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December, 1919

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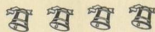
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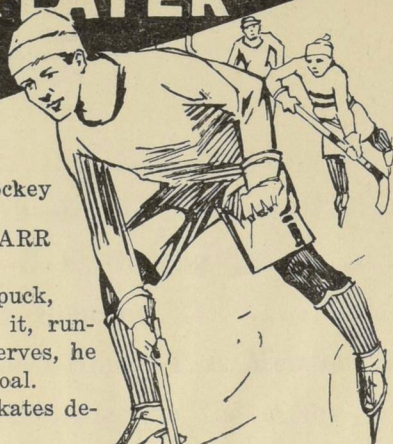
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# The Acadia Athenæum

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VOL. XLVI.      WOLFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1919.      No. 2

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## Winners for the Month.

Poems—1st, T. A. Meister '21; 2nd, D. D. Cameron '22.

Stories—1st, C. B. Lumsden '21; H. G. Goucher '22, equal.

Articles—J. M. Boyer '20; 2nd, C. K. Ganong '22.

Month—1st, H. H. Titus '20; 2nd, E. F. Layton '21.

letics—1st, C. B. Lumsden '21; 2nd, G. V. Burton '20.

Personals—1st, M. E. Longley '20; 2nd, L. Bagnall '22.

Exchanges—1st, H. T. Walker '20; 2nd, L. M. Perry '21.

Jokes—1st, M. E. Grant '21; 2nd, T. K. Cleveland '22.

Seniors—9 units; Juniors—10 Units; Sophomores 6 units.

Pennant won by the Juniors.



**Armistice Day—1919**

The chapel thronged with students gay,  
To celebrate the glorious day  
When nations laid the sanguine sword away.  
Suddenly every voice was hushed,  
Silently every head was bowed—  
The Angelus had sounded,  
As in the days of Evangeline,  
'Twas the hour of the solemn covenant.  
And thus we offered prayers to God  
In silence—hallowed and reverent.

“For our comrades, O Father, we thank Thee,  
Comrades who gave their life—their all—  
That Honor and Justice might ever be  
Written, in words of blood and fire,  
Across the path of humanity,  
Comfort and strengthen all that mourn,  
Those Pilgrims of the Solitary Way,  
Those sainted heroes who have passed—  
Through the shadow—to Immortality.”

D. D. C. '22.

## Armistice Night in London

*(Pages From My War Diary).*

EARLY in the summer of nineteen hundred and eighteen, when the plans for the great advance had been completed and the probable cost counted, I was sent, in common with many others, from France to England, there to receive training, in order that I might be prepared to fill one of the anticipated blanks in the commissioned ranks. Perhaps luckily for me, the war ended before I was called upon to return again to the front; nevertheless, I shall never cease to regret that I was deprived of the greatest experience of the war in being unable to accompany my unit into Germany. This loss, however, has been somewhat compensated for by the recollection of my stay in England but more especially by the fond memories of Armistice Night in London.

During the tragic, historic days, of the summer and autumn of eighteen, I was privileged to see much and to learn much of the English people. I came to England at the time when the German offensive had all but culminated in an Allied disaster. I then found the English, under the very shadow of defeat, calm and defiant; not a decadent people but the same race as that of which Napoleon said, "I can beat the English but I cannot make them know that they are beaten". I saw them when the tide of battle turned their way: I met them when every day brought news of greater victories, yet, they remained unmoved, exhibiting no more emotion in the hour of victory than in the hour of defeat.

Being a Canadian, accustomed to the wild emotional outbursts so familiar to everyone acquainted with life on the American continent, this English attitude, toward victory, seemed very strange to me. But as everything has a limit so has English reticence. Throughout the closing months of the war English nature, the soul of England, stood like a dam behind which was accumulating a vast sea of enthusiasm; bit by bit, victory by victory the waters gathered until with Germany's surrender the flood broke. It knew no restraint. To



soldiers and civilians alike the hour for rejoicing had struck. Neither individual nor national interest could hold them. It was down with tools, away with ledgers, farewell parades: All roads led to London, so thither I went.

November the eleventh was a day characteristic of England at that season. Dark clouds hung low: the air was heavy with moisture while occasional spatters of rain fell, turning the smooth surface of the roads into greasy pavements. The morning had passed as usual with the Canadian Artillery Cadets. Classes were over and the men gathered in the mess room when jubilant music burst upon their ears. Events of the preceding days had been such that band music, under prevailing climatic conditions, needed no interpretation. For months, aye for years the members of that Cadet Corp had waited for victory to crown their efforts and now, carried on the wings of music, came the glad tidings of success. Bridge, poker and other mess-room amusements stopped. Lectures were forgotten and taxis called.

It was six o'clock in the evening when I reached Waterloo Station, London. The heavy clouds had settled, and now hung like a dark mantle over the city. Rain came pouring down. But the inclemency of the weather mattered not. The streets were filled with a seething, pushing, cheering multitude. Following the line of least resistance, I made my way via Westminster bridge, the Embankment, and Charing Cross to Trafalgar Square. Since my last visit, London had undergone a transformation. Automobiles carried headlights, from doors and windows bright beams gleamed, while, here and there, even an occasional street lamp, robbed of its war paint, shone as of old. Searchlights no longer swept the sky, hunting for enemy aircraft, but played hither and yon on each and everything that came their way. As I entered Trafalgar Square a giant shaft of light chanced to fall upon the Nelson column. For a moment it lingered. Then, as one looked up, into that black and stormy sky, to see the figure of Nelson shining, as from the clouds, one could not help but wonder if the dead see, and if the spirit of him who had once led England's sons to glory rejoiced with the masses of humanity below.

To eat, drink, and be merry, is to rejoice in the accredited English fashion; but to find accommodation where this formula could be utilized was beyond hope. The approaches to all restaurants were crowded. Here, however, the initiative which has made Canadians famous asserted itself. Entrance was gained, by means of an unguarded fire escape, to a well known London house. Once inside one found oneself, as it were, on the crest of a wave. Canadians, Americans, Australians, English, officers, non-coms, and Waacs were one. Flags were everywhere in evidence, men wore them for hat bands, women wore them for scarfs. Children waved them and cheered. Everyone was drunk, drunk with the spirit of rejoicing. No one could long withstand the temptation to throw conventions to the wind, so I, carried off my feet by the current of joy, was soon celebrating with an enthusiasm such as I had never felt before.

We paraded and cheered: we danced and sang: we shouted ourselves hoarse only to shout again. Exuberant spirits made speeches on the glory of the achievement, while others, not endowed with the gift of oratory, added to the din by beating time to the orchestra on silver serving trays. Waitresses forgot to fill orders and joined in the glee; but nobody blamed them, nobody cared: tables were not to eat off, but to stand on. One feels better the higher one gets on such rare occasions as this. Never before had I lived such an evening; I knew everybody, everybody knew me: London's beauty, London's virtue, London's vice was there; but what mattered? One thing was uppermost in every mind, one thought animated the cheers of all, "The war was won."

With the fighting finished, a happier land than England was, that day, can scarcely be imagined. Canada had born her share of the battle, she had, had her share of the glory and I doubt not that she too rejoiced; but while individual Canadians might weep for joy, yet the national heart of Canada had not bled as had the heart of England and, not having felt the same sorrow, neither could it know the same joy.

The evening was far spent when I came again on the street, but the crowds still sang; the bands still played and,



taxies still carried their passengers "on deck" instead of in their accustomed places. Thus, with revelery, the hours passed. Long into the night I lingered. Yet, when I reluctantly left town, shortly before dawn, the illuminated face of Big Ben was smiling down on London's millions still celebrating the greatest day in all of Britain's history.

C. K. G. '22.

---

### Swift Wing's Revenge

THE Indian, slim and straight, stood on a rock at the top of the mountain overlooking the peaceful valley below. His face was set in lines that were grim and stern. His eyes glinted with evil that if once set loose would know no bounds. As his gaze swept over the valley below him, he saw in a clearing, perhaps three-quarters of a mile away, a roughly-built cabin with its hewn logs protruding in places from the level of their neighbours. But Swift-Wing was not thinking of this cabin. His meditations ran to the occupants of this building, who had so cruelly wronged him that same morning. "Long John" Haslett and Pierre Larook owned and occupied this hut. They were trappers from Quebec City, who had come to this remote spot on the edge of Hudson Bay.

Before they came, Swift Wing had been trapping in the surrounding territory for several years. Twice every year he bundled up his furs, and canoed up the bay 125 miles to the nearest trading post. Here he sold his furs, taking in return, blankets, cartridges, traps, tobacco, tea, and many other things which were useful to him. However, since the arrival of the "pale-faces" thirteen months before, Swift Wing had returned twice from his bi-annual trips, with his canoe scarcely half full of supplies, whereas formerly, it had been necessary for him to contrive skilfully, in order that all might be placed safely in the canoe.

It was not because Swift Wing had been loafing that his supplies were much less than usual, but because "Long John"

and Pierre, in setting up their trap line, had captured many animals which otherwise would have been Swift Wing's. Swift Wing took all this as a matter of course, until the morning on which our story opens. On this particular morning, as Swift Wing was making his trip over the trap line, he heard voices coming from the vicinity of one of his best traps, which he had set in the hopes of catching a fine silver-black fox, which he had seen prowling around. Creeping up behind a thicket, he saw through the bushes "Long John" and Pierre in the act of taking from his trap a fine black fox, whose fur would be worth hundreds of dollars. A white man would have stepped out and demanded his fox, but an Indian does otherwise,—he seeks revenge. Swift Wing was no exception to this rule. In his heart burned a desire to have revenge on these two men who had invaded his territory.

So we see him standing at the top of the mountain. But Swift Wing did not remain long in this position. With a grunt of satisfaction he turned and hurried quickly down the mountain side to where his tent was situated. Once there, he set about preparing supper, and anyone seeing him would not know, except perhaps from the glint in his eyes, that in his heart the thought of revenge dominated all else. The evening meal finished, Swift Wing drew out his pipe and sat smoking in silence by the fire.

To turn to the cabin; "Long John" and Pierre after their supper, sat smoking over their rudely built table. On their faces were self-satisfied smiles, for would not that fur net them fully five hundred dollars? They did not think, or else did not care, that they were robbing a poor Indian of his own property. If they had suspected that the Indian knew of their misdeed, it is probable that their faces would have carried a more worried expression. At 10 o'clock "Long John" and Pierre retired to their bunks, and were soon enjoying the sleep of the weary.

But Swift Wing did not even think of sleep. At about midnight he arose from the position he had maintained during the evening, and cautiously making his way to the camp of the white man, he reconnoitred about it, for perhaps five



minutes. The shack had one door and two windows, these latter being too small for anyone to pass through.

"Um! Much fine", said the Indian to himself. "I teach them to steal my fur."

Swift Wing made a quick return to his camp, took his axe and cut down a small, supple, sapling. This, he carried to the clearing, in the centre of which stood the white men's camp. Stealthily creeping to the door, he placed the sapling against it in such a way that it would be impossible for anyone on the inside to get out by means of the door.

Once again Swift Wing returned to his tent, gathered some birch bark, and again returned to the camp. All was silent. Cautiously the Indian crept up to the walls of the camp, placed the bark under one corner of the building, drew a match from his pocket, ignited it, and applied the flame to the bark. Then with a quick run he returned to the woods and waited.

The flames quickly caught the dry logs and soon the corner of the camp was burning briskly. Still there was no sound from the occupants. Higher and wider swept the fire, until one end and one side of the camp were a mass of flames. Then it was that Swift Wing heard a cry. It was "Long John."

"Hey, Pierre, wake up. The shack is on fire."

Pierre with a start opened his eyes and with a quick jump leaped to the floor. The smoke was so thick that the two men had a hard time even to breathe. "Long John" reached the door, but, alas, it would not open.

"Quick, give me a lift", shouted "Long John". "The door won't open." But although both men shoved at the door with superhuman efforts, it would not budge.

"Pierre, get the axe", cried "Long John".

"It is outside by the wood pile", replied the terrified Pierre.

Then we are done for", answered "Long John."

At these words over the face of the listening Indian there crept a satisfied smile, but still he waited.

In the cabin the smoke swirled everywhere, and the flames mounted higher and higher. Aside from the crackling, the Indian heard nothing. He turned and with swift steps soon arrived at his tent.

"Heap good work," he grunted, as he rolled into his blankets.

H. G. G. '22.

---

### Complaint of a Bison Horn

*(College Museum).*

"A bison horn—seen lots o' them"  
And thus he passed me by.  
Oh, heavens, it is an awful doom  
Upon this shelf to lie  
And call in vain to unkempt minds  
Where slink behind the close drawn blinds  
Emaciated souls!  
Souls only roused by sensual fire,  
When passions burn, when drugs aspire  
Or filméd trash unrolls.

Yet I must scatter year by year  
Upon this ocean lifeless, drear  
The sunshine of my tale,  
For somewhere, sometime, may protrude  
Above the waves an islet rude  
Where my quickening would not fail.  
One that will hear while I am near  
The howl of the western gale  
As it ranges free o'er a frozen sea  
And strikes all creatures pale.  
Or the cyclone's burst by the red-man cursed  
As he dies in his helplessness.  
For the elements strike with a deadly blight  
When they strike in that wilderness.  
Who will hear the beat of a million feet



And the rattle of countless horns  
Or sense the drone of the drowsing herds  
While a Sentry line each bleak lair girds  
And of every danger warns.  
He will look at me and the sceptre see  
Of most ancient dynasties  
For we ruled the plain when the Pharoah strain  
Were jabbering in the trees.  
He hears at night the deadly fight  
As duellists meet and die  
While wild fowls quake on the distant lake  
And the hungry coyotes cry.  
I tell of the breeze from the inland seas  
As the reeds sway to and fro  
And the long swell breaks where the bison takes  
His bath in the afterglow.  
Of the slow retreat of the great ice sheet  
Of the red man's dim advent  
Of the deadly fight when came the white  
Till we, and the reds, were spent.  
A wondrous world to him's unfurled  
Who hears my ceaseless wrong  
For I tell of the West and its hidden lore  
Until today from days of yore—  
Yet I speak to a listless throng.

T. A. M. '21.



## German Characteristics as Revealed to the Army of Occupation

**B**EFORE going into Germany with the British Army of Occupation in December, 1918, I had fairly well formed ideas of the people we would find. I expected to find a certain quality of grossness dominant in their daily routine; I expected to see gigantic drinking bouts the feature of their festivals; I expected to find a redeeming quality in their love of music; I expected to find them discourteous to women; but I was convinced that they were patriots. The purpose of this essay is to see in what particulars my pre-formed ideas were confirmed, modified, or contradicted.

The German lives to eat and drink.

In spite of the long food blockade, the better class hotels and restaurants supplied an abundance of rich food to those who could pay high prices; and the wealthy householder felt the effect of the blockade in his purse, rather than in his stomach. Foreign wines and spirits appeared in greater quantity and in better quality than they did in the countries that produced them. This plenitude of food and drink came to my notice in December, 1918, before the country had been able to recover from the effects of the stringent food blockade enforced by the Allies in the latter months of the war. So we may presume that the wealthy Hun looked well to his larder during the whole period of the war. Furthermore, I was told, by a German of high standing in Cologne business circles that there was always the "back-door" method of obtaining food, for those who knew it and could afford to use it.

The German apparently finds it difficult to decide whether to start his day with the French "petit déjeuner" or the substantial English breakfast; so he adopts both. As soon as possible after arising he has his bread, jam, and coffee; and, a little later, he indulges in a proper breakfast. The next event of his day is luncheon, which is much as we know it. In the latter part of the afternoon we find him at some café,



regaling himself with pastry and Rhine wine. Eight o'clock is dinner time; and it seemed to me that dinner is merely another opportunity for the German to gorge. If he made it a social function, surely he would dress. But in all my experience of Rhine-land hotels and cafés, and in my somewhat less frequent glimpses of the homes of the well born, I only once saw a Hun in evening-dress.

Let us not forget, however, that the German who has a business to conduct looks after it zealously, and with great attention to changing conditions. The British Army of Occupation made it a rule that all goods sold to British soldiers by the Germans should be sold at prevailing prices less the luxury tax. Immediately, the Cologne furriers and jewellers filled their show windows with their best merchandise, and exhibited placards offering thirty per cent discount to British officers. The booksellers dug out English novels that they had bought before the war, displayed them, and sold them. What is the ultimate benefit derived by the Cologne business man from this commercial acumen? He is enabled, thereby, to provide more luxurious sustenance for the inner man.

One thing difficult to learn about the Germans was: What sports do they indulge in? I saw nothing that enlightened me on that point. I know, from hearsay, that the University students go in for fencing, and fight each other on small provocation. But there seems to be nothing to take the place of our football, baseball, and hockey. We played soccer and baseball in Bonn, and the few citizens who watched us seemed quite perplexed. Perhaps they were trying to decide what motive we might have in performing such apparently useless antics. If so, they must have decided that we were busy trying to improve our appetites.

We have found no very commendable habits or behaviour in the ordinary daily routine of the Germans. Now let us see if we find any more likeable traits in their manner of celebrating festivals such as Christmas and the New Year.

Christmas day, 1918, I spent in our battery mess, and failed to see much of the way in which the civilians celebrated the day. I know that there was a mass in the church at an

uncomfortably early hour, and services were continued throughout the day. The impression I got was that Christmas was a day of stern religious observance, with nothing of our happy Christmas spirit.

Of New Year's Eve I can tell more, because of the amusing adventure my two friends, "Monty" and "Art", had on that night. Our brigade was stationed on the eastern bank of the Rhine, about two miles from Bonn. On the evening of the last of December, "Monty" and "Art" went to dine with the officers of the 18th Battery. After dinner someone suggested a trip to Bonn. So they phoned for a cab, and a party of four prepared to see how the citizens of Bonn celebrated New Year's Eve. Having arrived at one of the most popular cafés in the city, they spent the time drinking wine and reminiscing about the war. The Germans there, mostly young men just demobilized, were doing exactly the same thing. Such words as Passchendale, Somme, Lens, Arras, were common to both languages used in that café. Shortly before midnight, our party (by this time increased to eight or ten) decided to betake themselves in their cab to the Rhine bridge, and there usher in the New Year with a service of song. No doubt they were somewhat dismayed when they found that the cab that had brought them had not increased its proportions to accord with the growth of their party. However, the interior of the cab managed to take all but "Monty" and "Art". These worthies, anxious to demonstrate their sobriety, volunteered to ride on the top, and, forthwith, climbed up. But before the cab reached the Rhine bridge, they wearied of their insecure perches, and slid quietly off, to see what more amusement Bonn might produce. After wandering about the streets for a short time, they heard sounds of much music and merriment issuing from a nearby house, and decided to ring the bell, expecting nothing more than an amusing altercation with the head of the house. To their surprise, the man who opened the door gave them a cordial invitation to come in, and on their showing signs of acceptance, ushered them into the dining room. Here, a family party was seated around a table loaded down with



fruit and pastries arranged about a huge punch-bowl that occupied the centre of the table. The party consisted of the host, Herr Heppener, and his Frau, Herr Bauerfatt, and his Frau, and Herr Niecke with his mistress. "Monty" and "Art" were immediately drawn into the festivities, the medium of conversation being French. When my friends expressed surprise at their cordial reception, they were told that it was a German custom for each householder to extend unlimited hospitality on New Year's Eve; friend, acquaintance, or stranger was equally welcome. So they speedily adopted the German point of view and made themselves at home. They danced a little, sang a little, listened to much good music, gave their attention to the frequent emptying of the punch-bowl, and at four thirty decided to take their leave. Heppener phoned for a cab, and my two friends returned to the battery just as reveillé was sounding, much enlightened on the German celebration of New Year's Eve.

If there is one redeeming feature in the Hun's makeup, it is his love of music. Music is fostered in the Rhineland by municipalities and by the state, as well as by private organizations. In Bonn there is a very good concert hall owned and operated by the city. A few of us visited Wiesbaden and enjoyed listening to a large and well-trained symphony orchestra that played daily in the Kurhaus. The Kurhaus is a large and beautiful building, surrounded by well kept gardens. It was built by the Kaiser and presented to the people of Wiesbaden to be used for musical purposes. At Cologne, Grand Opera performances were carried on throughout the winter. Apart from the larger musical enterprises, every café, restaurant, or hotel, of any pretensions, keeps a good orchestra busy the greater part of the time.

Respect for woman is a thing entirely unknown to the Hun. Lack of respect is shown both in the way women are ordinarily treated and in the moral code that satisfies the Hun.

A married woman is inferior and acts as a servant to her husband. I had often heard of this state of affairs, but thought it exaggerated, until I observed an incident that con-

come into a restaurant in Bonn. They took a table, and the man ordered a meal. I saw the waiter serve the man his first course and expected to see the wife served immediately after. What happened, however, was this: the husband finished his whole meal, and engaged himself with a cigar and a newspaper, before his wife was even served.

Not only does a Teuton consider it his privilege to treat his wife shabbily, but he is discourteous to other women as well. In the crowded street railway cars, women, of all ages, perhaps carrying heavy parcels, stand in discomfort; while each man occupies the maximum amount of seating space. We used to take great delight in ordering some fat Hun out of his seat, to make room for whatever poor old Frau seemed most in need of it. But this teaching had no permanent effect on them.

The German wife does not even have the undivided affection of her husband. Even married men who can afford it, have their mistresses. In the larger cities prostitution is legalized. Cologne has a "red-light district" of no mean proportions, regularly inspected by municipal physicians.

The German is not a patriot in our acceptance of the term.

He supports his country's interests when he believes them identical with his own interests, or when he is compelled by the state to do so. The Germans I talked to were all anxious to break away from the Fatherland, and form a Republic of the Rhine. They said that the Rhineland needed no commercial support from the rest of Germany; that the rest of Germany was a drag to them, and they could do better without her. They dwelt on their moral and intellectual superiority to the Prussian. They talked of themselves as a mild and peace-loving people. Their hope was that if they were allowed to form a Rhineland Republic, they would not have to share in the payment of the war indemnity.

The Germans love their country in a superficial, sentimental way. They are fond of singing songs of *Deutchesland* and *Der Vaterland*. A good example of the sentimentality of their patriotism was shown us in Bonn during the last Christ-



mas season. At one end of the Kaiser-platz is a huge statue of Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, the father of the former emperor. One evening, a sportively inclined Canadian marksman clipped off the bridge of Wilhelm's nose with a revolver bullet. Early the next morning, the good citizens of Bonn assembled and placed wreaths around the injured statue.

Although the German may be a patriot, with limitations, in that he loves his country superficially, and serves her interests, when it seems expedient to do so; nevertheless I saw many individuals doing things and attempting things extremely unpatriotic.

Suppose England were occupied by an enemy army, and suppose the shopkeepers were selling military medals, as souvenirs, to the members of the occupying army! Could any feat of reasoning or any stretch of imagination term those shopkeepers patriots? Yet, in Germany, the factory that made Iron Crosses was turning out hundreds of them daily, and the shops were selling them to our soldiers at fifteen marks each. Think of a country so harrassed by a shortage of food that its army was ill fed and poor people were starving, and think of certain well-to-do gluttons buying and hoarding luxuries for their tables! Can the term patriot apply to such egoists as they? What would you think of a British army officer of long service, who, when his army was defeated, expressed a desire to go to live in the country of his foes and conquerors. In Wiesbaden, I met a German cavalry captain, a man of middle age who had spent his whole life in the German army. He was very anxious to be allowed to go to live in England.

So much for lack of patriotism in individuals. I consider the whole Rhineland population was unpatriotic in its manner of receiving the armies of occupation. The citizens of the occupied zone received the allied armies with the most abject servility. Burgomasters and householders alike became extremely zealous to make us comfortable. Our battery was allotted a University professor's house for our officer's mess. We needed and asked for only two rooms, but we were given the whole ground floor. Now, a nation may, perforce,



tolerate an occupying army without being deemed unpatriotic; but to extend a servile welcome is indeed the mark of treason.

I left Germany after two months service there, with my former ideas of the German characteristics confirmed in some cases, modified in others, and contradicted in one important point. I found the Teutons coarse in their ordinary habits. The one festival that I got accurate knowledge of was characterized by heavy drinking, and also, by an indiscriminate hospitality of doubtful praiseworthiness. There were many evidences of a genuine love of music. The treatment accorded to women was worse than I expected to see. What surprised me, however, was discovery of the lack of patriotism. The German, I found, was not a patriot, but an egoist, cunningly contriving the ultimate satisfaction of his personal desires.

J. M. B. '20.

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### British and American Newspapers

THE comparison between the British and American newspaper is a big subject and a proper treatment of it might readily require several volumes. Therefore in our comparison we can consider only the chief characteristic differences in a number of the leading newspapers of the two countries. The remaining press productions can be spoken of only in a general way. There are numerous points of view from which a comparison might be made. We shall consider the four aspects (1) Material and its source. (2) Methods of presentation, (3) Literary value, (4) Relation to the public.

One of the chief advantages of the British newspaper is its source of news and other material. First, the British Isles, the centre of a great and widely distributed empire, the greatest commercial centre of the world, and situated as they are in direct steamship communication between America and Western Europe, have a world wide interest in foreign as well as home affairs. Consequently the British newspapers have a

big and interesting world to talk about. In America there is no such interest in foreign affairs, except in those outside events which directly concern or affect that country. Hence the American newspapers must depend chiefly on local events for their news budget. Furthermore the British system of government affords another important source of material for the British paper. A big debate in the House of Commons would arouse as much interest in England as would a champion prize fight in America. In fact, ever since the introduction of the newspaper into England, reports of parliamentary debates have been an important factor in British journalism, whereas the reports of debates in American Congress are too dead and dry, even for publication, much less for general reading. Thus through lack of parliamentary debates, and interest in outside affairs, the American newspaper is compelled to invent other means for interesting the public. The result is that criminal and kindred matter, together with other material of minor importance is forced into the fore-ground usually by means of conspicuous headlines, importing to such newspapers a high degree of what is termed "sensationalism". We must not forget, however, that often the British papers contain just as much and even more of such material, but it is placed more in the background under reserved headlines. The American paper always seems to be tremendously excited over important events, whereas the British paper takes matters much more quietly. So far, we have touched upon the main sources of newspaper material of the two countries and the nature of that material. We shall consider now the fundamental differences in the presentation of this material to the public.

As we pick up a British paper, usually the first thing we notice is that the first page is given entirely to advertising. This imparts a feeling of reserve or restraint not experienced in American papers. Upon further investigation we notice that each article is snugly tucked away under a modest head line. If it over-runs, its column is continued near the bottom of the next column, reserving the top of the column for another head line. This method, although often criticised, has two excellent advantages. First, the continuation of an article on the same page and not on one or two other pages, tends to



hold the reader's interest and thought. Second, the modest headline does not distract the readers attention or sum up the article for him; he must find out for himself by the reading of the article, and then form his own opinion. Consequently this class of matter is more carefully read in British newspapers than in American. As we turn to the American paper, we are struck by the large glowing head lines on the first page, which flings the news into our faces, before we have time to draw our own conclusions from the articles themselves. In addition to this the article is usually broken abruptly at the bottom of the page and continued on a following page. Thus we see a marked difference in the presentation of material in the two types of newspaper, which is due mainly to the difference in nature and character of the people whom they serve.

In regard to literary value the average British newspaper seems to have the superiority. This is especially true of editorials or "leaders" as the British call them. This may be due to the fact that writing in England is more of a profession than in America, although we must remember that America has produced editorial writers of no mean degree. The editorials of several American papers may even surpass those of some English papers, but these cases are very few.

The American newspaper, however, enjoys an important advantage as far as the relation to the public is concerned. This may be due to the difference in the public itself; for in America there is no ruling class standing between the press and the common people, but the public is more on an equality. Thus the press is brought into close touch with its readers, gaining their confidence and support. This has resulted in the acceptance of public service as a standard for the newspapers, which has formed the foundation of the great advertisement development, upon which American journalism now rests. The newspaper having made its way into the home circle, has been utilized as a medium between the merchant and the house wife. The British press, which has just begun to develop the advertising business, has not reached and cannot for some time, reach the stage at which the American press now is, and consequently cannot gain the support and confidence



of the public in such a manner. Yet with this intimate relationship between press and public, there arise a number of weak points. First may be mentioned the unwarranted invasion of private affairs, which is a gross injustice to the individual and a violation of his rights. Along with this is the gross habit of inaccuracy, and the publication of matters in a greatly exaggerated form, in order to supply the sensational accounts so characteristic of American newspapers. Mention also should be made of the Sunday papers many of which have degenerated from newspapers until they consist almost entirely of reading matter which is demoralizing and unwholesome to say the least.

By a careful study of the development of journalism we will see that these alterations in style and composition of American newspapers are due either directly or indirectly to the effort of the papers to suit the demands of their readers. Since most American newspapers are willing to sacrifice almost everything for money or a larger circulation, every available means has been taken to attract the public, whether the effect of the change be elevating or degrading. This is nowhere more clearly shown than in some of the Sunday papers, which are nothing but a mass of faked stories, lies, and other degrading articles. In England, however, where the press is more under the influence of the cultivated and ruling classes, and where literary art is not so lavishly sacrificed for personal gain, the state of affairs is somewhat different.

Thus we see that the British newspaper is superior to the American in its source of material, method of presentation, and literary value. The American newspaper, however, has a considerable advantage over the British in its relation to the public. We must keep in mind, however, that this comparison has dealt with only the main types or what might be called the "bone and sinew" of the newspapers of the two countries, and that individual papers may differ from these to a greater or lesser extent.

K. E. M. '21.

## Phantasy

OFt seated on the river shore  
When night has fallen, and the door  
Has closed on Phoebus' brilliant sphere  
And left but shades and darkness here,  
When o'er those hills I scarce can see,  
The moon, coquetting, peeps at me,  
Then, gathering courage from the night,  
Reveals her stately form to sight,  
I hear the little wavelets dash  
Upon the shore with gentle splash,  
And, farther out, they seem to quiver  
Upon the surface of the river;  
The moonlight in them seems to prance  
Like airy creatures in a dance,  
Or as the graceful water-sprite  
Disports herself in waves of light;  
Soft trembling there the beams will seem  
The very texture of the stream—  
A lustrous, undulating tide  
As though the light were liquidified.

H. D. F. '22.

## Souvenirs

DAME Fate is an eccentric old lady and sometimes uses strange means to bring about her ends. Great events do not always have great causes, but not even a pessimistic woman-hater could have seen anything sinister in the conversation between the young ladies seated in the drawing room of Major DeBrey's residence in Montreal, back in the summer of 1917. Yet the seemingly trivial remarks of one of these young ladies were destined almost to wreck one of the finest battalions in France as a fighting machine, to send one man down to a dishonored grave, to cause the needless sacrifice of almost a dozen other lives and a number of others to be wounded and maimed.

Myra O'Shannahan was calling on her friend Marie DeBrey. Their conversation as the conversation of most young ladies of their age, was about everything in general and nothing much in particular. In due time the conversation turned on the war. Marie's father was a Major in the C. A. S. C. Myra's father had been a Colonel in charge of a battalion which had been broken up in England and he had been compelled to revert to the rank of Captain in order to go across to France. Now he was a company commander and held the rank of Major in the Nova Scotia Rifles. Both of these warriors had been in France about four months. As they talked of the war and shuddered over its horrors, Marie was reminded of another box of souvenirs that papa had sent home and she took her visitor into the library to show her this latest addition to her already fine collection. The Major also had supplied the details of the circumstances under which most of these souvenirs had been secured. Many of them, as he himself admitted, had been secured at a great personal risk to himself. Now Myra's father, though he had been in France as long as Major DeBrey, had not as yet sent home any souvenirs, nor did he mention any of his personal deeds. Naturally Myra was beginning to get a bit jealous of her friend's collection. That evening after



she arrived home, she wrote the usual affectionate letter to papa and asked him if he could not send her some souvenirs and instanced the number which Major DeBrey had sent to Marie.

Some two weeks later Major O'Shannahan was reading Myra's letter as his servant came into his room. The major pondered a while over Myra's request. He had no time to waste gathering souvenirs but he would like to grant his little girl's request, albeit he smiled somewhat grimly when he read of DeBrey's wonderful deeds. "Beans" he said, for that was the name by which his servant was generally known. "if you'll get me some good souvenirs I'll pay you well for them."

"Yes sir," said Beans. "I'll see what I can do. Do you want them right away?"

"As soon as you can get them" replied the major.

"Very good sir, I'll do what I can", and with that Beans went out.

The souvenirs were not hard to find. The battalion had participated in a successful attack a few days previous and many of the men had German helmets, saw tooth bayonets, etc., which they were willing to part with for cash. In about an hour Beans had secured a very nice collection at comparatively little expense. He brought them back to his Major and sold the lot for about 400 francs. The Major was well pleased with his bargain; so was Beans.

Now 400 francs was a lot of money for Beans and it came as he thought at a most opportune time. He was gifted with an abnormal thirst, fortune had supplied him with 400 francs. What more natural than that he should use the latter to satisfy the former?

At this time there was heavy fighting going on up the line. In hourly expectation of a call to the trenches the battalion was kept confined to a very small area and no one was allowed out of camp after 6 p. m. One thing was perfectly obvious to Beans, he could not satisfy his thirst by 6 p. m. So he promptly secured for himself an artillery man's uniform and hied him forth to sate his thirst, perfectly confident that the R. M. P's. would not pay any attention to him in his new garb.

That night the fighting up the line became more intense. All night long the guns roared and coughed while the heavens were ablaze with the haunting lights of the flares. About midnight word came down that the Germans had attacked and had succeeded in capturing a section of trench from the Northumberland Fusiliers and the N. S. Battalion was called upon to retake it. The men fell in and marched away, but Beans was numbered among the missing. He came back the next morning and found that his unit had been called up to the firing line but his brain was in too befuddled a condition to appreciate the seriousness of his case. Rather he had a feeling of elation that he escaped the discomforts of a trip into the trenches; Besides, did he not have most of his 400 francs left and he could have a "frés bon" time back at a little French estaminet while the other poor beggars were sweating away in the trenches?

The Nova Scotia Battalion went up to the support of the hard pressed Fusiliers and without hardly waiting to find out the exact location of the trenches went over and recaptured the piece of trench that Heinie had taken and advanced our line some 150 yards beyond their former positions. The next four or five days were days of desperate fighting but they held on like grim death to the positions they had captured. On the sixth day, when they were relieved, their number had been reduced to about half their normal strength; but the line was still intact and Fritz had apparently given up his attempt to retake it as a bad job. Major O'Shannahan had been wounded on the third day in and had been sent back to England. In due time his personal belongings including his souvenirs followed him.

The battalion, when it came out, was taken back some ten miles behind the lines to recuperate and get back to normal strength. About a week after they came out of the trenches Beans was brought into camp under close arrest charged with desertion in the face of the enemy. He was a sorry looking spectacle. His uniform had lost all trace of smartness, his face was bloated and swollen as a result of his thirteen days' drunk, and in general his appearance was, to say the least, far from prepossessing.



In the morning he was brought up before the C. O. and remanded for a G. C. M. Shortly afterwards the battalion moved up the line again and Beans was called upon to face his accusers. The officer in charge of the G. C. M. was an Englishman. To him the facts of the case were very plain. Beans was absent from the battalion thirteen days, he had discarded his battalion's uniform for that of another unit. A plain case of desertion. What the defence had to say was immaterial. "These Colonials bah Jove—must be taught the meaning of discipline." Beans was sentenced to be shot at sunrise on the morning of the 16th of August, 1917.

The news of the sentence came as a shock to the N. S. battalion. Beans in a way had been quite popular among the men and one and all were of the opinion that the sentence was altogether too stiff. In due time a firing party was requested, but the men when they heard the nature of the task demanded of them, refused to serve. The sergeant who was supposed to have command of the party, tore his chevrons off his sleeve and swore that they could shoot *him* before he would carry out such a dirty job. Officers as well were inclined to be rebellious so there was nothing else to do but to send back word that the N. S. battalion *would not* supply the firing party.

Headquarters then, with its usual keen understanding of human nature, requisitioned a firing party from the Montreal Rifles, the N. S. boys' most deadly enemies. As soon as word of this decision reached the N. S. battalion, the men swore that if this decision was carried into effect, before they would allow the Montreal Rifles to say that they had shot one of their men as a deserter, they would shoot up the whole Montreal battalion.

Headquarters was in a dilemma. The feeling among the men ran so high that it was plain they meant business. The N. S. battalion had established too firm a reputation as a fighting unit for them to be desirous of spoiling the battalion by too drastic measures, but the decision of the G. C. M. must be carried into effect. Finally, the N. S. boys, rather than see another unit shoot one of their number, agreed to take over the job.



In due time the 16th of August rolled around. The firing party was composed of men who had volunteered for a job without being aware of what was expected of them. They had been under the impression that they were to act as a raiding party. Instead of that they found themselves in an old French farmyard early on the morning of the 16th and Beans was led out to be shot. At first the men were inclined to rebel, but finally consented to see the job through. One of the guards attempted to blind-fold Beans only to be shoved contemptuously aside. "No" said Beans. "I'll show them that I can die any way." He procured a cigarette from one of the men, lit it, and with a laughing farewell walked over to the wall and faced the firing squad. For the space of about a minute there was a deathlike silence. A sharp command rang out, the rifles leaped to the shoulders. "Fire"! With a single crash the rifles spoke. Beans dropped limply to the ground quivered a little, then was still.

When the men in the battalion heard about it there was not very much said but they went about with white set faces and vows were sworn that if the officer who was responsible for Beans' sentence was ever seen in the battalion's area he should be shot on sight. But one and all, when they heard how the firing party had been bucked into acting, swore never again to volunteer for any stunt whatever.

Some two days later they were up in the line again and volunteers were requested for a raiding party. Officers and men alike refused to volunteer. Headquarters said the raid must be carried through. At last they secured enough men from recent drafts who were unacquainted with Beans to volunteer for the task.

Now it is no easy job to raid Fritzie's trenches and get away with it. It is a task which requires all the brains and skill of experienced fighters. The result then may be easily anticipated. The raiders discovered a withering machine gun and Artillery barrage; everyone in the party was either wounded or killed and the raid a failure. Some of the wounded lay in No Man's Land all that night and the next day, and were not rescued until the following evening. The final cas-

uality toll revealed eleven men killed, twenty four wounded, and one missing, and a blot was placed on the battalion's fame as a successful raiding unit.

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Dame Fate is an eccentric old lady with a strange sense of humor and she must have listened with a sardonic smile to the conversation of two young ladies back in Montreal one evening in August. Marie DeBrey was inspecting the souvenirs that Major O'Shannahan had sent home to Myra. The young ladies were busy talking about everything in general and nothing much in particular (as is the habit of most young ladies). When Marie had finished exclaiming over the collection and comparing it with her own, Myra voiced the regret that papa had said nothing about how he obtained those souvenirs. "For you know," she said, "souvenirs are ever so much more interesting when you know all about them and just how they were obtained".

In another house in Canada a poor old lady was reading a telegram telling her that her son had been killed in action. Keen as was her grief, she was spared the humiliation of knowing that her tousled headed, frecklefaced boy had been shot as a deserter. Headquarters with all its machine-like heartlessness had spared her that grief. Though the future loomed dark and hopeless before her, she could still cherish the memory of her boy, who, as she thought, had died a hero's death.

Overseas the big guns roared and thundered, machine guns and rifles cracked, the heavens were streaming with the haunting light of myriad star shells, while men wounded and dying lay huddled among the shell holes of that desolate waste known as "No Man's Land." Others lay staring with glazed eyes into the companionless depths of the unseeing heavens.

Assuredly, "souvenirs become ever so much more interesting when one knows the full story."

C. B. L. '21.

## The Board of Commission

WE hear a great deal these days about the high cost of living; we also hear the desire expressed that prices would drop, but how few realize just what would happen if prices should suddenly drop. The value of the dollar would drop with prices and we would have a panic. To prevent a panic the drop in prices must go on gradually. This is just what the Board of Commission is attempting to bring about. Mr. O'Connor, vice-chairman of the Board, says, "The cost of living in Canada must be reduced gradually notch by notch."

The purpose of the Board of Commission is to reduce the cost of certain necessary articles. This will be done by ascertaining the actual cost of articles, and then fixing the rate of profit that will be allowed. Also prices will not be allowed to go higher.

Canada has reason to be proud of the men on this Board. As chairman we have Judge Robson formerly head of the Public Utilities Commission for Manitoba. He is an Englishman who came to the North West provinces as a lawyer in 1892. Thus he has been in the country through its great national experience. His great knowledge gained in handling the affairs of the country is a strong recommendation for this new and responsible position. The able vice-chairman is Mr. W. F. O'Connor about whose activities we are constantly hearing.

The Board is independent of the government, but gets its power from parliament under the Board of Commission Act. It can issue injunctions for any purpose, has all power of a Supreme Court, and can even commit for contempt. In this matter of organization to reduce prices, Canada is ahead of her neighbor to the South. The Attorney-General of the United States, A. Mitchell Palmer, says, "Canada is certainly showing the way."

The question naturally arises, with this powerful organization and such gifted leaders, what is really being accom-



plished? Here are a few examples. First the retailer's profit on sugar must not exceed a cent a pound. Again this fall, when the Western Provinces were crying for sugar for canning, the Board learned that there were ships in Canadian ports just ready to leave with thousands of tons of sugar for other countries. The Board called a meeting of representatives of refineries, stated the case, and procured the sugar necessary.

Quite recently in Sydney the Board stepped in and determined the price of milk. Just now they are making enquiry into the prices of such necessary articles as boots, clothing and flour.

These are instances of what the board is doing; but it is only by whole hearted cooperation from one and all that it can accomplish the greatest good.

O. E. B. '20.

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### A Thought

Findest the rose is sweet?  
Then press it to thy breast. But close thy lips  
Against the sharpness of the thorns which pierce.

See'st beauty in the rolling of the waves?  
Then lay thy weary heart upon their breast  
But know they long to strangle thy dear life.

Dost thou seek love and happiness and joy?  
Then take thy fill for what brief time thou may.  
But mourn not when thy time is full, and they  
Like one sweet zephyr breath are blown away.

D. G. W. '20.

## The Causes of Egyptian Unrest

TO discover the reasons for a mutiny on an uprising, it is necessary to locate the causes which actually bring it about. It is not surprising to find many people who have not heard of an uprising in Egypt which started as recently as last March and has hardly ended yet. This rebellion, backed up by German and Turkish money, was the result, primarily, of ill feeling on the part of educated Egyptians against the British and their rule.

In order to trace this dislike, one must go back to the year 1875 when the Khedive Ismail Pasha still ruled tyrannically over Egypt. There appeared in Cairo, a man, by name Janard El Den, who although not an Egyptian by birth, was wholly responsible for the regeneration of Egyptian national spirit. He, himself, had been expelled from India for spreading ideas antagonistic to British rule. His teachings at Al Azhar University in Cairo soon brought him many followers. Although his views aroused great interest and enthusiasm in his youthful hearers, Ismail Pasha took offence at them and once more he was banished.

His preaching had, however, a permanent effect and "the people of modern Egypt learnt that they had national rights and national claims." From this can be traced the Arab's Revolt in 1881 and the birth of the National Party, which organization in its day besides being a powerful institution, did a great deal to hurry the country in the direction of general chaos. In the meantime Arabi Pasha had been successful and emboldened thereby, he still further carried out his mischievous policy until England was forced to intervene. The rebellion was crushed; but from that day, the seeds of discontent then sown have never been eradicated and the cry for self-government has been on the increase.

It may possibly be due to Lord Cromen, who was known as "The Reformer of Egypt" that the Nationalist Party made considerable headway, for although at the time of his resignation from the office of Proconsul he was in reality a benevo-

lent autocrat, he was far behind the times. His term of office had lasted for twenty five years. As old age crept upon him he ruled more and more as an autocrat, leaving no room for Egyptian national sentiments to creep into the system of government. This meant that the people of Egypt in so far as realizing self government was concerned, were as far from reaching their goal as when Lord Cromer first took office in 1880. Small wonder then that a great feeling of discontent spread throughout the land.

Sir Eldon Gorst, the next Consul General, was a man of entirely different personality from his predecessor. Where the latter had ruled with an iron hand, and where his word had stood for integrity and justice, the former was too much inclined to be guided by the dictates of the home government and to make unwise concessions to the Egyptians, who being human, were not satisfied with what they had but wanted more. The result was that a most preposterous list of demands was drawn up by a representative Egyptian parliament and presented to Sir Eldon. He naturally turned down most of them as being thoroughly impractical. Immediately a campaign was started that bade fair to overwhelm him. This, however, did not last. Not so with the deeply rooted ill feeling and discontent which was spreading slowly but surely due to the efforts of the Nationalist Party. This was, approximately, the state of affairs in August, 1914.

At the time of declaration of war between Great Britain and Germany, the Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, was in Constantinople, ostensibly on a friendly visit to the Sultan of Turkey in the event of that country declaring war against England. It is not generally known that the educated Egyptians of the present time, as a whole, adhere to the Islamic faith, nor is it generally understood how great is the uniting force of Mohammedanism. The Westener can no more understand the reason for such binding ties within the Mussalman world than can the Easterner the unity of the British Empire. To give an idea of the unity of purpose of Moslems let me quote passages from an unsigned letter written to Lord Cromer.

“While peace is in the land, the spirit of Isham sleeps  
.....But it is said: ‘There is war between England and



Abdul Hamid Khan. If that be so a change must come.' The words of the Imam are echoed in every heart, and every Moslem hears only the cry of the Faith. As men we do not love the sons of Osman, but as Moslems they are our brethren; the Caliph holds the sacred places and the noble relics. Though the Caliph were hapless as Bayezid, cruel as Murad, or mad as Ibrahim, he is the shadow of God and every Moslem must leap to his call as the willing servant to his master. The call of the Sultan is the call of the Faith; it carries with it the command of the Prophet. I and many more trust that all may be peace; but if it be war, be sure that he who hath a sword will draw it and he who has a club will strike with it''.

Influenced to a great extent by ties of religion and blood, the pashas and ministers of the Egyptian Government were all in favour of Turkish rule, which was invariably bad and was tolerable only when at intervals it practically ceased to exist. These officials, whose sympathies were with the Turks, kept the ball rolling, so to speak, by handing over their portfolios on completion of their term of office, to those whose feelings lay in the same direction. It must be realized here that the working classes were in no way connected with these plots and places at that time, for, upon them formally had fallen all the harshness of Turkish oppression, painful recollections of which still lingered in their memories. The British Government, seeing how matters stood, promptly deposed Abbas Hilmi and set up in his place a Sultan who would act as a mere puppet in its hands. This act, although a good one, was very unpopular and immediately caused considerable discontent, for, with the deposition of the Khedive came the overthrow of the Khedivial Government and many once prominent men were temporarily out of politics. Nevertheless, before long, all was quiet and the English forgot about Egypt. It is not surprising therefore, to find them very much astonished, at the time of the Armistice, to discover a considerable amount of unrest throughout the land. This may be attributed mainly to the students.

The young Egyptian, though trained in good State schools and having unlimited ideas of his own prowess, is yet

unable to distinguish between knowledge as a whole and knowledge that can be put to a practical use. On entering the Government Civil Service or any Government Department for that matter as well as in any other branch of work, he found Englishmen holding the highest positions thereby impeding his progress. It is no wonder then, to find him declaiming so much against British rule and competition.

About this time the National Party, through the medium of trusted servants who spoke secretly at first and then openly of rebellion, was distributing seditious propaganda through the country. The fellaheen (farmers, etc.) being illiterate and knowing nothing of the true state of affairs, were easily beguiled into believing any thing they were told. By this means then was the whole country roused for action.

The beginning of March saw the first decisive steps taken by the Egyptians. It was then that Major-General Sir Henry Watson, G. O. C. Force in England held an interview with the prominent Egyptian men, in which he gave them to understand that if any further demonstrations of unrest were noticed, active measures would be taken against them. Few Europeans realized how serious was the state of affairs until a short paragraph illustrative of this interview appeared in the Egyptian Gazette. It was not until a few days after this that Gen. Watson was obliged to hold another interview with the same men. They stated that Egypt wanted three things. *First.* That an Egyptian representative be sent to the Peace Conference. Their contention was that since Egypt is the connecting link between the East and the West and since it possesses the most varied Occidental population of any country in the world, it should have a delegate in Paris. *Second.* That the Egyptian parliament be allowed to deal directly with the British parliament. Their reason for this demand was that the system in vogue at that time had too much "red tape" and often involved a considerable waste of time and money. *Third.* That Egypt be allowed Self-government. Little did they realize how absurd was their request. If they were allowed Home Rule, six months would not have elapsed before a radical change for the worse had taken place. Egypt con-

tains such a diversity of tribes and factions each of which would start fighting against the other, that soon all would be chaos.

A day or two after this second conference, the British believing certain Egyptian notables dangerous to English interests, deported them from the country and sent them to Malta as political prisoners. This act aroused the indignation of all classes to such a pitch that within a week the whole country was in the throes of rebellion, which before long had assumed gigantic proportions.

A. B. C. '22.

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### Seminary Notes

ON Halloween, Mrs. Rust gave a masquerade party for the girls and teachers in the gymnasium. The costumes were many and varied. Both girls and teachers entered into the fun with the real halloween spirit. A short programme of 'stunts' and readings was rendered, after which the greater part of the evening was spent in fortune-telling, and other spook-like entertainment.

Much more interest than usual has been shown in foot-ball this year by the Seminary students. Dr. De Wolfe carefully explained the fine points of the game to the girls, so it was with a thorough knowledge of foot-ball, and absolute confidence in our men, that the girls turned out for the big game. It is quite impossible for the Seminary to have a foot-ball team, but the girls are doing all they can to make the team theirs.





### Academy Notes

THE second period at the Academy has gone with the usual amount of activity both in regard to the work in classes and also in regard to Athletics. The second set of examinations were held. Although there are probably a few disappointments, yet nearly all the fellows have succeeded in making a better average than in the first month.

The Academy foot-ball team played Kings Collegiate team a return game and succeeded in trimming them 6 to 3. The Kings Campus is usually wet about two days before a rain storm at the best of times. Since it had been raining for several days before the game, the field left much to be desired. However the play was good, both sides putting up a splendid game. It was pretty hard to recognize some of the fellows after the game on account of the mud. Asked by one of the fellows for particulars of a touch he had made, Carson replied "There was too much mud for the details to be clear".

Although the Bulmer roadrace has been postponed, yet the tract team is practising daily and seems keen to make the trophy the permanent property of the Academy.

We regret to relate that Mr. H. Gowdy while running around the track fell over the bank and broke his leg. Mr. Gowdy is now in the hospital at Halifax and we all hope that he will have a speedy recovery.

The Y. M. C. A. have been holding regular meetings and were very fortunate in having Mr. McDonald, Mr. Miller, Mr. Camp and Mr. Webb among the speakers for the month.

They are planning on a series of vocational talks by prominent professional men for the following month.

# The Acadia Athenæum

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## Editorial



ACADIA is booming! And why shouldn't she, for the great day has arrived. We no longer have to devote three quarters of our strength to the German Madman and carry on with what is left. At last we can get down and put every ounce of effort into our work and that effort is producing results. Our football team again looks like the old fifteens who used to uphold Acadia's honor, and the spirit of the institution is something we are all proud of.

Acadia has good reason to be proud of her football team. The team so far has won four games and lost only one. The granting of the U. N. B. protest has made it necessary for Acadia and U. N. B. to play again to decide the championship of the league. The facts of the protest are given in another place. Suffice it to say that whatever the outcome, Acadia has no reason to be anything but proud of her team. It is not so much the fact that they won a number of games, as it is the

spirit in which they worked up the team, and the clear sportsmanlike manner in which they played. It is scarcely creditable that a team of players absolutely new to the game could in six short weeks be so organized and trained as to compare favourably with the veteran teams of 1913 and 1914. Yet the game played by Acadia's team on November 11th was undoubtedly the best defensive game ever played on the gridiron at Wolfville. Due credit should be given—and it usually is not—to the coach whose careful systematic training made the result possible, and to the second team and the Academy team whose hearty cooperation and strong opposition meant so much to the first team.

### THE U. N. B. PROTEST.

The granting of the protest of the U. N. B. team regarding the football game played here on Tuesday, Nov. 11th, has aroused a great deal of interest in Maritime sporting circles and a good many people are puzzled to know on what grounds the protest was granted. The following statements may help to clear up the problem, or what is more likely, add to the puzzling nature of the decision.

The gist of the protest was as follows:—U. N. B. protested the game on the grounds that Acadia played a man who was not in a fit condition to last the entire game and substituted a fresh player at a critical period of the play:

The facts of the case as presented to the intercollegiate committee were as follows:—

1. Affidavits were made before a magistrate and signed by Dr. DeWitt, Coach Black, and the Captain of the football team, to the effect that Crandall was in a fit condition to play when the game started.

2. A statement was made by the referee that Crandall was injured in the first half and had been hurt again in the second half so that in his opinion he was unfit to continue the game.

3. An agreement had been made between the captains of the respective teams in the presence of the referee, that if either the doctor or the referee decided that a man was injur-



ed so as to be unfit to play the game, substitution should be allowed up to five men

4. When Crandall was injured, the referee offered the U. N. B. team the option of either dropping one of their men, or of allowing Acadia to substitute a fresh man. They chose the latter and protested the game.

As opposed to this, U. N. B. offered the following evidence.

1. They submitted affidavits from their coach and their medical adviser that Crandall was unfit to play when the game started.

Said affidavits were worthless because neither of them had ever seen Crandall before the game.

The referee in his statement said that U. N. B. had absolutely no ground for protest *unless* it would be on the grounds that Crandall was unfit to play at the start of the game.

This last statement convinced the Mt. A. man that the referee meant to state that Crandall was unfit to play when the game started.

That is, a statement which was meant to draw the committee's attention to the only grounds for a protest that could be considered, was taken as implying that a protest on those grounds was justified.

The committee, instead of taking this statement for what it was worth and endeavouring to find out if Crandall was really fit to play or not, simply decided that because as the referee stated that this was the only possible protest the U. N. B. team could make therefore because they had made this protest, the game must be declared null and void.

Absolutely no attention was paid to the mass of evidence submitted by the Acadia team that Crandall was fit when the game started, nor to the statement of the referee that Crandall was injured in the first half of the game and hurt again the second half so as to be no longer fit to play. The injury was to a nerve in his left shoulder which paralyzed his arm).

In view of these facts we are puzzled to know what sort of reasoning was used by the neutral member of the Commit-

tée when he declared the game null and void. We would be grateful if anyone could enlighten us as to the course Acadia should have pursued in the game.

Consider these facts. Crandall a member of the team, examined by a doctor before the game and pronounced fit. He himself said that he felt fit, he was injured twice in the game so that it was absolutely necessary for him to be removed. The statement is backed by the affidavits of both doctor and referee. U. N. B. had agreed to allow the use of substitutes, they were offered the option of either allowing Acadia to substitute or of dropping one of their own men. They chose the former, protested the game and won the protest. In what respect was Acadia at fault?

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As announced in the columns of the Athenaeum last year, one of its important functions is to provide a public debating ground for college problems. Probably never before has Acadia had so many problems to face. This is a year of readjustments in college as well as in the outside world. Decisions in regard to these problems should not be reached hastily; they should be the result of careful reflection and due discussion of every place of the issue involved. The Athenaeum would invite *constructive* criticisms of conditions and college problems by persons acquainted with the facts and capable of forming unbiased opinions. There are heavy responsibilities resting upon those who are trying to readjust matters in the best interests of the student body. The work to a large extent new and strange. Criticism of their efforts should be sympathetic and constructive, and given with the idea of securing the greatest good possible for the entire student body.

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Before the war recitals and concerts by world famous artists used to be of fairly common occurrence at Acadia. During the war only under exceptional circumstances did such events take place. The reason is obvious. Acadia could

not afford to obtain these artists, nor could they be obtained at any price. Thus the Acadia students were compelled to lose one of the most important items in their education. Anyone has indeed suffered an incalculable loss who has not had the opportunity of hearing a master's interpretation of the world's greatest music, or greatest literature.

The same thing is true in respect to lectures. During the past few years the Acadia students have heard only a few really great speakers. These few have come more by accident than by forethought. These accidental opportunities are by no means to be overlooked; they should be watched for carefully, and acted upon promptly. But the matter should not stop here.

Never before has it been so important for the young people to acquire an appreciation of the culture afforded by great music and great literature well presented. Never before have there been so many vital problems looking to college trained men and women for solution. If they are longer denied opportunities to see and hear these things, they are denied their rights.

What can be done to remedy matters? In past years the great question has always been that of finances. The Athenaeum has a suggestion. Could not all the Maritime Colleges cooperate in this matter and draw up some fairly definite program in regard to concerts and lectures? Proportionately less expense would be borne by each, while much greater benefit to each should result. Particularly urgent is the question of lectures. Would it not be possible at some near date to form an Intercollegiate Lecture Bureau? Its duties would be to consider the vital questions of the day, the authorities on those questions, and endeavour to have the questions presented to the students by speakers who know their subjects, and know how to make them interesting. We should be very much interested to hear the opinions of the other colleges in regard to the matter.

One of the most serious criticisms often made of college magazines is the careless manner in which the material is written. Much work is obviously done at the last minute and requires the most careful editing to be in a fit shape for pub-



lication. This presents an important question to the editors. Shall the awards be made on the basis of substance or of form? Ordinarily the article which is artistic in form, will also be excellent in substance. In such a case there is no room for doubt. Sometimes, however, a contribution may be of high excellence, but obviously lacking in polish. On the whole the function of the college paper is to stimulate literary activity in the college. Literary merit, then, must be the criterion for giving the awards. It is only by this means that the high standard of the college magazine can be maintained.

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The Student Committee is to be commended for its action in taking the rules off the new students. This action is in accord, not indeed with the letter of the law, but with the spirit in which the rules were made. Their sole purpose is to coordinate the old and new student life. How well they succeeded may be judged from the fact that there were ten first year men on Acadia's football team. Moreover, in accordance with the rules the new students gave an entertainment to the Faculty and the remainder of the student body. This entertainment not only showed talent of a high order, but was skilfully directed throughout, and was probably the best thing of its kind ever put on at Acadia. The new students set a standard that the old students may find difficult to maintain.



## Around the Hill

## MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM.

THE contract for the Memorial Gymnasium has been left to Mr. Charles Wright, of Wolfville. The cost of the building will be about \$110,000. The plans were prepared by Mr. S. P. Dumaresq '99 of Halifax, and denote a building most useful for a student body, and well worthy a memorial for our boys, who died. The foundation plans show the dimensions over all, to be 160 feet long, and 51 to 60 feet wide, two stories high. It will be constructed of local quartzite, similar to the Academy Residence and will be trimmed with Indianna limestone. The Gymnasium floor will be 74 x 49 ft., with running track, nine feet above the floor. The swimming tank will be 60 x 21 feet. Locker rooms for men and women, a dressing room for athletic teams a director's room, apparatus room, faculty room, wrestling and other exercise room, and a trophy room, complete the Gymnasium equipment. A chief feature of the building is the Memorial hall 60 x 20 feet, the whole width of the building, and through which one must pass to enter the building. Here will be placed bronze tablets in memory of the sixty Acadia students, who sacrificed their lives, and also some record of all Acadia men who served.

The University is going ahead on faith. \$50,000 have already been pledged, and we believe that the remaining \$60,000 will be forthcoming, from those interested in Acadia and her splendid record during the war.

*Acadia Bulletin.*

During the football season one thing sadly needed was a good grandstand. Since ours was burned down a few years ago we have had no place from which we could watch a game in comfort. We ought to have a new one soon. However, we've finished with football for the year, and in view of the fact that our gymnasium is going up, we'll merely salt down the idea.

And now another idea comes strolling in, namely we need a rink this winter. Therefore why not have one. So we again look forward either to possessing the present town rink and by dint of affairs making it suit our purpose or to building a new one. Acadia has at times had hard luck with hockey for two reasons. First, the mildness of our valley climate. It is good for apples but hard on hockey. The other University towns all have a month more ice than we. Secondly, we have not had a place to practice every day and we need it. Our team last year was good, but give us our own rink and we'll try to show the world that good apples are no hindrance to good hockey as well.

A keener interest than ever before is being taken in the interclass competition for the Acadia Council Debating cup. Last year the debating schedule was somewhat abbreviated and with no particular rules regarding debaters. This year every class debates against every other class. This year for the first time the Engineers have entered the league. The Athenaeum Society has adopted new rules in regard to debaters. These provide that each team must include at least two men who have not previously appeared on the platform during the year. The debates in the Propylaeum Society count towards the cup. Only one debate so far has taken place, several others are under preparation. The interclass schedule is as follows:—

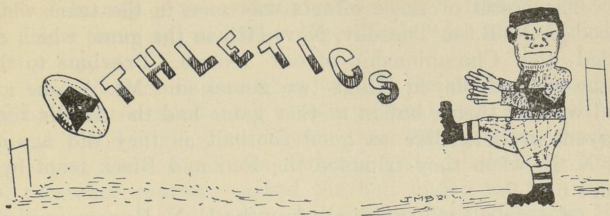
- Nov. 7th—Seniors vs. Juniors
- Nov. 22nd—Sophomores vs. Freshmen
- Dec. 6th—Seniors vs. Engineers
- Dec. 13th—Juniors vs. Freshmen
- Jan. 10th—Seniors vs. Sophomores
- Feb. 7th—Juniors vs. Sophomores
- Feb. 14th—Engineers vs. Freshmen
- Feb. 21st—Seniors vs. Freshmen
- Feb. 28th—Engineers vs. Sophomores
- Mar. 13th—Juniors vs. Engineers.



## THE LIBRARY.

Let us give a word of advice to Acadia students, especially to the new students. Cultivate the library habit carefully; if you haven't it already, acquire it. Learn to make an intelligent use of the library. Many students go through a year or two of their course before than can look up for themselves the simplest of references. The handling of the two great sources of information regarding library material can be learned in a very few minutes. These sources are the Card Index and the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature. The card index catalogs under authors, titles, and subjects in alphabetical order all the books and pamphlets in the library. The Reader's Guide catalogs under subject headings all the information available from the periodical literature. It gives the student a spirit of independence to know how to handle these references, opens up a much broader field of study for him, and saves much valuable time both for himself and for the librarian. Many students give as the greatest mistake of their college course that they did not know how to use the library until their Junior or Senior year.





## FOOTBALL.

FOOTBALL is a dirty game  
I like it.  
It knocks you out,  
It makes you lame,  
I like it.  
It takes your wind,  
It tears your hair,  
It makes you cuss,  
It makes you swear,  
A rotten game, but  
I don't care  
I like it.

AT the opening of the College it was evident that there was abundant football material on hand but that most of it was in the raw state. The great problem of Coach Black and Captain Rogers was to teach the material which they did have the fine points of football. This task to the casual spectator at the opening of the season would have seemed well nigh hopeless.

Both faculty and students, however, were out to play football this year, and the job was done. Students turned out faithfully for both first and second teams while the faculty has made every possible provision for the aid of the players in their class work so that their studies should not suffer too much as a result of their athletic activities.

The result of these efforts was seen in the team which faced U. N. B. on Tuesday, Nov. 11th in the game which decided the Championship of our league. Previous to this game we had played Kings two games and Mt. A. one and had won all three; but in neither game had the Acadia team played anything like as good football as they did against U. N. B. when they trimmed the Red and Black team by a score of 3-0.

Of course our next rival after the U. N. B. game was the Dal. Varsity team for the Amateur Championship of the Maritime Provinces. On Tuesday the 18th both the first and second teams from Acadia faced the first and second teams from Dalhousie in Truro.

In the first game Dal. won out by a score of 12 to 0. The second went to Acadia's second team by a margin of 3 points.

Thus far this season Acadia's record is as follows:

Acadia vs. Kings, 3-0

Acadia vs. Kings, 10-0.

Acadia vs. Mt. A., 13-0

Acadia vs. U. N. B. 3-0

Acadia vs. Dal., 0-12

Acadia second vs. Dal. second, 3-0.

The game with U. N. B. was protested by U. N. B. and will have to be replayed.

#### ACADIA—MT. ALLISON GAME.

On Wednesday, Oct. 29th, the population of Sackville was increased by the arrival of our football team plus several hundred rooters. The football team came from Acadia, arrived in Amherst at 3 a. m. Wednesday, passed the rest of the morning in bed, came along to Sackville on the noon train, and after somewhat of a lunch betook themselves to the Mt. A. residence, and thence to the football field. Here they were introduced to fifteen gents in sweaters of gold and garnet, who were to handle the pigskin for Mt. A., also to another gent by the name of Sudouski (we think that's how it's spelt). He informed them that kicking each other's shins or hitting ears wasn't considered polite; told them the argument would be in



two instalments of thirty minutes each, gave them his blessing, lined them up, and blew his whistle with the watch at exactly 3 p. m.

Acadia's team had a strong wind in their face during the first half; but remembering certain admonitions, they fell on Mt. A. hip and thigh, drove them to their five yard line, pinned them down, and ten minutes after the first whistle Dave Rogers, receiving quarter, packed the ball under his arm and, sneaking around the corner of the scrim, ambled across Mt. A's touch line. Parker failed to convert.

Mt. A. then rushed Acadia to their end, but were put to rout after a desperate rally and the play again centered around Mt. A's. twenty-five yard line. Here five minutes before half time Paul Tingley got loose, passed two Mt. A. men and was pulled down by their full-back, but just a trifle too late. So Acadia scored her second touch. Parker made a beautiful convert across the wind. After a few minutes play the whistle blew leaving the score 8-0 for Acadia.

In the second half Acadia had the wind with them, but under prosperity they had waxed lazy. The whole half was a sea-saw game, mostly in Mt. A's. territory, but not culminating in anything decisive until practically the last minute. Just two minutes before time, however, when everyone was feeling bored over the uneventfulness of things in general, Dean Rogers, Capt. of Acadia, discovered the ball in his arms at the half line. So he got an idea and started in the direction of Mt. A's. goal. The idea gained impetus and he seemed to be quite hasty about it, so much so that by the time he reached Mt. A's. touch line there was only one man left to dissuage him. Although pulled down by him in elegant style, Dean was over the line and Acadia scored again. Parker converted. Immediately the whistle blew leaving the score 13-0 for Acadia.

The Wolfville team had a distinct advantage from the outset over the Sackville team, both in scrim, half, and quarter line, showing the results of hard practice on their home campus. Nevertheless Mt. A. put up a hard fight and proved themselves very sportsmanlike in all their play.

The line up of the teams was:—

Acadia	Mt. Allison.
D. Wetmore, Forwards.	D. Taylor
P. Earnst	R. Hemington
A. L. Steeves	H. Myers
Thos. Webb	J. Hall
Roy Wigmore	T. Buber
C. Simms	B. Prince
Harry Atinson	R. Purdy
Karl Fraser, Quarters	Bert Dennis
Amos Ayer	Don. Humphrey
Dave B. Rogers	R. MacAfee (Capt.)
Walter Johnson, Halves	W. Wyre
Murray Beardsley	R. Dawson
Dean R. Rogers (Capt.)	W. Line
Paul Tingley	B. Pickles
Alan Parker, Full Back	H. D. Cann.

### ACADIA 3—U. N. B. 0.

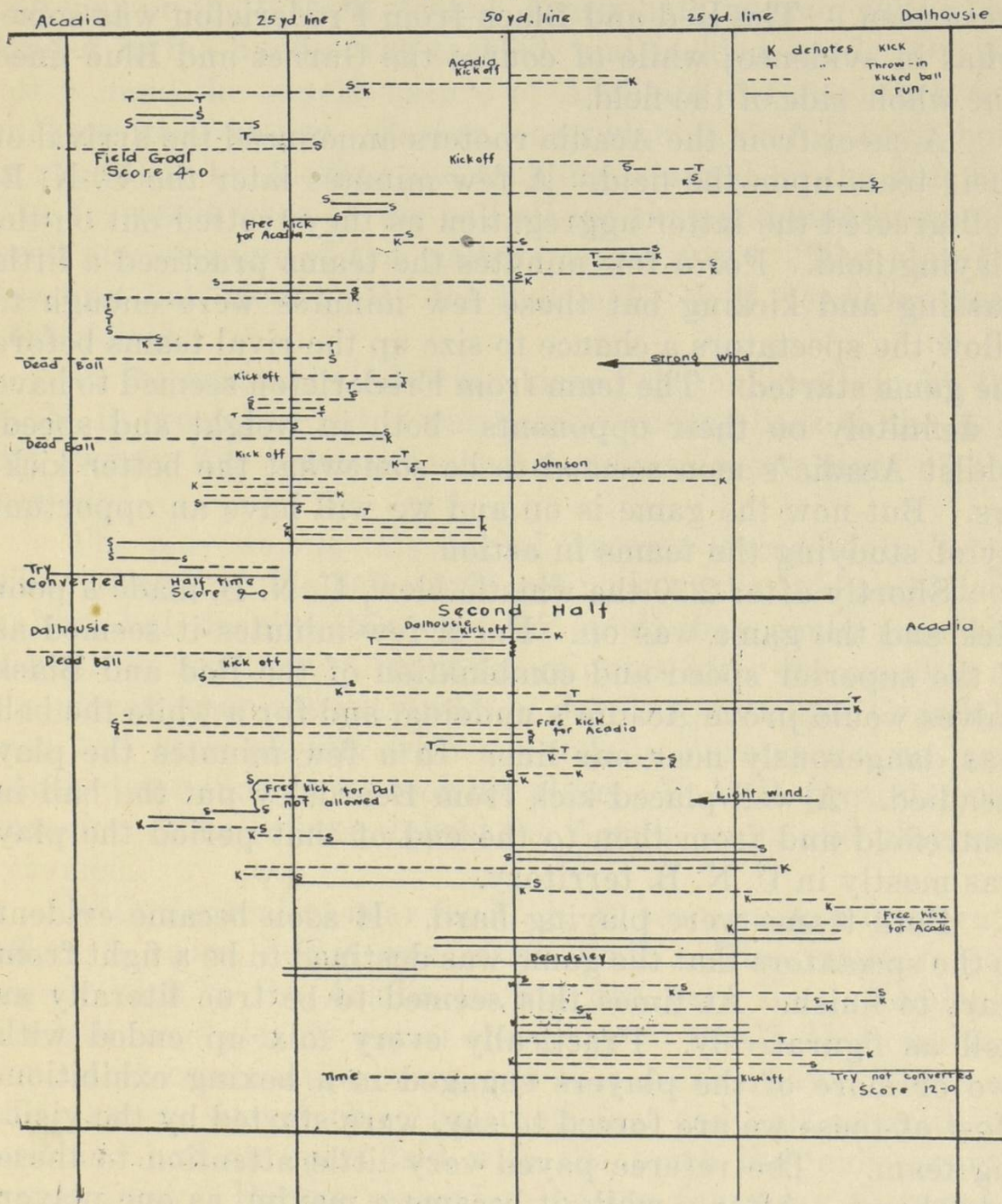
After the word came that U. N. B. had triumphed over Mount A. to the tune of 30-0, Acadia's coming trial of strength with the Red and Black aggregation became the one subject of conversation and speculation. Coach Black had travelled up to Fredericton to watch the game between U. N. B. and Mt. A. The reports which he brought back regarding the merit of the former team certainly were not encouragingly. However, to quit without trying is not Acadia's style. Instead, during the week following every effort was put forth to develop a style of play that would offset the brilliant half line work of the Fredericton team. The result of this work was seen on Armistice Day, Nov. 11th.

A more perfect day could not have been chosen for the game. The weather was ideal, the campus was in splendid condition and because it was Armistice Day, the holiday spirit was in the air. The result was that the campus was thronged with people from all the surrounding districts, while the side lines were gay with the colors of various colleges.



## DALHOUSIE vs. ACADIA 12-0

NOV. 18, 1919





A goodly bunch of rooters came up from Kings to cheer for the U. N. B. team. Dal. had her quota there for this game meant that the team that triumphed would ring off with Dal. for the intercollegiate Championship. A few Mt. A. colors were seen. The Red and Black from Fredericton was somewhat in evidence; while of course the Garnet and Blue lined one whole side of the field.

A cheer from the Acadia rooters announced the arrival of their team upon the field. A few minutes later the U. N. B. yell greeted the latter aggregation as they trotted out on the playing field. For a few minutes the teams practiced a little passing and kicking but those few minutes were enough to allow the spectators a chance to size up the rival teams before the game started. The team from Fredericton seemed to have it definitely on their opponents both in weight and speed, whilst Acadia's men seemed to be somewhat the better kickers. But now the game is on and we will have an opportunity of studying the teams in action.

Shortly after 2.30 the whistle blew, U. N. B. made a poor kick and the game was on. For a few minutes it seemed as if the superior speed and combination of the Red and Black halves would prove Acadia's undoing, and for a while the ball was dangerously near our line. In a few minutes the play steadied. A well placed kick from Beardsley put the ball in centrefield and from then to the end of that period the play was mostly in U. N. B. territory.

Both teams were playing hard. It soon became evident to the spectators that the game was destined to be a fight from start to finish. At times this seemed to be true literally as well as figuratively. Practically every mix up ended with two or more of the players engaged in a boxing exhibition. Most of these we are forced to say, were started by the visiting team. The referee payed very little attention to these side shows. After a while it became a maxim, as one player tersely put it, "when you see a head, punch it." However, most of the combatants were satisfied with an isolated punch or two and kept on after the ball.

Though neither side scored during the first period, it was illuminating in many respects. It quickly became evident

that the U. N. B. half line was superior to Acadia's halves both in speed and in combination work; but the superb tackling of the latter team prevented them from ever getting away with the ball. No matter how fast the ball travelled out to the end man on the U. N. B. team. Every half, as soon as the ball landed in his hands, was tackled, and tackled hard. On the other hand the superb nature of Acadia's defence work was making itself known—Parker, our redoubtable full back, both in regard to his kicking and tackling, starred on the defence. The forwards were on the ball all the time and simply smothered any attempt of the visitors to get away. The play for the first half closed with the ball in U. N. B. territory near centre field.

In the second half Parker kicked the ball well up by the U. N. B. touch line but it was quickly rushed back to the Acadia twenty five yard time and remained there most of the period.

The play during this period became exceedingly hard. Time after time the ball would get back to the Red and Black halves, but despite this superior sped, they could gain but very little territory. About ten minutes after the opening of the period when the play was on our five yard line, Crandall, who had been playing with a partially paralyzed arm, was knocked out and Simms took his place. U. N. B. protested the transfer. The referee upheld the Acadia team, and play was resumed.

With the goal so near the U. N. B. team made a desperate effort to score, but it was of no avail. They were forced slowly back to the Acadia twenty five yard line. Suddenly the ball came cleanly out of the scrim to the U. N. B. halves, some fast combination work and they were away. Three of their halves were tackled but their fast end half secured the ball and had an open field with the touch line only twenty yards away. Parker seemed to be too far away to menace him seriously. It seemed as if nothing could prevent a score. The U. N. B. player actually had his foot on the touch line when Parker made a flying tackle and struck him such force that he hurled him back fully three yards from our touch line and forced the ball out of play.

With the line up the ball came back to Acadia. A nicely placed kick and the play was again at our twenty five yard line, and we could breathe easily once more. Only once after that did U. N. B. seriously menace our line, and then only for an instant.

For awhile the play zigzagged back and forth, but was gradually being forced up in the U. N. B. territory. Just before it reached their twenty five yard line Beardsley got the ball, ran a short distance, passed to Johnson, who by his superior speed, clever dodging and smart straight arm work, eluded the four men who attempted to tackle him, and crossed the U. N. B. line for the only score of the game.

An attempt was made to convert from an almost impossible angle but it was a failure and play was resumed with a drop out from U. N. B's twenty five yard line.

The Fredericton team seemed to lose heart after this. In the five or six minutes that followed the play was kept continuously in their territory but no further score resulted.

The game closed in the score 3-0 in favor of Acadia but U. N. B. protested the game because of the substitution of

Simms substituted for Crandall during part of the second period.

## Acadia

## U. N. B.

## Forwards

Steeves	Gibson
Ernst	Babbitt
Crandall	Bridges
Dobson	Townsend
Atkinson	Squires
Wigmore	Jowett
Wetmore	Saunders

Simms substituted for Crandall during part of the second period.

## Acadia

## Halves

## U. N. B.

Tingley	Trimball
Rogers, Dean, Capt.	McMillan
Beardsley	Cain
Johnson	Hegerman
Fraser (flying half)	Burdon, Capt (flying half)



## Quarters.

Ayre, block

Lounsbury, receiving

Rogers, Dave, receiving

McLean, block

## Full Back.

Parker

Anderson

## Spares.

Simms

Nowlan

Murray

Rand

Smith

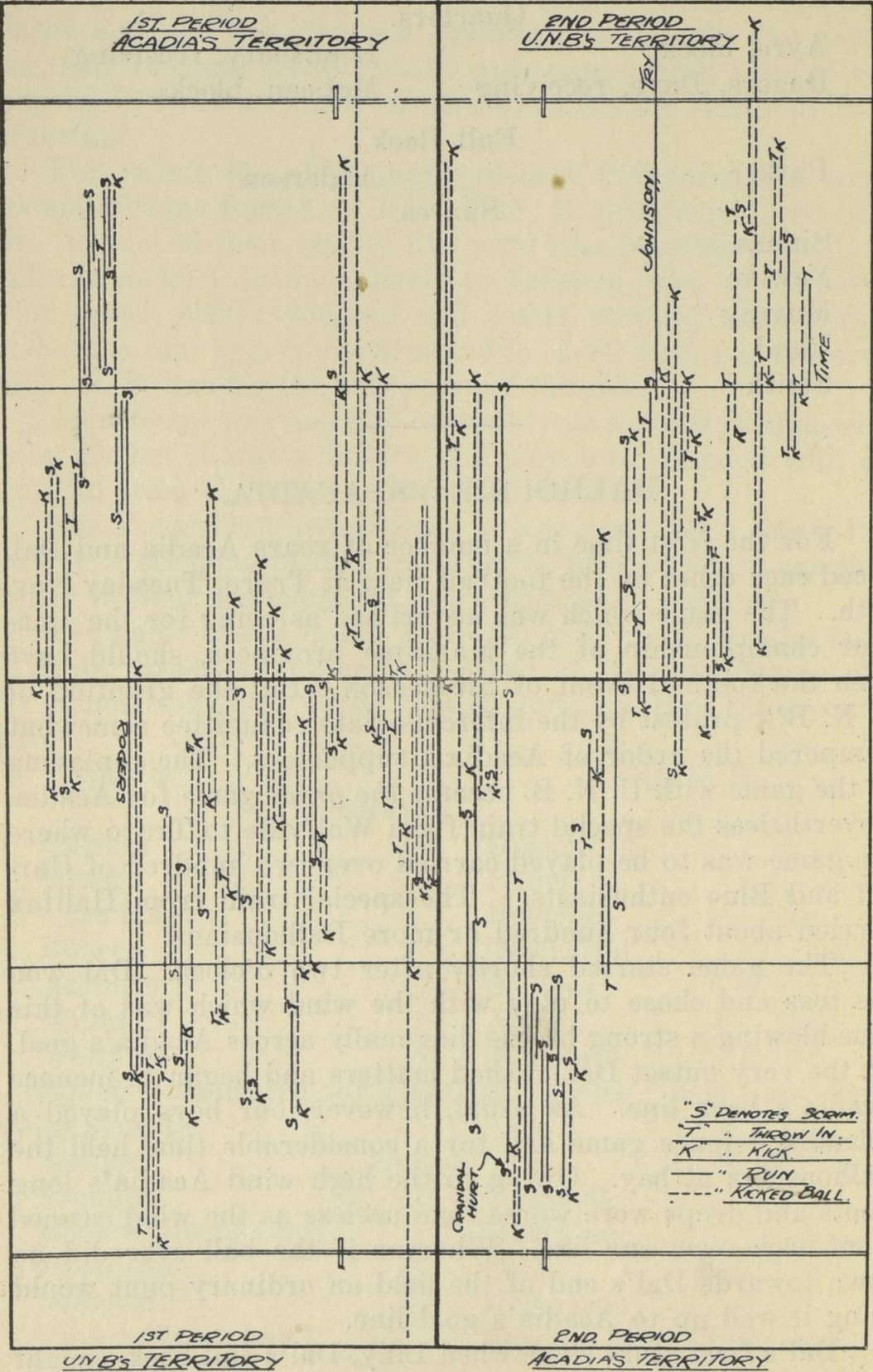
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 DALHOUSIE VS. ACADIA.

For the first time in a number of years Acadia and Dal. faced each other on the football field at Truro, Tuesday Nov. 18th. The game which was advertised as being for the amateur championship of the Maritime provinces, should have been the football event of the season. But the granting of U. N. B's. protest by the intercollegiate committee somewhat dampered the ardor of Acadia's supporters. The replaying of the game with U. N. B. became *the great game* for Acadia. Nevertheless the special train from Wolfville to Truro where the game was to be played carried over two hundred of Garnet and Blue enthusiasts. The special train from Halifax carried about four hundred or more Dalhousians.

The game started shortly after two o'clock. Dal won the toss and chose to play with the wind which was at this time blowing a strong breeze diagonally across Acadia's goal. At the very outset Dal. rushed matters and began to menace Acadia's back line. As usual, however, our boys played a splendid defence game and for a considerable time held the Dalhousians at bay. Owing to the high wind Acadia's long punts and drops were worse than useless as the wind carried them back over our line. Whereas if the ball ever did go down towards Dal's end of the field an ordinary punt would bring it well up to Acadia's goal line.

Dal's first score came when Lilly, Dal's full back, caught the ball near Acadia's 25 yard line and dropped it neatly over





the bar. It was a beautiful kick, but would hardly have been possible had it not been for the strong wind blowing directly on Acadia's goal.

After the kick off Dal. rushed matters in a frantic attempt to score again before the half ended and Acadia would have advantage of the wind. Time after time Parker saved the situation with beautiful tackles. At last Mont. Haslam got the ball, came through and scored the first try for Dalhousie. Parker tackled him as he crossed the line and fell with both hands on the ball. As it was impossible for the referee to tell whether he had his hands on the ball when Haslam came down or not, the try was allowed. Fluck converted from a very different angle, making the score 9-0 in favor of Dalhousie.

Only once in the first period did Acadia have a chance to score. Johnson got away for a long run down the field. Instead of trying to dodge the fullback, he attempted to kick off touch, but the high wind carried the ball back in play and a long punt sent it back to Acadia's goal line.

In the second half Acadia naturally expected to have as much advantage from the wind as Dal. did the first; but fate was against us. Scarcely had the first period closed when the wind began to abate. When the players came on the field for the second period, it was a negligible factor in the game.

The play was fast and hard in the second period, but the much heavier Dal. scrim got the ball every time and our half line never got a chance. The forwards themselves did not seem to be playing with the same pep that they displayed in the game with U. N. B., and allowed several of the Dal. players to make gains which ordinarily our team would never allow.

Despite the great superiority of Dal's scrim work, play was kept near centre field most of the period with, of course, intermittent excursions into each others territory. Near the end of the second period Dal. got the ball near our goal line. Parker cleared by a beautiful twenty-five yard run. The ball was brought into play again, forced back towards Acadia's goal, when Beardsley managed to secure the



ball, dogged, squirmed, and straight armed his way through the Dal. forwars and halves, and was away down the field with only the full back in front of him. It was here that Acadia's halves fell down badly. If Johnson had have followed Beardsley, as he was quite capable of doing, in order to have received his pass, Acadia would have probably scored. Instead of this, when Lilly tackled Beardsley, there was no one near to whom he could pass. Acadia thus lost a beautiful chance to score.

The ball was kicked back into Acadia's territory. From a scrim near the line Fluck got the ball and crossed for the final try which Dal. failed to convert. The whistle blew before play could be resumed and the game ended with the score Dal. 12, Acadia 0.

The game throughout was an exhibition of clean football and there is no doubt that the better team won though the score was no criterion of the game. Acadia's weakness in offensive tactics became very much in evidence during the second half, though we must confess that Dal's heavy scrim did not give our half line much of a chance.

We look forward to an opportunity next year of meeting Dal. again on the football field and hope to see as clean and fast a game as we saw in Truro on Tuesday.

## Acadia

## Dalhousie

## Forwards

McLeod  
Bill  
Dobson  
Simms  
Atkinson  
Steeves  
Wetmore

McKenzie  
Marsters  
A. B. Campbell  
McQuarrie  
Ernst  
McNeil  
Hattie

## Quarters

Fraser, (block)  
Ayre, (block)  
Rogers, Dave, (recg.)

Ross  
Jones  
Baxendale

## Halves

Tingley	B. Haslam
Rogers, Dean, (Capt).	M. Haslam
Beardsley	Holmes
Johnson	Fluck
	White*

## Full Back.

Parker	Lilly
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\*White substituted for M. Haslam.

Lou Buckley refereed a perfectly impartial game.

## ACADIA'S SECOND TEAM vs. DAL'S. SECOND TEAM.

After the big game on Tuesday between Dals and Acadia's first teams, a contest was staged between their second teams. In many respects this game was more interesting to watch than the first one as the teams were more evenly matched.

In the first period Acadia kept the ball entirely in Dal's territory and four times forced the Dal team to touch the ball for safety. Finally Smith got away with the ball, passed to Wigmore, who crossed the Dal. line for the only try of the game which Acadia failed to convert.

The play itself was very fast but marked mostly by individual rushes rather than by good team work.

In the second period Dal. began to force the pace but found it impossible to cross Acadia's line. Beautiful individual work by Porter, Grimmer, and Wigmore frequently menaced the Dal. defence and once Carson made a brilliant run almost the whole length of the field.

Near the end of the period one of Dal's men got away for a beautiful run from just in front of Dal's goal line and was not brought down until Corey tackled him on Acadia's twenty five yard line.

About five minutes before play ended Eaton got kicked over the eye and had to leave the field, Dal. dropping one of their men to even up matters. The play ended with the score 3-0 in favor of Acadia.

## Line-up.

Acadia	Forwards	Dalhousie
McLean	McLean	
Gray	Pacey	
Thurston	Logan	
Bentley	Marshall	
Eaton	MacOdrum	
Warren	McNeil	
Wigmore	Smith	

## Quarters

Carson	Laing
Smith	Conroy
Murray	O'Brien

## Halves.

Rand	MacKinnon
Flemming	Gerrett
Grimmer	Porter
Porter	Coster

## Full Back

Corey	Hayden
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Holmes of the Wanderers refereed.

## THE FRESHMAN—CAD GAME.

## ACADEMY vs. KING'S COLLEGIATE.

The Freshman-Cad game for the purpose of getting off the Freshman rules was played on Oct. 31st. On account of the wet weather and the late hour of starting they decided to play only one period of thirty minutes duration. After a little delay on the part of the Freshman the game was started with Doctor DeWolfe as referee.

The play was pretty even at first but in about fifteen minutes the Freshman got the ball up to the Cad ten yard line. From then until the end of the game the play was almost en-



tirely in Cad territory, the Freshman nearly scoring two or three times. But the game ended without either side scoring.

In spite of the fact that both the ball and field were very slippery and wet the playing was very good and fast on both sides and it was a good game to watch. Johnson and Porter showed up well in the game, the former for the Freshmen and the latter for the Cads.

On Saturday, Nov. 1, the Academy played a return game with Kings Collegiate, in Windsor. The game was not very fast. Muddy grounds and a slippery ball made long runs and combination impossible for either team. The first half ended 3-3. In the second half, the Academy team succeeded in carrying the ball across their opponent's line once more. Kings failed to score in this half, and the game ended 6-3 in favor of the Academy. Gray and Carsan scored for the Academy. The line-up for the teams was practically the same as in the first game in Wolfville.

November has witnessed the passing of both tennis and football from the realm of college activities for this year, and now the attention of the athletic loving portion of Acadia's sons must be devoted to basket ball and hockey.

## HOCKEY.

The crying need in hockey circles this year is the same as usual, a rink of our own. We apparently have material for a good hockey team; but all material needs developing for which practice is necessary. This has been almost impossible in former years when the rink has been under outside control. This year the prospects are that Mt. A. will have a stronger hockey team than usual and this year it is our firm intention to trim our old time rivals on the ice. It is not sufficient that we should have triumphed in football. The hockey trophy must be ours as well. Not that we are greedy by nature, but we're curious to know what it would feel like to trim Mt. A. in hockey. There is a possible chance of the Athletic Asso-

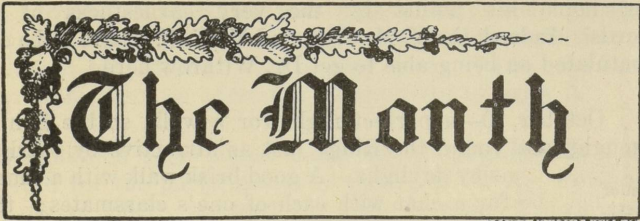
ciation securing the town rink for this winter. Let us hope that that possibility become an actuality.

Now everybody together and boost for a rink!

### TENNIS.

Despite the demand which football made upon the time of the students the tennis courts were well attended while the weather made tennis a possibility. One thing has become perfectly evident, however, and that is that our present number of courts will be altogether inadequate to accommodate our present student body in the spring. Many new players have come into college this fall, some of them very good ones and the prospects for a first class tournament in the spring are good. But the number of courts for playing must be increased.





# The Month

DRAWN BY HORACE BISHOP, '13.

ACADIA “ après la guerre ” is truly a busy world. We find ourselves plunged in a whirl of activities, caught in a round of committee meetings, social affairs, and entertainments, squeezing in study at odd moments, and rushing breathlessly to classes.

We had not thought it possible for any month to be more completely filled with social and varied activities than the last, but for pure jollity this month has perhaps never had an equal. We have noticed, however, that the tinge of informality which gave a spice to last month's sings and parties has given way more or less to a certain sense of formality spiced with a bon hommie and spirit of co-operation never before witnessed.

The college Band is summoning its forces and beginning its work. The choral club has been organized and the dramatic club is at work. The old societies are all in running order.

A new feature in our College Life this year has been a series of lectures given by Dr. O. C. J. Withrow of Toronto, who, aided by original lantern slides and a motion picture, dealt most admirably with the sex problem. His delivery, though somewhat short, was forceful; his manner impressive; and his treatment of the subject simple in the extreme and clear, driving home his points by the very earnestness of his words. Indeed, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are to be congratulated on being able to get Dr. Withrow here.



of the subject simple in the extreme and clear, driving home his points by the very earnestness of his words. Indeed, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are to be congratulated on being able to get Dr. Withrow here.

October 20—a perfect night for a walk, so the Seniors thought, and found the Ridge just as attractive by starlight as by daylight. A good brisk walk with a chance for a chat with each of one's classmates; then refreshments and an old fashioned sing around an open fire in the clubroom. Do you wonder that the Seniors had a good time?

**Senior  
Party.**

Oct. 25th, the Co-eds turned out in full force to the first Engineers' party of the season. The scene of festivity was Rhodes Hall, but such a transformation!! From the artistic draping of flags, banners, etc., down to drawings on the boards—all made it quite apparent that the Engineers had spared no pains to achieve the success they did.

**Engineer's  
Party.**

The ever informal "Tucker" seemed to be as popular as ever. How anxious all were to make sure they looked their best for the flashlight!! It really turned out remarkably well. Then the ice-cream appeared: Of course all were happy. Why not? After a rousing good sing and the usual yells, the Engineers' Party came to an end.

In honor of the Football Team. "Here's to Acadia's Football Team"—not only a cheer this time, but a party given by the Co-eds in the Tully Tavern dining room, Thursday evening, Oct. 30th. Can this be the same room where we had supper a couple of hours ago? There must have been some hands at work since then.

**Tully  
Tavern  
Party.**

First we have to remember when our birthday is,—and then for a stunt. For a good review of college life one needs only to be here for we see passing before our eyes chapel, classes, football games, and pajama parades, one after the other. Other games followed and of course the evening would not be complete without our old

friend Dan Tucker. Then the dainty refreshments were served by the young ladies, time passed only too quickly. Many of the girls thought the night so nice for a walk that it should not be missed. Incidentally some of the boys had longer walks than the girls, but all appeared to enjoy it.

Hallowe'en night found a gay crowd assembled in College Hall for the party, given by the Y. W. C. A. Fortune tellers revealed the fate of many a man and many a maid: Ghosts and witches haunted the scene and apples were bobbed in true Hallawe'en style. Toward the close of the evening coffee and sandwiches were sold. After a few songs, all ventured forth into the spook-haunted night.

Two of the most ardent supporters of our football team this year have been Dr. and Mrs. Avery DeWitt. They journeyed with the team to Sackville. While the genial Doctor looked after the bodily ills, his wife gathered a cheering section and ably supported the Garnet and Blue in their game.

Party at  
Dr. DeWitt's.

On Tuesday Nov. 4th. they invited the football team and a number of young ladies to spend the evening with them. They proved to be delightful hosts and time passed very quickly with games and the singing of old songs. In the horse racing, Walter Johnson, always a speed artist, came out first. Amos Ayer, with his Gold Dust Twins, was the recipient of congratulations from all and appeared quite embarrassed. After the refreshments all gathered around the piano and sang. "Little" Dug Wetmore and "big" Theo. Rand rendered several selections most admirably. With cheers for the Doctor and his wife the evening was reluctantly brought to a close.

The first of the series of debates came off on Friday night Nov. 7, in Assembly Hall. The hall was well filled, the Seniors and Juniors being there in full force. A new subject for an

Acadia platform—"Resolved that the present system of denominationalism is more beneficial than organic church union would be."

Senior-Junior  
Debate.

Notes—By organic church union we mean one church with a uniform system of doctrines and of church polity.

The Seniors upheld the affirmative and the Juniors the negative of the question. The teams consisted of MacAvoy, Titus and Estabrooks—Seniors; and Lumsden, Meister and Thurston,—Juniors. Both teams were exceptionally strong and advanced good arguments; but the Juniors won most favor in the eyes of the judges, thus getting one point toward the debating cup. Who's going to win it?

At the close of the Senior-Junior Debate the jolly Juniors hastened to the girls' club-room, where mirth and laughter reigned for the rest of the evening. Delicious refreshments consisting of pie, ice cream, cakes, and coffee were served by the young ladies of the class. Victory heightened the pleasure of the time. The air rang with the well-known "Ukalele"—as the party broke up.

Junior  
Party.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 8, the first year students gave an entertainment in accordance with the rules laid down by the Student Committee last year. The hall was nearly filled and the program was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The first year students are deserving of great credit for the time and energy they have spent in preparation for this event. Mr. Cameron especially should be mentioned, for a great part of the success of the evening was due to his work as director.

First Year  
Student's  
Entertainment.

All the numbers were well rendered, so that it is hardly fair to speak of any one as deserving of special mention. The usual discords common to amateur orchestra were entirely lacking in this one. An innovation was the gymnastics put on by Prof. Simms and his troupe. Although this had only been practiced for a short time yet it was an entire success. The Pierrot Dance was something of a novelty also, and was given a hearty encore.



The Estaminet scene in the second part revived old memories; especially when Madame heard the Canadians coming and changed the "Vin Blink" sign into "Bière, two francs a glass." Most of us had forgotten that such a thing as khaki existed, and the sight of it made us remember that there had been a war on. Although the fellows could not act quite naturally, yet their custom of keeping their hands inside the tunics brought forth much sympathetic laughter. Sampson and his tin whistle added to the life of the scene. All too soon the obnoxious M. P. arrived on the scene and the fellows started for their billets.

The war has meant too much to Acadia for her to allow the first anniversary of the signing of the Armistice to go unnoticed. Dr. Cutten, with a due sense for the fitness of things, proclaimed a united chapel service at 10.30 for the University, Seminary, and Academy. Many thoughts instinctively turned back to that strange impressive, early morning service of the year before. Conditions at Acadia have greatly changed since then. A mere glance at the crowded hall would serve to illustrate the effect of the Armistice on Acadia. Dr. Cutten spoke a few words of introduction. He was followed by Lt. Col. Eric McDonald, D. S. O., whom we were honored to have with us. Then Dr. McDonald, C. B. E. gave the morning address. He spoke particularly of the part the Canadians played in the great war, and of our debt to those who died for us. Dr. Cutten was speaking when, at eleven o'clock, the college bell gave the signal for two minutes' silent tribute to the boys who sacrificed their lives in the struggle. The service closed with the regular chapel exercises.

United  
Chapel  
Service.

On Armistice Day the Athletic Association gave a reception in College Hall in honor of the U. N. B. boys who were here playing football with the Acadia team. The efforts of the decorating committee were certainly a success, even if their supply of U. N. B. banners was rather meagre. On their arri-

val our guests were greeted with the Acadia and U. N. B. yells. As soon as the shy boys had summoned sufficient courage to get young ladies for their topics "Bush" announced the first topic, which informed us that "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady."

Paul Cross then sang. The new students furnished the remainder of the program—a monologue by D. D. Cameron, a quartette, Pierrot Dance, and "Chong" with Jack MacDonald as soloist. Later Dr. Cutten spoke. Being in a reminiscent frame of mind he told about football in "ye olden time," when the difficulties of football were only exceeded by those of transportation which was necessary for intercollegiate sport. Mr. Brindley closed the program with a piano solo and "The King."

P. S.—Why are football captains so reluctant? We *did* want to hear a few words from them.

On October 3, 1919 the Acadia girls were glad to have with them Mis Hamill, our travelling Y. W. secretary. She gave an informal talk on the purpose of the Y. W. C. A. Y. W. C. A., and told of the international conference to be held in Des Moines, Iowa. After the regular meeting she held a very helpful meeting with the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet. We are sorry to hear that Miss Hamill will not be with us again this year.

The Wednesday evening meetings of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have been most interesting. On October twenty-second, Prof. Caviechia gave an enlightening talk on the Adriatic tangle. At the following meeting, Dr. Spidle spoke on the subject of Hinduism. On the evening of November fifth, Mr. Miller told of the work being done in the interests of child welfare. On Nov. 12, Dr. DeWolfe gave an excellent discourse on "Repentance and Faith."

The Political Club has had but one regular meeting so

far this year. At that meeting the President set forth the aims and purposes of the Society. Namely, that the Acadia girls become educated in the institutions and needs of our country, that is, become intelligent voters and good citizens.

Propylæum Society seems to be in a flourishing condition. At the first regular meeting Dr. DeWitt was the speaker and gave a very helpful talk.

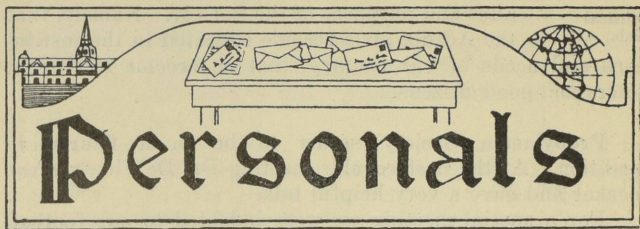
For a special meeting we were indebted to our football captain, Dean Rogers, who took his time and carefully explained the football field and rules to the Co-eds.

**Propylæum.** We are certainly grateful to him and our yelling at strategic points in the game must have expressed our gratitude better than mere words could have.

The new girls held their Propylæum in the club room of Tully Tavern on the evening of Oct. 20th. This entertainment showed that more musical talent has been added to our numbers. A splendid evening, Freshettes!







'92—Rev. Edward Borden of Beaumont, Texas, has been appointed Pres. of the National Baptist Convention in that State.

'94—L. F. Wallace is assisting Pastor Whitman at Wallace River.

'94—Helena Blackadar sailed for India the last of October.

'99—Rev. Irad Hardy is pastor of Sanford Church, Maine.

'03—Rev. C. K. Morse has taken a homestead in the Swan River District.

'04—Mrs. Theodore Boggs née Muriel Haley passed away very suddenly at Vancouver.

'04—Dr. C. E. A. DeWitt has recently been appointed medical attendant at Acadia University.

'06—Rev. F. S. Kinley, pastor of the Baptist Church, Westerly, R. I., has accepted a call to Windsor, N. S.

'07—Raymond Barss is Prof of Physics at Boston Technical School.

'08—Rev. H. S. and Mrs. Bagnall have entered a new field in Medicine Hat, Alta.

Ex. '08—Rev. Capt. J. D. Spidell has returned from overseas and is now in Canso.

'09—Fred S. Goucher has a position with the Northern General Electric Co.

'09—Miss Beulah Elderkin is teaching in New Westminster, B. C.

'10—Arthur Chute and Lorna Pitt Ex. '21, were married in September and are living in New York.

'11—Mary Starratt is teaching in Vancouver, B. C.

'11—Ralph Young is in the newspaper business in the "World Office," Vancouver. Carrie Logan is also there.

'11—Rev. G. D. Milbury is moving to North Vassalboro, Me.

'12—Bill Card is teaching music in Connecticut. He is directing a choral and cello club.

'13—Gwendolyn Shand is at her home in Windsor.

'13—Rev. Perry Eaton, Medical Missionary, sailed for China in October.

'14—Fred Bagnall is in Peace River District.

'14—C. M. Haverstock is teaching in Victoria, B. C.

'14—M. B. McKay is at the Sanatorium, Kentville.

Ex. '14—Col. Eric MacDonald, D. S. O., M. C. is visiting his father, Dr. MacDonald in Wolfville.

'15—Marguerite Elderkin is teaching in Edmonton.

'16—Gertrude Eaton has been sick with typhoid fever. She is now at home recuperating.

'16—Rev. J. S. Millett is pastor of the Baptist Church in Clarke's Harbor, C. S. I.

Ex. '17—A. A. Elderkin is at the Kentville Sanatorium.

'18—Beth Addison is teaching in Russell, Manitoba.

Ex. '18—Ina Dorman is working in Yarmouth.

Ex. '18—Jessie Bowlby is teaching in Kentville.

Ex. '19—L. K. Grady is in Vancouver.

Ex. '19—Sara E. Longley recently visited friends at Tully Tavern.

Ex. '20—C. S. Bezanson has a position at the Kentville Sanatorium.

Ex. '20—E. A. Robertson has opened the Cash and Carry store in Wolfville.

Ex. '21—Jean MacQuarrie is at her home in New Germany.

Among the Acadia people attending the Acadia—U. N. B. football game Nov. 11, were: W. G. Parsons, '75, W. L. Hall, '98, O. P. Goucher '92, F. S. Kinley '06, Apperlie Porter '11, Mrs. Porter '13, J. L. Illsley '13, M. B. McKay '14, Loring

Andrews '14, Wyman Porter Ex. '16, Laurie Harlow, Ex. '16, Rex Harlow Ex. '17, Myra Barnes '17, E. C. (Lofty) Leslie, Ex. '17, Angus Elderkin Ex. '17, Don Grant '19, A. M. Arbackle '19, Carl Beals '19, M. D. Shaffner Eng. '19, Eric Leslie, Eng. '14, R. R. Murray Ex. '13.

### A. L. S.

A. L. S.—May Chute is supervisor of Women's Clubs for Quebec. She had her headquarters at MacDonald College.

'07—Mrs. T. F. Francis née Una Layton is living at Carleon, Alta.

A. L. S. '12—Evelyn Smith became the bride of Morton Bishop, Wolfville, in June and is now living in Semans, Sask.

'18—Hazel Lance is at her home Bridgetown.

'18—Agnes Belyea is attending Norman School, Fredericton.

'18—Lily Ellis is teaching Domestic Science at A. L. S.

'18—Mary and Emily McLean are at Wellesley.

'18—Edith Staples is at her home Marysville, N. B.

'18—Hazel Cox is teaching in the West.

A. L. S. '19—Lois Lamont is continuing her course in Dietitics at State Hospital, Providence, Rhode Island.

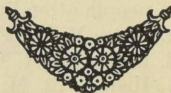
A. L. S. '19—Iris Morse is private secretary for town clerk in Kentville.

A. L. S. '19—Doris Bagley is stenographer in Leslie's Music Store, Liverpool.

Ex. '20—Nellie Colwell is attending Dalhousie.

### A. C. A.

A. C. A.—Harold Verge, returned from overseas in June, and is engaged in lumbering in Shelburne.







THE McMaster University Monthly is one of our most looked for magazines. We appreciate the publication of "Ici Repose," especially as many of the author's poems appeared first in the columns of the Athenaeum. McMaster has the right idea of the function of a university paper, namely to promote and encourage literary activity among the students. This issue has fallen rather below its ideal, for it contains only stories, but no articles or poems by present students. Many of its contents are either "Selected," or the works of graduates. While these have their place, and to a certain extent are an addition to any magazine, they should not be published to the exclusion of undergraduate material. Other departments show decided originality. "Around the Hill" and the "Women's Department" are both laden with a spirit of solicitous care of the "Freshies" on the part of the "Sophs." "Here and There" in it's pithness and originality is one of the best things of its kind in any of our Exchanges.

We are glad to make the acquaintance of the Uyssey, our new exchange from Vancouver. A lively interest in athletics is the first impression of U. B. C. received from its paper. Upon closer observation we find that the University is very much alive in all the activities of College life. U. B. C. has not progressed as far as Mount Allison and Acadia in regard to the abolition of initiation. The Uyssey seems to suggest many added horrors this year which were greatly enjoyed by the Upper Classmen and *perhaps* by the Freshmen also. The students at U. B. C. have reason to be proud of a mixed de-

bating team. This is a step in the right direction. If they keep on in this way they will soon have no lack of college traditions to live up to. We wish the U. B. C. all the success attending unity of the student body actuated by true college spirit.

The November number of the *Argosy* has some very good material. The article on the "German Working Class" does not seem to be in sympathy with the very common arguments in favor of this class, whom we sometimes hear of as a very fine people with a great deal of kindness and nobility of heart. Perhaps we will someday believe this of them—when the Armistice has more than a year of history. We consider Mount A. a leader in her write ups of her graduates—original, bright, and interesting; but would suggest that the other departments of the magazine suffered on account of the attention given the writeups. The editorial makes a stirring appeal for the support of the undergraduates. What could you not accomplish, Mr. Editor, with the support of nine hundred able men and wmen. The several departments show an eagerness on the part of the students to participate in the gaiety and responsibility of college life. With your increased enrollment, there should be a corresponding improvement in your magazine. We would again recommend to you as a means to the end, our system of interclass competition.

From Dalhousie comes a word to the returned men and the appeal to arouse class rivalry and College Patriotism. The Million Dollar Campaign is an effort for advancement. Your writings interest show talent. Could not this be effectively used in the literary department? Your magazine does not seem to be up to the standard recently. We wonder if a weekly publication is in the best interests of your paper.

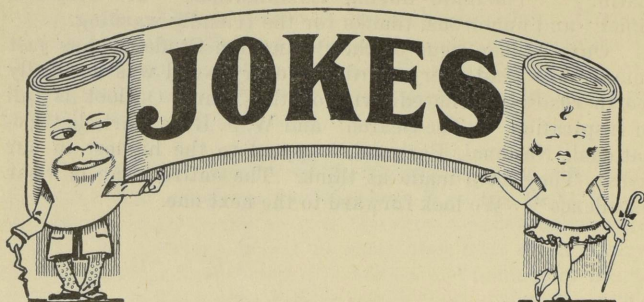
In the issue of November 6th is a call for the girls to make the most of their privileges. Respond girls, and show that you are really interested in the life and societies of the college. A novel departure in the line of debating is the attempt of the Freshmen and Sophomores to settle for the girls the important question: "Resolved, that for lady students a course in Domestic Science should be substituted for

Latin." "Thoughts during Examinations" are realistic, timely, and humorous. thanks for the friendly warning.

Our October issue of the "Canadian Student" has just come.. We read every word, for every word was decidedly worth reading. The editorial on the Year's Outlook is full of inspiration. "The Search" and W. J. Rose's article "Vocational, National, Personal," appeal to the highest in our lives. They have made us think. The entire issue is "par excellence". We look forward to the next one.







Miss Morse,—Oh Ira, it must be great to be an experienced aviator."

Clarke, Eng.—"You bet. It became so natural to me that I often feel a craving for birdseed."

Freshmen themes—"Most dairy farms have from fifty to sixty bread cattle."

Merchant to Clark, Eng.—Are you attending the University?

Clarke—Yes. What do you want to know?

Brad. Hall '19 to maid at the Seminary. "Be sure and tell Miss———that I called while she was out.

Maid—Oh yes, I know she'll be delighted to hear it.

Doyle '23—What is the plural of mother-in-law.

Prof. Rh-d-z-r—I should think that one would be enough.

Boyer '20—(in Logic class)—I didn't say that. I was talking about when *I* was untrue.

Dr. Spidle—Mr. Tingley. How about the statement, 'Truth is the food of the soul.'

Mr. Tingley—I don't know much about that.

John B.—If E is false, I is true.

Dr. S.—Are you quite sure about that?

John—I'm sure of some of it.

Dr. S.—What are 'nt you sure of?

John—I'm not sure about I.

Camp '23 (after five days campus duty under George Knowlan),—"Anyone who sings "Britains never shall be slaves," after this is a twin of Ananias."

Bush (passing collection plate to Gray)—"Hey, wake up there; the sermon hasn't begun yet.

Dr. Cutten—Mr. Huggins, when people watch the sun rise, do they expect to see the earth turn toward the sun or the sun come up above the earth?

Mr. Huggins—I don't know, sir, I never noticed.

Dr. Cutten—What about the moon then?

Freshman (after Senior-Junior debate)—What is the matter with Lumsden's tongue anyway?

Junior (explaining)—I guess it must be like that lions tail Dr. Cutten told us about in Psychology "By Heaven it wags."

Miss Wickwire (at Dr. Cahoon's office)—I want an education.

Steeves '21—How do you like that cigar I gave you, John? For 200 bands off that brand they give you a gramophone.

Bishop '21—You don't say! If I smoked 200 of those cigars I wouldn't want a gramophone; I'd want a harp.

Bush (in Y. M.)—Dr. Patterson has been born and brought up in Winnipeg for the last ten years.

K. (after looking in Bob's room for Aida)—She must be home if she's in at all.

Miss Reid '23—(to Cecie)—Have you any salted peanuts?

Cecie—Yes.

Miss Reid—Are they fresh?

Cecie—Why no, they're salted.

Small boy—What's that white thing around Elijah's head in the picture of him going up in a chariot of fire?

Wise Soph.—That's his extra tire.

K (to Lucy after Sociology class)—How did you get along taking notes?

Lucy—Oh, I fell out on the last lap?

K—Oh, whose?

Prof. C-v—"Judge not that ye be not judged" as Shakespeare says in his—what is it—his "Twelfth Night"!

Marshall:—No sir, he says that in "Matthew."

Dobson '20—Cleveland, you ought to take dancing lessons.

Br-nt-n '22—Why! Do you get units for it.

B-shop '21—Isn't it too bad Fritz wasn't in your class last year.

M-ssen-er '22—Whats 'the matter?

B-shop—Just look at the nice crop of hair he has.

Lumsden '21—I know of a case of a man who was dumb for months after he came from the front, but one day the street car he was in stopped suddenly and he fell into a lady's lap and said "Excuse me."

Dr. Cutten—The shock must have been terrible.

Mac. '21 (to verdant one)—Did you ever hear the story of the goat eating the broken mirror?

Freshman—No, what is it?

Mac.—Food for reflection.



Crandall '22—There's something wrong with my breath. It hurts me to breathe.

Doctor—All right, I'll give you something that will stop all that.

Dr. Rhodinizer—Mr. Crandall you are late as usual, what is wrong?

Roby—Sir my watch is slow, I shall put no more faith in it.

Dr. ———It isn't faith that it needs, it is works.

Dr. Cutten (after lecture on ear)—Mr. Cross, is there anything that you don't understand about the ears.

Cr-ss—Just one thing sir.

Dr. ———Good, and what might that be.

Cr——I don't understand how you hear.

F-t-s '20—Mr. Hennigar the temperature in my room is down to zero.

Mr. Hennigar—Down to zero, that's nothing.

M- '21 to S- '21—"Are Richardson and Boyer taking Astronomy"?

S- '21—"I think so. I've seen them paying attention to the same Star (r).

C '23—A good argument for daylight saving is that it will raise the morals of the people.

N '23—How?

C '23—The devil loves darkness rather than light.

Freshette—"How is it that Isabel McPhail can go out every night?"

Junior—"Because she always takes *the* Dean with her.

Miss S—to Cross.

"Are you sure your voice will fill this hall?"

C-'21—"That doesn't worry me Miss S—— it is the danger of emptying it."

Tu-p-r '23—Do you like fish balls Miss Musgrave.  
Miss M-s-gr-ve—I can't say, I have never been to one.

Cr-d-ll '22—If I were killed on the football field, my father would get \$1000.

E-t-n '22—In other words, you are worth more dead than alive.

Prof. ——— A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Lu-nd-n '21—That is why so many of us get plucked in the exams.



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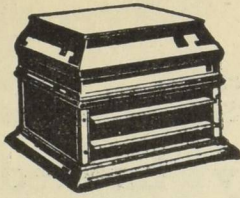
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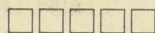
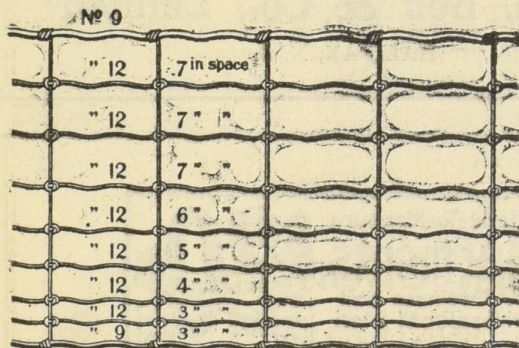
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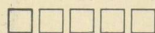
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