady of the house mechanically.

"It is very good of your husband to take her off my hands, but I think she will prove quite a valuable addition.

"Please excuse me for a minute." Mrs. MacLean left the room. Shortly she returned with a footman and advanced toward Gerald.

"James will show you to your room, Mr. William, if you would care to go up." There was a tinge of excitement in her voice.

Gerald was rather surprised at the abruptness of his hostess but followed willingly.

"This is your room, Sir."

"Thank you," said Gerald, and walked in.

"Why!" he exclaimed in surprise, "this isn't a bedroom at all! What—"

There was a sharp slam behind him, followed by the grating of a key as the footman locked the door on the outside.

The room in which the young man found himself was small and square, filled with household odds and ends. He sat down on a box and thought out the situation. Evidently, the MacLeans were people of means; but their ideas of hospitality appeared confused. He examined the door and found that escape that way was impossible. He walked to the window and found to his relief that he was able to open it. Looking out he caught sight of a groom on horseback—the man who had driven him from the station.

"The police station first, then the asylum," said a voice.

"Am I supposed to be an escaped lunatic?" thought Gerald.

"Oh, here she comes, walking!" and down the road just then a young girl carrying a dress suit case appeared from behind the hedge and turned up the path.

"How did you come?" asked Mrs. MacLean.

"On the 3.50 train. Mother, why didn't you send Samuel to meet me?"

"Why, dear, he did go for you and brought back a lunatic, called William."

"William!" exclaimed the girl, "the Cariboo explorer! The one that was staying with the Pykes? Where is he?"

"Do not get excited, Thelma, dear; he is locked up; the police have been notified."

"Why, mother, you must be mistaken. I saw Mrs. Pyke in the city and she told me she had written you about this Mr. William. He has a monkey he is very fond of and, since he expects to go to the Cariboo shortly, he thought perhaps father would keep the monkey for him. And do you know its name? Too funny for words, 'Thelma!'"

H. S., '21.

A Plea For an Officer Training Corps.

AT a meeting of the Athenaeum Society on November 17th the desirability of forming an Officers' Training Corps was discussed, and the meeting was unanimous in favor of doing so. Almost every man of the student body would be willing to join if he had the opportunity. Altho the first term of the college year is finished, there is time during the winter and spring months to get a company into shape.

In almost every college of importance in Canada military training is compulsory. The Universities of Toronto, Queen's, Trinity, Alberta, New Brunswick, McMaster, Brandon, and Mount Allison each has an O. T. C. Why is Acadia behind them in this respect?

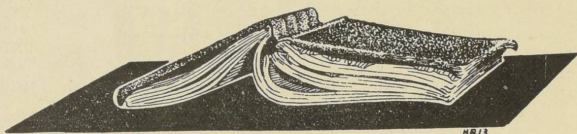
One of the many benefits of such training is the physical improvement of the students. To exercise for one hour per day is the best tonic one can take. It takes the cobwebs from one's brains and enables one to study to much better effect.

At Brandon College last year thirty-three members of the O. T. C. were successful in passing the examinations for lieutenants commissions; whereas had they been without the course they would have enlisted as privates. Many of us, when we are eighteen, or at the end of the term expect to enlist. Even though the training in such a course were not sufficient to get for us a lieutenant's commission, as well it might, that, together with our college training, would at least secure for us the rank of an N. C. O.

Our patriotic duty is now, as never before, to do everything in our power that will help to bring the war to a successful conclusion. Perhaps the greatest problem before the Allies now is to train men and train them quickly. Every bit of training that we can get now means that we will be able to do our bit in France, or wherever our country needs us, just that much quicker.

To secure men to take charge of an O. T. C. we would not need to go outside the college. Our president, Dr. Cutten, has had a wide military experience and altho he is very busy might find time to supervise it. For instructors, Lieutenant Estabrooks and Pte. Lumsden, our two returned soldiers would do very nicely if they would consent to act as such. We hope that something will be done about the matter in the near future.

D. H. M., '21.



It is only the parrot that is valued for how it talks rather than for what it says.

It is well to put off until tomorrow what you ought not to do at all.

We are told that we are ascended from the ape; examine your ticket to see that it is not a round trip one.

A postponed task more toil begets and borrowed money pays no debts.

It is well for the student to remember that the professor used those old excuses when he was in college.

It is a wise co-ed who does not mistake attentions for intentions.

Never borrow trouble. Simply give your classmate the loan of your note-book a week before examination.

It is better to have a swelled head than a shrivelled brain, but they are not mutually exclusive.

A student can never catch up with his good intentions for tomorrow.

If the average freshman knew all he thinks he knows there would be a much smaller market for encyclopedias.

A student who trims himself to suit everybody soon whittles himself away.

A thousand-dollar boy with a ten-thousand dollar education is over-capitalized.

Parents who take little interest in the education of their children always blame the colleges.

The student who tries to calculate how little he can study and get a pass is not skating on thin ice, he has already broken through.

A wise student who made a little improvement each day found himself at the end of the year in the honor list.

A cauliflower is a cabbage with a college education.

Procrastination is a grafter.

Don't let your wishbone take the place of your backbone.

It is better not to know so much than to know so much that isn't so.

The student who says nothing at the right time is a good talker.

Tackle the dread; thus Tom Thumb becomes Jack-the-giant-killer.

There is no substitute for hard work.

Pierrette.

THE fire blazed brightly, sending up little sparks that sputtered viciously, as if in derision at the simmering pieces of burnt wood, here and there, on the hearth. Before the fire sat an old, old lady, between whose frail hands lay a dilapidated portfolio. She opened it and looked over the piles of old letters and faded photographs. With a trembling hand she pulled out one. It was of a young, happy girl, whose eyes seemed to sparkle mischief, even through the dust of years,—Pierrette.

She gazed and gazed on that bright young face, then looked into the fire. Slowly the fireplace faded away; little by little the walls folded themselves, till in front of this little old lady was a stage, brilliantly lighted up. In the centre stood Pierrette, poised lightly on her toes, before an adoring audience.

Every one of them more or less envied Pierrette. Was she not beautiful? Did she not dance like some spirit, un-

earthly ? Did not all the world love Pierrette ? No wonder she was to be envied.

The scene receded further and further until, instead of a stage, there appeared before the little old lady the room into which Pierrette came, tired from the evening's performance, only able to drop into a comfortable chair, and smile a somewhat sleepy smile at the tall man beside her. But the tall man was not tired; nor was he sleepy. He waited a moment, and having put the roses into an empty vase, turned, and taking Pierrette by the hands, led those fatigued little feet out on the balcony. How very bright those stars were ! How very gentle did old Luna look, as she shone down on them ! And how very earnest and heartfelt were the words the tall man said to Pierrette.

When Pierrette slid under the covers that night she was not a bit sleepy, for she was so happy, happier than she had ever been before. The tall man had won.

The next morning, as Pierrette was lazily looking over the paper, scarcely noting the flattering remarks about the world-loved Pierrette, she suddenly turned white. The paper nearly slid from her fingers; but she caught it in a frenzied grasp. With choking breath she read of the accident, that had in one moment destroyed her life's happiness. The tall man had been killed by one of those infernal inventions, an automobile.

The world was very sorry for Pierrette's misfortune, but really the world cannot be expected to be saddened for long. And, after all, there are dancers who would amuse it, if she failed.

The old lady suddenly put her hands over her eyes to shield them from the firelight that had so unexpectedly come back. The hot tears trickled down her withered cheeks. Forgotten ! Forgotten by all; a weary old lady. But the tall man had not forgotten her. He came straight towards her, with arms outstretched and took her fragile form to him.

The next morning the world read of the death of an old lady, living on S—— street.

A. O'C., '21.

The National Thrift Campaign—A Peace Preparation for Canada.

VICTORY and Peace: to Britons the terms are nearly synonymous. Britain would play the traitor's part should she consent to peace without victory. All those who have tried to patch up such a peace, have not been alive to the issues involved in the struggle. They have lacked the ability to distinguish between the aims of the belligerents. Gradually, however, the greater part of the nations of the world have awakened to the situation. They see more clearly and are learning to appreciate the fact that on the victory of Britain and her Allies depends the safety of all humanity. Allied statesmen are constantly affirming that they will never sheathe the sword until they have won a decisive victory.

The National Service Board for a while undertook the direction of intensive national organization. One phase of National Service given wide publicity, is the National Thrift Campaign. The watchword of the campaign is: "Spend little. Save all you can. Devote your savings to national purposes." At the outbreak of the war business men adopted as their motto: "Business as usual." Now it is recognized that the supreme business of the nation is to win the war. All other business interests must succumb before this paramount one. Britain, who up to the entrance of the United States into the war bore almost the entire financial burden of the Allies, must have an unlimited supply of money, must be able to call upon her people at any time for such. In order to have the money whenever needed the people must save it from everything non-essential. In the end a greater exercise of thrift will mean more munitions, thus greater safety for our soldiers, more ships for the navy, thus greater comfort for the people at home, and a speedier termination of the war.

After the war an economic reconstruction is inevitable. To make this successful, stable financial institutions are imperative. They will be stable only as the people rise to the call of the hour and make them such. Let us briefly indicate a few of Canada's post-bellum problems. Several hundreds of thousands of soldiers will return,—some safe and sound, others temporarily disabled, others disabled for life. These

men must all be provided for to the best of our ability, and the best should be very good indeed. Then provision will have to be made for those dependent upon all who fell in battle or were disabled for life. Such provision at best can only in a very small degree discharge Canada's national obligations towards her soldiers.

When munitions and other supplies of war are no longer necessary, a period of depression is likely to set in. For millions of dollars are being spent, and thousands of persons are engaged in manufacturing these supplies. Thus there is certain to be a sudden decrease in manufactures and commerce at the end of the war. New industries for national development should take their place; old ones should be extended on a hitherto undreamed of scale. Only by the expenditure of millions of dollars can they become firmly established. Once established such industries will result in expansion of agriculture, mining, fishing, manufacturing, and commerce on a scale hitherto unparalleled by any nation in the world.. The population will increase by leaps and bounds. Factories will be reared, and the hum of machinery will be heard all the way from the stormy Atlantic, along the mighty St. Lawrence, across the waving fields of grain in the prairies, to the sunny valleys bordering on the blue Pacific. Surely such an era of prosperity is worth ten times over any temporary sacrifice necessary to bring it about.

The key to the situation lies in individual thrift and individual sacrifice. Professor Leacock, in writing on the subject "National Organization for War," has said that "Any man today who consumes any article, or employs any service, not absolutely necessary, aims a blow at his country." His counsel is: "Save every cent. Live plainly. Do without everything. Rise early, work hard. Content yourself with a bare living." Further, he urges that every cent of the money saved be devoted to national taxes or national loans. By such sacrifice only can the people of Canada show the stuff they are made of. Continued thrift will give rise to the habit of thrift. Intelligent thrift will develop latent ability for thinking and planning. Any sacrifices occasioned thereby will impart to the character strength and endurance.

The British and Canadian statesmen are continually outlining methods of thrift. They have set an example in the reduction in the cost of the government, especially of Public Works. The British Government has banned all unnecessary imports, and restricted course dinners, and luxuries of all kinds, has established meatless and sweetless days. Food controllers have been appointed in England, Canada and the United States to attempt to regulate the food supply, and to do away as much as possible with profiteering. Britain's ancestral parks and pasture lands have been ploughed up and seeded to increase the food supply. Through campaigns held last spring almost every available piece of land was cultivated for food. One other matter of national interest is the prohibition of all alcoholic drinks. If such drinks were banned the saving in the end would be enormous. Through them millions of dollars worth of grain and sugar are worse than wasted every year. Health and energy, so much needed in these trying times, are impaired. The nation should rise as a unit and cast forth this evil forever.

Individual methods of saving are many and varied. Definite sums should be set aside from definite incomes, and invested in war loans, taxes, etc. Such will not only help to win the war and prepare for peace, but will be increasing by compound interest. Children should be taught to save their pennies instead of spending them for candies and other trifles. Young people can be content with simple living, give up confectionery and other luxuries, dress simply, and take care of their clothes.

Housekeepers have large opportunities for thrift in regard to food and the preparation thereof, and the elimination of waste from the household. It has been estimated that the annual waste from the kitchens of United States is \$700,000,000. That in Canada is proportionately large. If every housekeeper will see to it that she does not waste food, and will lessen the consumption of food in her household, she will be doing a real war service for her country. Among the many suggestions for saving is the cooking of potatoes in their skins. This method was universally adopted in Germany as early as the fall of 1915. Icing and candy can be dispensed with. The present serious shortage of sugar renders this step necessary,

The women have also started a campaign for the saving of old rags and paper in order to relieve the paper famine. Good results have been accomplished from such methods; better may be, if they are universally adopted.

If the people of Canada are unwilling to fall in line with the call of the hour for increased production, increased national thrift and investment, then they are not worthy of protection and of prosperity. But they are. The campaign has borne splendid fruit. Last spring greater areas were seeded than ever before, small plots of land were made to produce something. High school boys organized to cultivate idle fields in many towns. The people have subscribed eagerly to the Government War Loans, raising far more than was asked. Canada's balance of foreign trade has turned in her favour. This shows the German War Lords that Canada is wholehearted in her efforts to crush militarism.

For the very existence of the Empire and her gallant Allies, for small downtrodden nationalities, for the principles of civilization itself, our nation must use her every weapon to win the war. Only so can she vindicate her principles and bring about an honorable peace. Premier Lloyd-George has said that only by making the sternest sacrifices can the people of Britain meet the worst the enemy can do. The struggle to date has been long and hard. The issue still hangs in the balance.

“No easy hopes or lies
Can bring us to our goal;
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.”

On the blood-brown fields of Flanders and France our soldiers are freely offering their all for the sake of “their Country and the Cause.” Are we at home going to be worthy of their sacrifice ?



GEORGE B. PECK

In Memoriam.

ACADIA has learned with regret that George B. Peck, of the class of '18, who won the military medal at Vimy Ridge, has given his life in sacrifice in this war. While trying to rescue a comrade at Passchendaele he was killed instantly by liquid fire.

He was born at Hillsboro' in 1896, and there he graduated from High School in 1913. In the fall of the same year he entered Acadia, as a student in the Freshman class.

He enlisted in the 219th Battalion in February, 1915, and in October, 1917, was killed. While a student at Acadia he was actively engaged in all the sports and won his athletic "A" on the track. He was a boy of splendid ability and could always be depended upon by all his fellow students to do his share in all college societies.

Acadia and his many friends mourn his loss and are glad to have known him.

Acadia Boys in Khaki



LENS AREA, 18-11-17.

Dear Dad:—As we have just returned from the hardest fighting of the Canadian Corps for the entire 1917 campaign, will try and give you some account of the recent capture of Passchendaele Ridge. Intend to keep this letter till go on pass, and hence it will escape the eagle eye of those censors. Would say that I kept notes every day during the period at dressing station (Main) and also while employed at 8 Br. First Aid Post. All information is first hand, and as correct as can be obtained.

We know now that it was the original intention of our staff that we should have taken Lens this month, but while we were at Souchez (Oct. 5th to 10th), a Fritz plane was brought down by our machine gun fire near Vimy. The officer had in his possession profuse notes, as well as photographic plates of our "Tapes", our objectives, etc., and in fact knew as much about the proposed affair as our own general staff. Hence all plans were altered, and we were dumped to Ypres instead.

These "Tapes" are simply laid out in open areas, behind the lines to represent trenches, towns, etc., on a miniature scale, and are used for practice work by the battalions going over in our offensives.

We arrived at Vlamertyngh, 5km. from Poperinghe and 3km. from Ypres, on Oct. 6th, after three days marching; next day we sent 120 bearers up line. I was detailed as dresser at Main Station. At 5.45 a. m. Oct. 8th the Third Can. Bde. advanced from their shell holes in front of the best barrage our artillery has ever made. It was so even that one could

almost run a level along the line of advancing shell and shrapnel explosions. In thirty-seven minutes our men had all their objectives, and were consolidating. Three counter attacks were repulsed that day, and nine the following. On Oct. 10th the Second Bde. took the crest of the Ridge on a 600 yds. deep advance. This sounds easy enough to say, but never was a little advance made over such impassable ground.

Passchendaele Ridge is one of a series of hill behind Ypres, about four miles at its nearest point. At the bottom of the Ridge is an area of soft mud, from four to six feet deep and from nine to ten broad. It was in this area that our troops were mired. The only means of transport through this bog is a duck walk of rope and wire for up and down traffic receipts. These lead back to a *one* plank road which is the only artery for lorry traffic to supply a front of ten miles. This road and the walks were under the observation of the enemy from the Ridge. Why he allowed them to exist there, can only be explained by us, because Fritz was short of ammunition.

The "pillbox" is the only protection from the mud and shell fire. These are heavy concrete houses, some being six feet thick. They are used as headquarters, and aid posts, as well as for machine-gun emplacements, etc. Unfortunately, there are not enough to supply protection to the infantry, their only shelter is a shell-hole, a series of which constituted the "Front Line." There are no trenches as they fill with mud and water at once.

In regard to the war in the air, would say it is a toss up which side has the supremacy. The New Gotha (Fritz) plane is very small and *fast*. In fact the fastest plane in the world, hence easily and quickly manipulated, whereas our Newport plane is a little larger, and am told by a flyer whom I know, E. MacGregor (son of Jas. MacGregor, New Glasgow), that our plane carries better guns, and more ammunition. Bombing raids are spirited every night at Ypres by both armies.

There is no question regarding our artillery supremacy. For a depth of two miles there are eighteen pounders stretching a certain distance apart in the Ypres area, and the heavy guns further back seem everywhere. They sure make some

row when they all open up a barrage, especially when one is in a "Pill-box" in *front* of them at the time.

The infantry casualties were about as expected, fifty per cent. A company of 250 men came out with 37. The 10th Pioneer Br. (4th Division) lost 500 men, but these are exceptional, and in excess. Owing to the soft mud there were many "Duds" in excess of normal. It was also noticeable that there were few slightly wounded men, due to the same cause. There were broken limbs, and severe shrapnel wounds, all perforating. Our ambulance handled in all from Oct. 7th to Oct. 10th 7800 patients, these of course included walking cases, Imperials on our left, and Fritzes.

I forgot to mention under the transport, the task of light railways which form a network in this area; this is due only partly to the mud, as concrete piers could be built, but General Loomis of the First Army Corps believes in the use of this most convenient means of transport, whereas General Horne, of the Second Army Corps at Ypres area believes in preference the use of lorries as transports. Since Sept. 20th till Oct 12th an average of three lorries per day were hit by shells on the Ypres road. This is certainly a remarkably small number.

Got fine experience at First Aid Dressing headquarters, unlimited experience in putting on various kinds of splints, spike bandages to prevent bleeding from several arteries and veins. Several cases died on us. I lost six one night, due to shell shock and concussion as a rule.

I spent two days at 8 Bn. D. S. up line 200 yds. from "Front Line." The Doctor sent down for two dressers, and I was one to go up, and was very glad of the chance as I wished to see such historic spots as "Shrapnel Corner," "Hell-fire Corner" and "Montreal Trench." The work up there is very rudimentary. Men brought in without any dressing, simply give them a shot of rum, and wind on a First Aid dressing, and send down by bearers. There were so many cases to handle, it was quite impossible to give proper attention to each.

Was quite surprised to see Canon Scott up there, the most popular padre of the First Division. He seems to be everywhere, and fears nothing. I only remained at 8 Bn. 36 hours, but was working all the time, and hence was pretty near all

in after trudging through mud and water for nearly 6 km. to Ypres. There I got a lift to Vlamertynghe. The ambulance was lucky in having no casualties except two slight scratches. With regard to the work done, can only quote the A.D.M.S. (Col. Wright of Quebec): "Never have the casualties been handled under greater difficulties, with such speed and with greater care, and hence in satisfactory way." Not one of our 3000 stretcher cases was sent to C. C. S. without wounds properly dressed and suit of pajamas put on him.

We are now back in the old area. Everyone is glad to leave the mud as well as the inhospitable people of Flanders. I am next on pass, so hope soon to get this epistle posted.

PTE. W. H. CHASE,
No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance, France.

LADDIE MILLEN HUT,
Shorncliffe, Kent, England.

Dec. 29, 1917.

My Dear ———;

I wonder if one will ever learn that there is never anything to be gained by waiting, that is where the answering of correspondence is concerned. Your letter, and the book which you so thoughtfully contributed, have both been in my possession for some time, and your letter has looked out at me reproachfully from an increasing pile. The book has been doing duty in other hands. A certain Major S—— attached to General H. Q. comes in occasionally for something to read. I gave him Marion Crawford's "Via Crucis" first, and he liked it well enough to pick up "The White Sister" when he returned again. It came back to-day well recommended, and I have already covered a few chapters. Most of the little time that I have for reading is devoted to an attempt to keep in touch with current events, and to make intelligent the weekly talks that I give in the hut, on such subjects as "The Hohenzollern," "Europe as Germany Saw It Before the War," etc. The fellows listen to this stuff in a most encouraging way.

You will be interested I know in the educational work which we are attempting over here. A considerable write-up appears in "The Times" this morning, and mention is being made of it in many places, although it is as yet the policy of the organizers to give it as little publicity as possible. There are military, or rather political, reasons for that, as authority has not yet been granted for all that we are *taking* for *granted*. For instance, we are *expecting* authority from Military H. Q. to assign a certain number of men or officers definitely to the teaching service. With this in view, in my own case, I have succeeded in getting several good men relieved from other duties, by arrangement with local commanders. I walked into an orderly room today.

"Hello," says the adjutant, "What now?"

"I want a teacher to replace B——, who had gone up for commission."

"Whom do you want?"

"I have my eye on M—— of your permanent guard."

"But we've been holding C——, who should have been on draft, for you."

"He won't fit in this department; besides M—— is a music teacher, and I have a class all ready for him."

"All right, I'll let you have M....."

There men are in nearly every case unfit for line service.

To save time, I'll just enclose a time table that one of the teachers printed. It is not complete nor correct at present, but will give an idea of the extent of the work of our camps, necessitating about three times as much organization as in the other areas. Then again, this particular camp (The Shorncliffe Permanent Area) in which I have had the fun of arranging the work, is made up of unbrigaded units, Cavalry Depot, General Depot, C.A.S.C. and C.A.M.C. Depots. So there is a very natural lack of coherence.

The work in the hut goes well. I have as associate a young fellow from Vancouver. (He is older than I, but *young* to Y.M.C.A. work)). The class of entertainment we get here is fairly good. This week we had on Monday a recital by Mr. Hayes, of Canterbury, on Dickens' "Christmas Carol." He was accompanied by Mr. Noakes, a well-known base soloist of Canterbury Cathedral. The performance was

of high order. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, we had three London parties, on Friday a religious service addressed by Bishop Richardson of New Brunswick. The programme as a rule includes for the week, three concerts, one lecture (besides Major Wallace's History and my own pre-concert talks), usually lantern illustrated, one open night, a midweek, and a Sunday religious service. Often at the latter we have London, or local lady singers. Whenever there is an opportunity, we have a "Good-Night Service" after the concerts.

This and the educational work cannot fail to do untold good to the boys. One in civil life can hardly realize the monotony of army routine, and the tremendous strain that it places upon the moral life of the men. It takes a level head even in this work of ours to keep one steady and faithful. To the men who see little of women, except on the streets, the presence of real ladies in our canteen is a blessing. Times come when one just longs for the presence of a woman whom he can respect, and yet approach. I do not at all wonder at the course some men take. The stupidity with which the problem has been handled for the most part astonishes one, unless one can fully grasp the viewpoint of the Englishman, who argues that liberty means freedom to do what you wish, whatever the consequences to self or to others.

But it is past midnight, and there is a cold to steam out with Friar's Balsam, and a Bible class, and a sermon to handle tomorrow.

Best wishes to you for the year that lies ahead. It will be an historic year I am sure. May it be a happy one too.

Sincerely yours,

J. G. McKAY.

P. S. Rumor from France suggests that I'm "Called." Nothing known here yet, but expect to hear something unofficial soon. I'm glad.

J. G. M.

P. P. S. Sgt.-Major Long, who drilled us at Acadia three years ago, dropped in last week. He is instructing here again.

J. G. M.

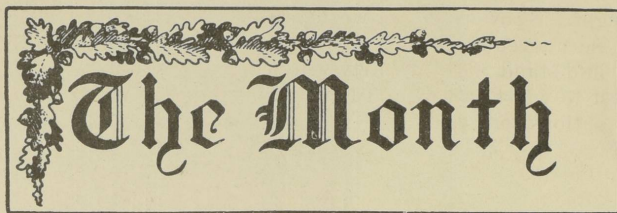
CANADIAN SOLDIERS COLLEGE.

Shorncliffe Camp Classes, Winter Session 1917-19,

Time p.m. 6.	Monday.	Room	Tuesday.	Room	Wednesday.	Room	Thursday.	Room	Friday.	Room
6-7—	Junior English.....	3	Senior Shorthand	1	Junior English	3	Senior Shorthand	1	Senior Shorthand	1
	Intermediate English ...	2	Commer. English, 6-6.30....	3	Inter. English	2	Commer. English, 6-6.30....	3	Commer. English, 6-6.30....	3
			Commer. Arith., 6.30-7....	3			Commer. Arith., 6.30-7....	3	Commer. Arith., 6.30-7....	3
			Junior French	4					Junior French	4
			Senior French	2			Senior French	2	Senior French	2
7-8—	Senior Arithmetic		Junior Shorthand	1			Junior Shorthand	1	Junior Shorthand	1
	7-7.30	3	History	2	Senior Arith., 7-7.30.....	3	History	2		
			Senior Algebra	3	Junior Algebra, 7.30-8....	3	Senior Algebra	3		
					Junior Arith.....	2				
	Junior Algebra, 7.30-8..	3								
	Junior Arithmetic.....	2								
8-9—	Junior Geometry,		Bookkeeping	1	8-9—Junior Geometry,		Bookkeeping	1	Commercial Law	1
	8.10-8.50	3	Senior Geometry	3	8.10-8.50	3	Senior Geometry	3	Agriculture	4
			Agriculture	4			Agriculture	4		
			Officers French Class				Officers French Class.			

An open Lecture in Canadian History will be given by Major W. S. Wallace, President of the Soldiers' College, in the Laddie Millen Hut, Shorncliffe, on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 6 to 6.40 p.m.

We are starting classes in Latin, Greek, Music and Railroading, also a class for Beginners in Reading, Writing, Spelling, etc.



The Month

DRAWN BY HERALD BISHOP '13.

A Patriotic Meeting On the morning of December first people from a very wide radius gathered in College Hall to attend a patriotic meeting that will not soon be forgotten. The meeting began with the National Anthem. One of our students, Mr. Esterbrooks, a returned soldier, related his experiences at the gas attack at Ypres. Another Acadia student, Mr. Lumsden, recalled his adventures at St. Eloi, Ypres and the Somme. The gentleman who had attracted the interested throng finally arrived, MAJOR GORDON, more popularly known as Ralph Connor. For a few minutes the building fairly vibrated with hearty cheering. Major Gordon's theme, "Canada's Present Relation to the War and her Duty to It," was a very momentous subject. In substance the address was as follows: Before the war the British were building up an empire. In these days they are trying to build up a world empire. Germany has been making ready for a number of years. Admiral Dewey received a plan of the German preparation for war many years ago, but who could have pictured such a struggle at that time? The gravest crisis of the war is at this time. We should not forget that great empires equal to our own have passed. Well might we recall the bravery and self-sacrifice of the first one hundred and sixty thousand Canadians who went away. They could have lettered their banners "We who are appointed to death salute you." Those courageous men saved the day. Today the Canadians enjoy the greatest respect from the French and the Allied peoples of Europe. The next three months will be the critical period of the war. It will be determined whether the Teuton or the Anglo-Saxon ideals are to dominate. During the next three months Germany is going to deal with a new

power, America. Britain, France and America, the three mightiest powers in the world, will be against Germany. In these uneven days party politics fall to nothingness. We should stand with the party who will enable Canada to do her best to win the war, and that can be done only through conscientious sacrifice.

A Patriotic Meeting On December 11 PREMIER ROBERT L. BORDEN spoke to the student body and the people of Wolfville in College Hall. His address was centered upon the war. He recommended that great ideals be kept before the people. Until August, 1914, we were absorbed in the progress of the past. The people of Canada prayed that war might not come, but if it should Canada would stand by the Mother Country. A message to this effect was sent to England and accepted by parliament. Lord Kitchener realized the task of overcoming Germany. On our part there was the absence of preparation. As a result the early fighters endured innumerable difficulties. Duty should not only be required of the soldier, but everyone at home should unite for the winning of the war. Compulsory military service would require every man physically fit between the ages of eighteen and sixty to be called out. There is only one way to win the war: To so provide that every man and woman give the best service of which he or she is capable to the government. There has been an endeavor to have tribunals carried on fairly. Look at Russia today. She tried referendum. Germany can never be beaten by referendum. Canada claims highest respect everywhere among the Allies. The spirit of the wounded and suffering is good. Let Canada carry on.

Y. M. C. A. work has run smoothly and steadily. Y. M. C. A. Interest in the Sunday morning meetings has not diminished. A very interesting meeting was conducted by Dr. Coit. We were interested in a report given by Miss Dorothy Alward of her work on Morine Mountain. In another meeting our Social Service Committee reviewed the work that had been accomplished this far. On January 4, Miss Roscoe and Miss Pickels gave a report of their trip to

Muskoka, which was illustrated by lantern slides. At a joint meeting of the Y. W. and Y. M. Miss Chase told us about our Acadia missionary, Miss Lockhart, and Miss Roscoe spoke of the work of the Student Volunteer Movement.

Propylaeum On December 8, the Sophettes had charge of the programme for Propylaeum. The entertainment consisted of a synopsis, a wonderful doll show, and the scene of a future re-union in which they prophesied brilliant careers for the girls of '21. Freshette Propylaeum came on Jan. 11. The programme included "Back To," a drill, "Straight Goods," a synopsis; and "To Be or Not to Be,"—a New Year Tableau.

A Party The Freshman and Sophomore party was held on Jan. 4. The evening passed pleasantly with games, stunts and refreshments. It was enjoyed by everyone. Mr. Estabrooks added greatly to the interest in exhibiting his wonderful power by hypnotizing Mr. Meister.

Y. W. C. A. On Nov. 7 Dr. Manning gave a very helpful address on "The Christian Walk." The only way to walk like Christ is to follow His Example. The young men and young women who profess Christianity should abandon themselves and turn to Jesus Christ. By so doing the Word of God will become the sole guide and instructor.

On Nov. 14, Mrs. Hardy, who is a returned missionary from India, spoke to the Y. M. C. A. She told us of the missionary work in that country. Our missionaries are trying to fit people in India for eternity. Only a missionary knows the peace that comes into the heart of a native convert. Those converts differ greatly from us, for in their lives Christianity has first place. On Nov. 21, Mr. N. W. Keyes, a missionary from Africa, lectured to us on missionary work in Zululand.

On Nov. 28, we united with the prayer meeting of the Wolfville Baptist Church. Mr. Harkness led the meeting. This union of prayer meetings if continued would be instrumental in bringing the religious life of the town in closer connection with that of the college.

On Dec. 5, Dr. Cutten commented upon John 3. Nicodemus came to Jesus by night. He knew that the Master would have time to clear up his difficulties. Regeneration is very necessary, for there is great condemnation for unbelief.

On Dec. 12, T. A. Meister, '20, called us to our duty with regard to the welfare of our fellowmen. We must first seek for ourselves the heavenly attributes and then go and teach others. We should cling to God with one hand, and with the other hand we should help our brethren.

On Jan. 9, Miss Margaret Chase and Miss Muriel Roscoe told us about Miss Bessie Lockhart, '16, our missionary representative in India, and her work.

Miss Chase presented Miss Lockhart to us as the typical all around college girl. She was the first Acadia girl to win the Literary A. She became a member of the Student Volunteer Band in Sept. of the year 1917.

Miss Roscoe told us of the great Student Volunteer Movement which was organized about thirty years ago. A letter to the student body from Miss Lockhart was read which reveals the true spirit of our Acadia missionary.

On January 16 Dr. Spidle gave an address. We must learn to do the small things first, which will prepare us for the large problems and the things really worth doing. We have an innate tendency to despise the commonplace things of life. We cannot climb higher without having done the commonplace things at the start. Our college work seems very commonplace at times, but we are preparing for greater things. If we keep these thoughts in mind our very work ought to become our pleasure.

On January 23 L. S. Bezanson, '20, led the meeting.

THE Evangelistic Band in connection with "Acadia" have started their work for the year with a membership of about thirty Christian young men. Mr. L. H. Densmore, president, and Mr. E. C. Prime, secretary, are the officers for the ensuing year.

The motive of the band is to visit churches in the vicinity of Wolfville, who desire their services. The only remuneration asked, is that the church provide entertainment for, and pay the travelling expenses of the band. Usually eight young

men go together on each visit—four speakers and a quartette. The members of the quartette are Messrs. Archibald, Prime, Cross and Russell.

On Sunday evening, January 13th, several members, accompanied by other college students, visited the Gaspereaux church. One large sleigh accommodated the party, and as the weather conditions were favorable, and the sleighing good, the trip was very enjoyable.

The text chosen was 2 Cor. 9: 15—"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." Mr. L. B. Gray emphasized why thanks should be given for the gift, and Mr. H. E. Camp pointed out the various things that made the gift unspeakable. Mr. R. S. Longley conducted the devotional exercises, and Mr. D. C. Kane conducted a short social service, followed by an invitation to make decisions for Christ. During the evening, the quartette rendered three selections. The service was very impressive, and was listened to with much interest.

The band is anxious to be of service, and the secretary would be glad to receive communications from any churches who may be interested.

Acadia Seminary Notes.

THE Second Term of the school year, 1917-1918, began January 3, 1918. At the time of writing fourteen new pupils have been received into residence. The number of resident pupils for the year will, therefore, reach the high water mark of 127. The total gross registration for the year will exceed 300.

We regret to report that Miss Phyllis Kempton had, owing to an attack of appendicitis, to be removed to the hospital in Halifax, where she was operated upon by Dr. MacDougall. A speedy recovery is assured. Miss Muriel Calhoun was also compelled to relinquish her studies for the present on account of illness. Other students were unable to return after the Christmas vacation for the same reason. We wish for all a speedy and permanent recovery.

Two of the annual sleigh drives, those of the Seniors and Specials, with the attendant banquets, have this year been given up for skating parties. This is in the interest of food conservation. In addition the Senior Class of the Seminary were entertained at a skating party in Evangeline rink by the Senior Class of Acadia Academy on Friday evening, January 25. The Senior Class of the Academy provided most generously for the pleasure of the girls and the evening was much enjoyed.

We are glad to be able to report that Miss Boone, who was called to her home immediately before the Christmas vacation, on account of the death of her father, has been able to return to her work as director of Physical Education. Miss Boone has the heartfelt sympathy of faculty and pupils in her loss.

Several new and interesting books have been placed in the Seminary. Among these we may mention, "The Life of Ruskin," in two volumes, by E. T. Cook; "My Life," by Richard Wagner, two volumes; "Charles Stuart Parnell, a Memoir," by his brother, and Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*, retold by Katherine Lee Bates.

The annual Y. W. C. A. fair which was held on the afternoon and evening of Nov. 24, 1917, was well attended and proved to be a most enjoyable social event. The amount cleared for the work of the association was \$126.97. The thanks of the association are due to all, who by work, gift and patronage, made the fair such a success. The work of the association is well organized and promises well in moral and religious fruitage.

D. M. C. A.

SINCE the last issue of the *Athenaeum*, we have had the privilege of listening to helpful addresses from the following gentlemen:

On November 14 Dr. Spidel gave us a splendid address on "Fellowship with the Master."

On November 21 Dr. Gates spoke from John 21:16, leaving with us a number of inspiring thoughts.

On November 28 Dr. Thompson discussed very helpfully the topic "Doing the Job Right."

On December 5 Rev. N. A. Harkness, pointed out to us the many ways in which Christ helps the students.

On January 9 Mr. D. C. Kane in a short talk emphasized the benefits to be derived from prayer, and on January 16 Mr. E. C. Prime spoke to the fellows on the subject, "How to Overcome Temptation."

Our services are followed by a short social meeting, conducted by the president, at which the boys respond very readily in witnessing for the Master.

We are entering into the activities of the new term with renewed zeal and a wider vision of our greater opportunities. The result has been very encouraging and the fellows are showing a deeper interest that speaks well for this phase of the Academy life.

Our officers for the year are as follows:

President—H. B. Camp.

Vice-President—Frank Neary.

Secretary—Mark Inman.

Senior Skating Party.

ON Friday evening, January 25th, the Senior Class of the Academy entertained the Senior Seminary Class, at a skate in the Evangeline rink, from eight to ten o'clock. The scout band rendered music for the occasion, and the chaperons were Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Archibald and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jeffery. The ice was in splendid condition, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The Acadia Athenæum

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., JAN.-FEB. 1918

No. 2

HELEN P. STARR, '19, *Editor-in-Chief.*W. McK. McLEAN, '19, *Month.*MURIEL ROSCOE, '18, *Exchanges.*MARGARET CHASE '18, *Personals.*ESTABROOKS, '21, *Jokes.*PAUL CROSS '21, *Athletics.*B. G. SPRACKLIN, '18, *Mang. Superintenaent.*F. M. ARCHIBALD, '19 *Business Mgr.*C. COREY, '20, *Mgr. of Circulations.*GERALDINE READ, *Seminary.*R. TUPLIN, *Academy.*

Editorial



THE almost daily arrival at our desk of letters, circulars and all manner of communications from the offices of the food controller, makes it impossible to allow another issue to go out without calling the attention of the students as a whole to the seriousness of the situation. It seems to us that while at school we can do but little to help the country in this matter of food conservation. Steps however, have already been taken by the students themselves to aid the college authorities in eliminating luxuries and unnecessary foodstuffs from the dining room tables. This spirit, though only what is to be expected of Acadia's sons and daughters in a time like the present, might well be carried further, and made more systematic. Let us all do what little we can to aid our country in a time of crisis when she looks to us for help and encouragement.

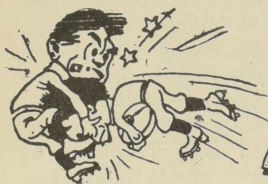
Again we have been forced to make a change in our staff. This time it was the athletic editor, Mr. Ira Clarke, '17, who, by volunteering in the R. F. C., left his position vacant. The position has been ably filled by Mr. Paul Cross, of the class of '21. We wish Mr. Clarke every success in his training and extend to him the good wishes of Acadia.

The exams are over—and once more we are breathing freely and settling down to our regular routine of work. It was a hard two weeks but came to a most successful end, as Dr. Cutten announced in our first chapel exercise that the proportionate number of failures was well behind that of many former years.

We are also glad to say that the members of the class of '21 are starting out with a good representation in the "Winners for the Month." Seven units have gone to that class this month. This is decidedly encouraging. Let us hope they may continue to take a large part in the work of the Athenæum.

The Athenæum staff is seeking ways and means of leaving the balance of the debt marked off at the end of their term of office. To this end an Athenæum fair is being arranged and a play is underway which we hope to be able to present on Friday, the 22nd of March. Keep this date open—and give us your patronage as well as your encouragement.





ATHLETICS

A REVIEW OF ATHLETICS AT ACADIA, FIRST TERM, 1917-1918.

AT the first meeting of the Acadia Amateur Athletic Association the vote was unanimous in favor of organizing a football team. Mr. Ira Clarke, '18, last year's captain was re-appointed and several practices held.

We received a challenge from the A. C. A. team which was accepted and a college team picked. Owing to unfavorable weather the game was postponed and has not yet taken place.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Clarke joined the Royal Flying Corps and football was dropped. That no games were played is regarded by many students as a misfortune. Because so many of our best athletes have answered the call of country we see no season why those who remain should not have the opportunity of keeping fit or rather getting fit by the athletic training which football necessitates. Unless college spirit is kept up, college is sure to suffer and a football game is the best thing known to stimulate that spirit. Here's hoping for a speedy re-establishment of the inter-collegiate league and a full schedule of games next season.

The Academy's football team challenged and played Dalhousie's second team at the Wanderers' grounds, Halifax. Although Dal played some six first team men the score ended 3—0 in favor of Dal. The day on which the return game was to have been played much to our disappointment we received word from Dal that they could not arrange the trip.

The A. C. A. team challenged King's Academy team and a special train took a large number of College and Academy students to Windsor. The field was covered with slush and from the appearance of the players when the game was finished they did not enjoy themselves very much. The A. C. A. team

scored a safety which was not counted and the score was 0—0. In the return game the score was 3—0 in favor of A. C. A.

At the usual time, November 15, the Bulmer inter-class relay race was held. Five teams were entered, Junior, Engineer, Sophomore, Freshman and Academy. The Junior team failed to appear. The race was really between the Engineers and Cads. The Cads won by 15 secs. The time for the eight mile race, despite the heavy track, was 45 min. 36 sec. The fast mile was run was Meister, '20, whose time was 5.28.

Altho our gymnasium, which was burned a few years ago, has not been rebuilt, basketball has not been neglected. The College authorities secured the use of the Boy Scouts' gymnasium and an inter-class league has been formed with teams from the Engineer, Sophomore and Freshman classes and the Academy. On January 12th the first game of the season was played between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The score was 19—17 in favor of the Freshmen.

An inter-class hockey league with teams from the same classes has also been formed and a number of games are anticipated.

The Co-eds have practiced basket-ball under Miss Violet Sleep, '19, as captain. They also expect to organize a hockey team. We hope that they may get some games on next term.

At a recent meeting of the A. A. A. A. Mr. Victor Burton, '20, was elected captain of the Acadia hockey team. Mr. Paul Cross, '21, was chosen captain of the Acadia basket-ball team. Under the leadership of these two men a number of practices have been held and we have two teams that are ready to meet all comers. We are endeavoring to secure the permission of the faculty for a series of games with King's, the N. S. Agricultural College and teams from the neighboring towns. Wake up fellows, and at least cheer for our hockey and basket-ball teams.

Basket Ball.

ON January 12th the first inter-class basket-ball game was played between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The game was a very interesting one and the teams were evenly

matched. At the end of the second half the score was 17—17, but in five minutes overtime the Freshmen scored two points on a field goal, making the final score 17—19 in favor of the Freshmen. Arbuckle, '19, refereed the game.

The line-up was as follows:

Sophomores		Freshmen
	Forwards	
Burton		Beardsley
Corey		Buchanan
	Centres	
Dobson, Estabrooks		Cross
	Defence	
A. E. Longley		R. A. Fongley
Irving		Mason

A very close and exciting game was played on Wednesday, January 16th, between the Academy Seniors and Middlers. After a hard struggle the middle class managed to squeeze out a victory by a very close margin. The final score was 15—13.

The teams lined up as follows:

Seniors		Middlers
	Forwards	
Keith		Camp
Ward		Crowell
	Centres	
Spiro		Fleming
	Defence	
Anthony		McLeod
Silver		Silver

Athletic Meeting.

AT a meeting of the Athletic Association it was decided to form an inter-class hockey league. Mr. Burton was elected captain of the college team and Mr. A. E. Therrien business manager. Mr. Cross was elected captain of the basket-ball team and Mr. Estabrooks business manager.

Since then numerous practices have been held. The captain is to be commended for the way he has worked and for the large number of players he has got out to the practices.

There will probably be four teams in the league, consisting of the Sophomores, Freshmen, Engineers and the Academy. Although the teams do not show the shape of former years, they are very good, considering the small number of men now attending college. Efforts are being made to get games on with Kings' and the various nearby towns. It is

probable that the basket-ball team will go to Halifax at the time of the Acadia-Dalhousie debate.

A. C. A.

ON November 10th the Acadia Academy team went to Windsor for a football match, with King's Collegiate.

Although the day was not very pleasant, 110 people managed to get to the station, and board our "special" for Windsor.

Arriving at King's grounds we found them in very poor condition, being both wet and slippery.

The two teams lined up at 2.30. The game could hardly be called football, on account of the field; especially was it hard for A. C. A., who were not accustomed to the way King's played.

There is very little to be said about this game, as neither side did much real playing.

The game ended with a score of 0—0, and all the players were brown from head to foot with mud and snow.

King's felt they could not play a return game, on account of their financial condition. We were willing to help them in expenses if they would come, so they readily agreed.

Once again, on the following Wednesday, the two teams lined up again.

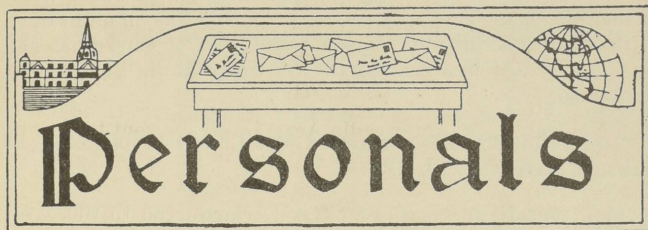
This time the weather was much better and the campus was in splendid condition. Schurman, of the 10th Siege Battery, refereed with great satisfaction to both sides.

The ball was kept in the K. C. S. territory most of the first half and a few minutes before the whistle blew for half time MacNeil, taking the ball from a punt that King's fumbled carried it across the line amid the cheers from the side lines. The try was not counted.

During the second half King's tried hard to score, but failed.

The game ended, the score was 3—0 in favor of A. C. A.

Another game was expected on the following Saturday between A. C. A. vs. Dalhousie. Dalhousie, however, sent word that they did not have the necessary funds, so the game was called off.



Ex '18—Ira Clark has enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps. He has been studying at Toronto University, but has left for Texas to complete the course in aviation.

Ex '15—Rex and Laurie Harlow have also joined the Royal Flying Corps. We hear that Laurie has made a name for himself in sprinting events.

Ex '17—Charles B. Messenger has also joined the Royal Flying Corps.

Ex '17—Lieut. H. H. Titus is with the Military Y. M. C. A. in England.

Ex '18—Pte. Ralph Moore, of the 42nd Batt., is at Norfolk War Hospital, Thorpe, recovering from a slight wound received on Nov. 3, 1917.

Ex '18—Sergt. S. M. Hirtle is training for his lieutenancy at Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, Eng.

Ex '17—Herman Porter has been marked unfit for further trench service and has been transferred to the educational department of the Y. M. C. A. headquarters staff, of London.

'14—Frank Higgins is on his way home for a month's leave, before taking the aviation course in Texas.

'16—Paige Pinneo helped a great deal with relief work at the time of the explosion in Halifax. She was on night duty at the Military Hospital for some time. After Christmas she was on day duty in a Halifax private hospital until her school re-opened.

'14—Flora M. Reid married Mr. Lowell arris Coate, at Oxbrow, Sask, Oct. 19, 1917.

Ex '17—Paul Tingley has been transferred to the aviation corps. He is taking his course in England.

'16—Esther I. Clark is doing post graduate in Economics at Toronto University.

Ex '18—John Mosher visited Acadia in January. We are glad to welcome him home. He is recovering from wounds received at Vimy Ridge.

'93—E. Hart Nichols has been appointed registrar for Nova Scotia, under the new Military Service Act.

'94—Rev. L. F. Wallace, of Annapolis, will take up work as evangelist under the Home Mission Board.

'98—Rev. A. H. Whitman, of Amherst, has accepted a call to the Dorchester church.

'03—Prof. Pearl Durkee has resigned his position at Ohio Wesleyan University, and is taking up graduate work at Yale.

'03—Edmund Crawley has been transferred from the Pioneers, and is now a lieutenant in the 85th Battalion.

'04—Major C. E. A. DeWitt has been assigned duty at the Tuberculosis Sanitorium at Kentville, where accommodation has been provided for returned soldiers.

'04—Major Henry R. Emmerson has been transferred to the Imperial forces, and is on duty in France as a town-major.

Rev. Gordon H. Baker has resigned from the pastorate of the Tremont Baptist church, Montreal, and has accepted the appointment of general secretary of the Sunday School Association of the Province of Quebec.

'06—Dr. George R. Bancroft has accepted the appointment of Professor of Chemistry, at Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky.

'09—Rev. F. F. Foshay has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Rumford, Me., to take a course at Chicago University.

'10—George C. F. Kierstead is captain in the 2nd Canadian Battalion, now in France.

'10—Rev. G. Foster Camp, of Adamsville, R. I., has recently accepted a call to Tewksbury, Mass.

'10—Rev. Ivan S. Nowlan and Miss Roberta Cook, were married at Chicago on October 10, 1917.

'11—Gertrude Allison Jones, of St. John, and Hollis Lester Smith, probate judge for Albert County were married on Sept. 26, 1917, by Rev. S. S. Poole, '00.

Ex '11—Aubrey J. Brown has accepted a position as assistant professor of Mechanical Engineering at Pennsylvania State College.

12—Dr. John B. Grant and Charlotte Marie Hall were married at Colon, Mich., on Sept. 5, 1917.

'12—Lieut. Ernest Baker, who went overseas in charge of the 246th Battalion, has been transferred to the 25th Battalion and is now at the front.

12—Harry A. Logan has enlisted in the 10th Siege Battery.

'12—Ada Johnson has accepted a position on the library staff of Mt. Holyoke College.

'13—J. Freemont Logan has enlisted in the 10th Siege Battery at Halifax.

'13—Philip S. Andrews has enlisted in the 9th Siege Battery of St. John.

'13—M. Caroline Neill is teaching at Cadilac, Sask.

'13—Rev. H. E. Allaby has accepted a call to Boisetown, N. B.

'15—Susie Baxter is teaching Grade III. and IV. in the Wolfville school.

'16—Rev. Ralph S. Gregg has accepted a call to the Oromocto field.

'16—Ora Elliott is teaching at Taber, Alta.

Ex '16—George Elliott is teaching at Saskatoon, Sask.

'16—Alexis Messenger is teaching in Taber, Alta.

All the friends of Irwin Doty, one of Acadia's soldier boys will be glad to know that he is progressing favorably after his severe illness resulting from gas poisoning and wounds.





THE exchanges this month have been most interesting and show that the students in the different colleges are at last waking up to the importance of the College paper.

We are glad to learn that Mt. Allison has realized the importance of giving Engineering a place in her magazine. The "Engineering Society Notes" column of the Argosy has revealed to us the fact that Mt. A. is not neglecting this useful vocation. The Sophomore class is also producing a specimen of rare genius in the author of "The Present and Future Use of Cement."5

The "University Monthly" contains much of interest, especially along the line of college activities. Debating seems to be a popular pastime and in basket-ball and hockey U. N. B. does not seem to be very far behind her sister colleges.

Our attention is drawn to the "McMASTER MONTHLY" by the excellent articles contained within its covers. "Journalism as a College Graduate's Profession" contains a few good thoughts on the subject, and the story by last year's graduate is quite interesting. The latent genius of the under-graduate is shown in the forcible article "Britain's Little Giant."

As we turn over the pages of the "McMaster" we are carried back, as it were, to the 12th century. We read about the Miracle Plays as enacted at Christmas at the time when the drama was in the plastic state.

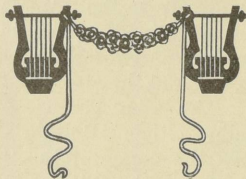
The "Varsity" appears on the Exchanges shelf as a very unique, up-to-date college newspaper. "The Query Box" at-

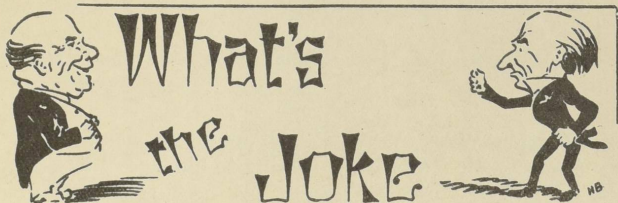
tracts attention as a useful and novel addition to a college paper. The Varsity is brimming with interest and presents to us all sides of college life in an attractive manner.

The "Gateway" is to be commended for her "Literary Society" which every college is not fortunate enough to have. "Some notes on taking notes" is a very appropriate subject for a contribution to a college magazine (?) and is helpful to every college student."

"King's Record" is especially noteworthy for the "serial" story by Charles G. D. Roberts, and for the section devoted to the discussion of the best books. We are pleased to learn that the under-graduates of King's are following our example, by contributing to their college magazine.

Acknowledgements::—*The Racket, St. Andrew's College Review, McMaster University Monthly, The Gateway, The University Monthly, King's Record, Queen's Journal, The Varsity, The Argosy and The Columbian.*





Say, Buck, any further developments in your scheme of antagonizing potatoes. Ideas on food control are valuable these days.

Has anyone any idea as to what the Sophomores and Freshmen were doing on the track Saturday, Nov. 24. It is rumored that they were training for next year's Bulmer race.

B—rt—n, '20—Do you serve lobsters, Artie ?

Artie—Sure, we serve anyone.

Si-ver—Money will never put you thru college, Ches.

Ca-ron—I don't know what will then.

Biology Prof.—Can you name anything that belongs to both the animal and vegetable world, Mr. McL--d ?

McL--d, '19—Academy hash.

P-ol-e, '20—Say, that's a strange mustache Irving is growing.

B. R-b-son, '20—Why ?

P-ol-e, '20—It grows upwards, sideways, downwards and alwards.

B. R-b-son, '20—Say, I hear that he has joined the police force.

P-ol-e, '20—Why ?

B. R-b-son, '20—So that he can always keep his Billy with him.

W^sW—D-m W-p—Shut that door. Were you born on a raft ?

S—t W—p—No. In a saloon where they had swinging doors.

Question, W^sW—Why did Hall get his shower ?

Answer—Be Cossitt was coming to him.

W^sW—W. A. S. he a tholog ?

No, a convict.

W^sW—D-m W-p—Going up Main street the other day I saw a bunch of negroes going to a funeral and each had a basket.

C-h W-p—What was the idea of the baskets ?

D-m W-p—Well, they were going *black burying*.

Miss O'Co—r, '21—Say, girls, may I go Lang with you.

Weary Sem. Teacher during a vain endeavor to teach Irving time)—Why don't you pause there ? Don't you see that it's marked "rest" ?

I-r-g, '20—Yes, but I'm not tired.

Prof. (In Soph. English)—"Mr. F-s-r, what is the 'poetry of motion' ?" "

F-s-r, '20—"The kind that always goes from one editor to another."

Prof. Spencer, '19 (in extra English class—"Mr. C-w-e, will you please give me an example of a double negative ?" "

C-w-e, '21—"I *don't* know *none*."

Miss R-s-e, '18—"Are you against long hatpins for girls ?" "

J. B. B-h-p, '21—"Well, I *have been* several times." . . .

L-m-d-n, '21—"It is said that impetuous people have black eyes."

McL-d, '19—"Yes, and if they don't have them, they are apt to get them."

Prof. Coit (in astronomy)—"Mr. Cole, is the moon inhabited?"

C-l-e (Eng. '18)—"Yes, sir."

Prof—"Give me your evidence in favor of that theory."

C-l-e—"I've always heard of 'the man in the moon.'"

G-r-y, '20—"I'm all broken up over a girl."

M-s-r, '20—"Yes, and some of the pieces are lost."

Miss M-g—"He actually said your cheeks were like roses."

Miss B-ls, '19—"Come, now, that's laying it on too thick."

Miss M-g—Yes, he mentioned that also.'

McA-v-y (Theolog.)—"I have traced my ancestry to a Scottish king."

D-n-r-e, '18—"That's easy. What chance has a dead man to defend himself, Mac?"

R-bb-ns, '18—"Are you going in for aviation?"

Sp-h-n, '18—"No, I shall probably go up."

H-r-w, '21—"Do you think the women should be allowed to vote?"

C-r-y, '20—"Sure, they are allowed to make money all other ways."

Miss M-r-e, '20—"You must have dreamed that some one was proposing to you last night."

Miss C-r-tt, '20—"Why, Myrt."

Miss M-r-e—"Why you were calling out 'yes' in your sleep for a whole quarter of an hour."

A-h-b-d, '19—"This university certainly takes an interest in a fellow, doesn't it?"

D-B-n, '20—"How's that."

A-h-b-d—"Well, here it reads, that 'they would be very glad to hear of the death of any of their *alumni*.'"

L-m-n, '21—"What the Germans can't stand is cold steel."

B-z-n-n, '20—"Yes, I suppose it gets *very* cold this time of the year."

M-l-r, '21—"Prof. Balcom, I wish to take up international law; what course of study would you recommend."

Prof.—"Constant target practice."

M-s-t-r, '20—"As my grandmother used to say 'I haul in my horn.'"

D-n-r-e, '18—"What was she, a cow?"

Logic Pro.—What is the proximum genus of man?

Miss C—nn, '19—Plants and animals.

Poole, '20 (Morning after the night before)—I wish I wasn't so popular with the girls.

Blosse (In Theology class)—Not even a fossil can live without air.

M-s-v-y—Politics is more corrupt now than ever before. I never felt so much like going into it.

L-m-den, '21—Say, Prof. Hanny wasn't getting personal when he asked me the meaning of an "abbreviation" was he?

H-g--ns, '21—Why?

L-m-den, '21—He said it was something that wasn't all there.

Prof. H-n-ey—Mr. Silver, did you ever see pig's ears on a cow?

Innovation of T-n-is, the vocalist—The O'Connors are coming, hooray, hooray.

Prof. Sut-land—I would like to give this class a course in “perspective.”

C-ss-lt—I never saw that instrument.

Prof. H-n-ey—Mr. McPh—, do you know what ‘new’ means.

McPh—, 21—Manufactured.

Prof. H-n-ey—Example, please.

McPh—, 21,—My father has bought a new horse.

McPh—, 21—C-ss-et, is your neck hot ?

C-ss-et—No, why ?

McPh, '21—I thought I smelt rubber burning.

Prof. (in Bible)—Mr. Ish-er, what do you consider the highest form of animal life ?

Isher, '21—Mr. Lewis is the highest I know of around here, sir.”

Crow, '21 (naming the 12 apostles) “Matt, Mark, Luke, etc.”

Prof. De W—Jesus healed a nobleman's son at Capernaum. Who was the nobleman, Mr. Cross ?

Cross, '21—Don't know, sir.

Prof.—Do you know of any nobleman spoken of in the Bible ?

Cross, '21—“Barren” fig tree, “Count” the cost, “Lord” how long.”

Densmore, '18—Professor Perry is very sick of ammonia.

Student (after election, passing nearly cleared field)—That is where Mack stumped the country.

What has come across Arbuckle lately that makes him look so drowsy ? Sleep.

Poole, '20—I wonder what makes my heart beat so fast when I walk with a girl?

Mack (telling of Halifax disaster)—First time—The whole north end is ruined. Second time—The whole city is destroyed. Third time—There is only a small part of Halifax county left.

Gray, '20—I have a rotten headache.

Poole, '20—That's good, it can't last long.

Morrison (Engineers)—Seeing Lewis with a bandage on his head—Why, what's the matter, Lewis

Lewis—Oh, I got my feet wet last fall and it is developing into a cold in my head.

Crow '21—At poultry show in town—See the turkey drop his wings and get red in the face. He appears mad.

Hall, '19—That is a case, Mr. Crow, where birds of a feather don't wish to flock together.

Waugh, A. C. A., to Housemaster, after being docked 100 for throwing water—"Mr. Jeffries, I don't think I will take deportment any longer."

Fortune Teller, reading Miss Ch-is-m's cup—"Lots of trouble, but it is in sugar, so it must be sweet.

Miss G, '20—"It must be heart trouble."

Crow, '21 (at sing)—Miss Gr-nt, will you go home with me?

Miss Gr-nt—I think you have the wrong one.

Cr-w, '21—Oh, you'll do, anyhow.

W⁵W—Trust the Freshmen to be interested in anything to do with the Sem. Their new monogram is a semy-circle.

W⁵W—Suggested punishment for the Kaiser: He be made to skate to the music of the Kentville band.

MacP—, 21—Aren't you cold without your coat ?
Har-ow--, '21—Yes, my ears are awful cold.

Poole, '20—What ! Have you been studying that a whole hour and don't know it yet ? Why, I was only fifteen minutes learning it.

Gr-y, '20—Well, Poole, it is not so easy to put something into a full place as into an empty one.

Bez-son, '20 (after Bible exam.)—I didn't get all the cities of refuge right.

Po-le, '20—I only named two, "Ziklag" and "Kadesh Barnea."

Miss C-r-b-t (in history class)—England acquired her continental possessions through marriage.

Proctor—Well Lew, how is the joke column coming along ?

McNeil—Pretty slow. I guess I'll have to have an interview with Kelly.

Spiro (after a good cent pitching game)—I made good today—(20 minutes later after playing with two others)—
"Will somebody lend me ten ?"

Wagh (after being docked 50 off his department)—Oh, Mr. Jeffries, I think I'll drop department.

Fletcher to Pyne—I don't blame you for docking me, but you should have investigated the matter.

Pyne—I am not an investigating committee, Im a monitor.

Shaffner—Whitman, your head's on fire.

Whitman—You can't put it out.

Prime—Are you asleep Proctor ?

Proctor—No, I'm worrying about a Sleep.

Whitman—Mr. Jeffries, I wish to drop Senior Latin and go into the beginners' class.

Jeffries—Do you know enough Latin for that class ?

Hall—"Say Clark, what are you doing back there, are you learning anything ?

Clark—No Sir, I'm listening to you.

Silver—Cox, are you sun struck ?

Cox—No, I'm Sem struck ?

Whitman (translating French)—(Laughter from class)—
Isn't that right, Mr. Jeffries ?

Jeffries—Yes, yes, go on.

Sometimes our English Prof. gets cross

And talks of tests and zeroes,

'Till we are scared as stiff and white

As marble busted heroes.

Then if, thru fright, we speak too low,

Or if we feel like crying,—

He suits the action to the word

And says "Roar like the lion."

But sometimes he feels otherwise,—

Perhaps without intention ;

And says some of the funniest things

That e'er were given mention.

One morning, at just 8.15,

He called on "Mr. Crowe,"

Because he was an early bird

To "rise and make a show."

Next, "Mr. Poole, bestir yourself,"

"Now, Bill, I think you're due,"

And "Croaker, give your mutterings,

Well, sit down if you're thru."

When "Blondie" laughed with merriment
He looked at her and lowered;
Said, "Hold the fort, I'm coming there,"
She soon was overpowered.

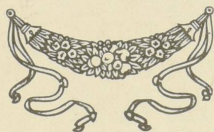
"Silver, how do you ring on this?"
"Now, Hall, you may resound."
"Miss Cann, you've rattled long enough;
Let Parsons now expound."

What were John Wycliffe's longest poems
And Irving named a score
That ranged from "Bede" and "Beowulf"
To days of Thomas Moore.

"Miss Walker, hasten on your way,
'Twill soon be time to dine."
"Bezanson, you're no specialist,
Miss Starr, arise and shine."

Each day his ambiguity
Both bothers and amuses,—
But our speech is more indefinite
Oft times, than what he uses.

Dr. Cutten in chapel—There is only one way to meet a
failure—to "beat it."



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