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Roll of Honor

We recognize that this list is incomplete and inaccurate. Any information with regard to men whose names do not appear here or errors in this list will be welcomed by the Editor of the ATHENÆUM. It is published largely in order to get the necessary data for a complete Honor Roll of Acadia.

Acker, W. R.	Ex. '18	C. S. M., C.A.M.C.
Allen, D. H.	A. C. A.	Pte.
Allen, W. R.	A. C. A.	
*Amos, J. B.	Ex. '18	
Andrews, P. S.	B. A. '13	Gr. 9th C. G. A.
*Andrews, P. T.	B.A.'13	Lieut. 85th.
Angus, Burton	B. A. '17	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
Anthony, F. V.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
**Archibald, Leon	Ex. '10	Lieut. R. E.
Archibald, W. C.	B. A '13	Capt. 5th C. F. A.
*Archibald, W. G.	Ex. '16	Gr.3rd Div. C. F. A.
Archibald, F. M.	'19	Cadet R.A.F.
Armstrong, C. E.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
*Atkins, G. S.	Ex. '15	Gr. 45th, C. F. A.
Atkins, P. A.	Ex. '10	Lieut. R. F. C.
*Bagnell, F. W.	B. A. '14	Sgt. 14th.
Baker, C. E.	B. A. '12	Lieut. 25th.
*Balcolm, R. I.	B. A. '12	Pte. 85th.
Barss, G. A. twice MD	Ex. '11	Lieut. R. A. M. C.
*Barss, J. E.	B. A. '12	Sgt. P. P. C. L. I.
Barss, W. D.	B. A. '12	Lieut. Tank Bttn.
Bates, H. E.	Ex. '06	Lieut. 66th, C. F. A.
†Beals, P. S.	B. A. '09	Sgt. 85th.
†Benjamin, E. P.	A. C. A.	Pte. 5th, C. M. R.
†Benjamin, H. E.	A. C. A.	Pte. 5th, C. M. R.
Bentley, P. J.	Ex. '19	Sgt. A. S. C.
Bettes, W. H.	Ex. '19	W. O. R. N.
Bezanson, L. S.	Ex. '20	Pte. 1 D. B. N. S. R.
Bigelow, E.	B. A. '10	Pte. 196th.
Bishop, E. S.	Eng. '19	Cadet R. A. F.
*Bishop, H. F.	Ex. '17	Cpl. P. P. C. L. I.
Black, I. G.	A. C. A.	Sgt. 26th Res. Bn.
*Black, L. W.	Ex. '13	Capt. 85th
Black, Reg.	Ex. '15.	Corp. C. A. S. C.
Blackader, G. D.	B. A. '91	Major 1st For. Bn.

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

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†Blackader, G. W. L.	Ex. '16	Gr. 46th, C. F. A.
Blackader, N.		Pte. 63rd.
*Blauvelt, R. P.	Ex. '15	Pte. 219th.
*Borden, A. D.	B. A. '16	Lieut. 85th.
*Borden, A.H., D.S.O.	Ex. '04	Lt. Col. 85th.
†Borden, R. C.	Ex. '17	Sgt. 85th.
Boyer, J. M., M. C.	Ex. '18	Lieut. 17th C. F. A.
Boyle, E.	'19	Cadet, R. A. F.
Bridges, J. D.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. A. S. C.
*Bruce, A. C.	B. A. '14	Pte. 24th.
Burgess, H. W.	B. A. '12	Lieut. C.A.M.C.
Burnett, F. C., M. Des.	Ex. '15	Sgt. C. A. M. C.
Burns, A. S.	B. A. '98	Capt. C. A. M. C.
Butterworth, V.	Ex. '18	Pte. Sign. Corps
Calhoun, Whitmore	B. A. '16	Pte. 72nd
Carter, R. H.	B. A. '15	Lieut. R. F. C.
Chappell, E. W.	A. C. A.	Gr. 6th C. F. A.
*Chase, W. H.	B. A. '16	Pte. C. A. M. C.
*†Chase, D. B.	Ex. '17	L-C. P. P. C. L. I.
Chipman, J.	Ex. '15	Spr. C. E.
*Chipman, M.R., M.C.	Ex. '17	Lieut. 85th.
†Christie, N. C.	A. C. A.	Lieut. 193rd
**Churchill, R. W.	A. C. A.	Capt. 112th
Churchill, John L.	B. A. '92	Capt. C. A. M. C.
Chute, A. H.	B. A. '10	Capt (Pay,) C. G. A.
Chute, Austin	B. A. '12	Bomb. 10th, C. G. A.
Chute, F. F.	B. A. '13	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Clarke, I. W.	B. Sc. '18	Lieut. R. F. C.
Clark, J. S.	B. A. '99	Capt. C. A. M. C.
Clark, E. L.	A. C. A.	
*Coldwell, G.	A. C. A.	Pte. 112th.
Coldwell, L. H.	B. A. '17	Sgt. 85th.
Coleman, W. LeR.	Ex. '19	Lieut. N. S. I. D. B.
Collins, R. W.	B. A. '12	Sgt. 246th
Collins, W.	Ex. '18	Pte. 219th
†*Cook, A. H.	A. C. A.	Pte. 25th
†Cook, C. W.	Ex. '12	Lieut. R. F. C.
Copeland C. G.	E. '19	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Corey, A. F.	C. '19	Lieut. R. A. F.
Corey, C. W.	B. A. '87	Y. M. C. A. Capt.
Cox E. C.	Ex. '7	Pte. 64t
†Cox, H. G.	Ex. '16	Pte. P. P. C. L. I.
*Cox, R. C.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. C. C.
*Crawley, E. A.	B. A. '04	Lieut. 85th
*Crawley, H. A.	Ex. '16	Capt. 85th
Crilley, A. T.	Ex. '20	Capt. Imp. Forces

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

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Crockett, C. W.	A. C. A.	Cadet. R. A. F.
Crosby, C. H.	Ex. '16	Gr. C. G. A.
Crosby, Theo	A. C. A.	R. N.
Crowe, L. L.	'21	Cadet, R. A. F.
Cunningham, H. D.	Ex. '14	Lieut. 193rd
Curry, F. W.	Ex. '18	Lieut. (Paym.) R.N.C.V.D.
†Curry L. H.	B. A. '05	Capt. 42nd
Currie, H. H.	Ex. '01	Pte. 54th
Curry, Vernon	Ex. '19	Pte. U. S. A.
Cutten, G. B.	B. A. '96	Major 246th
*D'Almaine, E. C.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. C. C.
D'Almaine, H. C.	Ex. '14	Lieut. C. F. A.
Dawson, C. A.	B. A. '12	Capt. Y. M. C. A.
Davidson, Waldo	Ex. '18	Gr. 11th C. G. A.
Davis, E. C.	A. C. A.	
Davis, R. W.	Ex. '17	Pte. 85th
Day, Kennard	Ex. '18	Pte. 7th N. Y. Rgt. U. S.A
Dean, R. C.	A. C. A.	Lieut.
DeBow, J. W.	Ex. '11	Sgt. Can. Lab. Bn.
DelPlaine, C.W., M.M.	Ex. '16	Sgt. 7th C. R. T.
†Dennis, E. R., M.C.	Ex. '15	Capt 40th
DeWitt, C. E. A.	B. A. '04	Maj. C. A. M. C.
DeWitt, Herman		Capt. C. A. D. C.
DeWolfe, Chas.	A. C. A.	Pte. 31st
*†DeWolfe, H. B.	B. A. '16	Cpl. P.P.C.L.I. (Rec. for Comm.)
Dexter, G. C.	Ex. '18	Cpl. 85th
Dexter, H. M.	A. C. A.	U. S. A.
Dexter, G. M.	Ex. '17	Pte. 219th.
†Dick, S. J.	Ex. '17	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Dimock, A. M.	A. C. A.	Pte. 1 D. B. N. S.
Dimock, Bertram	A. C. A.	Lieut. R. Constr. T.
Dimock, M. C.	A. C. A.	Pte. 31st
*Donaldson, R.W.M.C.	B. A. '12	Lieut. P. P. C. L. I.
*Doty, I. C.	B. A. '15	Cpl. R. C. R.
*Draper, John	Ex. '17	Sgt. 85th
Durkee, A. A.	A. C. A.	Capt. C. F. A.
Durkee, R. M.	Ex. '16	Air Force, U. S. A.
**Eagles, B. D.	Ex. '18	Sgt. 85th
†Eaton, L. G.	Ex. '17	Capt. 6th C. M. R.
Eaton, P. B.	B. A. '13	Capt. C. A. M. C.
Elderkin, A. A.	Ex. '17	Gr. 11th C. F. A.
†Elderkin, Wm.	A. C. A.	Pte. P. P. C. L. I.
†Elderkin, V. C.	Ex. '08	Pte. 14th
Elliot, E. S.	Ex. '21	Cadet R. A. F.
Emerson, H. R.	B. A. '04	Maj. Imp. Forces
†Emerson, F. L.	A. C. A.	Pte. 104th

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

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Estabrooks, H. G.	B. A. '91	Capt. Y. M. C. A.
Estabrooks, G. H.	'20	Lieut. 7th Bn.
Eveleigh, A. W.	Ex. '14	Lieut. 104th.
Eveleigh, P. E.	B. A. '14	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Falconer, F. C.	Ex. '11	Pte. C. A. M. C.
†Feindel, J. H.	Ex. '16	Lieut. 25th
†Fisher, W.	A. C. A.	Pte. 64th
†Fitch, C. W.	Ex. '18	Pte. P. P. C. L. I.
*Fletcher, E. D.	Ex. '17	Pte. C. A. M. C.
*Fletcher, Otto	A. C. A.	Pte. 115th
Fletcher, W. G.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Flewelling, G.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Forbes, J. E.	Ex. '14	Lieut. R. A. F.
Forsythe, R. H.	A. C. A.	Bomb. 2nd. C. G. A.
Foster, J. S.	Ex. '14	Pte. Sig. Corps. U. S. A.
Foster, Max	Ex. '15	Lieut. Sig. Corps, U. S. A.
*Foster, A. W.	Ex. '16	Sgt. 85th
*Frail, W. S.	A. C. A.	Pte 219th
Fraser, D. S.	Ex. '19	Cadet R. A. F.
Fredea, M. F.	Ex. '14	Cpl. 6th Coy. C. E.
†Freeman, C. E.	A. C. A.	Pte. 64th
Freeman, P. W., M. C.	A. C. A.	Capt. 40th
Freeman, R. H.	Ex. '19	Gr. 10th, C. G. A.
Froggatt, N. E.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
Frost, L. W.	A. C. A.	Pte. 1st C. C. S., C.A.M.C.
*Ganong, C. K.	A. C. A.	Gr. C. G. A.
†Gates, E. W.	A. C. A.	
Gavel, S. B.	A. C. A.	L-C 219th
Goff, J.	A. C. A.	Pte. 193rd
Good, F. A.	Ex. '93	Maj. 140th
Goodspeed, F. G.	B. A. '02	D. I. O., M. D. 6
Goucher, A. R.	Ex. '15	Cpl 26th
Goucher, F. H.	Ex. '16	L-C 219th
Goucher, F. S.	B. A. '09	
Grady, L. K.	Ex. '19	Pte 25th
Grant, D.	'19	Cadet R. A. F.
Grant, C. E.	Eng. '20	Pte 219th
*Graves, O. W.	B. A. '14	Pte. P. P. C. L. I.
***Gregg, M. F., V. C.		
M. C., Bar	Ex. '17	Lieut. R. C. R.
Gunter, H. R.	Ex. '14	Lieut. C. A. S. C.
Haley, B. F.	Ex. '19	Pte. Sig. Corps
Haley, Gwen.	Sem.	Nurse, Havard Unit
Haley, R. R.	B. Sc. '13	Lieut. R. A. F.
Hamilton, P. W.	A. C. A.	Sgt. 219th
Harlow, L. H.	Ex. '17	Lieut. R. A. F.

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

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Harlow, R. N.	Ex. '17	Lieut. R. A. F.
†Harnish, H. C.	Ex. '19	Pte 246th
Haverstock, C. M.	B. A. '14	Pte 196th
Haycock, M.	A. C. A.	L-C 246th
Hemmeon, M.	B. A. '92	Capt. C. A. M. C.
*Hennigar, R.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
Henshaw, E. R. L.	Ex. '15	Sgt. 26th
*Henshaw, V. I. M.	A. C. A.	Sgt. 26th
*Herman, A. K.	B. A. '12	Pte. 85th
Higgins, F. C.	B. A. '14	Capt. R. A. F.
Hirtle, S.	Ex. '18	Sgt. 219th
Hogan, C. K.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
*Holmes, W. W.	Ex. '19	Lieut. C. G. A. 33rd Bty.
Horne, R. E. M. Des.	Ex. '16	Cpl. C. A. M. C.
Hughes, A. G.	A. C. A.	Pte 193rd
Hunt, E. F.	Ex. '15	Cpl. C. A. M. C.
†Illsley, C. P.	Ex. '14	Spr. 6th Coy. C. E.
Ingraham, L. H.	Ex. '16	Pte. Sig. Corps
Inman, Mark	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Irving, K. C.	Ex. '20	Cadet, R. A. F.
Johnson, K. P.	Ex. '19	Pte. 219th
†Johnson, J. L.	Ex. '09	Capt. C. A. M. C.
Johnson, L. McK.	B. A. '13	Lieut. R. A. F.
†Jones, A. T.	A. C. A.	
**Jones, H. G.	A. C. A.	Spr. C. E.
***††Jones, S. L.	B. A. '97	Major. P. P. C. L. I.
Jost, Arthur	B. A. '03	Lt.Col. A. D. M. S., M.D. 7
Keddy, D. C.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Keith, K. W.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Kierstead, G. C. F.	B. A. '10	Capt. 2nd Labor Bn.
*Kinley, T. J.	Ex. '07	Pte. 72nd
Kinney, C. F.	B. A. '12	Lieut. 1st For. Dep.
†Kinnie, R. M.	Ex. '14	Gr. C. G. A.
*Knowles, C. W.	Ex. '15	Gr. C. G. A.
†Lantz, O. L. C. deG.	A. C. A.	Lieut 85th
Lantz, H. V.	A. C. A.	Sgt. C. A. M. C.
**Layte, R. R. M. C.	Ex. '17	Capt 85th
*Lawson, W. C., M. C.	B. A. '14	Lieut 26th
Leeman, R.	Ex. '15	
*Leslie, Eric	Ex. '14	Gr. 46th C. F. A.
Leslie, E. C.	Ex. '16	Lieut 85th
Lewis, J. W., M. C.	Ex. '16	Capt. 8th T. M. B.
Locke, M.	A. C. A.	Pte 219th
†Locke, S. M.	A. C. A.	Pte 219th
Logan, Freemont	B. A., '13	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
Logan, H. A.	B. A. '12	Sgt. 10th C. G. A.

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds. Died. *Wounded, Gassed. †Prisoner of War.

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Longley, A. E.	'20	Cadet R. A. F.
Longley, R. S.	'21	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
Lounsbury, G. H.	Ex. '11	Capt 140th
*Lumsden, C.B.,M.M.	A. C. A.	Pte. 25th
Lunn, G.	Ex. '16	Pte. 196th
Lutz, G. H.	B. A. '14	Lieut, 56th R. F. A.
Lunn, C. W.	A. C. A.	Pte 196th
McClaire, C. S.	Ex. '18	Pte. 63rd
*McClaire, D. R.	A. C. A.	Pte 63rd
McCready, W. H.	Ex. '19	Pte. 219th
McCutcheon, M. W.	Ex. '17	Lieut. C. E.
McDonald, E.W.,		
D.S.O., 2 bars, M.C.	Ex. '14	Lt. Col. 10th
McDonald, J. H.,		
C. O. B. E.	Ex.B.A. '91	Lt. Col. Chap. Ser.
†McGregor, G. E.	A. C. A.	Lieut. 87th
McIntosh, N.	Ex. '16	Lieut. R. F. C.
**McIntyre, W. E.	B. A. '10	Pte. 47th
*McKay, J. G., M. C.	B. A., '15	Capt. Y. M. C. A.
McKeen, R.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
McKenna, H.	Ex. '16	Pte. 85th
McLean, N. A.	A. C. A.	Sgt. 25th
McLean, W. M.	Ex. '19	Pte. Med. Corps, U. S. A.
McLeod, Clarke	Ex. '17	Cpl. C. A. M. C.
†McLeod, Colin, D.C.M.	Ex. '91	Pte. 85th
McLeod, Marie	Ex. '11	N. S. 2nd Can. Gen. H.
McGray, A. K.	A. C. A.	Cadet, R. A. F.
McLean, J. R.	A. C. A.	Gr. 9th Siege Battery
McLeod, N. P., M.C.	Ex. '98	Maj. 1st C. G. A.
McNair, D. F.	A. C. A.	Pte. 55th
*McNeil, J. H., M. M.	Ex. '17	Sgt. 85th
McNeill, J. F.	Ex. '18	Lieut. R. C. R.
†McNeill, Grant	A. C. A.	
McNeill, J. M.	Ex. '17	Lieut. P. P. C. L. I.
McNeill, L. H.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
McNeill, Vernon	A. C. A.	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
*MacPhee, E.D.,M.M.	Ex. '18	C. S. M. 17th Res.
†MacPhee, G. L.	Ex. '17	L-C 85th
Magner, A.K.,M.M.	B. A. '13	Capt. Chap. Ser.
†Manning, P. W.	A. C. A.	L-C 85th
†Manning, F. C.	B. A. '16	Lieut. 85th
**Manning, J. H.	'20	Lieut. 52nd
‡March, A. C.	B. A. '10	Lieut. P. P. C. L. I.
March, J. W.	Ex. '17	Pte. 112th
Margeson, J. W.	Ex. '08	Major (Paym.) 25th
Marquis, D. M.	Ex. '18	Pte. 85th

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

†Mason, V. K.	B. A. '14	Lieut. 11th Suf. Regt.
Meister, T.	Ex. '20	Pte. 1 D. B. N. S. R.
*Mellor, W. E.	Ex. '14	Lieut. R. E.
*Mersereau, C. J., D.S.O.	B.A.'00 M.A.	Lt. Col. 2nd Bde. HQ.
Messenger, C. B.	Ex. '17	Cadet R. A. F.
Miller, Chas.	Ex. '12	Cadet R. A. F.
Miller, V. L.	B. A. '00	Capt. C. A. M. C.
**Millett, J. S.	B. A. '16	Lieut. R. C. R.
*Millett, R. M., M. C.	B. A. '16	Lieut. R. C. R.
Millett, R. J.	Ex. '15	Pte. C. A. M. C.
†*Mills, E. R.	A. C. A.	Pte. 140th
Mills, W. D.	Ex. '17	
Mitchell, A. H. G.	Ex. '17	Pte. 140th
†Moore, C. L.	Ex. '17	Lieut. 7th Lon. Rgt.
†Moore, Earl	A. C. A.	
Moore, H. P.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. A. M. C.
*Moore, R. M.	Ex. '18	Pte. 42nd
Moore, W. M.	Ex. '18	Lieut. C. E.
*Morrison, G. M.	B. A. '15	Lieut. R. F. C.
*Morrison, Neil	Ex. '21	Lieut. 25th
Morse, C. K.	B. A. '03	Capt. Chap. Ser.
Morse, G. P.	Ex. '04	Lieut. C. E.
Morse, John	Ex. '14	Pte 61st
Morse, L. R.	B. A. '91	Maj. C. A. M. C.
Morton, L. M.	Ex. '11	Capt. R. A. M. C.
**Morton, J. I.	A. C. A.	Pte. 17th
*Mosher, J. I.	Ex. '18	Pte. 2nd
Muirhead, Harry	A. C. A.	Lt. Col. 17th Res.
Murray, K. I.	A. C. A.	Spr. 6th Coy. C. E.
*Murray, R. R., M. C. bar	Ex. '13	Lieut. 1st Tun. Co.
Newcombe, A. F.	Ex. '17	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Nicholson, F. A.	Ex. '15	Capt. 104th
Nowlan, Geo.	Ex. '19	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
O'Brien, W. M.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Oxner, J. M.	A. C. A.	Pte. N. S. I. D. B.
*Parker, C. M.	Ex. '18	Pte 85th
Parker, F. D.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Parks, C. C.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
†Parks, H. C., M.C.	A. C. A.	Lieut. R. A. F.
*Parsons, G. R., M.C.	Ex. '16	Lieut 85th
Parsons Gwynn	A. C. A.	Lieut 106th
Parsons, Nellie B.	Sem.	N/S. S. S. "Touraine."
Parsons, N. H.	Ex. '91	Lt. Col. 246th
†Paul Herbert	Ex. '15	Lieut. R. F. C.
Payne, F. J.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Payne, J. H.	A. C. A.	

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

Payzant, S. K.	B. Sc. '14	Spr. C. E.
†Peck, G. B., M.M.	Ex. '17	Pte. 85th
Pickles, J. C.	Ex. '19	Gr. 9th C. G. A.
†Pineo, H. H.	B. A. '12	Capt. 5th C. M. R.
Porter, F. C.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219t
Porter, F. S.	B. A. '06	Capt. Chap. Ser.
†Porter, Frank E.	A. C. A.	Pte. 85th
*Porter, H. L.	B. A. '17	Lieut. Y. M. C. A.
Porter, W. A.	B. Sc. '11	Lieut. Rail. Const. T.
Porter, O. D.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Potter, W. P.	B. A. '12, B. Sc.	Lieut. C. G. A.
†Powell, E. L.	B. A. '12	U. S. A.
Prestwood, O. E.	Ex. '13	Mech. R. F. C.
Price, Chas.	A. C. A.	Sgt. 64th
Putnam, L. H.	Ex. '09	Lieut. C. Rail. T.
*Rackham, Geo.	Ex. '16	Pte. 85th
Raymond, Cecil	Ex. '18	Spr. C. E.
Read, H. E.	Ex. '19	Lieut. R. F. C.
Read, P. C.	B. A. '02	Capt. Chap. Ser.
Read, Willard	A. C. A.	Pte. C. C. C.
*Reid, H. Todd	B. A. '12	Capt. R. F. A.
*Rennie, F. B.	A. C. A.	Sgt. 4th M. G. C.
†Richardson, S. W.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
Rideout, F. C.	B. A. '09	Capt. Chap. Ser.
Richardson, Leo.	Ex. '17	Cadet R. F. C.
Richardson, S. P.	A. C. A.	Pte. 85th
*Rogers, A. W., M. C.	B. A. '15	Lieut. 85th
*Rogers, Dean R.	Ex. '18	Lieut. 85th
Rogers, Herb.	A. C. A.	Gr. C. G. A.
Rogers, N. McL.	Ex. '16	Lieut. 246th
Rogers, Wendell, M. C.	A. C. A.	Capt. R. A. F.
*Roscoe, B. W., D. S. O.	B. A. '02	Maj. 5th C. M. R.
Roscoe, H. M.	Eng. '16	Lieut. C. E.
*Rouse, I. B., M. C.	Ex. '17	Lieut. Royal Lancs. Regt.
Rust, Wm.	Ex. '19	Lieut. Coast Art. U. S. A.
*Salter, R. A.	Ex. '20	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
Saunders, M. G.	B. A. '16	Cadet R. A. F.
Schurman, C. G.	B. A. '17	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
Schurman, Fred B.	Ex. '96	Capt. 260th
Scott, C. E.	Ex. '17	Pte.
*Scott, Hartley	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
Seaman, L. N.	B. Sc. '10	Capt. C. G. A.
Shaffner, M. D.	Eng. '19	Cadet R. A. F.
†Shaffner, L. B.	Ex. '17	Pte. 64th
Shand, Errol	Ex. '15	Sgt. C. G. A.
*Shepherd, A. D.	A. C. A.	Driv. C. A. S. C.

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. †Prisoner of War.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

†Simms, Rutherford	A. C. A.	Lieut. 26th
Simms, Stockwell	B. A. '10	Lieut. Can. Militia
Simpson, F. L.	Ex. '18	Pte. 8th Rail. Const. Bn.
Sharpe, Marion	Ex. '11	N/S. 2nd Can. Gen. H.
Simms, Philip M.	A. C. A.	Pte. Sig. Corps.
†Slipp, Leonard	B. A. '02	Sgt. 56th
**Slack, L. W. W., M. C.	Ex. '14	Lieut. 60th
Smallman, R. B.	B. A. '17	Sgt. A. P. C.
Smith, C. P.	A. C. A.	Pte. 112th
Smith, Dumaresq	Ex. '18	Lieut. 2nd C. G. A.
Smith G. Clifford	Ex. '16	Lieut. R. A. F.
Smith, Jos.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. A. M. C.
*Smith, J. R.	B. A. '13	Lieut. 1st Coy. C. E.
Smith, W. B.	A. C. A.	Pte 219th.
†Smith, W. C.	Eng. '14	Lieut. C. G. A.
Snow, L. B.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Spencer, Roy, M. C. bar	B. A. '13	Maj. C. E.
Spidle, J. D.	Ex. '08	Capt. Chap. Ser.
Spidle, Gurney	Ex. '18	Mech. R. F. C.
Spriggs, Wm. D. F. C.	Ex. Eng. '20	Lieut. R. A. F.
*Stackhouse W. E., M. M.	Ex. '17	Pte. 85th
Starratt, H. J., M. Des.	B. A. '93	Capt. C. C. C.
Stewart, D. M.	Ex. Eng. '21	Spr. C. E.
Stewart, Don. O.	Ex. '19	Gr. C. G. A.
Tamplin, J. M.	Ex '16	Lieut. 112th
Taylor, Willard	A. C. A.	Pte. 85th
Therrien, E. A.	'20	Sgt. N. S. I. D. B.
Therrien, A. D.	Eng. '18	Mech. R. A. F.
**Thurber, E. G., M. C.	Ex. '18	Lieut. R. F. C.
Tingley, P. R.	Ex. '17	Lieut. Y. M. C. A.
Titus, H. H.	Ex. '18	Pte. 219th
Titus, L. F.	Ex. '18	Cadet. R. A. F.
Troop, Stuart	Ex. '09	Lieut. Leicester Rgt.
†Trotter, Bernard	A. C. A.	Lieut. C. A. S. C.
Underwood, G. W.	A. C. A.	Gr. 36th C. F. A.
*Vail, G. H.	Ex. '17	Gr. 46th C. F. A.
VanAmburg, G. O.	Ex. '15	Cp.. 104th
Vanwart, V. C.	Ex. '17	Pte. 85th
*Vaughan, H. W.	Ex. '16	Capt. 1st For. Dep.
Verge, H. B.	A. C. A.	Gr. 8th C. G. A.
Walker, H. W.	Ex. '19	Capt. C. A. M. C.
Walker, S. L.	B. A. '85	Pte. C. A. S. C.
Wallace, Isaiah	A. C. A.	Lieut. C. E.
Warner, John, M. C.	Ex. '11	Pte. U. S. A.
Wagh, H. V.	A. C. A.	Gr. C. G. A.
Webb, T. M.	A. C. A.	

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

†Webster, A. C.	Ex. '16	Sgt. 85th
Webster, D. H.	B. A. '06	Capt. Med. Ser. U. S. A.
*Whidden, J. E.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. A. M. C.
*White, C. E.	Ex. '19	Lieut. 26th
White, W. A.	B. A. '03	Capt. Chap. Serv.
Wickwire, F. W. M. Des.	Ex. '98	Capt. C. A. S. C.
Williams, A. D.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
Williams, P. B.	C. A. C.	Lieut. Imp. Forces
Wilson, H. M.	Ex. '18	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Wood, B. G.	B. A. '16	Sgt. 219th
Wood, J. E.	B. A. '96	Lieut. (Paym.) R. N.
†Wood, J. Lyman	Ex. '18	Pte. P. P. C. L. I.
†Woodman, K. D.	Ex. '17	Pte. 85th
Woodman, H. E.	Ex. '14	Pte. 219th
†Wright, C. M. B.	Ex. '19	Pte. 219th
Wright, W. J.	B. Sc. '07	Lieut. 85th
Young, Fred W.	B. A., '12	Cadet R. A. F.
*Young, George	A. C. A.	Lieut. 25th
Young, M. M.	Ex. '15	Pte. C. C. C.

Acadia University	311
Acadia Collegiate Academy	112
Total accepted for Military Service	423
Killed or died of wounds	50
Other casualties	111
Decorations (Military)	44
Mentioned in despatches	6



†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

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Winners for the Month

Poems—1st, D. G. Williams '21; 2nd, H. G. Morse, '20.

Articles—1st, H. G. Morse '20; 2nd, E. C. Prime, '22.

Stories—1st, D. B. Rogers, '22; 2nd, H. P. Starr, '19.

Month—1st, H. P. Starr, '19; 2nd, G. H. Estabrooks, '20.

Athletics—1st, C. B. Lumsden, '21; 2nd, J. W. Dobson, '20.

Personals—1st, H. G. Morse, '20; 2nd, H. P. Starr, '19.

Exchanges—1st, H. T. Walker, '20; 2nd, H. G. Morse, '20.

Jokes—1st, H. G. Goucher, '22; 2nd, H. G. Morse, '20.

Pennant—Won by Junior Class, 11 units.

Standing in Athenaeum Competition:—

H. G. Morse, '20	-----	15	units.
C. B. Lumsden '21	-----	7	"
L. B. Gray, '20	-----	6	"
G. D. Williams, '21	-----	4	"
K. E. Mason, '21	-----	4	"
H. P. Starr, '19	-----	4	"
H. S. Thurston, '21	-----	3	"



ACADIA SKATING RINK

Photo by Graham

The Acadia Athenaeum

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Communion

Thus speaks Ambition:

“Man, thou lookest small
From down the lofty heights when I would place thy feet;
Stretch forth thy hand; take firmer clasp on mine;
And let us rise. What though the ladder upon which we climb
Be human souls crushed down by stronger power?
What though the footsteps that we mark are stained
By blood? We spurn the lower type.
This needs must be, for in this world of ours
Some few may rise but more must lay them down
To be the steps. Yea, let us rise. Thus will we leave
Behind base discontent, vain hopes, and shattered dreams,
And petty baubles meet for smaller souls.”

My soul stirred by this call dares not to list;
Nor dares to fathom what that call may mean.
In consternation turning first to this, then that as truth.
It rises to the urging of the call;
It cries in passion for the right to rise;
It longs to sway, to rule, to break
The other soul that dares not to obey:
It feels a thrill for gain, a thrill for power;
It cries out for a sceptre and a crown;
A throne, ————— But oh!
By broken souls? By footsteps marked with blood?

“Away Ambition! Tempt me not. Away!
I hear thee not, nor will I trust thy hand.
Thou tempest me as thou didst tempt the Christ
Whom, as he looked o’er Judah’s hills, thou wouldst
Have flung sheer down to fall in ruin.
Away! I say. I rather take my cross of daily work
And as that meek man did long years ago,
Toil slowly up my Calvary’s weary climb,
And there find God by losing all of self.”

D. G. W. '21.

“A Hun Outwitted”

Signalling, in many ways is one of the most interesting branches of the Service, but when five of us chaps were detailed off to man a little out-of-the-way visual station “somewhere in Canada” almost on the eve of our departure for overseas, we certainly thought otherwise. Our station was situated a few miles beyond the entrance to a certain important harbour and was kept up more for observation purposes than anything else. At the mouth of the port stood a main examination station with which it was our duty to maintain constant communication and report all ships as they came within our range of vision.

A short distance below us, a small fishing village huddled along the rocky shore of a picturesque cove. The hamlet could boast of one general store, which as is the custom, served as a common loafing-place for all. We were no exception, for almost every evening would find the two men off duty swapping yarns with the village wits, and discussing everything from the price of herring to politics.

Lately the ravages of a German submarine which had successfully eluded the British Blockade, and was operating with great daring among the various fishing fleets, had proved the chief topic of conversation.

Embarkation of re-inforcements for the contingents overseas, had been delayed. Everywhere there existed an element of suppressed excitement for no man knew where the Hun would strike next. However, the scare gradually died away as no new depredations had been reported for some days and it was generally thought that the “U-Boat” had returned to its base for supplies.

One evening about this time, I was occupying my customary perch on the pickle barrel in the shop, listening to a discourse on religion by one of the “old salts,” when the door opened and a stranger entered. As was natural, I gave him a curious scrutiny observing that although attired in the rough garb of the fisherman, he somehow failed to look the part. His features lacked the rugged tan of out-door living, his hands the callous marks of the cod line. However, there was nothing very extraordinary about this and I would have given the matter no more thought except for an odd occurrence.

After the stranger had made his purchases and gone out, I found myself repeating over a group of seeming insignificant letters. I could see no connection between them and anything that had gone before, and was about to dismiss the thought as a freak of mind when suddenly the explanation came to me. While waiting for his parcels to be done up, the man had been

nervously tapping a coin against the counter; dash, three dots, dash, two dots, dot dash dot, repeating the combination several times. Although I had not noticed it at the time, these groups formed Morse for the three letters B. D. R. and my mind had unconsciously registered them. My curiosity was aroused and on inquiry I was informed that he had arrived a day previous, seeking work. He had been given a job mending nets and was living by himself in an old shack on the outskirts of the village.

Later that same night while doing my shift on duty at the Station, my thots wandered back to the queer incident of the evening and I found that I had formed a sort of a preconceived antipathy to this stranger. Why should a man in want of work come to such a remote locality as this to search for it when situations paying much higher wages abounded within the city? Why should he endeavour to pass himself off as an ignorant fisherman when, the rapidity with which he had tapped off the Morse letters on the counter, indicated a knowledge of telegraphy that must be fairly intimate? Again why had he chosen as a place to live, a delapidated hut off by itself and exposed to the winds of the sea when far better ones could be had below in the hamlet? Perchance it was privacy and an unobstructed view of the ocean that he desired, but why? These questions kept turning themselves over in my mind for some unaccountable reason.

And then I recalled that one of his purchases had been a quantity of carbide and that he had unnecessarily explained to the clerk that he wanted it for use in a bicycle lamp.

I began to puzzle over the three letters which he had rendered with the coin. Evidently they occupied a place of some prominence in his mind because he had made them automatically unknown to himself. What might they represent? Possibly it was some code. As I uttered the word "code" to myself, like a shot the probable solution came to me. In Signalling time is expressed, not in the figures on the dial but in letters of the alphabet. The numbers from one to twelve are designated by the letters from "A. to K." omitting "J." The minute spaces are represented by "R. S. W. X." Realizing, this I at once saw that B. D. R. signified twenty one minutes past two.

By this time I had worked myself up to a pitch of some excitement. Was it not possible that this man had some evil purpose in view? I could contain myself no longer and so decided to confide my fears to the rest of the fellows.

The Sergeant was at first very dubious and laughed heartily at my misgivings but presently the possibility of the affair struck him and in the end he decided that immediate action was advisable. "Mack" with whom I was on "watch" and myself were detailed to proceed to the vicinity of the stranger's shack, without delay, to make a thorough investigation.

It was then nearly two o'clock and we had a bare half hour in which to reach our destination before the prescribed time.

The shack was in darkness when we arrived with the exception of a faint glow which seemed to issue from around the smoke stack as from a fire within. This smoke flue was of tin and extended out from a side of the hut towards the water, some little distance, and then up. We had taken up a position somewhat below and off to the side, where we crouched behind a rock awaiting the appointed time. The minutes dragged by until finally my watch registered twenty one minutes past two. Still there was no sign of movement from within. A pang of disappointment shot thru me. My reasoning had been all wrong. How the fellows would jolly me!

Suddenly "Mack" gripped my arm and, directed my attention towards the dim light which we had previously noticed around the flue. Whereas before it had been flickering in a fitful manner as from a fire, I now perceived that the movement was regular like a succession of dots. on a signal lamp. Immediately I saw it all. Inside this pipe there must be some sort of a light controlled from within. The end of the pipe had been removed so that the rays shone out seaward but unless one were in front and on the same level, it was impossible to see the actual light. Almost on the instant that I formed this conclusion, a pale light flashed once out at sea and then vanished.

Together, Mack and I hurled ourselves up a neighboring knoll to a position in front of the hut, where we could see almost into the pipe. Click went the shutter of "Mack's" dark-lantern and he had a message pad and pencil ready almost before I had started to read the flashes which were now issuing regularly in the long and short pauses of the "Morse."

Presently it ceased. There was a single answering flash from the pale light sea-ward then darkness reigned supreme, once more. Quickly we decided that I would report back to the Station, with the message at once, while Mack remained behind to keep watch over the hut and its lonely occupant. Finally I reached my destination. The Sergeant, who had a knowledge of German, was able to identify as such what I had taken for a hopeless jumble of letters, and soon had the message translated. It was not until then that I realized the importance of our interception. The message read, "S. S. A——— sails 4 A. M., 21st inst. 5000 troops on board. Get her and God be with us."

This was followed by a mass of unintelligible cipher letters.

We were soon in communication with headquarters and informed them of the dastardly Hun plot which had the sinking of one of our largest transports for an object.

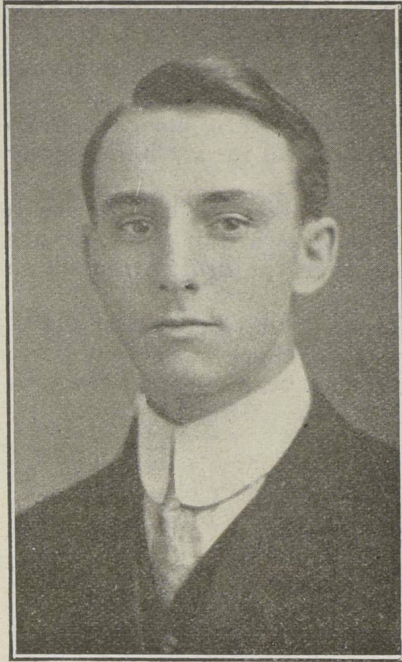
Early that same morning the German agent was taken into custody, and caught red-handed, admitted his guilt. In the smoke-stack was found an ingenious acetylene signalling lamp which explained why the stranger had wanted the carbide. Several valuable papers were also discovered hidden away, which served to help round up a whole spy system operating in our midst.

The General of our military district was immensely pleased over the affair and as a reward of our vigilance, we were allowed to proceed overseas with the draft after all, so we surely were a happy bunch.

I never heard for sure what became of the U-Boat but the day following our adventure, there was a very persistent rumor going the rounds that one had been sunk off the mouth of the Harbor, and I guess it was true alright.

D. B. R.—'22.





[Photo by Graham.]

Lieut. Milton Fowler Gregg, V. C., M. C., Bar

To a former Acadia man, Lieut. Milton F. Gregg, falls the honor of being the first University student in the Maritime Provinces to win the Victoria Cross. The whole University joins in congratulating him, as well on the obtaining of this highest military distinction, as on his splendid and honorable record of services performed in the late war. By the kindness of his brother Rev. M. L. Gregg, we are enabled to give a sketch of his military career.

Shortly after the war broke out, in Oct. 1914, Milton Fowler Gregg, then a Sophomore in Acadia University volunteered to join No. 2 Clearing Hospital in England. He expected to go overseas at once, but he was sent to Halifax for training in the Military Hospital there for several months. However he was soon sent overseas, sailing Feb. 8th, 1915 from Halifax. Arriving in Liverpool Feb 18th he proceeded with the others in all a hundred reinforcements of the Canadian Army Medical Corps, to Tidworth, Salisbury Plains, England and was appointed clerk to the Commanding Officer of the Stationary Hospital there. Anxious to get to France on active service he applied for service at the

front and was sent over and attached to the 13th Battalion 3rd Brigade Royal Highlanders of Canada as stretcher-bearer. He was therefore in time to pass with the First Canadian Expeditionary Force through their terrible baptism of fire and poison gas of which we have heard so much since, and which has never been adequately described. I enclose a letter he wrote shortly after. It is dated May 8th, 1915.

He was first wounded about the 20th of May, 1915. "In the evening we made an advance. A lot of our fellows were hit. Was just stooping to fix up a fellow when I got mine in the foot—shrapnel bullet and a piece of shell." It was a bad hit. He was sent back to England to the Military Hospital, Edmonton, London where he was confined for three months. While there the first air-raids by the Germans took place. He wrote: "They will *never* get over here any other way, except through the air." In August his foot swelled up again and he had to have it lanced, but it rapidly got better after that.

On Sept. 1st, 1915 he was made a Corporal and two weeks later he was promoted to Sergeant. He was also transferred to the Canadian Convalescent Hospital, Monks, Horton, Hythe, Kent, England and did what he could in the Quartermaster's office. Here he met Acker and Lumsden former fellow-Acadians. In November he took his sick furlough and visited Edinburg.

"The people were kindness itself." Here he received the sad intelligence of the death of his father who had passed away at the old home October 22nd, 1915.

After the expiration of his furlough he returned to his duties in the Canadian Convalescent Hospital, at Hythe. A commission as Lieutenant in the Imperial Army in the Royal Lancaster Regiment was given him. This Regiment was called "The King's Own." After taking the required officer's Training Course at Cambridge, in April 1916 he was stationed at Blackpool, which is north of Liverpool on the Irish Sea.

In May 1917 he went back to the front—the second time—with the 60th Victoria Rifles of Montreal and on the night of June 8th he was wounded the second time. Pieces of shrapnel went through from his back into his groin. It was the first time he had led men in action. His objective was to take his company over the top to capture a certain part of the second trench from the Germans. It took him an hour and three quarters to do it. Just five minutes from the time he started he got the pieces of shrapnel but he kept right on. Coming to a certain point he discerned that to go beyond that would mean annihilation of his men. He found that the Huns had concentrated their machine-guns on this point. So he ordered his men to "dig in," and then

he loaded up with bombs and hand grenades and crawled, wiggled and ploughed his way through the dirt until he got near enough and then put the Hun machine-gun crew out of commission. Then he signalled his men who came on and cleared the trench and the Germans that did not surrender met a worse fate. For his initiative and bravery in this engagement, after which he rescued a wounded officer, he was after his convalescence decorated by the King in Buckingham Palace with the Military Cross. In the meantime he had been sent to the Military Hospital, Manchester England where he remained until his wounds were healed. But no sooner was he out again than he became infected with diphtheria and was confined some time in the Officers' Isolation Hospital, Mandora, Aldershot.

Late in the year, 1917 he returned again to the front—the third time. From Christmas 1917 on for five months he was acting Assistant Adjutant of his Battalion. But when the last great drive began in the summer of 1918, at his own request, he returned to his old command in charge of "D" Company of the Royal Canadian Regiment. In June 1918 he was wounded again—got some gas and got a machine gun bullet (flesh wound) in his back, other machine gun bullets grazed his head and his thigh. All these were close calls, but as they were flesh wounds, he asked that he might stay in France and not be taken from his men. He was awarded the bar to the Military Cross for the above service. And so it was that soon—for the fourth time—he was at the front again. He again distinguished himself from Sept. 28th to October 12th, 1918 and was awarded the Victoria Cross, the highest honor that can be won by a soldier.

The following is the official account of his exploit:—

"For the most conspicuous bravery and initiative during operations near Cambrai from Sept. 28th to Oct. 12th. On Sept. 28th when the advance of the Brigade was held up on both flanks and by thick uncut wire, he crawled forward alone, explored the wire until he found a small gap, through which he subsequently led his men and forced an entry into the enemy trench. The enemy counter-attacked in force, and through lack of bombs the situation became critical. Gregg, although wounded, returned alone under a terrific fire, and collected a further supply; then rejoining his party which was now much reduced, despite a second wound he reorganized his men and led them in the most determined way against the enemy trenches, which he finally cleared. He personally killed or wounded eleven of the enemy and took 25 prisoners, besides capturing 12 machine guns in this trench. Remaining with the company, despite his wounds, he again on Sept. 30th led the men in attacks until severely wounded. The outstanding valor of this officer saved many casualties, and enabled the advance to continue."

The following extract is taken from a letter dated December, 1918. "We are still at Mons, which we had reached when the order came on Nov. 10th to stop scrapping. Two Canadian divisions have gone on to the Rhine, but for some reason the other two are here, although we expect to move forward shortly.

"Am Adjutant of the Regiment now, I have been since Oct. 29th. so have lots of work even though the war to all intents and purposes is over. We are very comfortable here, and the people are very good to us. Mons is a most interesting place, and I shall always consider myself fortunate on being here, and in taking part in its recapture at the end of the war. You know that our Regiment was among the first troops to enter the town. While the war was on, the Crown Prince Rupprecht had his Headquarters here."

Second Battle of Ypres.

We are indebted for the following very graphic account of the 2nd Battle of Ypres to the Rev. M. L. Gregg of Sydney. Gregg was then serving as a Stretcher-Bearer in the 13th Highlanders. ———'15. "This afternoon while our men held the trenches to the right of the road,—the Algerians held the left. About 4 p. m. the enemy began to fire shells containing poisonous gasses into our trenches. At first we could not understand it. Our eyes watered, our throats choked, some went blind, some mad; the whole atmosphere was rendered a greenish purple, which together with the smoke from the guns hid the sun. The Algerians soon deserted their trenches, leaving our boys who were fearfully outnumbered to keep the enemy at bay.

"This they did, but the enemy soon swarmed through the break, fired on our trenches from the rear, and attacked the little village of ——— which was situated behind our trenches, and in which we had established a dressing station. Immediately the German artillery began bombarding our trenches, the village and the whole intervening space. Shells were bursting everywhere doing most damage in the reserve trenches, also in the village which in addition was assailed by rifle fire. Pretty soon the call came across the field — 'stretcher bearers, on the double.' I grabbed the front end of a stretcher and another fellow the rear, and off we went. Bullets were singing and throwing up the earth everywhere, but we got to the man after several years (so it seemed). He had been badly hit in the abdomen by a large piece of shrapnel; however we got him on the stretcher and took him in. That was my baptism of fire.

"We worked all that night dressing wounds and carrying in wounded. The shelling continued till hardly a wall stood in the village. We had to put our wounded in cellars and dug-outs.

Soon they were full, so we established another in a cellar still nearer the trenches. We were forced to leave this, and as we got the last man out, the walls caved in and filled the cellar. As we got further along with this man, an ammunition wagon came galloping past, when a big "Jack Johnson" burst, and left nothing but the rear end of the wagon.

"After that I accompanied the Doctor back behind the trenches. Some one told us that an officer of the 10th Battery was wounded in the field. It was now about 10 p. m. The Doctor sent me to see if I could find the officer. I hadn't the least idea where the 10th Battery was located, but at last found it, and found that the officer had been left in a dugout with a shattered knee. Having no stretcher, we improvised one, and carried him out. Luckily we met an ambulance about a kilometer below, on which we sent him and several others directly to the Hospital.

"Word came down that there were many wounded in the reserve trenches, so a small party of us started in that direction with stretchers. Our progress was slow, for we were so near to the enemy lines that when they shot up their star shells (which are for all the world like fire-works) it was necessary to stand rigid so that they wouldn't spot us, and eventually do the same minus the "s." As we neared the trench we passed an old shattered farm-house with a hedge behind it. As we drew closer we noticed that a tiny fire was burning at the corner of the house. I suggested that we put out the fire, as the whole house would soon burn, and show us up as we came back with the wounded. As we were within a few feet of the house, we could hear low voices in the hedge and saw several figures setting fire to the other end of the house. Taking them for French we spoke; and as we did so the fire blazed up and we could see the figures quite plainly, and one of the heads was covered with a spiked helmet. However, we did not look closer, for we were at once treated to a volley of bullets, and needless to say lost no time in seeking cover. We took the information regarding their position to headquarters; some of them were taken prisoners.

"———'15. Today has been a continuation of the horrors of yesterday and last night. No sleep, no rations, scarcely enough water for the wounded. This morning two of us had to go over to the Western Cavalry to take a man in: we certainly wormed our way. It is wonderful how close one *can* get to Mother Earth when there is something doing overhead. In the afternoon we had a tour in the other direction for a sergeant with a broken thigh. The night was as busy as the one before. I had fifteen wounded in the cellar of what was once a house. Outside I could hear the snipers not far away. I rather wished that the ambulance would soon come, but I had one of the wounded men's rifle ready if Mr. Sniper came to our abode. No sleep that night.

“——’ 15. This morning at daybreak our boys made an attack. But a mere handful we had and the enemy seemed numberless—they came on in thousands. Our boys fought like heroes, but they had no food, sleep nor water for two days. The way they hung to it was enough to make one glad he was a Canadian. This has been the wildest day of the three. It all seems like a bad dream. Dead lying everywhere, mangled bodies, wounded men and horses crying with pain, the thunder and crash of artillery, the shriek of shells, which literally tore up the whole surface of the field, simply cutting to pieces everything living. I remember dressing wounds. I never expected to get out, so I dressed as many as I could. At last I made a stretcher of two rifles and a great-coat and got another fellow to help me carry out a fellow who had been shot clear through the body. We got him down; then back again; till toward night reinforcements came up, and we got a chance to rest, but we couldn’t sleep. The hell through which we had passed could not be put out of our minds so soon. I have seen pictures and read stories of war, but the cruelty of it, and the lack of humanity displayed in it, are appalling.”



German Propaganda

Ever since the time of Frederick the Great the Prussians have cherished the design of world dominion. Gradually at the expense of weaker nations they built up a formidable military machine in Europe. After a short decisive war against France in 1870, Frederick William of Prussia was crowned Emperor of Germany at the Palace at Versailles. Thereupon the German autocracy and military party resolutely prepared to force their dominion and their Kultur on the rest of the world. Every country in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, has been steadily and insidiously honeycombed with German agents. In every department of life they are to be found. An American Senator recently made an estimate that there were 400,000 paid German agents in the United States. This is one German agent to every two hundred and fifty men, women and children in the entire population. A comparison with estimates from other countries shows that this proportion will hold throughout.

Although the extent of the German propaganda has only been revealed by the war, its purpose has remained unchanged throughout several decades. The Germans believe that theirs is a God-given mission to force their Kultur on the world. The German has no idea that he can benefit a nation until he has conquered it. One of their maxims is: "The dominion of German thought can only be extended under the aegis of political power. Unless we act in conformity with this idea, we shall be untrue to our great duties towards the human race." It should never be forgotten that hand in hand with the dominion of German political power goes the dominion of German trade. Therefore, every German trader is a German agent. Throughout the entire war, Germany has been making every preparation to reclaim her commercial ascendancy at the beginning of peace. Former Ambassador Gerard says that German rivers and harbours are teeming with merchant ships ready for the inevitable economic war. The sphere of influence toward which German military and commercial interests both point is the rich, productive, but undeveloped continent of South America. Throughout the Geographies in use in Germany these countries are colored so as to indicate that they are already spheres of German influence.

The disastrous effects of this insidious propaganda throughout Allied and neutral countries have been made manifest by the war. The demoralized Russian armies fled from the field of their victory as a result of the propaganda. Even the immortal Legion of Death was powerless to save the country. German agents, working throughout Russia, offset the Revolution, stopped the war, brought about anarchy, and dismembered the

Empire. The outlook for the world's latest democracy is black indeed. The German and Austrian victories on the Italian front in the fall of 1917 were not due to military genius, but to poisoned propaganda. The Italian nation recovered its courage only when the enemy threatened its fair province Venetia.

Last winter the whole world was shocked by the revelation of the wholesale bribery of the French press. Investigations on the matter resulted in the arrest of many important public persons, among them a former French premier, and in the execution of Bolo.

Nor has the British Empire been free from this poison. The various trade union strikes savour of it. The unrest in Egypt, India, and the rebellion in South Africa in 1914 are its direct result. The Casement Conspiracy in Ireland, the ever threatened rebellion of the Sein Finners, have been paid for by German gold, arms, ammunition, and the like. The Irish people are told that England wishes to exploit Ireland for her own advantages. The fact is entirely disregarded that British statesmen are sincerely desirous of repairing Ireland's wrongs, and of rendering the long-delayed justice to that unhappy country.

The world was aghast at the revelation of the nefarious plot to form a combination of Japan and Mexico against United States. Happily, this supreme catastrophe was averted. Nevertheless this German propaganda has caused much trouble in these countries. Previous to its declaration of war, the United States was simply infested with the German agents, working night and day for their Imperial master. President Wilson is to be congratulated on the strict measures he has taken with them.

In spreading their propaganda, the Germans have adopted the most systematic methods. They emigrate to foreign countries, settle down, and become the most enterprising and thrifty members of the community. They learn the language of their adopted country, become citizens, and win for themselves a prominent place in the business world. After that, Made in Germany goods flood the markets. The Germans never adopt the business principle: "Take it, or leave it;" they make every effort to satisfy their customers. If a customer should ask for a riding saddle finished with pink or green brocaded satin, the German agent would fill his order and compliment him on his good taste.

By such means as these the Germans are planning to recover their commercial supremacy after the war. At first they will send their goods through neutral countries, such as Spain and Sweden. In Germany, business is controlled by gigantic trusts under the direct ownership of the State. These trusts are prepared to launch their economic war by underselling all competitors, by selling goods vastly below the cost of production. They

trust to low prices to win over the prejudice against German goods. The fact should never be forgotten that commercial supremacy is an essential part of Pan-Germanism, or as Hans Dulbruck, says "a means to an end."

The remarkable Dulbruck Law throws a light on German citizenship. Upon emigrating to foreign countries, Germans are encouraged to become citizens of those countries, so that they may vote and help control the policies there. This remarkable law provides, moreover, that such persons retain the full rights and privileges of German citizens, and may resume the same at any time upon return to the Fatherland. Under this law, in case of war such persons would be legally bound to the service of the Fatherland. The menace of such a law to an enemy country may easily be seen.

After the entry of the United States into the war, the role of Count Bernstorff, German Ambassador to the United States, was disclosed. The German embassy was simply a breeding place for propaganda and plots. The plot for the invasion of Canada through the United States, and the destruction of the Welland Canal, had its origin there. Bernstorff united with Zimmerman in creating and keeping alive unrest in Ireland. Bernstorff and his staff spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to influence the American public and to keep the United States neutral. All of this was paid for directly from Germany. In sharp contrast, Ambassador Gerard said that he had not one dollar to spend in Germany to present America's case to the German public. Indeed, if he found it necessary to hire detectives at any time, he had to pay their wages from his own pocket. The experience of the United States with Bernstorff is merely typical of that of other countries with their German Ambassadors.

In his illuminating and trenchant book, "Face to Face with Kaiserism," Mr. Gerard describes the attempts to spread German Kultur through the schools of America. In many German speaking schools the literature is devoted merely to a glorification of Prussia in arms. One book in use is a book of anecdotes relating to the Prussian military heroes. The histories are so written as to show that America owes its independence and political status to German aid and advice. The German national airs are taught the children. In this connection Mr. Gerard remarked that he would like to be present at the secret trial of anyone who taught the children of Berlin to sing "America."

Other fruitful methods of carrying on the poisoned propaganda have been the training by the Prussians of foreign army officers; the control of foreign hotels, of foreign newspapers, and of foreign courts. Notable instances of training of army officers have been in Turkey, Greece and Japan. Indeed, Germany counted upon this means to ally herself with Japan. In Sweden

and in Spain practically every hotel is in German hands. The corruption of the press by German gold is widespread. No one can deny the influence of the press in moulding public opinion, especially in a democratic country. Hence the danger of infection from this source is real indeed. The story of the Prussianizing of the courts of Russia and Greece is well known to all the world. The deposed sovereigns of each of these countries had married Prussian princesses. Former Emperor Wilhelm was too wily to lose the advantage from these alliances.

Nor did the German propaganda fail to reach every town and hamlet of our country. The very air is laden with all kinds of lies intended to break the morale of the civilian population. These lies take the form of reports of slanderous conditions in training camps, of greed, of faithlessness in the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. organizations. The first year of the war gave rise to reports such as "German submarine warfare has rendered useless the British Navy." Another was: "United States can do her part by supplying the Allies with munitions. England does not want her to go to war." Surely these lies have been unmistakably refuted by the course of events.

During the last year or two a current form of propaganda throughout many Canadian communities has been, "This is England's war, Canada has done her part." Because there are people of scant intelligence, such propaganda will always be credited. They did not realize that Canada's future is inextricably bound up with the British Empire. Canada would have been the first part of that Empire to fall under the Iron Hell. A hyphenated American during the progress of the war said: "In two years there will be no Canada."

Let there be no mistake. Canada's existence was threatened as much as if the German guns had thundered at Halifax and at Quebec. It was useless to cry for Peace where there was no Peace. Now that peace has come it is as necessary as ever to be on guard against German propaganda. The German revolution is merely economic. Let us beware lest this Peace be jeopardized by the craft of the Germans.

H. G. M.—'20.

To the Sun

A four-hour sun is in the sky:

Awake, thou laggard, come and see!
Drive night and slumber from thine eye;
Drink in the day's resplendency!

"I come with glorious warmth and gold
From lands a thousand leagues away,
Beneath the shoulders of the world
Where summer smiles and zephyrs play.

Where dripping dew, like diamond eyes,
Gleams in each flower as I sweep by;
Warm, crystal-clear, the river lies,
And birds of wondrous plumage fly

Like rainbow spirits through the leaves;
The trees that cluster proud and tall
Shake in the wind their leafy sleeves;
The cliff resounds the waterfall.

O blind! Two hours ride away
Sweet summer pleasures all day long,
Whilst here in ruin and decay
Thou faint and pine who might be strong.

Lift up thine eyes and gaze in mine!
Send forth thy soul to ride with me!
And, though thy body faint and pine,
In spirit thou shalt wander free;

Fall with my beams at early morn
Into some pleasant mountain-vale,
Or sweep the standing fields of corn
With sighing even's latest gale!

So look upon me and be gay,
And thou shalt pleasure all day long;
Firm-souled and kindly, day to day,
Thou shalt grow happy and be strong!"

J. H. M.—'20.

Letters from Overseas

Albert B. Corey, ex '19 of the R. A. F., E. E. F., writes the following interesting letter from Egypt, dated November 28th, 1918.

"After seven weeks very pleasant leave from March 16-May 3rd, part of which I spent in Hastings, part in London, and part in Richmond, I received a notice from the School of Aeronautics, through which I passed, to report to the Air Ministry, the following day and to be ready to embark the day after that. The next day a special train left London for South Hampton. As we left Southampton, it began to rain rather hard and so most everyone went inside. The passage wasn't rough and yet it wasn't smooth. There was no trouble with submarines and about four o'clock the next morning we docked in Havre.

"Of course, everything looked strange after England. German prisoners were brought to work near the dock at 6³⁰, just about the time we disembarked. The countryside scenery of France is grand, but the cities and towns are absolutely filthy. They seemed to employ no means whatever to keep the streets clean and the general tone of the places was a sort of indifference which I could not understand.

"The next day after our arrival in Havre, we started on the train journey to Marseilles. One place at which we stopped is worthy of some comment. It is Arles, about a hundred and fifty miles north of Marseilles. We stopped there for four hours and were allowed to roam around at will. On one side of the town is a sort of Coliseum which is in rather poor condition just at present. There are also some fine churches and a square where there are some pillars and monuments. What they were I could not make out for the square itself was a large paved courtyard. I had an idea that there might possibly have been a chateau there which was the dwelling of one of the aristocrats of a couple of centuries ago. Some of the scenery around the middle and southern part of France is exquisite. Vineyards seem to cover a great part of the country, and what surprised me greatly was to see that they were in such good condition, with so few people to tend them. It is wonderful how the women of France have turned out, and taken the places of the men.

"After spending one day in Marseilles we embarked, but did not leave that dock for 36 hours. Our convoy consisted of 6 ships, escorted by 5 Japanese destroyers. Early the second morning out, I was on duty as officer of the Guard from 5.00 till 9.00. About six o'clock I heard a shot fired. Of course that meant a submarine. I rushed upstairs and arrived on deck just in time to see the second shot fall some distance away on our

port side. So far as I could make out from what I saw, three torpedoes were fired; two just missed our ship by a hair's breath, and one struck the ship just behind us, which went down in a couple of hours.

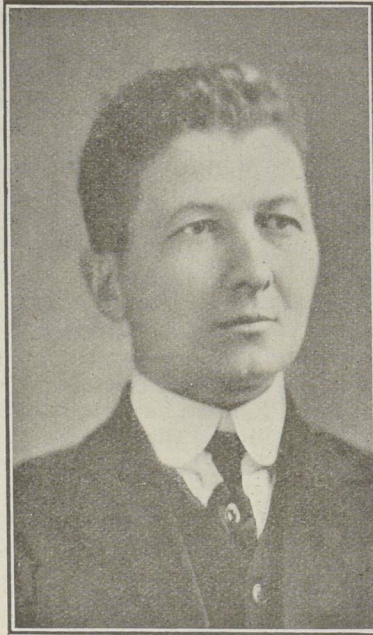
"The next day we arrived at Malta. The people on the torpedoed ship had been conveyed there on one of the destroyers. The next afternoon we set sail again, and disembarked at Alexandria. Later we were sent to Ismailia on the Suez Canal, to commence our flying training. From the training squadron there I was sent to Aba-Sueir, about 12 miles away.

"In about 6 weeks, I had finished my training, and was sent to the Aerial Fighting School at Heliopolis. After a month there I was qualified to wear wings. There was no chance of getting into service, and so they sent me to El-Rimal as instructor. The war is over, it is true, but there is to be no decline in the work for a couple of months yet, so I think I would be lucky if I get away by fall of next year."

A Month

Forever another month has gone!
Eternity that much nearer.
Before us stands the goal,
Richer still and dearer.
Upward and onward would we climb,
Always mindful of His will.
Right the wrong you did today;
Yours is the opportunity, still.

E. C. P.—'22.



[Photo by Graham.]

William J. Wright, Ph. D.

Acadia welcomes back a former graduate in the person of Dr. W. J. Wright, who is instructing in Geology for the present term. Dr. Wright graduated from Acadia in Science in 1907, a classmate of Professor A. B. Balcom. He continued his work at Yale, and received his Doctor's degree in 1915. In the following summer he accepted a position with the Geological Survey Branch of the Department of Mines at Ottawa. In the autumn he enlisted in the Artillery, but was soon transferred as Lieutenant to the 219th in "D" Coy. In this unit he crossed to England in the fall of 1916. When the Highland Brigade was disbanded he was transferred to the 85th, which went to France in February, 1917. Lieut. Wright saw a year's hard service at the front, passing through the battles of Vimy, Lens, and Passchendaele. He was sent to the States as Instructor in Scouting in February, 1918; first at Camp Dix, N. J., later at Camp Perry, Ohio. When the armistice was signed, he returned to Ottawa, and resumed his work with the Survey, until his coming here. The Athenaeum wishes him every success.

Robert W. Service

Few writers are enjoying a greater popularity today than Robert W. Service. His war poetry, particularly "The Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," has probably been the means of bringing him more prominently before the public than his other productions, yet his publications from the first have been widely read. His "Songs of a Sourdough," "Ballads of a Cheechako," and "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone" have always been popular.

Roberts, Lampman, Carman, Campbell, and the two Scotts were the first poets born in Canada, to begin the systematic cultivation of the technique of fine poetry; to adopt the writing of poetry as a professional career, and to aim to derive from it, the chief means of income for the support of life. This, to be sure, was their intention and ideal, but as we say colloquially, they were not able to "make it go," and were forced to other fields—some literary, some clerical,—in order to obtain the necessary income to allow them to practice the systematic writing of poetry worthy to be called fine art. If Fate injured their prospects by not inciting the Canadian, or other public to buy their poetry in sufficient quantity to bring them decent support from it by way of "royalties," with in the last ten years Fate has added insult to injury by flaunting in their faces the astounding phenomenon of a poet, not only earning his daily sustenance from his poetry, but also so enriching himself from the "royalties" that, relatively to other poets, Mr. Robert W. Service is to be regarded as a member of the plutocratic class in Canada. According to the publisher's statements, more than 200,000 copies of his first works were sold in Canada within a period of five years.

The sale of his books is due to their fidelity to nature, and to human nature—to the elemental instincts of men and women. He modestly described them as a "weak imitation of Kipling," but they have a character, strength, and individuality of their own. Nature worship or classic lore, ethics or abstruse philosophy grow stale and flat when used continually as the basis of literary emotions, but every human being who has not become a conventionalized fossil, will always be moved by the passions and moods of the surging, restless, primitive, even animal spirit of humanity, that permeates Service's poems.

The rhythm of his poems has an irresistible sweep. No training in the technique of versification is necessary to catch the moment—it carries one away; and the plain, forcible language grips the attention and holds it, while short, vivid, insistent epithets, hammer themselves deeply into one's mind.

Mr. Service can scarcely be regarded as an idealist. He has great natural gifts, but he admits that he is more concerned about the sale of his verse than about pleasing the critics. The years of his life in which his powers have been developing, have been spent in a somewhat rough environment, both with regard to nature and to man. He writes of nature as he has seen it in its grim and stern aspects, and of men and women as he has seen them in the grim tragedy of their lives. He makes the following interesting reference to his poems:

"I don't believe in pretty language and verbal felicities, but in getting as close down as I can to the primal facts of life—getting down to the bedrock of things. My idea of verse writing, is to write something that the everyday working-man can read and approve—the man who as a rule, fights shy of verse or rime. I prefer to write something that comes within the scope of his own experience and grips him with a sense of reality."

Robert W. Service is not a Canadian poet in the truest sense of the term. He was born in Lancashire, England, in 1876, and when six years of age moved to Scotland with his parents. He was educated in the city of Glasgow, his higher education being received in the Hillhead High School and in the University of Glasgow. After a short banking career in Glasgow, at the age of twenty one he emigrated to Canada, and travelling steerage, landed in Vancouver with a scant five dollars in his pocket. Picking stones, chopping trees, and driving reaping machines through the great wheat fields, were some of the casual "jobs" that kept him alive until, in a spirit of restlessness, he worked his way toward Mexico, travelling "light," generally with little more than a spare blanket for baggage. Then came less primitive occupations—a little school teaching, newspaper reporting, and Indian trading, "with much idleness in between," he says. He was learning by hard, personal experience, some of the deepest lessons of life.

Tiring, finally, of being kicked about from pillar to post, Mr. Service once again sought a position in the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Victoria, B. C. After service in the Victoria, Vancouver, and Kamloops branches of the bank, he was transferred to the branch at White Horse in the Yukon district, at the time of the gold rush. Here he remained eight years. This period of frontier life made a great impression that finally expressed itself in "*Songs of a Sourdough*," a book that reached its seventh edition before the date of publication. So within a few weeks, the bank clerk had become famous, and was receiving cheques in four figures. He soon gave up his banking to see more of the world, but in a quite different manner from his earlier experiences.

Turkey attracted him, and he took part in the second war of the Balkans. Shortly afterwards he married a French girl whom he met in a romantic way. Thence he drifted to Paris, where he has dwelt in recent years.

Mr. Service has also done his "bit" in the great World War. Two post cards written by him some time ago are of interest. The first reads:

"Am engaged with the Second French Army Corps at the front, as a driver of a motor ambulance. We take the wounded right from the trenches—often under shell and rifle fire—sleep in our boots, eat army rations, and are paid one cent a day."

The second reads in part:

"It's rather interesting here. Yesterday the 'boches' tried to 'discover' my car and the nearest shell fell twenty yards away. Another of the ambulance cars was smashed up, but fortunately the driver was not in place."

It is his work at the front that has inspired him to write war poetry. Not only have his productions been read by the folk "back home," but the soldiers call for Service too. These poems have in them the prime qualities which make for popularity. His verse unquestionably is marred by lack of finish and by coarseness of expression, but as unquestionably it is lit up at times by the fires of genius. He declares that mud, cold, and rain are more formidable than bullets. The point of view that he constantly presents in the "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," is that one is not at war with the individual, and deploras the fact that he must slay a brother man in making war upon a system. He is now writing prose—a series of articles on the work of the Canadian Forces in France—and their publication is being eagerly looked forward to.

Mr. Service has had an interesting career. He has crowded so much into a brief span, that he is able to say with Byron:

"For I had the share of life which might have filled a century,

"Before its fourth in time had passed me by."

E. J. C. P.—'22.

The Spirit of the Summit

Oh looker-down from the heights above,
What dost thou feel up there?
Thou hast pressed beyond the common ken,
Past the pathway trod by weary men
To breathe the subtler air.
Gray mists enshroud thy form,
The sunset's glow illumines thy face;
Thou retest tranquil in thy place,
While here we breast the storm.
Is all thy being light and love?

Thou dost fondly dream what thou knowest not.
My zest from me has flown.
Though billowy clouds may be my floor,
Though I may pass the sunset's door,
Yet I must go alone.
My native thrills are gone;
The sparkling dew is not for me,
Nor blade of grass, nor leaf of tree,
Nor honeyed breath at dawn.
Thy summit can only be gained in thought.

H. G. M.—'20.

The Acadia Athenaeum

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C. EVALENA HILL, '19 }
J. HAROLD MANNING, '20 } *Editor-in-Chief*

MRS. MARTHA FLEMING, '19, Month

HELEN D. SHAFNER, '21, Exchanges

CARROL E. CLARKE, '20, Personals

GUY S. LORDLY, Eng. '19, Jokes

KARL E. MASON, '21, Athletics

H. B. CAMP, Academy.

HILDA G. COX, Seminary

BRAD R. HALL, '19, Business Mgr.

DONALD H. MACPHERSON, '21, Circulation Manager

J. MURRAY BEARDSLEY, '21, Staff Artist

Editorial

IN SPITE of inexperience and much diffidence the present staff has now produced three issues of the "Athenaeum." We have endured considerable criticism, partly favorable, partly adverse. On the whole we have been encouraged into thinking that our efforts have pleased our readers. Conditions have changed greatly from the times not long distant when the staff practically wrote the magazine themselves. The student body of Acadia is producing this year's Athenaeum, and the only task of the editors is to collate, revise and judge. Enough material has been passed in so far to fill two magazines.

Yet up till now we certainly have not succeeded in satisfying ourselves. We cannot help asking—"What is the ideal college magazine?"—and comparing our production with that absolute standard. Perhaps it will be profitable to state here just what the ideal is towards which we are striving.

Most important we consider the literary department. The magazine should provide a ready opportunity for the publication of literary work of merit among the student body, yet there should be such restrictions as will rigidly exclude trash or hasty writing. Here the tendency is for contributors to submit articles on which they have spent much time and care—a prize essay or oration. The magazine becomes a mere pot of flowering essays. So long as the subjects chosen happen to be interesting, this sort of thing is all very well. The question soon arises:—is it more important to please readers with some light and appealing journalism, or to give expression to some

work of more permanent literary merit—which will not be read? For after all a college magazine depends on a narrow range of subscribers for support, and it must please them or fail as a college magazine.

We must, however, without hesitation decide that literary merit should be the criterion in the selection of numbers for publication. One is inclined to underrate the proportion of readers who do at one time or another glance through the whole magazine; and most of us have a feeling of recognition for good writing even though we do not appreciate it. Again, our most enthusiastic supporters are those who demand the highest standard, and those whom we are most bound to please. The magazine, moreover, is judged abroad by the merit of its literary department. For these reasons, we prefer careful preparation in our literary department to the flash and glitter of journalism, which it is true attract the attention, but yet do but divert it for the moment.

Only less important is the function of furnishing as it were a public debating ground for college problems. Included in this should be a complete and intelligent summary of college activities, written by some capable person well acquainted with the facts, and with praise and blame freely administered. The attitude taken should be one of sympathetic criticism. There is no necessity of attempting to whitewash our institutions in the eye of the public; dissatisfaction after all is a prerequisite of progress. From this point, the magazine should branch out into a healthy and discreet programme of reform. Undoubtedly college life is altering in character; far too often the changes come unannounced, and are adopted without due reflection. The magazine is the logical place to air new schemes: discussion should be free and all sides given their chance to speak. Any proposal that stands this test would then be familiar to the student body, and could be brought before them for decision. To give an instance, it is proposed in another column that a Track Meet take place this spring. We hope that those in favor of this, as well as those opposed to it, will submit us for our next issue articles dealing with the question. Thus the matter can be publicly argued out before it becomes necessary to decide it.

The third requirement is to keep the college in touch with its graduates and with the college world at large. An accurate and systematic record should be kept of all graduates and Acadia men. As far as possible, this record should be published in the Personals column, the editors of which department should be in touch with at least one member of graduating classes for ten years back, or more if possible. Graduates who win distinction should find an honored place in the magazine, which would thus become more truly the voice of the Alma Mater.

We consider it a mistake for a college magazine, except in an occasional article, to attempt to keep in touch with current events, other than those of the college world. In this field there should be continuous observation, either through a broadened column of Exchanges, or through a separate department. In particular there should be furnished discussions from a student's standpoint of the advantages offered by the various large institutions and graduate schools. This information can best be obtained from personal experience, and in our opinion is a matter in which we may well ask the assistance of Faculty and old graduates.

Then in its professional capacity the magazine should attempt intelligent criticism of its contemporary journals; but far different, in our opinion, from the present method. An impartial analysis should be made of the victim, especially emphasizing deficiencies, if any exist. The judgment should be made in reference to some accepted model, and should not express merely the writer's whim; or if it does so, the reasons should be carefully stated. This branch should furnish an excellent opportunity for training in literary criticism, and we would be very much in favor of including it in the literary department of the magazine.

It will at once be seen that the present magazine can easily be made to fill all these conditions. The form which it has assumed after forty-five years of evolution is simple but excellent; yet it lacks both the stamp of permanence and that individuality that springs from peculiar and distinctive institutions. Neither of these can be obtained in one year or even five: the staff of the magazine and their ideas as to its proper form are changing too frequently. We are inclined to consider this constant change a serious disadvantage, both for the above reason, and also on account of the great confusion which inevitably ensues in the business management of the paper. It might be profitable to appoint the staff a year ahead, so that the newcomers can get some practical experience before being forced to shoulder the heavy responsibility of accounts which run well into four figures. Some means of rendering at least a part of the staff permanent is absolutely necessary to efficiency.

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As was inevitable under the circumstances, many errors were contained in the Honor Roll published in the last issue. An amended list is being presented in this number. We are sorry for mistakes that still appear, and hope that those interested will correct us as soon as possible.

It is not till after consulting records of former years that the editors realize the unusual extent to which the student body has contributed to the Athenæum. Already over thirty undergraduates have passed in material for publication; and twenty have had articles published. The task of the editors is thus a comparatively easy one, and the magazine becomes more truly representative of the whole student body. Moreover, as one of our predecessors has justly observed, you will be surprised how much better the magazine will seem, after some article of yours has appeared in it. Try, and see for yourself.

TRACK MEET.

Intercollegiate sport is reviving slowly. Football failed to materialize last fall; basketball is having a precarious existence; hockey seems healthier, and apparently the two Leagues are flourishing. It is very much to be desired that all forms of athletics should get an initial impetus this year, in order to have intercollegiate sport as nearly as possible on a normal basis in 1919-20. To this end, an early decision should be reached in regard to a Track Meet this coming spring. All the Maritime Province Universities have suffered the same disabilities from the war, and all will have practically the same difficulties in organizing a track team. At the same time, it is equally important for all to get teams in training, and discover the value of their athletic material. Although it might seem that a Track Meet under present conditions may fail to produce an intercollegiate brand of competition, yet it is certain that the colleges contain many promising athletes, who only lack training to give a good account of themselves on the field. There is no reason why we should wait another year before beginning Track. The old league of U. N. B., Mt. A., and Acadia could be revived without much difficulty, and the series resumed. At any rate, the question should be decided as soon as possible, in order to give the teams opportunity for much-needed training.

Around the Hill

CLUB ROOM.

It seems unfortunate that the Willett Hall Club Room means so little in the student life of Acadia. It ought to be the very centre of college activity,—a power house for the whole student body. It is well stocked with magazines of the most valuable and representative kind; was once furnished with chess and chequer sets; it is well warmed and ventilated; a piano stands there, and we are fortunate enough to have several players of ability, one of whom is usually on hand to entertain us. The building could not be more conveniently situated.

What then is the matter? Why is it that a magazine enters that room as a sheep before the shearer, to be shorn indeed? What happens to the music, the banners, the newspapers, (all except those of the week before last, which always rise again from the dead when their utility has departed)? Who are the vandals who destroy the glass and furniture? Why does the committee appointed to keep the room presentable work so hard at——something else? Why does the Honor Roll end somewhere in 1917?

We would like to see the room decorated. We would also like to see the storied magazine-rack enter the outer elements of the zone of actualities. Then a clean hearth, an open fire, a pleasant hum of conversation, and a spare hour before class ought to tempt the most unsociable of us. Aren't we missing a real opportunity here?

GIFT TO THE LIBRARY.

Dr. John D. Logan has recently bequeathed to Acadia University Library a valuable collection of "Canadiana." It will be placed in a special alcove and called the "J. D. Logan Collection of Canadiana." The bequest is very welcome, as it helps to extend the already large collection of Canadian prose and poetry owned by Acadia. The addition consists of some 500 volumes of Canadian poetry and prose, and several hundred rare pamphlets and documents, including autographed letters, etc., from Canadian authors. The Athenæum would like to mention this valuable gift, and emphasize the growing excellence of Acadia's equipment in the field of national literature. We believe we are justified in saying that it is unsurpassed in Canada. The wealth of material lying beneath our hands might well arouse a greater interest in Canadian history and literature here. There is an opportunity for valuable work in a little-trodden field.

University Calendar

WE would respectfully suggest that the "Bulletin" as at present issued is a useful but rather uninteresting publication. No doubt it is very effective as a means of enabling an experienced student to appreciate the variety and excellence of the courses of instruction offered here. Yet it seems to have little to compel the attention or interest of a prospective student. Acadia buildings and surroundings are extremely attractive and impressive. It would be much better advertising, and would do the University far more justice if the pages of the Bulletin were brightened with, say, the impressive view of the Campus and university buildings as seen from the south-east corner of College Hall; an interior of the Library, and similar scenes. "Verbum facultati—"



Residents on the Hill have been much mystified during the fall and winter by the recurring appearance of some strange and so far unclassified animal in the vicinity. Little is known of its nature and habits. Oftimes on moonlight nights, or even perchance in more boisterous weather, through the whirling snow, a dark shadow may be seen mingling with the blackness of the Orchard or prowling cautiously near the darkest corner of the Annex. Ever and anon it utters a singular undulating wail, of such tuneful and mellifluous sweetness, yet withal so mournful and soul-disturbing, that the late listener is often moved to a compassionate wonder as to where and when the creature takes its rest. The purpose of the cry, whether an expression of pain or pleasure, is unknown. A scientific friend hints that it represents a curious adaptation to environment; but on this point we can offer no theory. The young ladies seem to have taken the lead in studying the habits of this curious animal, and we hope later to be able to inform our readers more definitely of their discoveries.



There is an improvement of a very simple and inexpensive nature that would add greatly to the comfort and convenience of a large part of the student body. Many of us must six times a day convey our persons between Willett Hall and Tully

Tavern. The journey thither is fraught with dangers many; part of the distance one treads the infirm verge of a muddy and slippery abyss; much of the remainder lies through a swampy and treacherous depression, where, true to the Wolfville tradition five distinct streams empty themselves. Could we not have a simple cinder road bed from a point on the road opposite the Seminary wing, straight to the North door of Willett Hall; then skirting the front of the building, rounding the southern corner and leading into University Avenue beyond? Even the existing footpath seems very popular and well patronized. Provision for this growing need will be much appreciated.



Academy Notes

THE work of the school was somewhat upset during the month of January by an outbreak of influenza of a mild type. Within a week fifty-two cases occurred in the Academy Residence. All are recovering thanks to good medical care and nursing.

The first monthly examinations took place Feb 12th, 1917. This system of periodical examination works well in the Academy by helping the boys to bring their work to a higher standard.

The open air rink has proved to be a splendid success for which great credit is due the large number of boys who worked faithfully in the face of many difficulties. The rink has proved its worth and will doubtless be continued every year.

A hockey tour is proposed for the latter part of February. It is expected that the hockey and basket-ball teams of the Academy will play in Truro, New Glasgow, and Windsor. The hockey team made an excellent showing in its recent game with the Halifax Rovers and the prospects look very promising along this line.

The members of the Senior class are writing a very interesting essay on the subject "Industrial Reconstruction after the War." These essays will be submitted in the Leonard prize competition under the auspices of the Independent Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

Mr. R. H. Wetmore and Mr. R. S. Longley have undertaken some work on the Academy teaching staff.

H. B. C.

::: The Month :::

Acadia Night, St. John, Dec. 28th, 1918

NOW lo and behold it came to pass in the year of our Lord 1918, and in the 12th month of that year that there were gathered together in the godly city of Saint John which lieth upon a great harbor of the same name in the south of the province which is called New Brunswick a certain number of wise men who had but recently returned from a certain distant spot called Acadia where Cutten ruleth supreme. And these wise men conselled among themselves, and said "let us have a great reunion of all the Cuttonians which are at present living in this far clime and let us bid them to bring with them the wherewithal to dine sumptuously and let us invite thereunto divers of the young fry of this country and let us have a night of festivity that we may know each other and perchance we may even persuade a few of these younger generation to return with us over the seas when we go hence." And they decided that they would use such powers as they had to make of it a success.

Then up spoke one on whose upper lip there had but recently appeared a strange growth and who was the chief conspirator among them and saith: "let us call over the King of Acadia himself that he may dispense with divers and sundry words of wisdom," and they said, "let it be so." Then up spoke his boon companion "let us also inquire in that section of the town known as Carleton and discover if he who is known as Bush is in these parts, for although in form he hath the appearance of an emaciated toothpick, even as I, yet may he afford us some cause for joviality." And they did so. And moreover they did get in touch with a man whose name was Chocolates and did say unto him "Come ye also and bring with ye that tin monster on four wheels which runneth with a noise like a volcano in eruption—when it doth—and perchance thou mayst avoid collisions with telephone poles long enough to be of use unto us," and he came—but the tin monster came not for it was sick. And it is said that he of the lame wing did persuade a certain great musician to come also who knew certain refrain loved by the people of this

far country and moreover a certain man of that town by name and by disposition Cross did lend his house for the conspirators to meet in, so that on the 28th day of the said month and in the evening of that day they were gathered together on a certain street called Germain in a church of the same name.

And lo and behold the old Cuttonians came to the number of 150 and they of the new generation to the number of 50. And when they were assembled together a certain old veteran by the name of Poole who guideth the devotions in the church wherein they met did take charge, and they did first have various songs under the aforementioned musician and then there was a short programme wherein certain entertained those assembled to the best of their ability, and the King of the Acadians did hold forth and then the eats did arrive and the battle on these intruders was carried on to the point of extermination. Upon which after much singing the party did break up and go to their respective places of abode *and the hour was ten in the evening.*

And so did the assembling of the people of Acadia in this far off clime come to pass and thus did they acquit themselves.

Acadia Night, Lawrencetown

Following out a suggestion of the Faculty, the Annapolis County students held an Acadian night at Lawrencetown, Friday, December 27th. Arrangements were partially made for the occasion before the beginning of holidays. Annapolis county has the largest representation at Acadia of any county except Kings, and claims as native born three members of the Faculty. Prospects, were favorable for an excellent entertainment. Through some misunderstanding none of the Faculty were able to be present. About 75 persons were there, undergraduates, graduates, students of former days, and others interested. Dr. Hall of the class of 1873 was chairman. A number of gentlemen among them Rev. J. L. Wallace '94, Dr. L. R. Morse, '91, Messrs. Phinney, Bishop, Banks, Thurber, and others, B. R. Hall '19, C. S. Beals '19, R. S. Longley '21 and L. Crowe '21 gave short speeches and spoke on behalf of the Acadia students. Solos were rendered by Mr. Phinney and by Miss Shafner '21, and a reading, "A Ride by the Sea" was given by Miss Morse of the Seminary.

On Friday evening Dec. 13th a merry sleighing party carried Santa Claus and Christmas cheer to Morine Mountain school. A merry group of expectant lads and lassies awaited their coming, and watched the trimming of the tree with shining eyes. A short entertainment—vocal solos, violin, and humorous readings prolonged the joys of anticipation. Then the tree gave up its treasures, and from the happy faces of all, we believe there was great joy in realization as well.

Parties---In Tully Tavern

Supper—dishes gone—tables gone. Rugs—cushions—banners—and a piano; girls—boys—professors—professors' wives.

That's what happened on December 14th when the Co-eds in appreciation of the good work done on the Rink, asked the College Boys over to the Tavern for the evening.

"Tucker"—"Sir Roger"—games—refreshments.

That's what we did, and a merry time we had too.

Music—Yells—Departure.

And that's what brought a pleasant evening to a close.

ON one Saturday night in January the very hospitable inmates of Willett Hall invited the other students to an informal party in their club room. Like all the parties given there, it was well attended, and everyone had the best possible kind of a time. There is always something different about each party in the Hall, once it was corn, once molasses candy, and once more, popcorn. This time it was ice cream, lucious creamy ice cream, the best we ever tasted, and the kind that made us wonder what it could be that goes into "Hughies." There was another novel feature to this gaiety; it broke up before the usual time, not that every one wasn't having a good time, never that! but "discretion is the better part of valor," and until it was suggested to us, no one seemed to realize just how much of a hold the "Flu" was getting upon us, and how good an opportunity we were giving it to keep on. So tho' we hated to leave the fire and the good time, we thought of the future good times we might be spoiling and broke up early.

Although the Co-eds seem to prefer German A to Propylæum, we are having some very interesting sessions. Up to this year debating has not held a very important place in our PROPY- society. But now that a debating schedule has been LÆUM drawn up and debating rules made out the prospects for it seem better. The first debate of the series was held on Saturday Jan. 11th. between the Sophettes and Freshettes. The subject, "Resolved that Latin should be compulsory in high schools," was of vital interest to all. Both teams showed ability, but the Sophettes had the advantage of knowing some Logic and Psychology and the debate ended in their favor. We are looking for more debating in the near future.

The Sophomore-Freshman debate took place on Saturday evening, December 14th. The Intercollegiate subject was debated. The Sophomore speakers, Lumsden, Thurston and Longley upheld the affirmative, while the Freshmen, Lank, Eaton and

Goucher supported the negative. The decision was given to the affirmative. The arguments on both sides were good. This is the first appearance of a number of these men on an Acadia platform. We hope that they will acquire the debating habit.

Do Exams deserve a place among the events of the month? Since they disturb our peace for at least two weeks, we think they do, and since they are over, and we know the worst, we can heave a sigh and say: "Oh by all means, give the exams a place in the 'Month'." Well, here they are, now what can we say about them? As far as we know they were very like other exams. worrying us before they came until we became reckless and declared studying was not a bit of use. Then we wrote them, and instead of worrying more than ever, as we ought to have done, we walked out of the room, with a load gone from our shoulders, and wrote for the Month Department of the "*Athenaeum*" this comforting piece of news, "The Exams. are over."

The new Acadia rink is now in full swing, and a very lively swing it is. We had begun to wonder if our plans for an outdoor rink were going to make the weather man insist on an "open" winter, but he evidently changed his mind. Now that the "Flu" has barred the closed rink entirely, we are appreciating more than ever, the hard work the boys put on that lumpy piece of land before they could make a rink on it. But it was worth it, at least it looks as though the majority felt it was worth while for when even the bulletin board says "skating" be it afternoon or evening, the traffic soon all points towards the rink. It is one of those things we never missed because we never had it, but now that we do know, it is safe to prophesy that the "College Rink," will be a permanent feature at Acadia.

The "flu" has once more made its presence felt in our midst, fortunately without very serious consequences. As a result of the number of cases in the Academy Residence, the Freshmen and a few other college students who had been dining there, were compelled to get their meals in Tully Taven for a few days. The Freshettes came valiantly to the assistance of their fellow classmates, and waited on tables and even performed that most hated of all tasks—dishwashing. However with competent nurses in charge to enforce a strict quarantine the epidemic is well under control, and the majority of the patients are convalescing rapidly—and last but not least, the Tully dining-schedule has returned to its wonted serenity and smooth mechanism.

ATHLETICS

RINK.

The open air rink is progressing very well now although the mild weather of this winter has been very unfavorable for outdoor skating. The rink committee with G. S. Lordly Eng. '19 president, is to be commended for the energetic manner in which they have pushed the work forward. The work of the fellows as well has aided to a large extent in the successful completion of the rink, some even working there part of their Christmas holidays.

The social life at Acadia has been greatly helped by the rink as it gives the students a better chance to get acquainted. The Seminary girls are also allowed out to skate—every afternoon from three to five.

BASKET BALL.

On the afternoon of Dec. 16th the new girls met the Junior girls in a fast and clean game of basket ball. Although the new girls won, the game was so evenly contested that it was impossible to tell which team would come out ahead until the final whistle sounded. Very few fouls were called and only one basket was made on the free shots. The score at the end of the first half was 10-8 in favor of the new girls and the game ended leaving them still ahead—the score being 16-15. The line up was as follows:—

	NEW GIRLS	JUNIORS.
<i>Forwards</i>	Hortense Griffin Isobel Murray	Mildred Harvey Angela Herbin.
<i>Centres</i>	Mary Longley	Ethel Rand
<i>Guards</i>	Georgie Spicer Margaret McCurdy	Hazel Morse Miriam Chisholm
<i>Spares</i>	Marjorie Leslie Winnie Chute Hazel Freeman	Minta Hatfield Elmira Borden

The purpose of the game was to determine whether the rules put on the new girls at the beginning of the year should be removed or not. Since they were victorious the rules are off.

SO far, this season, no great interest has been taken in basket-ball. Owing to the out-break of "Flu" in the Academy, the first year men have been unable to defeat the "Cads" in basket-ball in order to free themselves from the rules which they are under.

Because of the lack of a proper gymnasium we were unable to enter the inter-collegiate basket-ball league this year. It certainly seems a shame that a college of Acadia's size and prestige should be forced to with-draw from this sport because of the lack of a gymnasium. We hope that this defect in the equipment of Acadia will be remedied in the near future.

Still, it was decided that we would have inter-class basket-ball, but as yet no inter-class games have been played. We do not see why we should not carry out our usual practises and regular inter-class schedule. It is quite possible that by next year we shall have a proper place in which to play, and then we shall be able to enter the inter-collegiate league. If we should be so fortunate, it seems as though we should still keep in practise, for we have plenty material for a fast team. There are lots of fellows who do not play hockey, but might be playing basket-ball. Why not give them a chance to take some part in athletics? There is still time for some interesting games if we get to work.

HOCKEY.

Of course the main interest this year is centered upon the fortunes of our College hockey team. At a meeting in Truro of delegates from all the Maritime Colleges except U. N. B., it was decided to revive intercollegiate hockey this year. However, since they recognized that conditions were still abnormal, the schedule which they drew up applies to this year only. The old league between Acadia, Kings, Mt. A. and U. N. B. has not been revived, but two leagues have been formed embracing all the Maritime Colleges; U. N. B., Mt. A. and Acadia in one; Kings, Dalhousie and St. F.-X. in the other. The winners of the two leagues to play off for the Brown Trophy, emblematic of the inter-collegiate championship of the Maritime Provinces.

According to the schedule drawn up in Truro, our first game was to have been with U. N. B. at Wolfville on Jan. 29th but, for some reason, U. N. B. finds it difficult to put in a team this year, and so has forfeited the game. Our next game was with Mt. A. at Dorchester (Acadia 4, Mt. A. 8), which will be followed by a return game at Wolfville on Feb. 20th.

Burton '20 was appointed captain. Our men have turned out regularly for practice and have worked hard. The new open air rink has given a much better opportunity for practise and although several of our most promising players were barred from playing under the new eligibility rules, still the team made a good showing on the night they crossed sticks with Mt. A.

ACADEMY v. HALIFAX ROVERS.

On Saturday night, Jan 18th, the first hockey game of the season was played between the Academy and Halifax Rovers. Although the ice was heavy and combination work impossible, the game was fast and interesting throughout, both teams putting on a fine exhibition of hockey. The Academy team had the better of the territory throughout the game but the defence of the Halifax team was good and very little scoring resulted. Undoubtedly the star of the game was the Rover's goal tender who by his splendid work saved the Halifax team from defeat. On the other hand the Academy defence was comparatively weak, depending mainly on their forward line. McLeod who scored three of the goals for the Academy played a splendid game. Henshaw and Ayer also showed up well.

The Academy team was leading by a score of 4-3 up to a few minutes before the close of the game, when the Rovers scored again. Although both sides played hard no further scores resulted, the game ending in a tie Academy 4, Rovers 4.

The line up was as follows:—

ACADIA.		ROVERS
Haley	<i>Goal</i>	Young
Henshaw	<i>Point</i>	Landry
Ayer	<i>Cover Pt.</i>	Nolan
Smith	<i>Centre</i>	Lane
Gertridge	<i>L. Wing</i>	Tutham
McLeod	<i>R. Wing</i>	Coughlin
<i>Spare</i> s—McDonald, Ryan, Beazley, Sullivan,		Crosby.

ACADIA 4—MT. A. 8.

Acadia and Mt. Allison played the first inter-collegiate game of hockey in three years, at Dorchester on Thursday evening, Feb. 6th. Since the Mt. A. students had been unfortunate in losing their own rink early in the fall, the next best available place to play was the Dorchester rink. Our men found the ice decidedly different from what they had been accustomed to—the surface was rough and instead of meeting the boards at an angle, ran up the sides on an incline, rendering it impossible for anyone unacquainted with the rink to play the boards successfully.

The game started at 7.35 P. M., with Knapp from Sackville as referee. At the outset it became evident that the spectators were to be treated to a fast game of hockey. Mt. A. scored the first two goals and by that time it was evident that they were playing a style of hockey which had our men at a distinct disad-

vantage. One or two of the Mt. A. men were loafing offside at every available opportunity and the second goal which they scored was the result of an off-side play, which escaped the notice of the referee. The play during most of this period was in centre ice, with occasional excursions toward each goal. Finally Burton, securing the puck near our goal, with a clever exhibition of stick-handling broke through the Mt. A. team and secured the first score for Acadia. Mt. A. scored again just before the end of the first period, making the score Mt. A. 3, Acadia 1.

The Mt. A. boys opened the second period with a rush, securing another score within a few minutes of the opening of the play. They added four others before the end of the period. Acadia scoring only once. Before the end of the second period Acadia speeded up and Mason secured the second goal for our team. The period ended, Mt. A. 8, Acadia 3.

In the intermission a vigorous protest was made to the referee regarding Mt. A's propensity to play offside and he promised to pay more attention to that phase of the game. By the beginning of the second period our men were getting accustomed to the rink, and although realizing that the odds were greatly against them, they came on determined to do their utmost. The third period was the most exciting of the whole game. Both teams were playing their best and for a while it seemed as if the period would pass without either side scoring, but Rogers finally got away and added another tally to Acadia's score. Several times Mt. A. came dangerously near scoring but Steeves proved equal to the occasion and though both teams worked hard, the game ended with no further scoring by either side.

Mt. A. 8—Acadia 4.

NOTES ON THE GAME.

Burton was probably the best stick handler on the ice.

Rogers showed himself to be one of the best if not the best player on the Acadia side. His work was consistently good throughout the game and he secured two of Acadia's goals.

Mason on the left wing also played a good game and chalked up one of Acadia's score.

The last period was the most interesting hockey of the game, although the play was broken up by a number of off-side plays by the Mt. A. men.

There was only one penalty handed out during the game and that was to a Mt. A. man for interference and off-sides.

The difference in the two teams was not so apparent as the scores would lead us to believe. The Mt. A. boys were slightly faster, but not as good stick handlers.

The Ladies of the Dorchester Baptist church supplied a supper to our boys before the game. Our thanks are due to them for the way in which they treated us.

The Mt. A. boys gave the Acadia boys a royal banquet in Sackville after the game. We are glad to see our new league start out with such good feeling between the two teams as was manifest after the game and at the banquet given the two teams. We hope that the Mt. A. boys will be treated just as royally when they come down here to play.

The line up of the Acadia team was as follows:—

Goal—Steeves,

Left Defence—Burton,

Centre—Hirtle

Rt.-Defence—Eisenhauer,

R. Wing.—Rogers,

L. Wing—Mason,

SPARES.

Forwards—Dobson and Rand, *Defence*—Crowe and Brown.



:-: *Personals* :-:

'84—Capt. Smith L. Walker, until recently surgeon with the Railway Construction Corps in France, has been recalled to Canada.

'91—Rev. Z. L. Fash has resigned his pastorate at Parrsboro and accepted a call to Fredericton.

'91—Lieut.-Col. J. H. MacDonald was recently extended a call to become pastor of the Wolfville Baptist Church, but was unable to accept because the time of his release from Overseas service has not yet been determined.

'92—Rev. J. B. Ganong, Superintendent of Home Missions for New Brunswick was stricken with paralysis while returning to his home in Petitcodiac on January 7th. We wish to extend our sympathy.

'92 and '94—Rev. O. N. Chipman of Port Williams has been holding special services, assisted by Rev. Lew. Wallace.

'91—We wish to extend our sympathy to Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Jenner upon the death of their daughter, who was a nursing sister in England.

'95—Mrs. Stanley Herritage (Margaret Coates) has returned to her home in Paris, which she was forced to leave during the war.

'95—The *Athenaeum* extends its sympathy to Rev. and Mrs. Ralph E. Gullison upon the death of their son, Raymond, from pleural pneumonia following Spanish Influenza at Ootacamund, India, December 5th, 1918.

'96—We regret that owing to a severe attack of rheumatism, Dr. Cutten has been confined to the house for several days.

'00—Lieut. Col. Mersereau has been awarded the D. S. O.

'03—Capt. W. A. White has returned from overseas service and has accepted a call to the Cornwallis St. Baptist Church, Halifax.

Ex. '02—Ralph Richardson is teaching at Craik, (Sask.) and reading for his Ph. D. in Pedagogy.

'05—Loring C. Christie is at the Peace Conference with Sir Robert Borden in secretarial capacity.

'06—R. F. Coldwell died in British Columbia from Spanish Influenza.

'07—Edith Spicor is teaching in New Westminster.

'11—A. Cyril March of the P. P. C. L. I., who was for two years a prisoner in Germany and was transferred to Switzerland and thence to England, recently paid a visit to Nova Scotia with his bride. He is studying to pass law examination.

'12—W. B. C. Card is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in Delaware.

'12—Evelyn Johnson Everett, who is spending the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Johnson, is teaching in the Wolfville School.

CLASS '15.

Arthur Rogers, who returned to Canada in December is at Pine Hill Hospital, Halifax, receiving treatment and at the same time attending classes at Dalhousie.

Rev. W. S. Ryder, who, since the completion of his theological course, has been engaged with the military Y. M. C. A., has accepted a call to the Central Baptist Church, Vancouver.

Grace Blenkhorn, is teaching Grades IV and V in Craik (Sask.). She has also been doing V. A. D. work among the "flu" patients in Winnipeg.

Rae Wilson has been visiting in town, the guest of Evelyn Smallman, '15.

CLASS OF '16.

Stan. and Murray Millett are both with the R. C. R. in Belgium.

Charlotte H. Layton is in Y. W. C. A. work in Montreal.

Don Forsyth has returned from overseas and is now at his home in Sheffield Mills.

Acadia is glad to welcome one of her old boys back again in the person of Norman Rogers. "Norm," we understand, is planning to work off his remaining units, and graduate with the class of '19.

Walter G. Archibald (Eng.), who has been doing his bit in France, has returned home.

E. Bessie Lockhart, our Acadia missionary, successfully passed her second year examinations in Telegn in November, 1918. She will now be able to devote all her fine ability and splendid energy to the conduct of the women's work in Vizagpatam, which she is directing during the absence of Miss Blackader, '95 on furlough.

CLASS OF '17.

Elizabeth Starrat has been at home on a vacation from her duties at the R. V. H., Montreal.

Faye Marshall is attending Wellesley College.

Charles G. Schurman is in hospital in England.

H. G. Lawrence (Eng.) is studying medicine at McGill.

Stuart Eaton (Ex. Eng.) returned from overseas in time to spend Christmas in Canada.

We are glad to hear that J. H. MacNeill has returned safely from overseas. "Woolie" was one of Acadia's 219th men, and will be welcomed by many friends.

CLASS OF '18.

B. G. Spracklin has returned from Toronto where he was training in the R. F. C., and is at his home in Whitney Pier.

Margaret Chase is studying medicine at Dalhousie.

A. D. Therrien, (Eng.) has registered in the Engineering department in the University of Missouri.

A. M. Cole, (Ex. Eng.) is working in the office of the Imperial Munitions Board, Liverpool, N. S.

L. F. Titus has returned to Canada from the front.

Lieut. J. MacLeod Boyer has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry.

We are glad to hear that Dean Rogers is recovering from the injuries he received in France.

CLASS OF '19.

Amy Kinnie who has been married to Edward Crocker of Weston, N. S., is now living in Winnipeg.

Veta Collicutt is in the employment of the C. G. R. at Moncton.

Frances Smith is attending St. John Business College.

Sgt. Maj. P. J. Bentley is at Shorncliffe, Eng., expecting to return soon to Canada.

Edna Pickles is continuing her studies in Art in Boston.

W. W. Homes, H. W. Walker, L. K. Grady, C. E. White, R. R. Dagleish are all with the Canadian forces in Germany.

Jack Pickles is taking a course in mechanics in Detroit, Michigan.

D. O. Stewart has returned from overseas and is now at his home in Summerside.

Don S. Fraser of the R. A. F. returned to Canada on the Olympic, Jan. 17th.

Colin Wright recently reported missing has since been reported killed in action.

Ex. '20—C. F. Ruggles is with the General Automobile Co., Halifax.

'09—Born at Vancouver to Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Moore (nee Dorothy Manning) a son, Donald Manning on January 22nd, 1919.

'13—W. R. Kinsman is practising law in Regina.

A. L. S. '17—Jessie Burton is training for a nurse in the Yarmouth Hospital.

'18—Irma Corning is training for a nurse at Rhode Island Hospital.

'89—Mrs. M. V. Higgins (Edith Chipman) was obliged to undergo a serious operation in Queen Hospital, Honolulu, on January 9th. The latest report says the operation was successful, and we hope she may have a speedy recovery.

Ex. '20—Duncan Innis, who has recovered from a very serious illness is attending Normal College at his home in Truro.

Ex. '22—Katherine McLatchey is attending Normal College in Truro.

Sem.—Mildred Lockett who was training in the Montreal General Hospital has returned to her home in Bridgetown.

Sem. '15—Lena Downie is teaching at Shawbridge

A. C. A.—Ross McLean who has been training in St. John, has received his discharge.

Henry Kelly is in the Yarmouth hospital recovering from a severe attack of the "Flu."

Clarence Shafner is taking a course in mechanics in Three Rivers, Mich.

Fred Parker is attending Dalhousie University.

Arthur H. Cooke of the 25th Battalion, after two years imprisonment in Germany, has returned home.



.. .. *Exchanges*

THE exchanges this month have furnished very interesting reading. The long Honor Rolls in nearly all the magazines show how real a part the colleges of Canada have played in the war.

UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

You give us a good idea of your college life. We notice a new word—"Junettes." Why so much slang at times? Dr. Kierstead gives us an authoritative article on Food Conservation. The Athletic column is well filled: if the "Monthly" Staff is as much alive perhaps a table of Contents will appear in the next issue.

BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL.

A very pleasant surprise. We wish success to your new literary department. It will add greatly to the value and interest of your paper. Your Joke editor has certainly made the most of what humor an optimistic heart can find in the "Flu."

XAVERIAN.

The Xaverian for December contains a number of interesting articles. We note especially one on Hilaire Belloc. We count 21 male graduates in your 1918 picture, a far greater number than any other of the Maritime Province Universities can boast.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The Christmas number is, as always, well worth reading. We like the balance of your paper. We also like to see old graduates contributing the fruits of their experience to the enriching of the pages of their college paper. "Economic Problems of Army Life," contains considerable humor and vivacity.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW.

One of the most attractive magazines on our shelf. Your Honor Roll is something to be proud of. The "Extracts from Letters" from Overseas members are very interesting, but we cannot help wondering why the editors deemed it a suitable place to

publish comments re—the excellency of the Review. The short poems are of merit. Don't you think the "Athletics" column rather throws the rest of the magazine off the balance? A few more serious articles would help out wonderfully.

VOX LYCEI.

Hamilton Collegiate Institute has produced a very bright and readable magazine. Your press-work would delight an editor's heart. We are pleased to see your Honor Roll such a prominent feature. The issue contains many interesting cuts and clever cartoons. The spirit of the Institute fairly beams forth from every page. The Victory Issue is a credit to editors and school alike as a record of school activities, but the absence of anything of greater pretension prevents us from saying more.

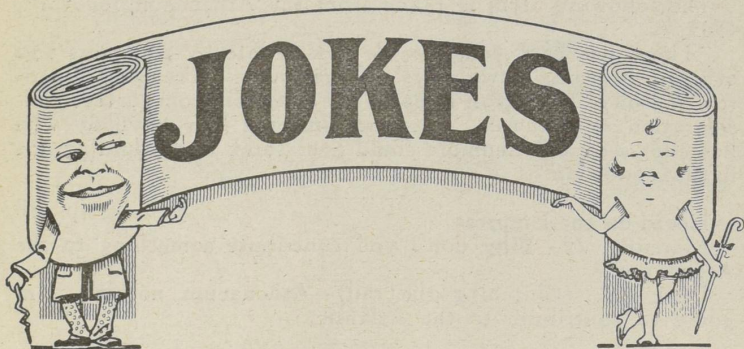
DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

The Conference Number lays great stress on the Reconstruction Problems in connection with the Y. M. C. A. and foreign missionary enterprise.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Brandon College Quill; University Monthly; Xaverian; McMaster Monthly; Vox Lycei; St. Andrews College Review; King's College Record; Dalhousie Gazette; Gateway.





"Bun" Boyle—carving a particular delectable (?) portion of meat at dinner.

"Rather well put together isn't it?"

Gray (in course of Sermon)—"Even the trolley-car receives its power from above."

Miss Leslie '22—"Helen,—I dreamed about you last night. Honestly girls, I dream about the craziest things."

Miss McQuarrie (discussing the flu situation)—"I should think you would be afraid to get your meals at the Tavern.—Afraid of the girls I mean."

Mr. Foster—(condescending to pause between bites)—"Yes I am, always was, and always expect to be."

Ada '21—"What is that little house down by the rink for?"

Georgie '21—"Why that's the place where they heat the water to freeze the ice."

Bowbly (conversing with returned soldier)—"Hugh lost a part of his brain didn't he?"

Miss Elderkin '22—"Who? Hugh (you)?"

Dr. DeWolf—"Can anyone tell me how Paul met his death?"

Freshette—"He was beheaded by the Acts (axe) of the Apostles."

"Bob" Murray skating with Brad Hall—"Really, Mr. Hall, I must go in now—It's rather tiresome dragging kids around the rink you know."

How was poor Brad to know that she had been teaching members of the Junior department of the Sem. to skate?"

The following item is taken from the Athenaeum for April, 1903;

"There has been considerable talk of late by educators and others concerning a two years' college course. President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton removes the question from further consideration as follows: "I cannot imagine how anybody who has ever seen a Sophomore could ever think of graduating one in that condition."

Heard on the Empress.

Manning '20—Why don't you contribute something to the Athenaeum?

Lank '22 (Clutching the rail)—Athenaeum nothing. I'm going to contribute to the Atlantic.

Dan.—"Don't swear Scottie. It doesn't pay in the long run. Scottie.—Perhaps not; but it's d--n convenient in a sprint.

Dr. DeWolfe (In freshman Bible)—"Mr. Homans, can you tell me about the home coming of the prodigal son?"

Homans—I think there must have been ice on the ground.

Dr. DeWolfe—Why?

Homans—"Well the Bible says that when the man saw his son coming he ran out and fell on his neck."

Gray '20—(To boy leading bony horse)—"Say, boy, why don't you climb inside and fill him out?"

Boy—"I would if he had as big a mouth as you have."

Dr. Wheelock—(In Physics II)—"Mr. Bates what is a vacuum?"

Bates Eng. '20—"I've got it in my head, sir, but I can't explain it."

1st Freshman—"Where did the word Bo originate?"

2nd Freshman—"Why in Boland of course."

First Freshette (to Second who is painting programme)—"It must be very warm up here, your cheeks are awfully red."

Second Freshette—"Yes, I always get red when I paint."

Miss DeWolfe (After getting marks)—"Did you get First class?"

Miss Leslie '22—"The only time I get first class is when I travel on the train."

Sophette—"What's the Hurry."

Black Eng. '20—"Oh! don't worry—I'm not rushing you."

In Freshman Bible after haircutting.

Dr. DeWolf—"Now Mr. Eaton, what would you do if you really *were* a savage down in the Southern ocean?"

Foster '20—"A woman who loses her speech must suffer a martyrdom."

Pyne '22—"What kind of a course is Saunders taking?"

Homans '22—"Why he is taking his meals and working a little in the rink."

Acknowledgements

Acadia University \$37.00; Dr. J. B. Hall, \$2.00; Miss Grace Blenkhorn, \$2.00; Miss Evelyn Logan, \$2.00; Rev. I. C. Archibald, \$3.30; Miss A. Pickles \$1.00; M. R. Tuttle; C. H. Reid, A. H. MacKay, Miss Evelyn Smallman, Miss Bess'e Dick, Miss S. McGregor, Irwin C. Doty, Dr. S. Spidle, Dr. V. B. Rhodenizer, Prof. A. Sutherland, Dr. J. F. Tufts, Rev. A. Cohoon, Dr. W. H. Thompson, Prof. R. Ross, Dr. D. U. Hill, Rev. H. T. DeWolfe, Dr. G. B. Cutten, Mrs. Dodge, J. G. Manzer, R. S. Jenkins, Clyde Wilson, Rev. S. W. Stackhouse, E. A. Robertson, C. L. Saunderson, T. E. Eaton, Allen Church, Miss M. R. Chase, Rev. A. C. Chute \$2.00.

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