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May, 1918

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CONTENTS.

The Major's Defense, D. Grant, - - - - -	221
Canadian War Poets, E. Hill, - - - - -	224
Mary's Conquest, A. Allen, - - - - -	227
H. G. Wells, H. Stair, - - - - -	230
In Memoriam, - - - - -	234
Our Boys in Khaki, - - - - -	237
The Month, - - - - -	243
Editorial, - - - - -	247
Athletics, - - - - -	249
Personals, - - - - -	252
Exchanges, - - - - -	254
What's the Joke ? - - - - -	255

Winners for the Month.

Stories—1st, D. A. Grant, '19; 2nd, A. D. Allen, '18.

Articles—1st, C. E. Hill, '19; no second.

Month—1st, V. Poole, '20; 2nd, M. H. Flemming, '19.

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

Personals—1st, F. R. Cole, '21; 2nd, C. E. Clarke, '19.

Jokes—1st, D. H. MacPherson, '21; 2nd, V. Poole, '20.

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The Major's Defence.

STARR'S POINT in 18— was a small, scattered farming community inhabited by United Empire Loyalists from England. Among the families of the district none held a more respected place than that of Major Jackson, now in his sixty-fifth year. In his younger days he had been an officer in the Imperial forces in New England and had seen much Indian warfare. When the thirteen colonies revolted, Major Jackson, preferring not to sever his allegiance with the Mother Country, had come to Starr's Point, Nova Scotia, where he and his friends began to clear farms and erect houses for themselves. The Major had prospered in his new locality, and was living a life of peace strongly contrasted with his earlier days.

In the early winter of 18— disquieting rumors concerning a vessel, in command of a band of lawless freebooters, which was supposed to have run aground at Scott's Bay, a little fishing settlement on the Bay of Fundy shore, disturbed the usual tranquility of the countryside. The strange rumors were confirmed by a fisherman from the Bay who told how he had fled before an armed band of men who came to demand his cottage as winters quarters. He urged the inhabitants of the settlements to arm speedily as this reckless force might undertake a pillaging expedition at any time.

No one in Starr's Point comprehended so thoroughly the danger as Major Jackson. His fighting blood was aroused: he volunteered to raise an armed protective force from the neighborhood. He speedily gathered his band, made up of men of all ages, armed with various types of old muskets and pistols, and began drill in his yard. The band remained at

full strength for a few weeks, and then began to fall off in numbers. The members found the drill irksome, which tended to minimize the danger. "The bandits had not made any move so far, so not likely they would anyway." "Probably the men were not so bad as they were made out to be." These and other similar opinions began to circulate and tended to allay suspicion. But the Major would listen to none of these hopeful reports. He saw clearly how difficult it would be for the men to attack in winter, unless equipped with snow-shoes, which they probably did not have; and likewise surmised that the men would spend most of their time repairing their ships, so that when spring came they would make a few swift raids and then get speedily away before a large force could be raised against them.

One evening toward the last of March the Major was sitting with his family before the open fire. As the night drew on the other members of the family retired leaving the old man staring into the glowing embers lost in thought. Suddenly he rose, strode quickly to the window and gazed without. The night was dark and starless. He strained his eyes towards the Basin, but could see nothing. The darkness seemed to affect him strangely. A premonition of something about to happen came over him. He stood leaning thoughtfully against the window sash. Suddenly, a new thought came to him and he quickly put it into action. Walking rapidly to the kitchen he lit a lantern. Then from over the door he took down his musket and two brace of pistols which he had kept loaded in readiness all winter. Strapping on the pistols and seizing the gun under his arm he went to the horse-barn. Quickly he saddled his favorite riding horse Prince, led him from the barn, vaulted into the saddle, and was off at a gallop toward the shore. Slackening pace as he reached the shore, where the placid water was lapping the banks, he rode slowly along the water's edge until he reached the "lookout" at the end of the Point. Here he dismounted, tied his horse, looked to the priming of his firearms, placed them conveniently on the ground in front of him, and, then, crouching down at the edge of the cliff he waited, listening intently. He waited thus for upwards of an hour, imagining at times that he heard distant voices, but swiftly banishing these notions as illusions.

Gradually there came to him the consciousness that he heard something besides the lapping of the waves. It was barely distinguishable. He listened breathlessly. Yes, he was sure he distinguished the swish of muffled oars. Ah! now he was sure he heard a rowlock creak. The sounds became more audible; there could be no doubt of it now a boat was approaching. Perhaps it contained only some of his neighbors. But, no; what would they be rowing around in the ice-cold water at that time of night for? He had never known any of the settlers to do such a thing. No, that boat contained enemies. All these thoughts flashed through his mind in a fraction of a second. He decided immediately what to do. Raising his musket to his shoulder he pulled the trigger. A shot rang out in the still night. Laying down his smoking gun he quickly seized his pistols and discharged one after the other in rapid succession. Then he listened; yes, he still heard the rowing. Quickly affixing percussion caps and ramming down powder he prepared his weapons for further use and fired another volley. This time he heard no sound, he listened intently for several minutes, but no recurrence of the rowing was audible. Feeling now that all was safe he picked up his weapons, mounted his horse, and retraced his steps along the bank. Ascending the declivity leading to his homestead he was challenged by a band of horsemen. He immediately made himself known and found that they were members of his gallant volunteer band arriving somewhat belated upon the scene. They inquired about the shots, but the old Major in his non-committal way simply ordered them to go to the Point and watch during the rest of the night. The following morning broke, however, without anything having happened.

A fortnight later a report was current in the settlements round about that the privateers had departed.

In the month of August a British cruiser escorted a neat looking little vessel into Halifax harbour. In a short time an examination was made in court of the crew who were found to be guilty of piracy. One of the items brought out in the inquiry was that an attack had been started on Starr's Point in the early spring, but just as the boat was within a few hundred feet of shore, a volley of rifle fire rang out. Supposing

that the place was protected by a large armed force of defenders the marauders hastened to retreat.

Canadian War Poets.

THE criticism is often made that war never produces any great poetry. It is true that many poems embody the idea of hatred toward the enemy and many more contain the cruder, more cruel elements of modern warfare. But through all of the best war verse are found the strains which produce truly great poetry,—love, sacrifice, death, and above all, the ideals of justice and righteousness that make for lasting peace. During the first two years of the present war Canadian poetry had not that spiritual quality which characterizes it now. It did not contain the purer sentiments of love for man, forgiveness toward our enemies, sorrow and pity for the German people oppressed by their war-mad leaders. On the contrary, these poems were a ruthless call to bloodshed, a “hymn of hate” toward the enemy, a glorification of the genius of war. Another characteristic of this earlier poetry was the fact that it was written almost wholly by poets at home and not by soldiers in the trenches. It lacked the spontaneity of those poems written in the midst of actual war conditions. As Mr. F. S. Osborn says, it did not contain “song-pictures of campaign and of the soldiers’ life.”

In the first rank among Canadian poets is Katherine Hale. Her little book, “Grey Knitting and Other Poems,” is worthy of high praise. It contains several tender lyrics such as “When You Return” and “In the Trenches, Christmas, 1914.” The latter has such special beauty of sincerity, simplicity, and tenderness that it seems worth while to quote it:

War gods have descended:
 The world burns up in fire!
 Warm your hands at the trench’s fire,
 Dear lad o’ mine.
 Bullets cease this Christmas night,
 Only songs are heard,
 If you feel a phantom step,
 ’Twas my heart that stirred.

If you feel a phantom step,
'Twas my heart that stirred.
If you see a dreamy light,
'Tis the Christ-Child's eyes;
I believe he watches us,
Wonderful and wise.
Let us keep our Christmas night
In the camp-light shine;
Warm your hands at the trench's fire—
They still hold mine.

A more recent work, called "The White Comrade," is one of the finest of the long poems inspired by the current war. It is a narrative of some five hundred lines in blank verse, depicting the spirit and emotions of the gallant Canadians who have gone to France to fight for the Empire. It contains some very vivid descriptive passages and is among the best work that Katherine Hale has done. Her latest publication is called "The New Joan." As the title suggests, it deals with women's work in connection with the war. One part is called "In the Kitchen"; another is about what women are doing on the land. These give the attitude of the Canadian woman of the present in regard to her duties at home. There is also in this little pamphlet a Christmas song for soldiers. All the poems contained in it portray courage and the joy in life found through work.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan has published a popular volume called "Songs of Heroic Days," in which the spirit of retaliation and bloodshed is evident. There is a good deal of ready Irish humor in it which makes it more engaging. Dr. J. D. Logan, who went across with the 85th, has a volume which he calls "A Book of Solace." Its title is "Insulters of Death," and, as it intimates, all the poems are about death. But it is death looked at from the heroic viewpoint. It sets forth the immortality of the heroic dead and the sin of sorrow for these.

Dr. J. B. Dollard and Lieutenant Arthur Bourinot have both written celebrated sonnets on the death of Rupert Brooke. Lieutenant Lloyd Roberts, son of the more famous Charles G. D. Roberts, has written two impressive short poems. One gives the British point of view in "the call to

arms" at the present time. It is a call not for king, or country, or England's glory, or anything sordid:

But for the sake of simple goodness
And His laws,
We shall sacrifice our all
For the Cause!

The other is entitled "If I Must," and is an original conception of anti-pacifist thought. It takes somewhat the form of a dramatic monologue, and concludes with a striking stanza, in which the speaker says:—

Well, hand me the gun—
If I must—if I must.

Douglas Durkin has a poem called "The Fighting Men of Canada," which reminds one, in spirit, of Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," or Tennyson's "Ballad of the Revenge." It is spirited and inspiring, and contains the colloquial diction which marks it as one of the "true war-poems."

Canon F. G. Scott, Major with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, has a beautiful lyric called "A Grace in Flanders" in his volume "In the Battlefield Silences." Duncan Campbell Scott's "To a Canadian Lad Killed in the War," is a noble sonnet, one of the finest of commemorative martial verse written by a Canadian. His new book, "Lundy's Lane," contains an entrancing love poem, "Spring on Mattagami," which, in its music, its rhythm, and its thought, places the volume containing it high in the list of recent poetry publications.

The fact that the first edition of Robert W. Service's "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" had 75,000 copies is a sure proof of its popularity. It is too well known to require comment, except that it is perhaps the best all-round book that the author has published.

Bernard Freeman Trotter is one of our young Canadian poets who has given his life for the Empire. Acadia is proud to claim him as one of her sons, for his name will stand high in our national literature. A review of his poems has already been given in a recent number of the Athenæum.

Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae, who died of pneumonia in Boulogne, France, where he was chief medical officer of one of the Canadian brigades, is best known and loved for his exquisite poem, "In Flanders Fields." "To the Anxious Dead" is less familiar. He is sure to be cherished because of the unaffected, beautiful things he has written. The latter poem may well close this brief sketch of a few of our poets:

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
 Above their heads the legions pressing on;
 (These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
 And died not knowing how the day had gone).

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
 The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar:
 Then let your mighty chorus witness be
 To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
 That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
 That we will onward till we win or fall,
 That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon
 They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep,
 Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
 And in content may turn them to their sleep.

—C. E. H., '19.

Mary's Conquest.

THE big white house on the hill and the little grey cottage in the valley were the outstanding features of the neighborhood. No high board fence separated the adjoining farms, yet the feud that existed between the two brothers who lived in those two houses grew more intense as the years passed by.

Like most quarrels, this one had had a trifling cause. A misunderstood clause in a father's will, hard words, and, finally, separation; the one to dwell in the little old home-

stead, the other to build for himself a new and handsome modern house on the rich farm land of his father. All these lands gave the younger an easy living, while it was necessary for the older to purchase, as he became able, a new farm adjoining the old home.

Thirty years had passed. The little home of the older brother was again ringing with the merry laughter of his only grandchild, little Mary, a sunny-haired maiden of four summers who had come to pay her first visit to grandfather. The two were the happiest of playmates. The hard-lined face of the stern-willed old man was growing gentle again. For the first time in years his hearty laugh rang out spontaneously.

One sunny morning Mary, finding even grandfather too busy to play with her, wandered off by herself across the fields where the new hay had just been taken to the barn in the big wagons. How well she remembered what fun she had had tumbling about in the sweet-smelling piles of hay, and the rides she had had high up on the huge loads, always holding tight to grand-daddy's hand. But beyond those fields was an unexplored country, one which Mary had long wished to enter; but always Grandfather's "No, Sunshine, you must not go into that orchard, that belongs to the big white house on the hill," had held her back.

This morning no Grandfather was around to speak such unwelcome words, and Mary, with the determination that was hers by right of inheritance, marched steadily on until she had reached the orchard wall. With much difficulty she succeeded in clambering over the great stone wall. Then what a fairyland she was in! What a place to play! What corners for doll's houses! Why had she never been allowed to come here before? Who was the old man who lived in the big house anyway, and why must she always keep away from him and all that belonged to him? Such questions bothered Mary's young mind for a few minutes, but soon were forgotten in the delights of her new play-ground. Soon her gay laugh and merry song floated out blithely in the charming old orchard.

Suddenly there came a pause in her song. A tall man—not Grand-daddy, although he looked like him, yet Grand-daddy's eyes were softer and his hair was greyer—stood in her path. For a moment a frown stood out on Mary's brow,

then, "Oh, excuse me, man, you're in my way. My pretty butterfly just flew past you," and Mary darted past him. The tall man turned and followed. Where had he seen those eyes, that sweet mouth, those golden curls, before? Calling to the little girl in his gentlest tones, for he could be gentle, he asked:

"What is your name, little one, and where did you come from?"

"I'se Mary, and I came from Grand-daddy's house. Oh, don't step on that p'etty posey—"

"Mary!" The tall man turned away his head to hide the tears that filled his eyes. Once a fair-haired little Mary had played in that orchard years ago,—his little Mary. Drawing the child to him he sat down by the nearest apple-tree. Gradually he won the confidence of the little maid.

"Grand-daddy would never let me come here before. Oh! will he be angry, and will muvver put Mary to bed, and pull down the blinds? Oh, man, don't let them do it! You take me home." And twining her arms about his neck she coaxed. "Tell them I won't do it again!"

For a few minutes both were silent. Then a distant call reached their ears. It was a woman's voice.

"Ma—ry!"

Mary clung tighter to her new friend. "It's muvver; don't let her put me to bed."

Again the call came, this time followed by a man's call,—

"Mary, little Sunshine!"

The tall man rose, still holding Mary tightly in his arms, walked rapidly through the orchard, climbed over the wall, and strode through the fields toward the little grey house. There, Mother and Grandfather were watching with anxious eyes and fast beating hearts. Straight up to Grandfather walked the tall man.

"I found her playing in our old orchard, John. Do not punish her. Let her come and play there often. And—let her come to the house, too. There are plenty of toys there. You'll come, too, won't you, John?"

Then the two brothers shook hands.

H. G. Wells.

IN looking over the current periodicals the name of H. G. Wells is so often encountered, that our curiosity is aroused and we seek to know more of the man who is commanding so much attention in the midst of events which would seem to put all else into insignificance beside them. H. G. Wells, however, is not set aside for even these history making events,—far from it, and since he is not, he must, we would naturally reason, be of some importance himself. Who is this Mr. Wells, and what is he doing that he should be so much talked of by people whose minds are for the most part only concerned with noteworthy questions of the day? That is the answer to it all: because they are concerned with matters worthy of note, they are concerned with the writings and teachings Mr. Wells.

Because he is a contemporary and his biography has not yet been written, less is said concerning his life and personal characteristics by his critics, than if he had lived a century ago. However, as to his personality, Mr. Wells himself gives us many a glimpse into the inner workings of his mind through his characters. Many and varied as they are, they serve best to show the many sidedness and wide range of sympathies of their author. As to his life itself, we have but a few brief facts which are but props upon which to build up his present greatness and influence. Herbert George Wells is an Englishman by birth, his native town being Bromley, in the County of Kent. He was born the 21st of September, 1866. His father was a professional cricketer, Joseph Wells by name, who sent his son first to the Midhurst Grammar School and later to the Rural College of Science. When Mr. Wells was 22 years old he was graduated from the London University with first class honors and a B. Sc. For a short time he followed along the line of work for which he had been prepared, and taught Science in a private school. Gradually, however, literature, which was his true vocation, got the upper hand, and after a few years' minor writing for various London papers, he published his first great success, "The Time Machine," in 1895. After this he gave his whole time to writing, striving through the medium of his books to help

along those causes in which he was most interested, such as science, politics and sociology. From this time on he has written a large number of books and articles which concern us only as they help to show what there is in them to command the attention and admiration, albeit often grudgingly given, of a host of readers and critics.

The phase of Mr. Wells' writing which at present is causing a great deal of useless wrangling pro and con, is his attitude towards religion. This is a subject for the theologian to discuss and quite beyond my ability. Let them decide as they will but spite of all the attacks upon Mr. Wells' so-called revolutionary beliefs, from mere amateur reading of some of his much discussed works, it seems to me that difference is very superficial after all, and that the great deep heart of Mr. Wells works very much in the same way as that of his fellow man and severest critic.

A more easily grasped—and to me, more interesting phase of his writing—is his realism. As a story teller he is most skillful, as an interpreter of modern thought he is most earnest, but through it all is the vivid and truthful portrayal of human feelings and emotions. Many other writers have attempted this method of narration and have been more or less successful. He stands as the supreme master of his art. A little story which I read better illustrates this point. A certain man upon having read "Kipps," remembered that he hated the book. His friend was astonished and asked why. "It makes me feel like a fool," he answered. What could pay higher tribute to the mastery of the author than this simple remark. He felt like a "fool" and why? Because in spite of the muddled state of Kipps poor mind, his dreams and instincts seemed too uncomfortably like the same process in the reader's own mind. He resented it, but it was no less a fact. Mr. Wells bases his realism in veracity and scorns the common props of literary writing. One critic has said, "he makes his writing as tough and exhilarating a business as affairs." He does not caricature, nor does he make dim misty descriptions, but with a few words, a detail brought out with a skilful phrase, he has a picture before us which is almost photographic in its perfection. This in some cases is uncomfortable, we should prefer the jolly caricature of Dickens, we

do not like to be too closely examined—hence the reader's attitude toward "Kipps."

Another and perhaps more fascinating phase of Wells' writing is the clever working of his imagination. His fantasies are not wild roavings of the mind but like the rest of his work, serious and precise. It is, however, none the less attractive. This is seen in his work dealing with the future. As a scientist he can not but look forward, as a socialist his thoughts point to the future. He shows the growing tendency there is to shift the center of gravity from the past to the future, to judge rather by consequences than by precedent, the moral value of an act. His whole training and temperament combine to make him reach out beyond the inefficient and muddled state of society in which he lives, and which he abhors, towards a more logical and orderly state. Yet even here he is broad. He detests chaos but is skeptical of classes. He sees the faults in socialism and admits them readily, just as he recognizes the fine points in liberalism. He can write of an imaginary state of socialism with a voluntary ruling class with such earnestness that a group of readers converted to his views come to him offering to live the life he describes. Here again Mr. Wells shows his insight. The state he describes under the proper circumstances would be ideal, and though he could write about it, still he realizes that at present it is impossible, and sends the delegation away disappointed and uncomprehending. Again by means of his imagination he draws pictures which chide mankind for his feeling of superiority as in the "Country of the Blind," and the "War of the Worlds," and for his constant longing for the impossible—as in "The Invisible Man." In such ways he combines his imagination, skill of writing and scientific knowledge until Maeterlink says of him, "He has the most complete and the most logical imagination of the age," and Arnold Bennett in his work on "Books and Persons," says in speaking of "Tom-Bungay," "he achieved a criticism of tendencies and institutions which is on the plane of epic poetry and displays an unsurpassing dexterity of hand."

Perhaps his favorite theme is "the reaction of society against a disturbing force." His characters work out their own destinies along very human lines. He feels the import-

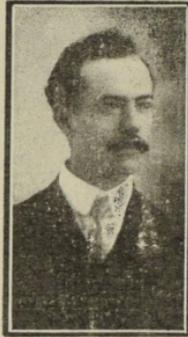
ance of the issues they have to decide and they are well set forth and reasoned out. They work out their problem along the material lines of the advance in civilization, and like civilization proceed with a correspondingly spiritual advance. This idea, which he expresses as follows, haunts his books and shows itself in all his writings. "They did not realize that this security of progress was a thing still to be won or lost and that the time to win it was a time that passes." He feels that the creations and material advances in the world are out of keeping with its moral and intellectual backwardness and imply a wisdom of greatness unknown to us.

In looking back over these few points of Mr. Wells' vast field of work we seem to get some idea, small though it may be, of why the name of H. G. Wells figures so prominently in our periodicals. In beginning we said that matter's worthy of note gave Mr. Wells a place by their side because he also was noteworthy. In closing can we not repeat that statement with more emphasis, and say that a man who gives his time, his mind and his wide understanding of human nature to the working out and expounding of live problems, deserves not only to be recognized as worthy of notice but should be given a high place among the great men and great events of the present day.

—H. P. S., '19.



In Memoriam.



PROFESSOR ERNEST HAYCOCK.

On the morning of Saturday, April 13th, Professor Haycock died at his home in Wolfville. Strong and robust in appearance he would have been chosen a year ago as the member of the Faculty most likely to live to old age. Early in the fall, however, he was stricken with heart trouble; recovering from his first attack he walked about for a short time, but in December he was forced again to return to his bed, and from that time until the end was unable to leave it.

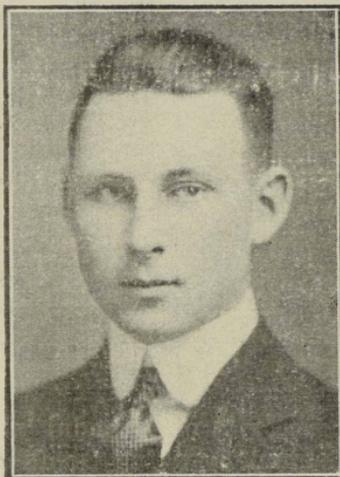
Professor Haycock's connection with the University dates back to 1890 when as a man of 23 he left his fishing boat in Westport and came to Horton Academy. He spent two years there, matriculating in 1892, and entered College the following year, graduating with the class of 1896. Following this

he spent two years at Harvard, and in 1898 accepted the position as Professor of Chemistry and Geology at Acadia; for the last six years, however, he has had the department of Geology only.

He was a man of sterling integrity. His work as a student and as a Professor was characterized by thoroughness. He believed that the value of any course depended upon its being well done and insisted rather upon that than upon covering a large amount of work in a less thorough manner. For a number of years he was Secretary of the Faculty and his relations with the other members and with his students always was most cordial.

He was a geologist of splendid ability, having spent several summers in the Dominion Geological Surveys and having written several pamphlets on important geological themes. He will be much missed, and his former students scattered abroad will hear with great regret of his early death.

In Memoriam.



FRED A. CROAKER.

The hearts of the College students were filled with sorrow when it was learned that Fred A. Croaker passed away April 5th after a short illness. Fred entered his Freshman year at College in 1914, and was a favorite among his comrades, where his jovial and pleasing manner made him an ever popular companion. He went home for his Easter vacation on March 29th and on March 30th was taken ill with pneumonia. His condition became rapidly worse, and after an illness of a little over seven days he passed away. His parents have the deepest sympathy from the College students. Although he has departed from our midst he will be long remembered by his many friends at Acadia.

Acadia Boys in Khaki



Loos, France, 1918.

“A SHELL-STUCK town is always a shell-struck town, and piteous; one learns to look upon them as one does upon a mutilated soldier, both are expected as the inevitable sacrifice of the war, they arouse no passion except the abstract passion against war as war.”

Our correspondent has expressed in these words the more or less vague impression of every soldier, when he visits for the first time any town within two miles of the front in France or Belgium, but the feeling which exists among the Canadians for the town of Loos, is more than this. It is best expressed by the significance of the name by which the town is best known amongst us, “The Ypres of France.”

Certain Scotch and Irish regiments took final possession of this area in what is known in history as “the third battle of Loos,” Sept., 1915. The only tangible reminder of the bitter struggles of these days is the large British cemetery at the back of the town, and many small clusters of wooden crosses to British and German dead, which are to be found elsewhere. One day I came across the butt of an old British rifle sticking up in the ground. On it was carved:—“Heare lies a unknone soldier.” Needless to say, I had no trouble in reading what might have been my own spelling. With the exception of two weeks during the Passchendale scrap last November, Canadian troops have held this area since December, 1916.

There is not a building in Loos which has not been shell-struck beyond habitation. There is not a street which has not

at some time been torn up by our own and now by Boche shells.

The town now resembles a New York barber shop, or the Criterion Theatre—in its subterraneousness only. We shall always be thankful that a W. C. T. U. never held sway in France. Had it not been a land flowing with wine and champagne (in pre-war days) the casualty lists of our little army would be much longer. As it is, every house is provided with a deep wine cellar, which is a practically shell-proof billet for our reserve troops, and countless artillery units. Thus ample protection is provided against the daily straf which Fritz gives the area with surprising regularity.

In the centre of Loos is a mass of ruins, once the huge church which is characteristic of every French town. As I looked for the first time at its massive entrance (which is the only part of the structure left intact) I noted a huge board at which was written:—"Meeting place for all working parties." The irony of that notice in such a setting was almost pitiful.

In accordance with another French custom (only too common in our own country) the church is surrounded by a cemetery, almost as old as itself. Fritz seems to have a special spite against churches, especially old ones with high towers. Many of his big shells, which have missed their mark have ruthlessly raised some poor Frenchman from his last(?) resting place. I spent a very pleasant hour here one day picking up bones of various shapes and sizes and trying (with some success) to name and locate them in the human skeleton. I remember thinking the while what a heaven this bone-yard would be with my old Prof. (Perry).

At one end of the town is the inevitable mine and its slag heap. The former has been twice blown up and long ago reduced to a mass of scrap-iron. The latter looks just like any other slag heap but rather larger than the majority. One end of it extends over to the ridge which farther on forms the famous Hill 70. From the top of this stone pile one can see directly over Hill 70 to St. Laurent, St. Auguste, and on the extreme right the suburbs of Lens, all of which are in the enemy's territory.

This area of Loos seems to be the chief object of offence to the enemy these days,—mostly between 4 and 5 a.m. I speak from personal experience in this matter. There is a considerable amount of good coal to be found in slag, especially around the tops of the pile. It was our custom to have a "coal fatigue" when Fritz and other things permitted. Each of the party armed with a sand bag, climbed the slag heap about 3.30 a.m., picked what coal lumps he could find, and beat it back to our dressing station in time for early breakfast. While thus engaged one morning a shell crashed into the mine some 30 yards away. No one paid any attention till the next shell showered us with slate and coal. Our sergeant gave the order "Duck," and duck we did. With coal bag in one hand and a loose board in the other I beat it. Was not surprised to see my friend Chute behind me. We placed the board across a narrow gauge track which ran up the side of the pile at an angle of quite 45 degrees. Frank got on one end and I on the other end of that board, and we went. Unfortunately the track had been broken by a shell near the bottom, so our board stopped rather suddenly, but I and my coal-bag kept on going, which after all was the essential thing. Hence you will understand that I speak whereof I know when I say to beware of slag heaps between 4 and 5 a. m. when near the front.

There are two central dressing stations at Loos. One situated to the rear of the town, at its eastern end, is known as St. Pats D. S. Owing to its relatively shell-proof position it is used largely as a forward supply depot for all branches of the Medical Service. One can get here anything from a stretcher sling to a bottle of formalin at any hour of the day or night.

Fort Glaty, the second dressing station, is at the western end of the town. It is well named, being located at the junction of roads to Hulloch and to Fossy, it commands excellent observation of both machine gun emplacements and sniper holes still remain in the brick walls of the building. A 9.2 howitzer dud (the largest I have ever seen) has been unearthed just a few yards away. These evidences speak for themselves of the bloody battle which must have ensued for possession of this key to Loos, Fort Glaty Corner. Motor

ambulance men are now able to drive up to the dressing station at night with comparative safety. As the station clears all cases, sick or wounded on two and half mile front (five regimental Aid Posts) Fort Glaty is usually as busy as the proverbial one-armed paper-hanger with the hives.

A miniature railroad runs within twenty feet of Fort Glaty Dressing Station, and branching, runs up within 200 yards of our present front line. The primary purpose of this narrow gauge road is to provide adequate means for supply of ammunition, rations and other material to troops in front and support trenches, but it incidentally saves the stretcher bearer a carry from the Regimental Aid Posts to Loos, in some places a distance of over two miles. A truck will hold four stretcher cases and only requires to be pushed on the up grades, so their value to the stretcher bearer is quite obvious. A truck running down the Hill 70 grade will gain sufficient momentum to take one nearly into Loos; there are not always brakes provided, consequently if one wishes a stop-over ticket at Chalk Pit Alley or Torch Keep Alley one must simply take a chance of a header and " 'op it," and allow the old truck to go on till it gets tired. Like the old D.A.R., there is only a single track. if two trucks meet, the one with the lesser load must dump his pile and make way for the other. The Red Cross, however, always has the right of way. Unlike the old D.A.R., it is a simple system, and most efficient in every way.

I cannot close this epistle without mentioning the Y.M.C.A. at Loos. It is located directly opposite the church in a nice deep cellar. It provides us with canned fruits, maple sugar, and at times that soldier's nectar,—strawberry jam—all direct from Canada. There are times when one will pay any price for a taste from home, at such times the Y.M.C.A. provides the goods at a truly reasonable rate.

Yours sincerely,

PTE. W. H. CHASE,

C. A. M. C.

Horton War Hospital,
Epsom, England,
April 4th, 1918.

D. M. C. A.

ON March 13, we heard from the Truro Conference. The workings of the Conference were revealed to us by our representatives, Dr. Thompson, Mr. Densmore, Mr. MacLeod, Mr. Meister, and Mr. Estabrooks.

On March 20, our meeting was conducted by Miss Borden and Mr. Bezanson. The subject was "Redemption." Their text was Psalms 107:2, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy." It was a most helpful and inspiring meeting.

On March 27, Mr. Grey spoke to us on an important and familiar subject, "Our Influence." He said, in fact, that everyone here at College is exerting an influence subconsciously, either good or degrading.

On April 3, Mr. Meister led the meeting. His topic was "Foundation." Everyone is building a character, but the character is wholly dependent upon the foundation. "Is it sand or rock?" One person may appear to be building up a mighty character when all of a sudden it breaks down through lack of proper foundation, while a slow builder using better material for foundation can conquer all the obstacles that beset his path as a Christian.

On April 10, Miss Williams and Mr. Lumsden spoke upon "Spiritual Visions." Paul had a vision. His purpose was changed. He struggled just as strenuously for righteousness when a Christian as he had for destruction in his worldly life. To accomplish anything in our life we must have visions. To do big things in the spiritual world we must have a vision of the saving power of Jesus Christ.

On April 17, our President, Mr. Densmore dwelt upon four good reasons for becoming Christians:—

1. For memory's sake,

2. For the sake of oneself.
3. For the sake of others.
4. For Christ's sake.

On April 24, Dr. Thompson spoke to us informally on the subject of "Faith." "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." To reach any goal in life we must have faith in our work, even in the little things. To be Christians implies that we have faith in the man who was human in all respects yet without sin.





The Month

ON April 18th in College Hall an interesting lecture on the war was delivered by Dr. Benjamin Rand of Harvard. Dr. Rand, a member of the Class of 1875 Acadia, has visited England every summer since the war began, and he has, therefore, gathered his knowledge at first hand. His graphic descriptions of various military activities in England, France and on the high seas engendered renewed confidence in Britain and her Allies. Dr. Rand had a splendid series of photographs of all the varied war activities, to which he very kindly gave the audience access at the close of the meeting.

Dr. Rand's Lecture

Science Society Reception was held at 7.30 Friday evening, April 26, in College Hall. An innovation was introduced in the form of a regular programme, one number going with each topic. Everybody enjoyed themselves, especially the Sems. Everyone is convinced now that the revived Science Society means business.

On the evening of May 13 a splendid entertainment was given in College Hall by Mr. Phidelah Rice, reader, of the Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word. He read the three-act play called "Peaceful Valley." His impersonations of the different characters were splendid. Following this he gave three short selections. The audience was very enthusiastic and gave Mr. Rice very generous applause. On the following morning Mr. Rice very kindly read the "Taming of the Shrew." His rendering of this masterpiece of Shakespeare's was perfect. The students of Acadia and the citizens of Wolfville have been

particularly favored in hearing Mr. Rice, who is conceded to be one of the best readers in New England.

On April 9th Acadia students were privileged to listen to Mr. J. W. Roland, an old Acadia graduate, who is now chief of engineers at the Halifax Terminals. At the invitation of the Science Society, Mr. Roland gave illustrated lectures on the Halifax Terminals and the Panama Canal, where he was in charge of construction work for some time. In the afternoon he lectured in Science Hall on the Terminals. His talk, together with lantern slides illustrating various phases of construction work at Halifax, was most interesting and was enjoyed by a large College audience. The Panama Canal was the subject of the evening lecture. It was held in College Hall and a large number were present both from town and College. The address was most enjoyable and the pictures were especially good. After the lecture Mr. Roland was guest at a banquet given by the Engineer's Class. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Roland for his visit, and we hope to see him at Acadia again in the near future.

The regular meeting of the Science Society was held on April 23rd. Two papers were presented. Corey, '20, gave an interesting history of the development of the aeroplane and Lewis, Eng., presented a paper on Hydro-Electric Power Development in Canada, in which he treated its relation to the fuel problem and war-time economy. In spite of the fine weather and out-door attractions, a goodly number attended and all considered the time well spent.

One night when March winds were howling outside, the Tully Tavern girls spent a very pleasant recreation hour in the club-room, the guests of Mrs. Ingraham, the Librarian. A short programme rendered by Miss Schurman, Miss O'Connor, and Miss Williams was greatly enjoyed. Ice cream came next, and received its due share of attention and appreciation. Then all, with true recreation spirit, sang all the College songs that could possibly be sung in so short a time. The girls declared it one of the most enjoyable social hours of the year.

Notes
Science
Society

Girls'
Entertainment

The Junior members of the Propylæum Society considered it real "luck" when they succeeded in getting Professor Hannay to lecture for them on "Twentieth Century Poets."

Propylæum Society Lecture The girls found the hour interesting and instructive. Many do not know so much about the writers of our own time as they do of those of other periods. Yet, in this twentieth century we find both lyric and drama attaining a high order of excellence. Professor Hannay's lecture was an inspiring challenge to further investigation and study of the works of the poets of our own times.

A meeting of Library workers, convened by Dr. Cutten, was held in the Emerson Memorial Library, April 17th to 19th. There were present delegates from Halifax, St. John, Amherst, Yarmouth, Moncton, Canning, Truro, Windsor and other places.

Canon Vroom of King's College addressed the gathering on the duties of Libraries and Library workers in respect to the building up of Canadian ideals and citizenship. This was followed by a general discussion on matters pertaining to Library work.

Maritime Library Conference at Acadia On the following day at the opening session, papers were read by Miss Vaughn and Miss Lindsay. These were followed by an address on the establishment of Libraries in Maritime towns by E. J. Lay of Amherst.

In the afternoon, Dr. Rand of Harvard, joined the meeting and at the invitation of Dr. Cutten, briefly addressed it. The chief business of this session was to crystallize the work of the convention into some definite scheme of activity. After discussion the formation of a Maritime Library Association, of which all Librarians of the three Provinces shall be members, was decided upon.

A committee composed of Mr. Harry Piers of the Provincial Library of Nova Scotia, Miss Lindsay and Professor MacMechan of Dalhousie University, and Miss Barnaby of the Halifax Library, was appointed to draw up the constitution and by-laws.

Mr. E. J. Lay was appointed the first President of the Maritime Library Association; Mrs. Ingraham, Librarian of Acadia University, the first Secretary, Miss Vaughn, V. P., for N. B., and Miss Barnaby, V. P. for N. S. As there was no representative from P. E. I. the appointment of a V. P. for that Province was deferred.

It was decided that the next meeting of the Association would be held in Wolfville in 1919, about the first of May.

The Evangelistic Band spent the week-end of April 21st with the churches on the Aylesford field, Rev. E. G. Dakin, Evangelistic '14, pastor. The speakers were Mr. Lumsden, Mr. Band Meister and Mr. Camp. The President, Mr. Densmore, accompanied them, and conducted the devotional exercises. Three services were held—Aylesford, 11 a. m., Morristown 3 p.m., and Milville 7 p.m. As a result of their efforts, eighteen decisions were made for the Master.

The members of the Band speak in glowing terms of the hospitality shown them by the good people to whom they ministered.

During the month of April the Club has met regularly with a good attendance at each meeting.

Acadia Theological Club On Friday evening, the 5th, our Leader was Mr. Bezanson, who gave us a helpful address on "Giving."

Our meeting on the 12th was in the hands of the Senate of the College Y. M. C. A., with Mr. Densmore in the chair, who brought up the missionary question, upon which a discussion took place.

Mr. Prince gave us a very helpful address at our meeting on the 19th from the words of I Cor. 16:9. At the close of Mr. Prince's address a business meeting was held with President Blossie in the chair.

At our meeting on the 26th we had the pleasure of hearing Prof. Hannay. Prof. Hannay brought us a message which will surely be a help to us as we take up our summer's work,

The Acadia Athenæum

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAR.-APR. 1918

No. 3

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. SEACKLIN, '18, *Mang. Superintendent.*F. M. ARCHIBALD, '19 *Business Mgr.*C. COREY, '20, *Mgr. of Circulations.*GERALDINE READ, *Seminary.*K. TUPLIN, *Academy.*

Editorial



THE battle cry of the present is efficiency and conservation, conservation and efficiency; but in order to have either one of these two factors a third is needed, namely, organization. Acadia has always been efficient in her curriculum work, but in these times she has decided to carry this good record even further and become efficient in her social and athletic life as well. To this end organization was necessary, and it has appeared in the form of the Acadia Council. This Council, which is composed of some twenty-five odd members, representing all the classes and societies in the University, as well as the Faculty and Board of Governors, has taken upon itself the task of furthering the interests of Acadia, and of drawing the students and Faculty into a closer and more understanding relationship. Fortnightly meetings are held, at which the problems and questions of the hour requiring attention, are brought up and discussed by the committee as a whole. In this way matters of particular interest to the students can be much more promptly and satisfactorily disposed of.

Another great function of the committee will be the making up of a program of the year's social functions, sports, lectures, and general entertainments. Hitherto these have been arranged by the societies and committees directly interested, without reference to the rest of the student body, with the result that while one week might have as many as three or four special functions, taking up a whole evening, the following fortnight might have none whatever. Such a disorderly condition of affairs is bound to interfere with the studies, to say nothing of the health of the students; and any steps to balance the arrangement of such matters would indeed be welcomed by all. If this were the only change brought about by the Acadia Council it alone would be well worth the trouble. The ATHENÆUM wishes much success to this new evidence of Acadia's efficiency.

* * * *

On another page of this issue is a note regarding the evening given by Mr. Phidelah Rice of the Leland Powers School, Boston, in College Hall, on May 3rd. Such an exhibition of the art of speaking was indeed a revelation and an education to many of us. Seldom has it been the good fortune of a Wolfville audience to hear such an elocutionist. But why is this? The fact that College Hall was crowded not only Friday evening but again at the early hour of 8.15 Saturday morning is evidence enough that not only the students but also the townspeople seek after and appreciate such an opportunity. For this reason it seems a pity that this taste can not be given more opportunity to develop. Situated as we are in a small town, we do not have the chance to see and hear the great artists of the world with any frequency, but whenever the great venture has been made of bringing some person worthy of note before the students the effort has met with singular success. This year we have been more than fortunate. Besides Mr. Rice, we have had two of Canada's greatest men address the students from the College platform, Sir Robert Borden and Major Gordon. Would it not be possible to make in next year's program definite arrangements for several such lectures and entertainments. We feel that such a step would not only be much appreciated by the students, but would be of great value to the community as a whole.



ATHLETICS

BASEBALL.

AT a meeting of the Athletic Association representatives were appointed from the various classes to draw up a baseball schedule. A league consisting of the Junior-Sophomores, Freshmen, and the Academy was formed. Each team is to play six games. The league standing so far is as follows:—

Junior-Sophomores	2	0	1000
Academy	1	1	.500
Freshmen	0	2	.000

On Saturday, April 20th, the league opened with a game between the Freshmen and the Academy. The teams were evenly matched except in the batting. There the Academy was by far superior to the other team. Vaughn Henshaw through his great pitching won the game for the Academy. The game ended 23—10 in favor of the Academy.

The line-up was as follows:—

Academy		Freshmen
McLeod	Catcher	Russell
Ward	Pitcher	Beardsley
Waugh	1st Base	Longley
Keith	2nd Base	Cameron
Marshall	3rd Base	Welch
Kierstead	Short Stop	Mason
Proctor	Right Field	Parsons
Crockett	Centre Field	Cross
.....	Left Field	Lewis

The following Wednesday the Academy refused to play the Junior-Sophomores because there was a slight rainfall. Since the Academy did not show up the umpire declared the Junior-Sophomores the winners. We are surprised to find out that those who wait outside the church on a rainy day would be so afraid of a little shower like that.

The victors of Wednesday's battle came up against the Freshmen on the next Saturday. This resulted in an easy victory for the Junior-Sophomores. Burton pitched a star game, allowing only two men to cross home-plate. The game ended 17—2 in favor of the Junior-Sophomores. Both teams were crippled through the enlistment of some of their players. The teams lined up as follows:—

Junior-Sophomores		Freshmen
Elderkin	Catcher	Russell
Burton	Pitcher	Welch
Langwith	1st Base	Mason
Spracklin	2nd Base	Cameron
Archibald	3rd Base	Steeves
Corey	Short Stop	Beardsley
Longley	Right Field	Parsons
Boyle	Centre Field	Cross
Dobson	Left Field	Lewis

THE BASKET-BALL SEASON.

Last fall when the College authorities secured for us the use of the Wolfville Boy Scouts' gymnasium, we expected to have an inter-class basket-ball league consisting of five teams—Junior, Sophomore, Engineer, Freshman and Academy. However, only three materialized, the Engineer and Junior classes dropping out.

The first game was played between the Freshman and Sophomore teams. At the end of the second period the score was 17—17. In five minutes overtime the Freshmen scored a field goal making the score 19—17.

The second and only other inter-class game was between the Freshmen and Academy. The first half ended with the score 18—11 in favor of the Freshmen. The next half was almost as though only our team was on the floor. The Freshmen had the ball practically all the time and knew what to do with it. The game ended with the score, Freshmen 45, Academy 14.

From this time on basket-ball dissolved itself into college practices. The captain, Cross, '21, and business manager, Estabrooks, '20, are to be commended for their work with regard to the team. Considering the weight and age of the men available an excellent team was formed with combination reduced to a science.

A game was played with the Academy, the College score being uncountable. The combination plays which the College teams practiced completely bewildered the unsophisticated Cads.

On Thursday morning, March 21st, we played Truro Y.M.C.A. The game was really between Acadia's combination and individual playing on the part of several of the Truro men, notably that of Ripley. The whole Truro team showed the rare quality of being game losers. The score was, Acadia 39, Truro 13.

At Dalhousie, at the time of the Intercollegiate Debate, our luck changed. Our combination play was spoiled by the absence of one of the team. The Dalhousie team was in fine shape and showed that they knew the game of basket-ball. Their greatest advantage over us was in the accuracy of their shooting. The score at the end of the first half was 15—10 in favor of Dalhousie. The final score was Dalhousie 40, Acadia 22.

Despite this defeat we all think that the time spent in basket-ball was not wasted. One side, that having the best team, only can win. Dal had the best team and won. We will return the compliment next year—see if we don't.



Eng., '16—Leonard A. Richardson is a Lieutenant in the R. F. C. in France.

Eng., '17—Clyde O. Whitman is with the Algoma Steel Works at Saulte Ste. Marie, Ont.

Ex '19—George Nowlan has crossed to France.

'13—The engagement is announced of Anita Elderkin to "O²" Lyons.

Eng. '15—Among those in the graduating class at McGill this year is Harold M. Roseco, who expects to receive his degree of Mining Engineer. Harold has enlisted and received his commission as Lieutenant in the Canadian Engineers, and will soon proceed overseas.

'21—R. S. Longley has enlisted with the 10th Siege Batt.

'20—K. C. Irving has gone to St. John to join the R. F. C.

A.C.A., '17—Vernon McNeill is with the 10th Siege Battery in France.

'20—E. A. Therrien and A. D. Therrien, Eng. '18, have gone to Halifax to join the R. F. C.

'19—"Bunnie" Boyle has gone to Halifax to enlist in the R. F. C.

Eng. '18—Don Stewart has gone to Halifax to enlist in the R. F. C.

'14—Rev. E. G. Dakin preached in the Wolfville Baptist Church, Sunday evening, April 28th.

A.C.A.—We regret to record the death of Louis B. Payzant, which took place at his home in Dartmouth on April 4th, of pneumonia.

Ex '18—E. D. McPhee has joined the 85th Batt. in France.

Ex '18—Ira W. Clark, who has been training in Texas, returned to Beamsville, Ont., a short time ago. He is now at home for a few days before going overseas. Ira has been promoted to 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Air Forces.

'20—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert G. Blossie, on April 25th, a daughter.

'75—Dr. Benjamin Rand gave a lecture on his travels in the war zone, in College Hall, on April 18th. Dr. Rand also addressed the Canadian Clubs at St. John and Halifax.

Ex '96—Captain Fred B. Schurman, of the 185th Batt., is home on three months leave.

'00—Hon. E. N. Rhodes was unanimously appointed Speaker of the House of Commons in the present Parliament.

'11—J. Stuart Foster has left his work at Yale and is doing war work in New York.

'12—Rev. C. A. Dawson has left the University of Chicago, where he was studying, to take up work with the National Y.M.C.A. at Toronto.

'16—Rev. F. H. Bone has resigned the pastorate of Caning to accept a call to Bear River.

Ex '10—A. B. Clarke, who has been working on the Federal Commission in the United States, has returned home.

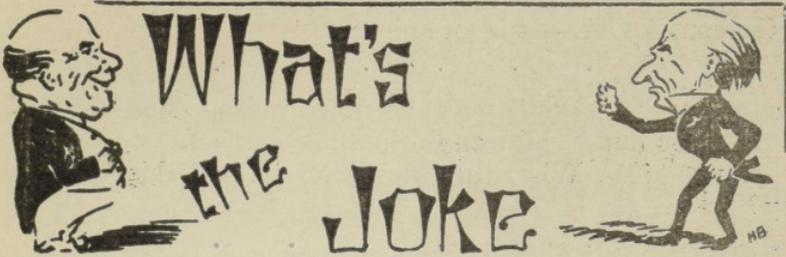


THE Argosy for April contains a splendid and inspiring article by Prof. Tweedie. The articles on "Mining" and the "Evolution Theory" are interesting and well written. The story "The Heroine" is *almost* as good as some produced in English 2 at Acadia. The number on the whole is good.

The April and May issues of the McMaster Monthly are as usual model productions. The May issue is almost entirely given over to productions by members of the graduating class and information about them personally. We congratulate the staff on getting out their monthly issues so promptly.

The M. S. A. for April is the usual neat little magazine filled full of articles interesting to the students and especially so to their parents, but in less degree to the general public. However, we suppose the magazine is intended to encourage the students to write along agricultural lines and keep them interested in their chosen work, and this it surely is doing. Debating seems to have had a fine career. We wonder that so many debates could have taken place.

The Lake Lodge Record for Easter is an attractive magazine, its attractiveness due in large part to its good paper and interesting illustrations. It is rather lacking in the articles and stories department that are usually necessary in a college paper, but otherwise it is commendable.



Acadia student (before the debate)—I'll tell you, the leader of our debating team has a long head.

Dalhousie student—Perhaps he has, but ours has a thick one.

Prof. Hannay—I will again ask the good(?) Bishops to distribute the slips.

Boyle, '19, (after seeing two fellows pronounced unfit to attend classes on the following day)—Doctor, I believe I've got this darn disease too.

Prof. Hannay—Hall, what did you correct that sentence for?

Hall, '21, meekly—Why, you gave it to me to fix, didn't you?

Why does Longley study so hard?

He has a Spur to make him work.

Prof. Hannay—What is the real fault in that sentence?

Mason, '21—"Wanting him to become a minister" . . .

Prof. Hannay—No. no; that is a fine thing.

MacPherson, '21—What do you call it on the post there?

Neary, A. C. A. (on the post)—I am the "Statue of Liberty."

MacLeod, '19—Give me serfdom.

Hall, '19, teaching Geometry—What is a line (lion)?
Garcon, A.C.A.—It is an animal.

Harlow, '21—Don't make so much noise. You will wake
the deaf and dumb children in the third section.

Kinney, '21—Why, they don't go to bed this early, do
they?

Beardsley, '21—If I put a big cross on it will you send it?
MacPherson, '21—Why not? She would like nothing bet-
ter than to have a Cross come to her.

Jeffries in History—What is the name of the King of
England?

Garcon, A. C. A.—I don't know if it is George III or
William.

Innes, '20—The introducing committee can wear a white
flower.

Huggins, '21—Don't you know that you would be breaking
the law to use white flour in war time.

Silver, Eng., correcting an English sentence—"I cannot
but feel that something is wrong."

Jeffries should be awarded the degree of Sh. D. (Doctor
of Shaking) as a recognition of the efficient manner with
which he cures shaking palsy in Academy tables.

Prof. Coit—Would you consider a man dressed if he had
only a waistcoat on?

Hall, '19—You fellows who are rocking the table down
there had better quit or I'll get the devil over here. (He
called the House Master over).

Buchanan, '21—Is this the devil you were going to get over
here?

Cross, '21—C-u-r-r-i-e is the right way to spell it and I wouldn't change it.

MacPherson, '21—Why, I thought that you intended to marry her.

.

Delayed.—At the Cad-Freshman hockey game the puck struck Langwith's floating rib and sunk it.

.

Steeves, 21—It looked strange to see you out to Y.M.C.A., Bunny.

Boyle, '19—Don't you know that I take Latin?

.

Prof. Hannay (calling for title of essay to be criticized)—Miss Smith, what have you?

Miss Smith, '21—I have "Typhus."

Prof. Hannay—If you have that you had better leave at once.

.

Robie Silver, an Engineer '20,
Brains nix, but money plenty.

He wore a smile

You could see a mile,

As to the Seminary went-he.

.

There sat at the head of the Freshman table
A Junior who said that he was able,

To fetch the devil

If the table weren't level.

But, lo! he was pinned against the wall.

This ends the story of old Brad Hall.

.

From Brookfield came Thelma MacLeod,
Of her good looks she is justly proud.

First she thought to become a Stewart;

By her charms this gentleman wasn't allured.

Now in praising Carlyle she is loud,

There came a fellow from Truro named Innis,
 To the theory of Evolution he tried to win us.
 The effect on the fellows of his melodious voice
 Must make the saints of Hades rejoice.

.

There is a young man named Corey,
 Whose laugh will be famous in story,
 His thoughts run to flying,
 If his freaks he keeps trying,
 He'll probably soon be in glory.

.

Now Artie's a nice little boy,
 At first thought a trifle too coy,
 And still we can't tell,
 How it ever befell,
 That our clippers we didn't employ.

.

Ruby came here for the rest cure,
 Hard work his frail health won't endure,
 On joy rides to Hantsport
 This youth did resort,
 But now he is trying the love cure.

.

Last autumn winds blew to us Miller,
 With the Sems he sure was a killer,
 His books wandered one night
 Towards the Sems' shining light,
 While "Algy" was safe on his pillar.

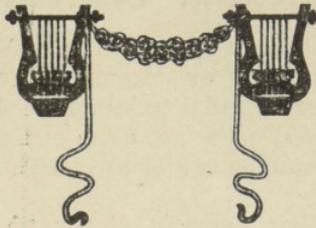
The object of the mentality tests on the Freshmen was to find their brains out, and their brains were found *out*.

Had on night of fire (Thurs. night)—Wonder if Doc. A. will excuse us from Bible on Sunday morning.

Miss Fi-ch (To young sister, throwing chestnuts at Bush)
—Now, Irene, don't do that any more. *That* isn't nice.

Lum-en, '21—Did you hear what she said about you, Bush?

Wm. MacK. McL.—(To MacAvoy who had just run his fingers thru Mr. Meister's hair)—I wouldn't do that, Mac, if I were you. You will have an awful hard job to get the splinters out of your hands."



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