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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 MDE	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.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

†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. Cap.
*Cox E. C.	Ex. '17	Pte. 64th
†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
Dexter, G. C.	Ex. '18	Cpl. 85th Comm.)
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.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

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	Cpl. 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. 246 h
†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	
Tingley, P. R.	Ex. '17	Lieut. R. F. C.
Titus, H. H.	Ex. '18	Lieut. Y. M. C. A.
Titus, L. F.	Ex. '18	Pte. 219th
Troop, Stuart	Ex. '09	Cadet. R. A. F.
†Trotter, Bernard	A. C. A.	Lieut. Leicester Rgt.
Underwood, G. W.	A. C. A.	Lieut. C. A. S. C.
*Vail, G. H.	Ex. '17	Gr. 36th C. F. A.
VanAmburg, G. O.	Ex. '15	Gr. 46th C. F. A.
Vanwart, V. C.	Ex. '17	Cp., 104th
*Vaughan, H. W.	Ex. '16	Pte. 85th
Verge, H. B.	A. C. A.	Maj. 1st For. Dep.
Walker, H. W.	Ex. '19	Gr. 8th C. G. A.
Walker, S. L.	B. A. '85	Capt. C. A. M. C.
Wallace, Isaiah	A. C. A.	Pte. C. A. S. C.
Warner, John, M. C.	Ex. '11	Lieut. C. E.
Waugh, H. V.	A. C. A.	Pte. U. S. A.
Webb, T. M.	A. C. A.	Gr. C. G. 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

Stories—1st, H. D. Beals, '19; 2nd, D. A. Grant, '19.
Poems—1st, D. G. Williams, '21; 2nd, H. G. Morse, '20.
Articles—1st, L. F. Titus, '20; 2nd, G. H. Estabrooks, '20.
Month—1st, C. W. Spencer, '19; 2nd, E. G. Mann, '19.
Exchanges—1st, J. I. Mosher, '21; 2nd M. H. Fleming, '19.
Athletics—1st, R. S. Longley, '21; 2nd, D. H. MacPherson, '21.
Personals—1st, D. A. Grant, '19; 2nd, L. Bagnall, '22.
Jokes—1st, J. M. Beardsley, '21; 2nd, A. M. Arbuckle, '19.
Pennant—Won by Senior Class, 10 units.

STANDING IN ATHENÆUM COMPETITION

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

ACADIA BUILDINGS

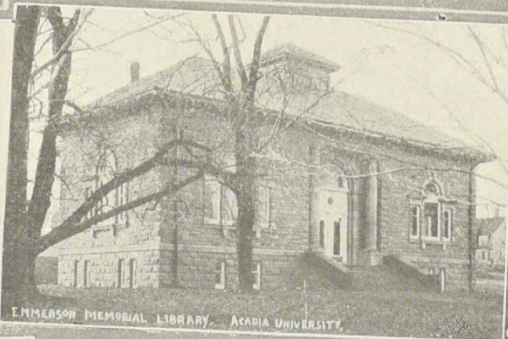
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NOVA SCOTIA.

RHODES HALL.



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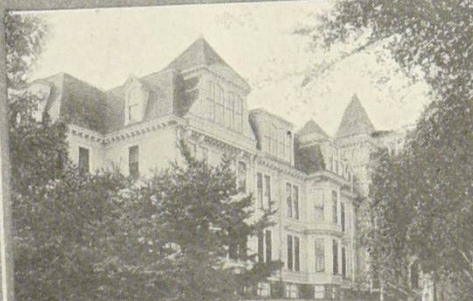


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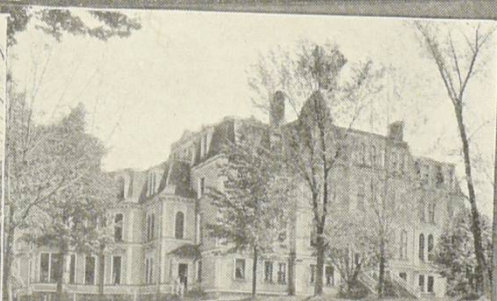
CARNEGIE SCIENCE HALL, WOLFVILLE, N.S.



ACADIA LADIES SEMINARY, WOLFVILLE, N.S.



ACADIA UNIVERSITY, ARTS BLDG.



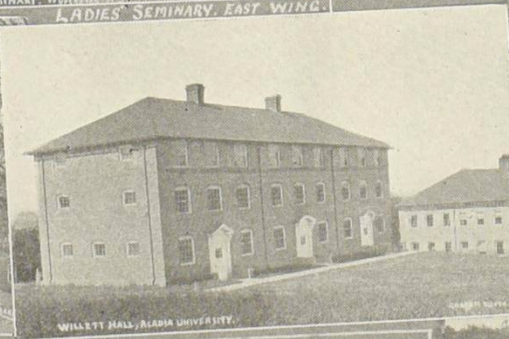
SEMINARY WEST WING.

ARTS BLDG.



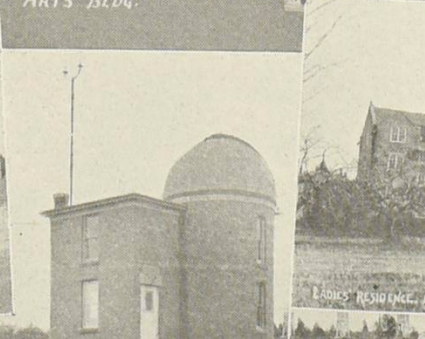
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ACADEMY RESIDENCE



WILLERT HALL, ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

COLLEGE MEN'S RESIDENCE.



ACADIA OBSERVATORY AND CANADIAN METEOROLOGICAL STATION, WOLFVILLE, N.S.

OBSERVATORY AND METEOROLOGICAL STATION.



LADIES' RESIDENCE, ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

WOMEN'S RESIDENCE.

GRAHAM'S
PHOTOS.

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLV.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1919

No. 4.

Ex Imis

What dost thou fear, O dreamer? Dost thou see
A broken nation on the sodden field?
The blunted sword and spear: the riven shield:
And, eldest-born of unchaste Victory,
Youth's trampled grave? Beside the weary sea
Wander'st thou ever with a distant eye
Piercing the sullen deeps, where dumbly lie
The broken symbols of our majesty?
O clearer see! Words like a flaming sword
Point us to hope! All the united voice
Of dead endeavor passed into the dust
Breaks in a thunder peal: Rejoice! Rejoice!
The purple streams from our free veins outpoured
Have sealed your victory and based your Trust!

J. H. M., '19.

The Sherman Silver

Colonel Sherman's business was growing, never had the demand for silks and satins, for silver and fine china, been so great among the settlers in the valley. Ever since Colonel and Madame Sherman had left their English homes for the farming lands of Cornwallis the colonists had depended upon them for all the little luxuries so dear to the hearts of these fine old English aristocrats. And now the farmers were growing rich. More wheat and wool was produced each year, more cattle taken to the markets at Halifax and Annapolis, until Colonel Sherman found his stock quite inadequate to supply all the young couples who were setting up housekeeping, and the older folks now able, at last, to satisfy their desire for a bit of luxury in their isolated homes.

It was clear to the Colonel and his wife that the annual shopping trip to St. John must this year be made earlier than usual. And this was a trip of no small importance. It occupied, usually, two weeks and Madame Sherman must stay at home with her small son to tend the shop and the cattle during her husband's absence. But this she minded not a whit, for the colonists' wives had been taught courage and reliance by their hard experience. Timidity held no place in this land where neighbors were sometimes miles apart.

So, on a Tuesday morning, Colonel Sherman saddled his horses, bade his wife and son farewell, and started on his long journey. His wife watched until he had become a speck in the distance and vanished into the forest path, then turned light heartedly to her work.

The days passed pleasantly. Every morning little Edward turned the sheep and cattle out to pasture and at night brought them into the barn again. Madame Sherman went about her work as usual: tending the shop by day, spinning or knitting thru the now lengthening evenings, and thinking of her husband's return.

It was nearing twilight on the eighth day of his absence when Madame Sherman was putting up the shutters for the night. She paused a moment for a well satisfied look over the fields now ripening for the harvest, stretching away before her to the road. The cattle were gathering restlessly about the pasture gate. It was time for Edward to bring in the cows.

She was just turning to call the boy when she saw in the distance a group of horsemen riding toward the farm at a gallop. "Visitors so late?" she questioned. For settlers in those days did not often leave their homes after sundown. "How strange and I have already shut up my shop for the night."

Suddenly there came to her mind the stories that she had heard a few days before, when two neighbors had called at the farm. They had talked of a band of privateers who on dark nights made raids on the poultry and fat cattle of the valley farmers. At the time, Madame had thought of the story as only a rumour. No one had seen the raiders, and it was unlikely that they would again venture across the mountain, if they ever had actually done so. But these men rode with packhorses beside them. They must be the raiders and no others. Madame Sherman called to her son to fasten the cattle in the barn while she made fast the house and shop.

Hastily she shut the door and slipped the bolt into its place. One more glance from the window satisfied her that the robbers were really upon them.

But Madame Sherman was of good stuff. She looked down the road. The horsemen were coming quickly. They were armed. It would be useless to try to defend the shop. But the house was strongly barred, the doors were solid and perhaps the raiders would be content with the loot of the shop. Then she thought of her silver. The silver which had been in the family for generations and which was famous throughout the countryside. If only she could save her silver, Madame was content to lose all else.

Hurriedly she dragged into the middle of the room the old chest in which she kept the fine linen that was the pride of her heart. Into it she put the heavy bowls, trays, and pitchers, the knives, forks, and spoons.

Meanwhile the bandits had been coming nearer and now a shouting and clatter in the yard drew Madame Sherman to the window. Six men had alighted there, hung their reins over the fence posts, and were battering at the shop door. They were well armed with rifles and heavy hatchets. The shop, was past saving, but the silver,—“nothing” said madame to herself, “should ever harm that.”

The noise outside suddenly ceased, and madame knew that the shop door had given way and that the robbers were even then at her precious silks and china.

She made the round of the house once more, saw that every door was safely bound, then called her son and seated him on the chest. Standing on a chair, she took down the rifle from its rusty hook above the door and laid it too upon the lid of the chest. Then she took up her knitting and sat down beside the boy. The two sat there straight and tense, waiting until the robbers should see fit to enter the house.

They had not waited long, when a great battering was heard at the front door. But the bars held strongly, and it was only after many blows that the door gave way and heavy boots sounded along the hallway. Edward looked fearfully at his mother, but she sat knitting as placidly as if the privateers were still in their homes across the mountains.

The door opened and three men pushed into the room. Inside, they stopped a moment, somewhat abashed at seeing Madame Sherman confronting them so fearlessly. For among the privateers in the "good old days," when plundering was ranked almost as a trade, there was a certain rude honor maintained. What they wanted was the famous silver, which they rightly suspected to be in the chest, and not to harm the lady of the house unnecessarily. But time was pressing. They must not let a woman and a little boy stand in their way. They ordered madame to give up her silver. But she did not flinch. Hushing the boy who was beginning to cry she said calmly and politely:—"Indeed sirs, I know that the china and silk that you have taken from my shop will bring many pounds in the market at St. John, but the little linen and household goods I have here will be of small use to you. You have taken everything that I value, will you not be content with that?"

"Come now," said the first man, "we want the silver. I suspect you have it there in that chest. So get off, little boy, we won't hurt you if you give us the stuff."

Madame Sherman laid down her knitting and took up the gun from its place beside her.

"Just give us the silver, lady, and we'll leave everything else," he continued, dropping his threatening tone.

"My silver! the silver which belonged to my great grandmother and to her mother before her? Never shall it leave this house while I am here to defend it." Madame's voice grew shrill in her earnestness.

"Now, madame, there are three of us. We all have guns. Get off the chest now if you're wise."

Madame Sherman answered by raising her gun. She looked back at them steadily.

The men saw that nothing but violence would accomplish their purpose. But they would give her another chance.

"O very well then. In five minutes we take your silver. Now decide whether you give it up peaceably or whether we use our guns. "The three men stood near the door and waited.

The dim light showed only the outlines of the waiting figures. The boy clung closer to his mother in terror. She sat motionless staring thru the window. The clock in the corner had ticked off four long minutes when the other three men rushed into the room. One of them seemed, by his dress and bearing to be the leader of the band.

"What's the matter here," he said looking from the men to Madame Sherman, "Don't you know we have to be at Simpson's by nine?"

The men tried to explain.

The leader smiled as he turned to Madame Sherman who still held the gun.

"So brave a defender surely deserves a reward" he said "keep your silver until some one braver than yourself appears to take it from you. Come men."

The men filed out of the room leaving madame and her son sitting in the darkn ss.

H. D. B. '19.



Alfred Noyes

Something like a dozen years ago Alfred Noyes, among college men the most popular of present day poets, left Oxford with the determination to make his way by poetry, and by poetry alone. Besides his determination it might seem that he brought with him little augury of success, for it appears that he had neglected to take his degree, and as an undergraduate was rather more conspicuous for his rowing three years on the Exeter College eight than for anything else. But he bore with him in his poet's script two gifts of priceless worth: a confident optimism and the gift of song. Even with such endowments as these, however, it must have taken rare courage to face the world of twelve years ago with a declaration of faith in poetry as a means to a livelihood. Tennyson was dead and his fame dying; the last of the Victorians, Meredith and Swinburne, neither ever popular, were old men no longer productive; and the English public seemed to have gloomily resigned itself to making the best of an existence songless except for the soldier ballads of Rudyard Kipling, and was inclined to comfort itself with saying that people no longer cared for poetry anyhow.

But these were not the worst features of the situation as it might have looked to a young poet. The age was one of materialism, of machine-made prosperity, and of exultation in the triumphs of the scientist. Then too it was an age of doubt and questioning, when an abandonment of traditional religion and even of traditional morality was threatening. Indeed there were not lacking those willing to affirm that idealism had no place in the modern life of practicality. And they were not without some shadow of justification. Art was frankly decadent or naturalistic. Public worship was looked upon as a sort of harmless diversion for the Oldest Inhabitant. Even so homely a virtue as patriotism was out of fashion. And as for displaying honest sentiment—it might be safely shown towards pounds sterling, not otherwise. But Alfred Noyes was not to be dismayed by so discouraging an outlook. Instead, he declared it to be his belief, not only that his countrymen still cared for poetry, but what is more amazing, that they would not let a poet starve. And so, confident of his mission, he came like his own Lord of Misrule, tickling his nut brown tabor, romping his way into the midst of a sleepy congregation, kicked aside the dusty hassocks, bashed the head of the sexton, stormed the pulpit stairs; and, elbowing the ineffectually flapping parson out of the way, gaily proclaimed the ever new glad old tidings:

Your God still walks in Eden, between the ancient trees,
Where Youth and Love go wading through pools of primroses.
And this is the sign we bring you, before the darkness fall,
That Spring is risen, is risen again,
That life is risen, is risen again,
That Love is risen, is risen again, and Love is Lord of all.

Such tidings as these Alfred Noyes has gone on proclaiming ever since — tidings obsolete and sentimental it may be, yet the response to them has proved Noyes's faith in the public to have been abundantly justified. Within shorter time than any English poet before him he won his way to recognition and the living he set out to make. How remarkable was the rapidity of his rise is best attested to by the fact that at the time of Alfred Austin's death, he was perhaps more frequently mentioned for the vacant laureateship than any other of the possible candidates. Happily for him the appointment was not necessary: his place in the hearts of his countrymen was already secure. Having established himself at home Noyes, true to the long-established custom of British men of letters, turned to the conquest of America. His success on this side of the Atlantic was immediate, his recognition here being even more cordial than abroad. The most important result of his first lecture raid into the United States, made in the winter of 1912-13, was, of course, the capture of the hearts of the undergraduates in various of the smaller eastern colleges, notably Dartmouth, and the subsequent stir over the then strange fact that the American college man could be made more excited over poetry than over athletics. The authorities at Harvard were so impressed that they invited Noyes to return to America for the next year to deliver a course of lectures on "The Sea in English Poetry" at the Lowell Institute in Boston. The invitation was accepted, and the conquest of old Boston and young Harvard was quite as complete as that of Dartmouth the year before. Then Princeton stole a march on its rivals for a poet's favors, and made sure of more than its share by making Noyes visiting professor of modern English literature for the second half of each of the next three academic years. Noyes accepted the appointment, but only on the understanding that none of his duties as a professor were to interfere with his business as a poet!

As an irrepressible reveller, spreading about him the youthful joyousness of a Peter Pan, Noyes has brought back into the world the old spirit of fairy tales and childhood's romance, turned our lugubrious hymns into love-lyrics, set us a-footing it to the merry tunes of the barrel-organ, called us out into the

open in lilac time, lured us into the Mermaid Tavern and out again into the shining hawthorn-lanes, and showed us once and for all the absurdity of despair by reminding us of Stevenson's light-hearted philosophy:

That if we fall and hurt our head
Our hearts must still be bold,
And we must never mind the pain
But rise up and go on again.

But it is not as a mere merry-maker that Noyes has most impressed us. It is as a valiant young Knight of Chivalry, bearing before him the device of the Cross, that he has been of the greatest inspiration. For Noyes is nothing if not a militant Christian warrior, and one into whose faith there has crept not the slightest tinge of doubt. He seems never to have experienced any of the questionings that silenced Tennyson for so many years, nor has he ever had to whistle as Browning did to keep up his courage. The religion of his fathers may now be discredited as out of date, but Noyes has found in it the old-time satisfaction and he asks for none better. In spite of all that there has been in contemporary life to shake his faith in the might of Christianity, Noyes has persisted in his belief that it is the one power of sufficient redemptive force to save mankind. Not war, not even the Great War, has shaken his devotion to Christ's doctrine of brotherly love. Indeed in Christ's teachings he sees the only hope of a universal peace:

Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them
Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
Truth, Love, and Justice, if ye slay them,
Return with more than earthly power:
Strive if ye will to seal the fountains
That send the Spring thro' leaf and spray:
Drive back the sun from the Eastern mountains,
Then—bid this mightier movement stay.

It is the Dawn! The Dawn! The nations
From East to West have heard a cry,—
Though all earth's blood-red generations
By hate and slaughter climbed thus high,
Here—on this height—still to aspire,
One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher.
Make straight that highway for our God.

But Noyes is too active a spirit to await passively the coming of peace on earth, good-will to man. He is too much of the Crusader to find it inconsistent to wage war to secure peace. Consequently he has fought strenuously in the cause of pacificism. Until the present world situation developed in such a way as to make crushing irony of his hopes, one of his fondest dreams was the consummation of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States for the maintenance of world peace, a dream which finds its most appealing presentation in the dedicatory verses prefixed to the epic *Drake*. His most telling utterance in the cause of peace, however, is his poem *The Winepress*, inspired by the horrors of the first and second Balkan wars. It is perhaps as scathing an indictment of the Lords of War, and as moving a picture of war's horrors, as could be found in English poetry, until the literature of the present hour turned to jest anything of the sort attempted previously. Though Noyes is willing to strike a blow in behalf of peace, it is not because he is fighting under the delusions of the big armament advocates, for he has disposed of the arguments for their kind of preparedness in a single stanza, all the more effective for its Gilbert and Sullivan lightness, telling of the "Ghastroi",

curious men
Who dwell like tigers in a den:

Their dens are always ankle-deep
With twisted knives, and in their sleep
They often cut themselves; they say
That if you wish to live in peace
The surest way is not to cease
Collecting knives; and never a day
Can pass, unless they buy a few;
And as their enemies buy them too
They all avert the impending fray,
And starve their children and their wives
To buy the necessary knives.

There is another aspect of Noyes scarcely less stimulating than his militant Christianity. That is his ardent patriotism. In an age when any show of exuberance was condemned as bad form, Noyes must have brought the blush of embarrassment to the cheeks of the young moderns endeavoring painfully to maintain their poise of indifference with his passionate declaration,

This is England, this is the land
 That holds my heart in her sweet hand.
 This is she whose turf, I pray,
 Will hide me, on her breast, one day,

and his other enthusiastic outbursts of love for England and for her illustrious dead. But if he did, no one was less concerned than Noyes himself, and he has not ceased to sing of the virtues of English heroes, whether of the pen or sword, nor of the beauties of the English landscape, with old-time depth of feeling. His is a song of England

that only love may sing,
 So sure it is and pure it is;
 And seaward with the sea-mew it spreads a whiter wing,
 And with the sky-lark hovers
 Above the tryst of lovers,
 Above the kiss and whisper that led the lovely Spring
 Through all the glades of England, the ferny glades of England;
 Until the way unwound her
 With sprays of May, and crowned her
 With stars of frosty blossoms in a merry morris-ring—

A song

that only lovers know;
 So rare it is and fair it is,
 O, like a fairy rose it is upon a drift of snow,
 So cold and sweet and sunny,
 So full of hidden honey,
 So like a flight of butterflies where rose and lily blow
 Along the lanes of England, the leafy lanes of England;
 When flowers are at their vespers
 And full of little whispers,
 The boys and girls of England shall sing it as they go.

It was quite in keeping with Noyes's patriotism, and with his Christianity too, that at the outbreak of the war he should first counsel his country to

Search for the foe in thine own soul,
 The sloth, the intellectual pride,
 The trivial jest that veils the goal
 For which our fathers lived and died;
 The lawless dreams, the cynic art,
 That rend thy nobler self apart,

and next offer himself for military service. Though he failed of acceptance in the ranks of the fighting men, he has done his bit in the propagandist department of the British War Office.

Such is Alfred Noyes, blithe singer, Christian knight, fervent patriot. Some there are who would call in question his influence and his significance, two matters about which neither Noyes nor those who know his work best have made any pretentious claims. What his significance amounts to has already been indicated. Upon his influence, as far as it concerns the present popularity of poetry, publishers' and booksellers' statements offer the best commentary. Five years ago they made known that for the first time since the height of Tennyson's popularity, the publication of verse was a profitable venture; a state of affairs for which the greatest share of the credit was given to Noyes. As the demand for the poet's wares has steadily increased since then, until today they sell in even greater quantity than so esteemed a commodity as short stories, it seems a fairly safe hazard to assume that Noyes's influence on the reading of poetry is not altogether negligible. As for any effect he may have had on the renewed interest in the making of poetry, that is a question of quite another sort. Obviously, whatever its extent, it has been wholly for the retention of the old and well-established,—reactionary if you will. For it was in a spirit of loyalty to the traditional in English poetry, especially to the tradition of joy and vision, that he conceived of his mission as a poet. And to this conception he has remained steadfastly true. That is to say, his influence has been wholly for the best. And, whatever may be the attitude of reformers of poetry toward the traditional, it is certain that there can be no real advance in this art, or any other, that is not based upon whatever of good has preceded it. It has ever been thus with the progress of poetry. There has never been a step forward that at the same time was not a step backward. Every advance has been a retreat. Every birth has been a rebirth. Every time poetry has taken a new lease of life, it has taken a lease of old life. If, then, it is true, as eager apologists of the "new" poetry assert, that "Alfred Noyes . . . bears no immediate relation to the more progressive modern movement in the art," so much the worse for the "progressive modern movement." The service of Alfred Noyes to the making of modern poetry may not be, and probably is not, that of a so-called "influence" at all, but it is none the less real for that. It simply comes to this, that he has performed his mission of winning the world back to poetry so well, that nowadays a poet is sure of a respectful hearing—even though he be a "new" poet.

V. L. O. C., '05.

Reconstruction and Expansion at Acadia

Now that Mr. William Hohenzollern has turned Dutch and the university can go after students without feeling that it is robbing that gentleman of some very fine acquaintances, and can spend money without having the shades of the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and a half dozen other war charities troubling its slumbers, it seems to me the time has come to take up the programme of expansion which the war so thoughtlessly knocked on the head. But first of all let us try a little thinking as to just the ends toward which we are to expand, and free ourselves from the idea which seemed to characterize our friend, the Kaiser, that he could lead at everything—even to showing a clean pair of heels.

Now, obviously Acadia can never become a graduate college in Medicine, for to be able to put a chap together you must first learn how to take him apart and watch him in the process of disintegration; but Wolfville could never supply the stiffs for our amateur doctors to work on, unless we used cats or cads; but then the cats haven't the necessary anatomical structure and even if we could use Cads, I cannot help but think that the part from the ears up, might be,—well,—peculiar. However, it is the need of a large hospital which would really put us out of the running here. Similarly Acadia can never become a real shining light as a graduate college in Applied Science because the only real piece of machinery in the town is the Electric Light Station, and to use a vile play on words, its light at times is distinctly dim. Similarly we probably have too many examples in the Maritime provinces of what a lawyer should not be for Acadia to attempt to add to mankind's afflictions here.

However, there are some things we really can do. Take our Theological Department,—but please don't take it far, we need it—our ministers have justly earned a name for themselves and whereas I am told that once Dalhousie looked upon an Acadia B. A. or B. So. with disdain, we now feel that we can talk to them quite on an equality. Our two years engineering course is famous in a small way and if we get the two years Medical course with affiliation at McGill, we should be in a position to relieve Dalhousie of a considerable number of her medical students.

Now, after this rather lengthy dissertation on what we can and cannot do, let us have a few practical suggestions. A gym and a commons are promised, for which we should mobilize our Theological Department and have a psalm of thanksgiving. A new science building is in the wind and Tully Tavern is to receive its missing link. We wonder if Darwin was ever in

Wolfville and if so, what effect the G. S. U. had on his theories. We also understand that another men's residence may arrive—with a few more modern inconveniences. Oh yes! and the Sem. is to have an annex added, but then, that's beside the question; we never were much interested in the Sem. A Resident Physician and a Dean for women are also slated. Might we suggest an "honest to God" barber for the Freshmen. The Sophomores did their best, but——.

What else would we suggest? First, a Chair of Oratory to impart the necessary "gift of gab" to our promising material. Also compulsory Gym work when that building is on its feet and chase 3.30 and 4.30 classes to Germany at least three day a week when football, hockey, etc., are in the air. Naturally with the Gym could be run classes in wrestling and boxing. Also our Intercollegiate Sports and Track Meet should return. Another step which would be novel, but might be very effective would be a course in Memory Training and Business Efficiency. A course in Forestry, or advantageous affiliation with some university running such a course might be an advantage. Moreover, some day we will hope for a man who can devote his whole time to Psychology in its various phases. This is a growing concern, and to expect the President of the College to give it all the time it deserves and attend to the running of the institution as well, is to ask more than one man can do.

Likewise, I would suggest it as excellent policy to require our ministerials to live in residence when possible. We need their influence—and they need ours. And with this suggestion I will end, as the enormity thereof hath taken away my breath for the time being.

G. H. E., 20.

The Lost Way

I look aside:

And there I see a world, foul-drenched in blood
And bitter hatred ruling in men's hearts where love should dwell,
I turn aside to weep.

God, in our anguish now, we cry to Him
Who is beside Thee on Thine awful height
As He died long ago by hand of man
So are men dying now; oh, let us learn
By this most cruel dying, that same lost way
Which He did show to us, but which we did not know
Was the last great step which we must win.
Let us now through this agony of pain
Reach to that vision Thou didst for us dream.
We thought that knowledge was the way, and bowed
Our weary heads o'er pages writ so close
Until there seemed such myriads of ways
We could not choose, and so were baffled still
And read aga'n, and peered more deeply
Into lives of men who had seemed good and great.
We dived into the past and thought that there
We'd find the first part of the road, and so continue
In the same triumphal way; but we have failed.
And others sought for power, made lesser men
(Though fellow-creatures, almost like themselves)
Cringe too; obey their all-commanding word
And hoped that they might thus control the world.
But others knew that this was not the fight
That must be won to bring Thy kingdom here,
And vainly in the paths of truth they knew
Groped on, still hoping there to find the way.

O God! Out this wild chaos lead us now.
Let us look again to Him and see
The wonder, majesty, and all-conquering power
Of that Meek Man who won by losing all.
Through this grim, ghastly warfare, let us learn
That we must lose e'er we can hope to win.

D. G. W., '21

A Bluenose Captain

Before the open fire in their snug little cottage overlooking Bedford Basin sat Mrs. MacVane and her five year old boy, Peter. The mother had just finished telling her son a story, and they both sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

"Tell me another story, mummy," begged little Peter.

"Oh! but Peterkin, I have told you two already and you must go to bed now."

The child was just about to protest when there came a knock, followed by the opening of the front door. Mrs. MacVane rose hastily to see who might be thus intruding. As the light of the lamp fell upon the stranger's face, Mrs. MacVane uttered a cry of joy, rushed toward him, and, throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him.

"Oh! Alec. is it really you? Why, I am so surprised to see you."

"Yes, my dear, it is I. Just dropped in to surprise you. Come to daddy, Peter. My! how my little boy has grown."

The first glad greetings over, the happy trio gathered around the fire, Captain MacVane occupying the great arm chair with little Peter on his knee.

Presently Peter, with his most bewitching smile, addressed his father, "Won't you tell me a story, daddy, a real exciting story. Mummy told me two, but I want another. so please do, daddy."

"Well, sonny, you seem very much in earnest, so I guess I'll have to. What kind of a story do you want?"

"Oh, something about the sea, daddy."

"Well suppose I tell you about my last sailing to England. It was rather exciting in spots so you may enjoy it."

"You remember, Kate, the bright morning in August when you said 'Goodbye' to me on the pier as I was going on board the 'Haligonian.' She was a tramp steamer with a cargo of wheat for Liverpool. We were all ready then, hatches sealed, decks cleared, engines working fine. That night we slipped out of the harbor, past the torpedo nets, out past Sambro toward the old Atlantic. We steamed for twelve days without adventure. On the thirteenth we entered the danger zone. There, Hun submarines are active and will get you if they can. I doubled the watch and saw to it that our quick firers were all right. We steamed on all day without anything happening. Night came on. The moon rose, but was speedily darkened by scudding clouds, only shining out once in a while.

It looked to me like a storm. I was standing on the bridge about ten o'clock. The moon had been shining for a short time, but had just gone behind a cloud, and everything was dark. Suddenly I heard a loud hissing and swishing of water, and then a great crash which made the ship tremble from stem to stern."

"What was it, daddy?"

"Just a minute son. A torpedo had struck us, and I saw in a minute that we were doomed. The ship began to list. I ordered the crew to swing out the life-boats. They proceeded immediately to do so. In the midst of this hurry and scurry to get away I heard a harsh guttural voice call out of the darkness, "Hello, Captain, send out a boat at once or we open fire on you."

"Just then the moon shone out and I saw the long, low hull of a German submarine, with the commander standing in the conning tower. Having no choice in the matter, I despatched a boat immediately. The boat returned filled with German sailors. Lord only knows what happened to its former crew. The German sailors boarded the 'Haligonian,' secured me as their prisoner, and, then engaged the remainder of the crew, all of whom they either killed or drove into the water."

"Did they make all the men jump into the cold water, daddy?"

"Yes, my son, they did. That's a sample of German methods for you. But, to resume, they threw me into the bottom of the row-boat, and rowed back to the submarine. Leaving me to the tender mercies of the commander, they returned to my ship to get as many supplies as possible before she sank. I was standing in the conning tower with the German captain watching the boat go back. The Germans reached the ship, which by now had a decided list, and climbed on board. The German commander turned to me with a broad grin on his insolent face and said, sneeringly, "I'm going to take you to Germany for a while, and we'll see how you like it." I turned toward him and said quietly, "Are you?" "Yes, I——". I brought my fist round with a full swing and caught him smack on the jaw. He crumpled up and fell down the stairs onto the floor below with a thud."

"Did you hurt him, daddy?"

"I reckon he'd feel it for a while, son. Quick as a flash I climbed to the top of the conning tower and dived into the water. I swam under the surface as far as I could, and, then came up. I found myself hidden from the view of the submarine by a large piece of wreckage from the ship. I could hear loud curses and orders in German, and guessed that the

Huns were out to look for me. Soon I heard the splash of oars; the sound grew louder. I was sure they would discover me; they were coming closer every minute. Presently, there was apparent confusion in the boat, and it seemed to me as if they were rowing away. Yes, I was sure they had gone, for the sound of rowing ceased.

"Then a beam of light flashed across the water. It was not moonlight and I guessed immediately that another ship, with her searchlight, was approaching. The light grew brighter. I raised myself on to the wreckage and could distinguish the submarine outlined sharply by the searchlight's beam. Then I heard an explosion followed by a column of water which rose into the air just beyond the submarine. The newcomer must be a British destroyer, I decided immediately, and she has opened fire on the German boat. Before another shot could be fired the submarine dived, amid a swirl of foam, and rose gone. I stood upon the wreckage and waved my arms frantically, shouting myself hoarse to try to attract the attention of the commander of the destroyer. Presently, the searchlight turned and played on me. Then I knew I should be rescued. In a few minutes the destroyer came up, a rope was thrown to me, and I climbed aboard, thoroughly numbed by the cold water.

"Upon reaching the deck I turned to look over the rail and see if I could locate my old ship. I was just in time to see her make one last lurch and plunge beneath the water. My eyes filled with tears to see the last of my good ship; but such is the fortune of war. The officers on the destroyer treated me with the greatest kindness and landed me two days later at Portsmouth. I had some difficulty in England finding a new berth, because I had no papers to show. But finally I secured a return passage as mate on a large freighter. I arrived in the city today, secured a new appointment at once to a splendid merchant ship, quite an improvement on the old 'Haligonian' and then came out as soon as I could to see you both; and here I am. Now what do you think of that for a story, my son?"

"Oh! daddy it was fine. But what is a destroyer?"

"Well, sonny, I'll tell you another time for you must be off to bed now."

D. A. G., '19.

“Signals” at War

Think of an army as a great business organization whose main purpose is to serve a portion of humanity by crushing another army just as powerfully organized. The activities of such a business extend, in many different phases, over hundreds of miles of territory. There are the units in the front and support lines at hand-grips with the enemy, units in reserve, engineering units, artillery, air squadrons, ordnance and supply, and many other branches, each actively engaged, in a different manner, in the great business of outwitting an enemy who is strenuously engaged in the same business.

It is evident that the many branches of such a business must by some means be brought as nearly as possible into perfect coordination. It is the signal service that in large measure supplies this means. If the headquarters staffs may be spoken of as the brains of the army, the air service as its eyes, so may the signal service be spoken of as its nervous-system.

The signallers are trusted servants in the great business, and their emblem of office and chief instrument is the portable field-telephone. It is their duty so to install it that every moment of the day or night the companies occupying the front line may be in touch with their headquarters and with one another. Headquarters must be joined up with headquarters, brigade with division, division with corps, corps with army, back to General Headquarters, until every unit and every part of every unit of the great business can be controlled by the central officer, the Commander in Chief of all the forces. The trailing threads of fine, insulated wire wind in and out among the trenches, over shell-pitted grounds, through woods and ruins, interlaced and tangled over the entire field.

There are times, of course, when their system fails. Shell-fire that is capable of tearing up belts of barbed wire, or of dislodging tons of earth will make short shrift of a fine thread of copper or steel wire. No matter what diligence a signaller puts into his work, there are times when connections are broken. An operator is using his key with the greatest skill at his command to get a message through without delay when suddenly a new note comes in his head-receiver. There is a “dis”, that is to say the wire is cut. The message must go through, or even if it is unimportant and will suffer delay, one can never know at what moment an urgent message is due to come from the

other end of the wire that may mean life or death to hundreds, or perhaps the fate of a division or an army. Then it becomes the duty of the signallers to repair the broken line with all speed possible, meanwhile taking whatever alternative means practicable to get the message through.

Suppose the wire broken to be in the front line, sometimes only a few hundred yards from the enemy, and at night. A shell burst will sometimes cut several yards out of the line at the same time throwing the ends back a great distance. The signaller must start from his 'phone and feel his way along the wire, over all sorts of obstacles and through a maze of cross wires, until he has located the broken end. Then begins the groping search for the other end. At last the two ends are pulled together, spliced, and reinsulated. Triumphant the signaller returns to his rest only to find perhaps that it has broken again. He may be pardoned if he mutters something not quite cheerful as he sets out again.

At times under heavy shell-fire and during an attack the use of the telephone becomes impossible, wires are cut in pieces as fast as they are laid. Some practicable substitute must be used. The chief of these substitutes is the daylight lamp, an electric lamp which, owing to its strong reflector, can be read from a great distance in open day. Because of its lightness and compactness it makes a very effective signalling apparatus. Like the telephone the flash is operated by a key, the Morse code being used for both.

During an advance the aeroplane is used to maintain communication between the infantry and headquarters. These are known as contact planes. A device known as the Popham shutter is used to send signals from the ground to the aeroplane circling overhead. It in turn flies back to headquarters, drops the message and then brings any message from headquarters forward.

For cases of emergency where all other means of communication fail there are two alternative means of sending messages, namely the power-buzzer and the carrier-pigeon.

The power-buzzer is in principal a ground wireless. Its messages are sent into the ground and are picked up by an instrument known as the intensified-telephone. The power-buzzer can send messages but cannot receive them. The intensified-telephone can receive but cannot send. Both are heavy instruments. This fact constitutes the chief disadvantage in their wide use in the forward positions. Then, too, the loud signals sent into the ground can be read by the enemy I. S. as well as our own.

The carrier-pigeon, like any creature, will avoid the place it is starved and go at once where it is well fed. Therefore the pigeon is well fed back of its loft and is kept hungry when it is taken forward. With its wonderful sense of topography it readily picks out familiar land marks when flown, and makes all haste to fly back for a meal, incidentally carrying a message attached firmly to its leg.

Behind the actual front and support lines, messages are carried by dispatch riders. We picture the messenger in former wars mounted on a foam-flecked steed. The modern messenger has changed the foam-flecked steed for a mud-bespattered motor-cycle.

Thus it is by hook or by crook, whether in the drawing room of a French Chateau, in a bomb-proof shelter, or a wet funk-hole, the "signals" have managed to keep every part of this great business in constant touch with every other part, and have made no small contribution to victory.

L. F. T., '20.



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Editorial

The college year has passed its zenith, and is beginning to descend. Within the mysteries of the editorial sanctum, too,—(as far as mysteries may be preserved in humble Room 21), we are beginning to feel our burden lightening. We can afford to lean back in our chair, put our feet on the table, and a cigar in our mouth, and take advantage of the bretahing space between the closing of winter and the beginning of spring. Perhaps with a few remarks between puffs, we may be excused more laborious duties of editorship.

* * * *

The new requirements for the Senior essay seem to us to embody an excellent principle. It must be confessed that the greater part of essays formerly handed in during the Junior and Senior years showed, few marks of original investigation; and indeed could not be expected to show them. The subject was usually chosen in a hurry and carelessly, and written up with the single desire of satisfying the professor to whom it was submitted. Even where good intentions existed, the shortness of the interval between the choice of subject and the completion of the work left very meagre opportunity for any thorough investigation. Under the new system, two years are allotted for the completion of the essay, and during all this time regular research work is to be carried out under the supervision of the professor concerned. Three units are to be granted for the whole. This requirement should go far towards crystallizing the student's ideas, usually vague enough, as to the specific trend of his genius; it will undoubtedly produce work of real intrinsic value; and moreover should be an excellent introduction to the undertaking of post-graduate research.

* * * *

It seems unfortunate that there exists no organized singing club at Acadia. Although it might be difficult to secure adequate instruction, yet such clubs have flourished in former years, and no doubt some satisfactory arrangement could be made with our sister institution. Far too little interest is being taken in music. We feel keenly the need both of a Glee Club and of a Band. Who of the cult will take this matter in hand, and provide the student body with both an excellent opportunity for training, and one of the highest forms of entertainment?

* * * *

We publish below a letter lately received, written in connection with an article on the "Club Room" in last month's Athenæum. While the writer is certainly extreme in some of his assertions, it cannot be denied that in the main his criticisms are justified, though perhaps not so sweepingly so as he would have us believe. However, it might be as well if some of us would read the letter, and think the matter over.

* * * *

Dear Editor:

In the last issue of the Athenæum there is an extensive note upon the use, non-use and misuse of the Willett Hall clubroom—and on all three accounts the one who wrote the article is right. Moreover he is right in censuring the committee there referred to—at least right so far as the outward eye sees, and that is about the reason the article is penned, I judge.

Sir, shall I relate the history of that committee—at least the story of what some of them have done? At the first of the year it was decided to buy magazines and they were wanted immediately. Without delay one of the committee advanced some thirty dollars and ordered the magazines. Unfortunately the mails were then overburdened and the order was not filled in any hurry. But what happened when they DID begin to come? If I remember rightly the first magazine stayed in the clubroom—despite its label—three hours; but of course no one took it. Notice was given, direct words were spoken to the effect that the magazines were the property of the boys, and that any vandalism was only hurting the ones who had paid to the clubroom. Despite as much care as I could reasonably give to this new problem, there was no backing, and no one seemed to care. A rack was ordered and that, too, was delayed on account of the rush orders the factory had for Halifax—and even already there is evidence that some help themselves to all that it contains. The committee did not know it was to do vigilance duty. Tell me, then, working under such conditions, is the censure so much on the committee as upon those it represents?

And that leads me to say a word or two regarding the general attitude of the male part of the student body. We are good fellows all, no one will deny that. But listen to some of the things we have done; reproach is cast upon anyone who is talking to a girl friend, entertainers are insulted by those who talk during the program, clubroom furniture is smashed, (but of course even those who happen to be there when it is done know nothing about it), disturbers are abroad during performances in college hall, and although they know that a play or lecture is on, they yell and hallo their way past the building; the Y. M. puts on a series of lectures and fifteen or twenty turn out, their Sunday morning meetings are neglected, and the cry is "hypocrisy," the House committee tries to convince us that it isn't fun to put snowballs through the windows and we go immediately and smash in three or four saying that we'll pay for the fun. I could multiply instances but the evidence is clear to prove two things: First, that there is no sense of responsibility, no spirit of cooperation, and no spirit of service, no obligation of duty; and, secondly the one who says boo or stands up for manners, or who tries to do anything for the advancement along social lines is immediately criticised in no uncertain manner, and termed "sorehead" or some such equivalent. Why is all this? And is there call for it? I believe it is because we have no one to wisely lead us in these matters that are extra curriculum, or rather no one who dares. Did you know that it was becoming remarked that Acadia students knew their Latin and French, but knew very little of how to act in public or in the drawing room?

What is to be done? I do not know; but I am tempted to say that "there is something rotten in the state of Denmark," and unless remedied the whole student body will become more reckless of these little things that will mean so much in the world life. I feel that Acadia could be made ideal in this extra curriculum world as well as in the classroom work, for we have the body; it remains to get the true spirit. One thing is certain, those who do nothing else save "knock," who never think of giving but always of receiving,—these ought to either be made to take the limelight for a while, or at least boost rather than knock the attempts of some few who feel the necessity and rightness of their efforts to advance the work that falls outside of regular class life.

Yours truly,

CATO.

Around the Hill

We are beginning at last to hear definite proposals as to the policy of the College in regard to the all-important matter of a Gymnasium. It seems to be decided that the Gym is to be erected at the earliest possible date. With this it is whispered that a new and commodious covered rink is to be built. Our position when this equipment is added will be ideal indeed. They will be lucky Acadians who put on the Garnet and Blue next fall.

SOCIAL SERVICE

The call for social service workers comes, perhaps, to no class of people so forcibly as to college men and women.

Many of our students are dreaming of a great social work they will accomplish, sometime—somewhere.

When, if not now? Where if not here, we wonder.

Why should we find such illiteracy and unsanitary conditions as we do within a radius of five miles of the college town of Wolfville.

Acadia provides her students with the best instruction along sociological lines, under the best instructor of any in the Maritime provinces. Could they not put this instruction to some practical use?

Under the auspices of the college and citizens of the town a survey might be made of these conditions, and methods of remedy suggested. Then, if an experienced worker were put on the ground to organize and lead, we feel sure that there are scores of students ready and willing to assist — this work of assisting might even form a valuable branch of the college curriculum.

Three distinct benefits would follow:—

The students would be strengthened in character by being given this chance for expression of good impulses.

The social evils mentioned would be dealt with scientifically and consequently in a more efficient manner than can be done by the scattered charities of today.

Acadia would give her men and women a chance to acquaint themselves with such work. And who can tell what great leaders she may thus send into the world's field of social need?

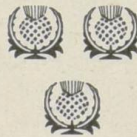
ADDITION TO THE LIBRARY.

Again our Library has been enriched by an important contribution from Dr. M. C. Smith, who received his honorary M.A. from Acadia in 1910, and who is at present in Lee Hall, Lynn, (Mass.). Of the one hundred and fifty volumes given,

seventy-four are History of the Nations. The rest are novels and miscellaneous writings. The interest in our Library taken by others, as shown by the many valuable gifts received, should stimulate a similar interest among the students in using these books. Most of us will not have many better opportunities for becoming acquainted with literature in general than are afforded us at Acadia. We should recognize these advantages and use them accordingly.

ACADIA WOMEN'S POLITICAL CLUB.

Partly because the woman's suffrage question is again before Parliament, and partly through local interest, the girls of Acadia have recently had impressed upon them the general ignorance of political life in Canada. With a view to bettering this condition somewhat, The Political Club has been organized. We feel that such a step is indeed justified, even in a time of multiplicity of societies. The example set by the young women is one that might well be duplicated among the college men, with more intelligent voters as a result. All success to the new club and may it accomplish its purpose.



Officers for the Second Term--1919

Seniors:

Pres. C. S. Beals, '19.
Vice-Pres.—Miss Helen Starr, '19.

Juniors:

Pres.—J. W. Dobson, '20.
Vice-Pres.—Miss Dorothy Schurman, '20.

Sophomores:

Pres.—J. B. Bishop, '21.
Vice-Pres.—Miss Erma Fash, '21

Freshmen:

Pres.—J. W. Lank, '22.
Vice-Pres.—Miss Isabel MacPhail, '22.

Engineers:

Pres.—Malcolm Shaffner, Eng. '19.
Vice-Pres.—Donald Stewart, Eng. '19.

Propylaeum:

Pres.—Miss H. D. Beals, '19.
Vice-Pres.—D. M. S. hurman, '20.
Secy.—Miss I. C. Murray, '21.

Athenaeum:

Pres.—F. M. Archibald, '19.
Vice-Pres.—C. G. Copeland, '20.
Secy.—E. C. Prime, '22.

Girls Political Club:

Pres.—Miss E. G. Mann, '19.
Vice-Pres.—Miss P. M. Parry, '20.
Secy.—Miss K. Fitzpatrick, '21.

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1919-20:

Pres.—G. H. Estabrooks, '20.
Vice-Pres.—L. B. Gray, '20.
Secy.—J. R. McGorman, (A.C.A.)

Seminary Notes

PUPILS' RECITAL

A pupils' recital was held in College Hall on March 3rd. The following program was given. All the numbers were well rendered and well received.

PROGRAMME

1. Piano Quartette: Military March op. 51 - - Schubert
Piano (a) Misses Mollie Somers and Elsa Sipprelle
Piano (b) Misses Marion Ells and Dorothy Griffin
2. Ensemble Andante Sochting
First Violins: Misses Marie Hay, Mary Lusby
Second Violins: Misses Hilda Kinsman, Isabel MacNeil
Piano: Miss Elsa Sipprelle
3. Vocal Solo: Love's Whisper - - - Willeby
Miss Sadie Betts
4. Piano Solo: (a) Melodie in G flat - - - Paderewski
(b) A la bien Aruee - - - Schuett
Miss Olive Purdy
5. Reading: The Conversation of Sally-in-the-hollow Butler
Miss Ellen Spencer
6. Chorus: The Oars are Splashing Lightly - - Geibel
The Glee Club
7. Piano Solo: Waltz in A flat, op. 42 - - - Chopin
Miss Marie Hay
8. Vocal Solo: The Swallows - - - Cowen
Miss Thelma Gates
9. Violin Solo: Souvenir - - - Drdla
Miss Mary Lusby
10. Vocal Solo: King of the Forest Am I - - Parker
Mr. Gordon Gunning
11. Piano Solo: Caprice, Polka de la Reine - Raff
Miss Phyllis Pollard
12. Reading: Pewood Story - - - Tarkington
Master Doane Hatfield
13. Ensemble: Minuet in G - - - Beethoven
First Violins: Misses Marie Hay and Mary Lusby.
Second Violins: Misses Hilda Kinsman and Isabel MacNeil
Piano: Miss Elsa Sipprelle
14. Chorus: The Nightingale - - - Nevin
The Glee Club

GOD SAVE THE KING

On Friday, Feby. 14th, a valentine party was held in the Gymnasium. The room was appropriately decorated for the occasion. All guests, including the faculty, appeared in very youthful costumes. The evening was spent in games of which the Valentine Contest was of most interest. The "Grand March" brought this most enjoyable evening to a close.

MOCK WEDDING

The Seminary Gymnasium was the scene of a very interesting event on Friday, Feb. 21st, when Frances Arabella Lee was united in marriage to Frederick Joseph Twiggles. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Hitchem, of Glace Bay, N. S. Never was seen a more beautiful bride or prettier bridesmaids. After the ceremony the guests crowded to congratulate the happy groom and partake of wedding cake at 5c. a cut. The ice cream and candy booths were also well patronized. The proceeds of the evening, which amounted to \$33.00 were given to the Y. W. C. A.

The first drive of the season was taken by the Senior Class on Tuesday, Feb. 25th. Upon arrival at Kentville the annual banquet was held at the American House. After attending the theatre the class was entertained at the home of their President, Miss Lamont.

The Annual Seminary Reception took place on Saturday, March 8th. An evening of games and topics had been planned; but with such a large number present, games were an impossibility, so the program consisted of topics, music, and readings. All present voted the evening an entire success.

HOCKEY GAME

An event of great interest to all hockey fans was the game played between the Sems and co-eds. Both sides had worked hard in organizing and getting their teams into shape. Due to the unflagging enthusiasm of the girls and the unsparing efforts of their coaches, all difficulties were surmounted, even to getting up at 6.30 a.m. to practice. Owing to mild weather and other circumstances the game was postponed from time to time, but the date finally set for Tuesday, March 11th. The entire student body turned out to see this most exciting game. Although the interest was divided, cheers for both sides shook even the rafters. Both teams made a good appearance on the ice, a few minutes after the whistle had blown the playing of both sides promised a fast game. The Co-eds certainly had better combination than the Sems, but could not use it to any

advantage, as they had not the speed. Ruth Hennigar scored the first goal for the Sems. Soon after this the Co-eds, after some very hard playing, managed to make a goal, thus evening the score. After a couple of quick rushes and good plays H. Wry scored for the Sems. Just at the end of the first period after some hard and closely contested playing, Capt. Rogers managed to break away and made a rush down centre ice, thus scoring again for the Sems. This left the score at the end of the first period 3-1, in favor of the Sems. The second period started off with good fast playing, but owing to the watchfulness of both teams, no score for either side was obtained till H. Wry, after some quick passes, again scored. The remainder of the game was well played, though no scoring was done. The game closed with a score of 4-1 in favor of the Sems. The Sems in general played a swift game, but Ruth Hennigar playing exceptionally well all the time, and never for a moment relaxing her faithful work. The combination of the college team was mostly between I. Murray and M. Wickwire who certainly played well throughout the game. The line up was as follows:

SEMS		Co-EDS
	Centre	
H. Wry		I. Murray
	Left wing	
L. McCallum		H. Griffin
	Right wing	
Z. Ramsay		M. Wickwire
	Left defence	
P. Rogers		G. Corbett
	Right defence	
R. Hennigar		M. Shurman
	Goal	
F. Tupper		I. MacPhail
	Spares	
M. Clerk	Aida Boyer	Lucy Smith

Academy Notes

On March 17, a school meeting was called for the purpose of electing a president of the school, that office having been vacant since the departure of Mr. Chandler in the autumn. The names of three candidates were voted upon, Mr. Henshaw being elected by a large majority.

Efforts are being made to revive an interest in debating in the Academy. Several debates have taken place among members of the middle class many of whom have performed quite creditably as public speakers. It is to be hoped that general interest may be aroused in the matter, and that as a result, the Lyceum society may regain the place among Academy activities, that it has had in previous years.

Our hockey team has had a fairly successful season having won 4 games, lost 4 and tied 1. The lineup was practically the same in all the games, being as follows:

Goal, Haley; defense, Ayer, Henshaw; centre, Smith; wings, Porter, McLeod; spares, McKay, Snow, Mascot, Nassar.

The games and scores were as follows:

A. C. A.	4	Halifax Rovers	4
"	1	Truro	3
"	8	King's Collegiate School	1
"	9	King's Collegiate College	1
"	0	College	8
"	5	Canning	2
"	1	College	3
"	6	Sophomores	2
"	2	Windsor Academy	7

At the time of writing, our basket-ball team has played but one game according to the inter-class schedule. This was on March 18, with the Freshmen. The latter have a much stronger team than they had before Christmas and were able to defeat our team to the score of 28-22. McLeod did some spectacular shooting for the Academy. The line-up was as follows:

Forwards—McLeod, Ward.

Centre—Snow.

Guards—Ayer, Inman.

:-: *The Month* :-:

Close your books, forget the worry:
Spare the ink!
Don't let thoughts of tests deject you,
Be a sport, the Sems expect you
At the rink!

So sang J. G. McKay, '15, and if he had been at the town rink during the evenings of February 19, and March 11, he would have seen expectations fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, for truly the College Girls were there in force also—the Athenæum skates taking place on these evenings. We were disappointed somewhat to have to go to the *town* rink in each case, for our meteorological man somehow got his weather maps mixed up, and as a consequence our outdoor rink was put out of the running. However, he may not have been so much to blame for conditions in March as the weather man himself. One result was the abolition of "Starlight" skates, which our first program called for. The evening was enjoyed by all, despite the fact that the ice was rather soft; certainly the music of "MacAvoy's" Scout band was appreciated. On the occasion of the second of these skates, there was a long and arduous prelude—the Co-ed—Seminary hockey match, which brought joy to the Sems. But both the prelude and skate were of great interest. As was to be expected the ice was soft again, and yet the proof that students sometimes enjoy themselves despite adverse conditions, was evident. We express thanks on behalf of the management of the magazine for the support given, and express, too, the hope that next year these pleasant events will take place in our own rink.

On the morning of February 20th we of the College were agreeably surprised to see Academy students and the Sems assembling with us for chapel service. Suspense was great until Mrs. Rogers of Amherst was escorted to the platform, and then we knew that the occasion merited the union service. Mrs.

Acadia's Rogers is becoming well known to the student
Birth body, and is welcomed, for she is an accomplished speaker, and always interesting. Her personality pervades all she has to say. Dr. Cutten, in welcoming her, said that of all the stories he knew, the one that Mrs. Rogers was going to tell was the most interesting—The Story of How Acadia Came To Be. Mrs. Rogers told of the days when education was not free even in colleges, the subscription to a creed being necessary. A number of the Baptist "fathers" desired this education free for our own denomination and open to all regardless of creed. The story of the founding of Acadia, the trials and self denials gone through in order to bring their vision to pass—these were told in the speaker's own convincing way. From us, today, as we think of these early efforts and then glance at the plant as we have it now, there should go outwelling thanks, and each must have the desire to be worthy of the great gift.

On the evening of March 1 the Athenaeum society held the focus of attention. A new scheme for entertainment had been adopted, whereby each class was held responsible for fifteen minutes of the program. The success of the scheme was clearly

The Come- seen the interest and applause of the full house evi-
Back denced this. The Freshmen opened with A Mock
Athenaeum. Wedding. This was highly entertaining and well
Function. performed, the "girls," both in costume and bearing, excelling themselves. There was only one jarring note: the college yell was used as a prayer; the sacrilege seemed too prominent to many. The Juniors, in the persons of Estabrooks and Therrien, supplied readings, the one gave two from Service, the other read from Drummond. The Sophomores worked out a reunion "stunt" and succeeded in getting off some jokes, that caused considerable aftermath. But their effort was well received, and showed considerable ingenuity and two of their number, Richardson and Bishop, are embryo public speakers. The Engineers did themselves proud this time for once, for they "did" the audience also. After a decidedly "stump" speech by Lordly, the curtain was drawn aside, and simultaneously with that was to be heard the Engineer yell from outside the building. We who had been asked to imagine ourselves blacksmiths saw a notice across the stage, "The Clim(b) Ax Is Over," and realized then, if never before, that truly it was "Putting one Over on the Blacksmith." The

class deserves credit. By general consent the Seniors, who now sought to distinguish themselves as public artists, DID distinguish themselves. Their act was "Entrance At Acadia in 1925", and was a skit on the Psychological Test method of determining fitness to enter upon college work. McLeod was the leader, but each performer played well, special mention being made of Grant who played the country chap to perfection. McQuarrie climaxed the evening by his sudden outbreak against the Sophomores and his keen determination to find the coal cellar that he might put in the load of coal rather than enter the class of '21. The critic's report, read by Copeland '20, was well written. Altogether the evening was one of the pleasanest for years, for the Athenæum has been somewhat under a cloud since the war. However, it is to be hoped that the classes will stand by the society in the future and give many of these delightful evenings.

Many pleasant Sunday evening "sings" have we had during the past month. Sometimes, indeed we wish that this spirit of song were abroad more in the student body. These evening gatherings are an epitome of what might be done in this respect. We gathered at the Ladies' Residence once, then "innovated"

Sings. to the extent of having the girls come to the Willet Hall Clubroom; while at other times the kind invitation of Dr. Chute was gladly accepted. The last in the series, that of Sunday evening, March 9, was at Miss Evelyn Smallman's home, and was perhaps the most enjoyable of all, for more than ever before each seemed GLAD to help out on the songs. Besides, the tumult wind without lent to the spirit of the cosiness within. Among those who rendered special numbers on several of these evenings we mention, Cross '21, Peters '22, Misses Harris and McPhail '22, Prime '22, Clarke '20, Russel '21 and Robertson of the Theologues. Duets were given also. Others, not mentioned by name, but equally appreciated, helped to make the sings a success.

Two debates of high order were given during the month just past. On the evening of February 15 the Juniors met the Freshmen and suffered defeat at their hands. The upper class was represented by Corey, Grey, and Estabrooks; the Freshmen had Bruce, Rogers, and Cleveland, which leads to the remark that the class of '22 has a bright future before them in debating if this be a fair sample of the ability. Three fatalities

Debates occurred during the evening; Bruce missed on his first speech, but came back so strong on rebuttal that Estabrooks' pegs were knocked from under, and Corey got into tons of figures instead of tons of argument. Anyway, it

was decided that union of the Maritime provinces is feasible. The last debate of the schedule followed on the 22nd, the Seniors meeting the Sophomores for a decision as to who should hold the cup, which, we understand the Acadia Council are putting up for competition in debating from year to year. The subject of this debate was, "Resolved that Canada should nationalize her railways." The Seniors, in the persons of Beals, Grant, and Hall upheld the negative, while the Sophomores under Longley (R. S.), Bishop, and Wetmore rallied to the standard set by the resolution. All speeches were good, but the Sophomores did not get theirs "over" in as good a style as did the Seniors. The decision went to the Seniors, and so momentous was the occasion that they had a banquet afterwards in Tully Tavern. We now know that if figures are marshalled in fighting array, the battle is won. Is it not so, Mr. Hall? Once again let us remark upon the excellent presentation on the part of the three: Beals, Grant, and Bishop. The prospects for debate next year are exceedingly bright.

There you go, you just knew what we were going to say about the singing of college songs at Acadia. And we hear it as a very common remark around these parts that college singing is to no good, it's foolish, the student body is not interested in such a thing, etc. And yet, just contrast what Acadia's other colleges do: a first class song book containing everything in the way of songs that we all delight to hear; singing at all college functions, precluding them and during; an evensong in the open on Sunday, a regular "jamboree" of song during Commencement. Is this true of Acadia? No! Why? no reason. It costs money to get up a song book, even if it be an unusual one such as we have now, with the top notes that could be well borrowed to wipe the dish-pans with, as Bairnsfather would have it; it requires care and efficiency on the part of those who collect and compile; it requires leaders who are singers themselves. But, tell us, could we not depend upon the student body for wholehearted support if the work were undertaken? And surely the kindred spirit that only singing creates, the pleasant recollections one has of gay companies—would not that be worth while? We suggest that the whole matter be investigated, for the singing of Acadia's songs is fast becoming a thing of the past. It seems rather a shame to have things so unnecessarily quiet in respect to college singing.

The Y. M. C. A. are to be thanked for their schedule of lectures for the boys of Willett Hall. Each Tuesday evening from 7-8 one of the professors talks upon a subject of interest

to the men here. Dr. Coit opened the series with a talk on World Problems, taking up such as Labor, Bolshevism, etc. He commented upon the various problems of men of Y. M. C. A. today, their personal problems, their need to be *Lectures.* informed on the happenings of the day as well as the contents of textbooks; to that end they should adopt a reading course in the more worth while magazines. Dr. Coit is always genial in his presentation of a subject, and always provokes thought. Dr. Wright took up the history of Nova Scotia from the Geological standpoint, and condensed a very great deal of material into the short time he had. Questions were asked at the close of the talk. Dr. Wright has proved himself a true friend of the student body since his coming to Acadia, and he is all the more welcome because he himself is an Acadia man. Other lectures were scheduled, but conflicting events have necessitated the postponement for the time being. Prof. Balcom is to speak on the Labor question, and Dr. DeWolfe on Bolshevism.

On the last Friday evening of February, Mr. Robinson, inspector of schools for the county lectured to the Education class of the College. We have a course here this year whereby in two years enough is accomplished to enable one to write the N. S. provincial "A," and to write the M. P. Q. for teacher's license if certain work in Education be taken *Education* while here; and this two years' work counts on *Lecture.* regular B. A. course. Mr. Robinson was here to give instruction in School Law and General School Management. The inspector is well known to us, having once been principal of the Academy, and now drops into town occasionally. His lectures are always well condensed and interestingly presented.

There were only twenty-five or so of the boys in the club-room on Thursday evening, March 13, when the group work in Bible study was begun under the leadership of Dr. Coit; but we have no doubt but that when once known, *Bible* these groups will be productive of much interest *Groups* and good. Dr. Coit asked the question, "Has One Time To Be A Christian?" and later purposes to ask "Is It Worth While, What Does It Mean, Am I? etc." The time allotted for the work is one-half hour per week and will indeed, be the best half hour of the week for we are each going to be prepared with definitions, arguments for and against, and a general informal talk along the lines suggested above. Men, you need the study; the group needs you. What about it? We might note that the Freshmen have been having their group for sometime and are ahead of the Upperclassmen, Sophomores, and Engineers in this respect.

Y. M. C. A.

Following are the cabinet members for 1919-20, elected March 15th, 1919.

President—G. H. Estabrooks, '20.

Vice.-Pres.—L. B. Gray, '20.

Chairman—Social Com., J. W. Lank, '22.

“ —Devotional Com., E. C. Prime, '22.

“ —Bible Study, E. A. Therrien, '20.

“ —New Student Com., R. S. Longley, '21.

“ —Hand Book Com., R. H. Wetmore, '21.

“ —Mission Study, K. E. Mason, '21.

Treasurer—J. B. Potter, Eng. '20.

Secretary—J. R. McGorman, (A.C.A.)

Pres. Evangelistic Band J. W. F. Maxwell.

Chairman Church Service Work—H. B. Camp. (A. C. A.)

Members without specific offices—C. E. Grant, Eng. '20; T. K. Cleveland, '22; M. O. Brown, '22.

Y. M. & Y. W. C. A.

The Wednesday night meetings of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. are now held in room 2, College Hall, and the attendance is good. Helpful addresses have recently been given by Dr. Spidle, L. B. Gray, '20; G. H. Estabrooks, '20, and J. A. Pyne, '22.

On March 5th, Mr. G. E. Knight, organizer of the Mens' Christian Brotherhood Movement gave a very interesting account of the work done by that society. The Academy students were present on that occasion.

Sunday, February 23rd, having been set aside as a day of prayer for the colleges, union prayer service attended by the students from all the insitutions, was held in College Hall at 9.30 a.m. Dr. DeWolfe delivered a very inspiring message, followed by a season of prayer interspersed by hymns. The meeting was a very helpful one.

Two Wednesday evenings have recently been devoted to the Student Volunteer Band. Miss Hill '19 was the leader of the first meeting, and forcibly presented the need of volunteers for missionary work. Mr. Cross '21, sang a vocal solo on this occasion. Miss Shafner '21, had charge of the meeting on March 19th, and further emphasized the call to service in the foreign field. A male quartette rendered special music.

Y. W. C. A.

On Sunday morning, March 9, Mrs. Foote, formerly a missionary in Korea, now living in Wolfville, spoke to the girls in Y. W. about her experiences there. She contrasted mission work among the women in Korea with that in Palestine and India and showed how much more encouraging it was in the former country because the women were not bound down to such an extent. She gave us an insight into the work of the Canadian Presbyterian mission there, which we found helpful and inspiring.

Miss Wisdom, General Sec'y. of the Halifax Welfare Bureau spent the week end, March 15-18, with the girls in the Residence. Sunday morning, in Y. W., she led a discussion group on Social Service Work which was very helpful, and during her visit she was always ready to answer questions and to talk about the work in which she is so deeply interested. It is probable that the ideas she has left with us will crystallize into definite form in the lives of many of the girls.

The Library Science Play

On Friday evening, March 14, "Spies?" was given in College Hall, by the members of the Library Science Class. The large audience showed their appreciation of the efforts of the entertainers, and all agreed that the evening had been one of the most enjoyable of the year. The stage was well curtained and sceneried. We are at a disadvantage in this respect; but the presentation on this particular evening was unusually good.

THE PLAY: "Spies?" a three act play of the war was written by Miss Helen Starr, '19. We are wondering if this was her first attempt in the field of play writing; if so, we are prepared to forecast a successful future for her in this capacity. At any rate there is evidence of marked ability. We hope she will favor us with other of her productions.

THE PLAYERS: Every part was well taken. Miss Reid, '19 effectively played the part of the mother whose nerves were upon the rack because of incessant spy stories. Her work in the last act, when it seems that she has been sheltering spies in her own home, was exceptionally well done. Miss Schurman, '20 and Miss Rand '20 took the parts of daughter and niece of Mrs. Barnaby. They were fully at ease in their work, and seemed to get lots of fun out of the efforts to entertain. Did they prove to the boys that they were unworthy of the taunt "children"? Miss Walker '20, carried her part well, as maid. The honors of the evening went to Miss Starr, who played the part of Yvonne Du Maurier, the French guest of Mrs. Barnaby.

She was given a welcome when she first came on the stage, and was later presented with a bouquet of flowers from the class of '19. Her work was admirable; the appearance was true in every detail; and her impersonation, especially in the French that would not become English either in accent or idiom, altho she thought it ought to—we did not—was sympathetically drawn. The boys did splendidly too. Buchanan '21, Cross '21, and Richardson '21 took the parts of military men, and MacLeod '19 lived, for the time being, the life of Rev. John Stillman. Mr. Richardson was good in the interpretation of "Ted" the spy, who was not a spy at all, but Yvonne's lover.

THE INTERLUDES: Have we ever seen such pleasing and well presented interludes here? "The Aeroplane Song" rendered by fifteen musical people was the hit of the evening. Mr. Boyle '19 was a fine aeroplane propeller, and the circling of the whole body of singers was very attractive. Miss Schurman '22 and Mr. Cross faithfully represented the "planing" and the "drum, drum" of the machine. The second interlude was a Spy song rendered by Mr. Pick, A. C. A., and was made the more effective by various "crooks" who showed up here and there thru the curtain, illuminated by a flashlight. Other soloists were Mr. Cross '21, Miss MacPhail '22, in a "set in" of the first act, "If You Look In Her Eyes," and Miss DeWolf '22, who was respondent to Miss MacPhail. The business during the song, especially that of Miss Griffin '21 and Mr. Buchanan was most interesting.

THE ORCHESTRA. No one will hesitate to give full credit to those who gave their services in this work. The music was well chosen, heartily rendered, and altogether pleasing.

THE ONE WORD PLAY. This was the prelude to the play above noted. Miss Parry '20 and Bishop '21 did admirably. There were such words as "moon" and "swell," "ring" and "mother's", but leave it to John B. to cease words presently and ACT.

THE DIRECTORS. A great deal of thanks must go to Miss Amman of the Seminary Oratory Staff. It means work to get any play into shape for presentation to the public, and the fact that several of the performers on Friday night were new to the work, by no means lessened the task. Tact and patience, however, won out and our sincere thanks is tendered to Miss Amman. To Miss Jones of the Seminary Violin Department our appreciation is also due for efficient directing of the orchestra.

Lastly, Lordly, Eng., and Beals '19, who operated "in back". An audience seldom realizes the difficulties met and overcome by these operators, and even though at times the delays are long, they are inadvertant.

A SUGGESTION: Commencement is approaching, and that means a concert for the Saturday on which festivities begin. Why not "Spies?" again? It would be worth while.

THE THEOLOGICAL CLUB

Although no mention has been made of the Theological Club in the columns of the Athenaeum this year, the club is still in existence. Helpful weekly meetings are held every Friday evening at 6.30 o'clock in College Hall. The speakers for the past month have been: Messrs. E. A. Robertson, J. R. McGorman, W. Bonney, and F. K. Neary.

The following officers were recently elected for the present term:

President—E. C. Prime.

Vice.-President—J. R. McGorman.

Secretary—W. Bonney.

Social Committee—H. Hutchinson.

PROPYLAEUM

A heart barred and bottled is presented to us Feb. 8th as we enter the Tavern Club Room. It is the program of Freshette Propylæum. In front of us a large red heart catches the eye as soon as the curtains are pulled. Low soft, music is heard. The student, stately and grave enters, reads for a time, and then falls to sleep. Cupid with "her" bow and arrow dances in and at once begins "her" work. In quick succession maidens pass along, all types from the school girl and nurse to the horse woman and society belle, but all fail to win his love. At last the heart is broken, and the real love steps forth and together they glide o'er the green. Cupid's dart has found, at last, the vital spot, and the curtain closes upon an artistic scene, the one-time beloved gathered behind the broken heart, while in front are grouped Cupid and the two lovers.

SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE

Feb. 22nd was the date of the Senior-Junior Girls' Debate, "Resolved that women who have taken positions in industry left vacant by the men who have entered military service, shall upon their return give up these positions to the men." The debate was well argued throughout, although each side seemed to be debating a different topic. The judges gave the decision to the Juniors, who upheld the negative.

RUSSIAN MUSIC AFTERNOON

Propylæum March 8 was a real treat to all music lovers—perhaps the most valuable of all the programmes we have had this year. The topic was Russian Music. Miss Starr '19, read an interesting paper on the subject showing how the life of these people, one of oppression and degradation, has brought a characteristic melancholy into their music. She traced briefly the biography of some of their most noted artists. Miss H. DeWolfe, Miss Reid, '19, Miss Foote, '21 and Miss Williams '21, contributed musical numbers to the programme, all of which were much appreciated.

KIMONA DANCE

"I'm on my way to the club room, girls
Don't you want to come along
The Freshettes are having a Kimona Dance
Come join our happy throng."

so said the little boy on the poster, and we went. What a time we had! The Freshettes were delightful hostesses. There was music and dancing, song and jest, fudge and talk—not an idle moment—not a dull one either. Oh, Freshettes, we enjoyed it, and from our hearts we say "What's the matter with the Freshettes? They're all right."

LIEUT. GREGG, V. C.

All Acadia students were glad to see Lieut. Milton Gregg, V. C., M. C. Bar, in chapel on March 14. Dr. Cutten on behalf of the faculty and students bade him welcome to which, he in a few words responded. Acadia is proud to claim as hers the first University student in the Maritime provinces who has won the V. C. and hopes ere long, to have him back again.

THE POLITICAL CLUB

March 7th saw the birth of another organization at Acadia—the Young Women's Political Club. Lately there has been a growing recognition, on the part of the girls of their need of a more intimate knowledge of national affairs, which has resulted in the formation of this club. Officers were elected and a committee appointed to draw up the constitution. As we go into the editor's hands we learn that the object of the organization is "to acquaint its members with the nature and operation of the political institutions of Canada, to develop intelligent voters and to discuss the political issues of the day from a non-partisan standpoint. We expect Mrs. F. H. Sexton of Halifax to give the inaugural address on Friday evening, March 21st. All success to this new club in its work.

DRIVES, PARTIES, SKATES

Snow, beautiful snow! At last after waiting the whole winter it made its laggard appearance on the last day of February—only, quickly to disappear. However we made good use of it while it was here. That one night saw six sleighs, in groups of two, laden with fun-loving crowds departing from the Tavern westward. The Engineer, Sophomore, and Freshmen classes were out for the evening. Upon their return each group vied with the other in relating their adventures. Whose were the best we can't tell but so long as all think it was theirs, let them rest in bliss.

WILLET HALL PARTY

The Co-eds were the guests of the boys in the Hall on March 15th. Sir Roger, Dan Tucker, and singing was the order of the evening's programme—special features being solos by Miss DeWolfe, '22 and Mr. Cross, '21. Ice Cream—and then A-c-a-d-i-a brought an enjoyable evening to a close.

SENIOR PARTY

On Saturday evening February 22nd at the close of the Senior-Sophomore debate, the joy of the victorious Seniors knew no bounds. Hastily a party was planned and arrangements made for a social time in the Tully Tavern club room. What they lacked in time and preparation was compensated by the spontaneity of spirits and the general hilarity of this jolly little class party. In fact, the hours sped all too swiftly and an extension of time was asked, in consideration of the occasion. This was granted and after another merry half hour, the affair broke up with the hearty rendering of the Senior class yell.

JUNIOR SKATE

Snow has been very scarce this year and when some at last arrived, horses and sleighs were at a premium. This problem would have phased most people. Not so the jolly Juniors! After the hockey game, therefore, on March 7, they took advantage of a splendid sheet of ice—and such skates as they did have! Then up to the club room, which was all cozy with cushions and a roaring fire! Next, 'eats', and my, how they disappeared! Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock were the best of chaperones and the evening closed with songs and "the" yell. Every Junior pronounced that a skate is better than a sleigh drive any day.

SOPHOMORE PARTY

On Saturday evening, Feb. 22 after the debate, the Sophs well proved the truth of the saying, "Are we downhearted? No" by going to the home of Helen Schurman for a rousing good time.

The evening passed all too quickly and the diversion of writing 'advices' and displaying hitherto undreamed-of artistic ability by drawing their partner's pictures afforded all much amusement as did also the eating of toasted marshmallows. One person, in fact became so engrossed in this art that it was difficult to tell where marshmallow ended and face began. After the refreshments of Hot Coffee, Rolls, Ice Cream, Cake and Cookies, followed by the usual songs and yells the "gay young Sophomores" dispersed in the best of spirits.

SOPHOMORE SLEIGH DRIVE

Snow? Yes, actually some snow at last! Enough for snowballs, enough for sleighing! Freshmen, Engineers, Sophomores all jumped at the idea of a class drive and the wires were kept humming with repeated orders for teams. The result was that at 6.30 Thursday evening, February 27 the Sophomores piled gaily into two of Hutchinson's best teams and turned their faces toward Kentville after first calling for their genial chaperones, Dr. and Mrs. Spidle. The horses were good; the sleighing perfect; and the crowd the jolliest bunch of people that ever masqueraded under the name of Sophomores, so the trip was made in record time. After a visit to the "movies" where we recognized several old friends we made a tour of the Kentville square and then started hilariously homeward, passing the Freshmen on the way. Reaching Wolfville once more, we went directly to our old friend "Artie's" where more fun was in store for us. Baked Beans, Brown Bread, Coffee, Lemon and Cocconut Pie soon vanished before us and after a cheer for "Artie" we wended our way homeward, voting it one of the best sleigh drives the class has had this winter.

ENGINEERS' SLEIGH DRIVE

The snow came on Wednesday the 26th of February and "it" came on Thursday. What? Why a hand-printed invitation to the Engineers' Sleigh Drive—and a jollier time can scarcely be imagined. Left Tully Tavern at seven—two sleighs—one reached Kentville—and the other? Well, "Speed Nina" speaks for it and reminds us of lots of fun—two "John Gilpins" too—return to "Stop Inn and Rest"—and such a lunch ! ! ! It was g-o-o-d good—Hungry?—O, not at all ! ! ! Music of all kinds, and finally a "Well, well, etc." and a "Rah, Rah."

"Never had such a good time before"

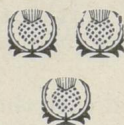
"Wasn't it just great?"

"Had the time of my life."

"Wouldn't have missed it for anything."

ACADIA—MT. A. BANQUET

After the Acadia—Mt. A. game on Feb. 20th both teams repaired to the Acadia Villa Hotel where a banquet was given by the Athletic Association in honor of the visiting team. After successful attack on the "eats", an interesting program of toasts and speeches was carried out. After a brief address of welcome to the Mt. A. team, Clark '20 proposed a toast to "The King". Then Burton proposed a toast to the "Mt A. Hockey Team" which was followed by one to "Acadia", proposed by the Captain of the visiting team. Brief speeches followed by the respective coaches and business managers, commenting on the game and intercollegiate sports in general, after which the two teams parted with many expressions of mutual good-fellowship.



ATHLETICS

With the revival this year of intercollegiate hockey, great interest has been shown in this branch of sport; the boys have practiced faithfully and the students have loyally supported the college and various class teams.

On Friday, Feb. 14th, the first local game was played between the College and Academy teams. The game was fast from beginning to end but the splendid combination of the college forwards backed by the steadiness of the defense proved to much for the Cad team so that the final score ended 7-0 in favor of the college.

ACADIA 0—MOUNT ALLISON 2

The second game of the intercollegiate series between Acadia and Mount Allison was played in the Evangeline Rink, Wolfville, Thursday evening, February 20th. Altho the ice was a little heavy, the game which was witnessed by about 600 spectators, was characterized by tight defense work and fast rushes on the part of the forwards. Until the gong sounded at the end of the third period; the result of the game was in doubt.

The game began with a rush of Acadia's forwards and the puck was kept for the most part in the Mount A. territory but the excellent blocking of the Mount A. team prevented any scoring.

The second period opened with the same speed that characterized the first. The Acadia team slowed down for a few minutes in the middle of this period and the Mount A. men scored two goals in quick succession. Then the Acadia boys rallied and soon the puck was again in Mount A. territory. The period ended with no further scoring on either side.

The third period was the most exciting of the whole game. Acadia forced the game throughout with determined yet unavailing efforts at least to tie the score. The whistle blew and the score remained Acadia 0, Mount A. 2.

Mr. J. Smith of Windsor, refereed to the satisfaction of both teams and great credit is due him for the impartial way in which he handled the game.

After the game Victors and Vanquished proceeded to the Acadia Villa Hotel where an excellent banquet was given by the Acadia Amateur Athletic Association in honor of the visiting team. An interesting programme of toasts and speeches was carried out after which the two teams parted in mutual good fellowship.

The line-up was as follows:

ACADIA

Steeves
Beardsley
Burton
Hirtle
Mason
Rogers

Goal
R. Defence
L. Defence
Centre
L. Wing
R. Wing

MOUNT ALLISON

Wyse
Stick
Taylor
Edgett
Fisher
Pickard

Spares—Dobson, Brown.

SOPHOMORES 10—FRESHMEN 0

On March 5th the first interclass game was played between the Sophomores and Freshmen, which proved to be very interesting, the noise from the gallery, by the opposing classes, closely rivaling that at the Mount A. game.

From the first it was seen that the Sophomores had the better team and would be easy victors. Before the puck had been in play five minutes Cross, by a shoot from centre, scored the first goal for the Sophomores and from that time on, the scores were added rapidly, the final score being 10-0.

In the second period the Freshmen by a great rush attempted to score but were unable to break thru the strong defense of their opponents. Mason and Beardsley of the Sophomores were the chief scorers for the winners and Eisenhower defence played a splendid game.

Line up:—

SOPHOMORES.

Steeves
Crowe
Eisenhauer
Beardsley
Mason
Hall, Cross

Goal
R. Defence.
L. Defence.
Centre
L. Wing
R. Wing

FRESHMEN.

Messenger
Brown
Herbin
Goucher
Rand
Rogers

SOPHOMORES, 10—FRESHMEN AND ENGINEERS, 3.

The following week the Sophomore team met the combined team of the Freshmen-Engineers and were again successful by a score of 10-3.

The game was fast throughout and altho the combined team worked hard, they were unable to block the speed and combination of their opponents.

Line-up:

SOPHOMORES

Steeves
Cross
Eisenhauer
Beardsley
Mason
Hall

Goal
R. Defence
L. Defence
Centre
R. Wing
L. Wing

FRESHMEN & ENGINEERS

Bates-Black
McLearn
Brown
Hirtle
Rand-Goucher
Rogers

ACADEMY, 6—SOPHOMORES, 2

On March 12th Sophomore team met the Academy team and were defeated by a score 6-2.

This was as fast a game as the poor condition of the ice would permit. This game gave the Cads the inter-class championship in hockey.

Line-up:

ACADEMY

Haley
Henshaw
Ayer
Smith
Gertridge
McLeod

Goal
R. Defence
L. Defence
Centre
R. Wing
L. Wing

SOPHOMORES

Steeves
Cross
Eisenhauer
Beardsley
Hall
Mason.

BASKET BALL

While it was voted that Acadia should not play intercollegiate Basketball this year there has been a feeling that this branch of sport should not be entirely neglected and hence at a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, Longley '21 was appointed college captain and an interclass schedule was drawn up. This schedule composed six teams, Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores to compose the first league and the Engineers, Freshmen and Academy the second league. The winners of each league are to play off for the interclass championship before the last of March. In this way we hope to keep the interest in basketball before the students in order that next year, if we have our new gymnasium as we expect, we shall be able to join the intercollegiate league.

FRESHMEN, 30—ENGINEERS, 18

The first game of the series was played on Wednesday, March 12th between, the Freshmen and Engineers which was won by the Freshmen by a score of 30-18.

The game was well played, Bishop of the Freshmen being the principal scorer, Cameron did good work for the Engineers.

The line-up was as follows:

ENGINEERS		FRESHMEN
Cameron	Centre	Rand
Chipman }	Forwards	{Lank, Rogers
Bates }		{Bishop, R.
Bishop, E. S. }	Defence	{Brown
DeLaney }		{Herbin

SOPHOMORES, 39—JUNIORS, 23

On Thursday, March 13th the Sophomores defeated the Juniors in the second interclass game by a score 39-23. During the first period both teams seemed inclined to test out their opponents. The second period was faster.

Line-up as follows:

JUNIORS		SOPHOMORES
Dobson	Centre	Mason
Burton }	Forwards	{Cross
Corey }		{Beardsley
Longley, A. E. }	Defence	{Longley, R. S.
Manning }		{Thurston

Arbuckle refereed to the satisfaction of all.

HOCKEY

WINDSOR HIGH SCHOOL, 1—A.C.A., 2

On March 17th, the Academy crossed sticks with Windsor High School at Wolfville. The Windsor boys' chief advantage lay in their speed which the perfect ice rendered available to the fullest extent. The game, which promises to be the last of the season was well worth watching.

SOPHOMORES, 3—SOPHETTES, 4

A most amusing game of hockey took place in the Evangeline rink on March 17th between the Sophomores, dressed in skirts and playing with their left hands, and the Sophettes.

During the first period the girls scored the only goal. This score was tied by the pseudo-ladies in the last period.

The five minutes overtime was fast and exciting, the boys scoring twice and the girls three times. Rogers '22 refereed and is to be commended upon the gallant way in which he conducted the "dirty" Sophomores to the penalty box.

GYM ROOM

Thru the kindness of the Faculty and the Governors of Acadia, and the help of the Students, we have now a small gym in which to exercise. A room has been fitted up in Rhodes Hall provided with wrestling mats, dumb-bells, punching bag, and weight exercisers. Definite hours have been set aside for each class and the boys are enjoying the exercise thus provided.

Inter-class Track Meet

From every side we hear reports of an intercollegiate track meet to be held next year. Should this plan mature Acadia should be in a position to put into the meet a team which will be a credit to her. This can only be done thru practice.

With this in view can we not as a college hold this Spring an interclass track meet which will enable our men, many of whom have never taken part in any such event, to get into condition?

However, there is no reason why all the college boys could not put in at least one-half hour of hard practice each morning before breakfast in an effort to train for such a competition. Not only would every one of us be in a better condition physically and mentally, but we would be preparing ourselves for the intercollegiate competitions which should and eventually will be revived.



.. .. *Exchanges*

The exchanges this month have been most interesting and show that the students of the different colleges are commencing to lay some emphasis on the importance of a college paper.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

In the January issue "A Little Wooden Cross", whatever its merits considered by practical standards, is both pleasing and original in sentiment. In College news we find the following sentence referring to a Freshmen's development: "Tiny rays of knowledge have gradually penetrated his well-nigh impervious cranial structure." A model of style and thought!

In the February number we note the political interest in the Woman's Department. Would it not be advisable to publish McMaster college songs, rather than those of Harvard? Is there is any significance attached to the fact that exchanges and jokes are placed together? More of the latter and a separate joke column might be an improvement. The students are to be congratulated on going over the top on their subscription to the Madras University Scholarship.

THE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

The University Monthly for February has a review of Robert J. S. Stead's new novel "The Cow Puncher". This is a kind of contribution that we do not often see in our college magazines, but many students, who have little time to spend among the new books, gladly welcome a well written review or criticism. Another article of special interest is the recommendation for certain changes in the requirements for Grammar School License. Greater co-operation between the Colleges and the Education Boards of our provinces would result in fewer students going West, and in a generally higher educational standard for the country school teachers. The jokes, in nearly all cases possess the virtue of originality, which more than compensates for an occasional apparent lack of humor.

THE CANADIAN STUDENT

The February number is bright, attractive and interesting. "The Task Before Us" sounds a ringing "Challenge" to thought, to life and to action, in "the mightier enterprise of peace."

MANAGRA

The opening issue of the Managra is a welcome visitor to our Exchange Shelf. It is a decided credit to the Manitoba Agricultural College. It has to a large extent avoided material of interest solely to agriculturists. The article "Woman's Share in Reconstruction" is especially interesting. The absence of poetry and a table of contents are noticeable.

THE GATEWAY

In the Gateway we are given a good digest of college activities. The papers on the whole are bright and interesting but perhaps devote a little too much to the humorous side of college life. Nothing in the nature of original articles or poetry appears. Why not more interest in other universities?

ARGOSY

In reading "Concerning Things Agricultural" by a "farmer-ette" of one summer's experience, some interesting possibilities are indicated in what is usually regarded as a prosaic occupation. In "Exchanges" only one contemporary is given the honor of a passing comment. That your only poetry should appear in the joke's column is indicative of misdirected energy. The "Overseas" and "Other Colleges" columns are up-to-date improvements.

Acknowledgements

McMaster Monthly; University Monthly; Gateway; Man-
agea; Argosy; Canadian Student, Xaverian.



:-: *Personals* :-:

'68—Dr. J. F. Tufts attended the banquet given by the Commercial Club of Halifax in honor of the officers of the R. C. R.

'73—In recognition of service to the community, the citizens of Lawrencetown asked Dr. J. B. Halls' acceptance of a beautifully illuminated address on parchment on Monday evening February 23rd.

'86—Rev. F. H. Beals preached in Wolfville on Sunday March 9th.

'91—Major L. R. Morse is in charge of the X-ray department at Camp Hill Hospital, Halifax.

'91—Rev. Z. L. Fash, pastor of George Street Baptist Church Fredericton, has been elected Chaplain of the New Brunswick legislature to complete the unexpired term of the former pastor of that church.

'92—F. E. Cox has been appointed postmaster for Middleton, N. S.

'93—E. Hart Nichols, Deputy Registrar during the war, has changed his place of residence from Digby to Halifax.

'96—Lt. Col. J. W. Margerson returned from Overseas to Halifax on Sunday, March 9th; from there he left for Ottawa. During his absence Col. Margerson travelled from London to Paris in an aeroplane making the trip in two and one half hours.

Ex. '96—Burpee W. Wallace has been appointed School Inspector for the Yorkton district, province of Saskatchewan.

'96—At the request of the editor of the "Montreal Daily Star," Dr. Cutter has contributed a series of signed editorials on reconstruction problems.

'01—We heartily congratulate Mr. W. M. Manning and Mrs. Manning (N. DeWitt '07, A. L. S.) on the arrival of a daughter.

'03—Prof. H. G. Perry is taking post graduate work in biology at Harvard University.

'04—Dr. C. E. Avery DeWitt has been offered the position of Medical Superintendent of the Queen Alexandria Hospital, London, Ontario.

'04—Lindsay E. Haines has returned from Overseas and is engaged as business manager for Mr. Thorne of Digby, N. S.

'07—F. H. Eaton is pastor of the Baptist church at Bridgewater.

'09—G. K. Haverstock, master in Mathematics at Victoria High School, Edmonton, Alta., has resigned to take the office of registrar at the department of education.

'10—Reynolds Eaton is teaching in Vancouver, B. C.

'12—Andrew W. Brown, now teaching in British Columbia, is expected home at the end of the school year. Next year he intends to continue his work at Yale University.

'12—Lieut. Wm. P. Potter has recently undergone, in England, an operation for appendicitis, and we are pleased to report is now convalescent.

'13—Dr. Perry Eaton is practising in Hospital in England.

'13—Ross C. Eaton is carrying on successful work in his church at Mansfield, Mass.

B. Sc. '13—A. G. G. Hirtle is principal of the Bridgewater High School.

'14—Lieut. M. C. Foster, of the American Army Signal Corps in France, has returned to New Haven, where he will resume his studies for a Ph.D. degree at Yale University.

'14—Charles Haverstock has returned to Middleton from Overseas. In June he expects to leave with his mother for the Canadian Northwest.

Eng. Ex. '14—Lieut. Eric Leslie is now convalescing from recent attack of gas. He has married Nursing Sister Gaze, and is expected in Wolfville for closing.

'14—Howe Corkum is teaching in Vancouver.

'15—John Meisner is at Port Williams. He was forced to give up his church through ill health, but is now recovering.

Ex. '15—Rev. S. W. Stackhouse has tendered his resignation to the church at Lewisville.

Eng. '15—Lieut. Harold Roscoe has returned from Overseas and is now engaged in mining engineering in British Columbia.

'15—Lieut. A. W. Rogers was presented with the Military Cross by Lieut. Governor Grant at the Nova Scotia Government House on February 27th.

'15—Mrs. Hamm (Jeanie Baker) recently died at her home in New England.

'15—J. G. MacKay is a convalescent in London.

'16—Sergt. B. G. Wood, who recently returned from England, has accepted the position of Assistant Chemist with the Imperial Oil Co., Dartmouth, N. S.

Ex. '16—Lieut. F. F. Fowlie has been taking advantage of the "short course" at the Maritime School of Agriculture, Truro, N. S.

Ex. Eng. '16—H. W. Vaughn returned to Canada early this month and is at his home in Wolfville.

Ex. '16—Lt. Norman Rogers has recovered from "flu" and has returned to his home in Amherst.

'16—Esther Clark is taking post graduate work in Economics and Sociology at Toronto University.

'16—Gertrude Eaton is enjoying her work as assistant pastor of the Baptist Church in Amherst.

Ex. '16—Marion Simpson is teaching at Strathmore, Alberta.

'16—Murray Millet, M.M., and J. S. Millet have returned from overseas.

'17—J. Frank Wright is studying Geology at the University of Chicago.

Ex. '17—We are glad to report that the condition of Harold Bishop has so improved that he has been able to sail from England for Canada.

Ex. '17—We wish to express our sympathy to John Draper in the death of his wife, from influenza.

'17—Arthur Mitchell has been in Germany with a hospital unit. He is expected home next month.

Ex. Eng. '17—Capt. Ralph Layte is at Wellington Barracks, Halifax, N. S.

Ex. '17—Lieut. Milton F. Gregg, V. C., M. C. Bar., left Halifax for Ottawa as soon as he had completed his demobilization duties. He spent a day in Wolfville.

Ex. '17—J. H. MacNeill is in Belgium with the 85th.

Ex. '17—Lt. M. R. Chipman is a convalescent in one of the London hospitals.

'17—Burton Angus is with the Highlanders in Belgium.

'17—Herman Porter has received his commission and is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in England.

Ex. '17—Lieut. Paul Tingley has returned to his home in Wolfville.

Ex. '17—Flora Best is private secretary for John Chute, Berwick, N. S.

Ex. '18—H. M. Wilson has been travelling through Italy and Southern France.

Ex. '18—Sergt. E. D. McPhee and Lt. J. M. Boyer, M. C., are taking courses at the University of Edinburg.

Ex. '18—Miss Jennie Steeves is now at her home in Hillsboro.

Lieut. William Spriggs, Acadia 1915-'16, who won the Distinguished Flying Cross is back at College continuing his work in Engineering.

'19—Congatulations to I. B. Rouse in winning his Military Cross.

Ex. '19—Wm. McK. MacLean is a Corporal in large Military Hospital in The Bronx. He intends taking up medicine at Columbia next year.

Ex. '19—Gnr. Geo. Nowlan is at St. Symphorien, Germany. He sends word that the box sent him by the Senior Class reached him safely.

Ex. '19—Lieut. W. W. Holmes spent the week end in Wolfville having just returned from overseas.

Ex. '20—Avery Hawboldt, Chester, has recently been called upon to mourn the loss of his mother. We extend sincere sympathy.

Ex. '20—Hilda Bishop spent the week end in Wolfville, and took in the Library Science play.

Ex. '20—Cecil Riley is ill at Wilmot Sanitorium.

Ex. '20—Corey Bezanson is a 2nd year Medical student at Dal.

Ex. '20—Wiley Poole is studying at Dalhousie.

L. F. Titus has joined the class of '20.

'22—Mrs. Adeline Marshall has succeeded Miss Grace Shaw as secretary to Dr. Cutten. Miss Shaw left on Tuesday March 11th for the Canadian West where she will be married to Frank Rennie.

Ex. '22—Katherine McLatchey has recently entered the Seminary and is taking Sophomore Matriculation work.

Ex. '22—Roland McG. Tuplin is spending the winter in California.

A. L. S.—Mrs. Charles Sinnett (Ethel Miller) is living in Canning. She has a large music class.

A. L. S.—Elsa Payson has been in New York and spent a few days in Wolfville last week.

A. L. S.—Miss Minnie Miller is teaching violin at Mt. Allison Ladies' College.

A. L. S.—Grace Harding is training at the Yarmouth Hospital.

A. L. S. '18—Eleanor Blakney is spending the winter in California.

A. L. S. '17—Ruth Ward is at her home in Clarence.

Mrs. Ryland Archibald (A. L. S.) president of the Alumnae has been in Wolfville attending a meeting of the Alumnae executive.

A. L. S. '10—Miss Daisy Eaton is stenographer for Wood Bros., Halifax N. S.

A. L. S.—Nursing Sister Harriet Harlow has just returned from overseas and spent a few days in Wolfville visiting her brother Ralph Harlow, '21.

A. L. S.—Miss Vivienne MacKenzie is training for a nurse at Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York.

A. L. S. '16—Mrs. (Rev.) Stewart Linkletter (Pauline Schurman) is living in Chicago.

A. L. S.—Mildred Lockett is training in the New England Baptist Hospital.

A. L. S.—Marie Hanright is pursuing her studies at Halifax Ladies' College.

A. L. S. '14—We regret to learn of the death of Miss Belle J. Hill from pneumonia following influenza at Halifax, where she was attending Maritime Business College.

A. L. S. '14—Sadie Graham is teaching in the West.

A. L. S. '15—Miss L. Crowe is at her home in Port Williams.

A. L. S. '08—Miss Grace Bulmer is nursing in Boston, Mass.

A. C. A.—E. C. D'Almaine recently returned from overseas and is at his home in Wolfville.

A. C. A.—G. W. ("Pin") Underwood is overseas with the Canadian Army Service Corps.

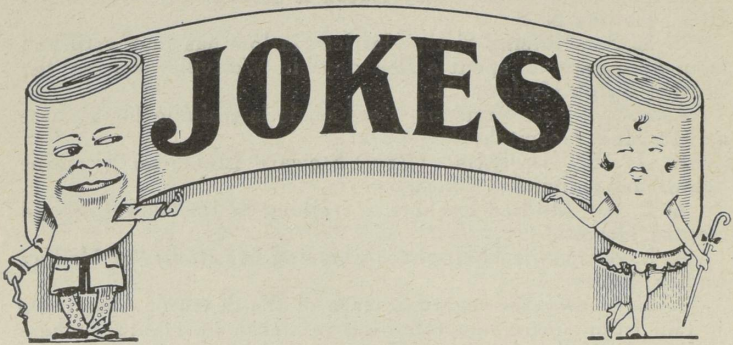
A. C. A., Ex. '19—Harry Waugh is at his home in Dorchester, Mass.

A. C. A. '18—W. G. Fletcher is in Fredericton studying at U. N. B. and the Normal School. He expects to return to Acadia next term.

A. C. A.—Lorne Snow is seriously ill at his home in Digby.

A. C. A.—Harold B. Verge has been promoted to the rank of Major.





Dobson: (at basket-ball)—“We’re going to tear the feather off you Scottie.”

Scottie—“You can’t do it boy—This is a picked team.”

Stewart, Eng.—“Do you think my moustache is becoming”

Pauline—“Not yet, but I think it will be coming soon.”

Dr. Coit—“What is the value of pie?”

Bates—“Oh, about 30 cents.”

Dr. Hill—Name an oxide.

Hirtle—“Leather.”

Dr. Hill—“Leather? how’s that.”

Hirtle—“Well, most leather is ox-hide.”

Mail Clerk—“This letter is too heavy, put another stamp on it.”

Harlow ’21—“Will that make it lighter?”

Ross McLeod, ’20—“You can always tell a Sophomore.”

Foster, ’20—“Well, perhaps—but not much.”

Gray, ’20—“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.”

McLeod, ’19—“Yes, that’s why they put a brass band around a bull dog’s neck.”

Mac—n, ’21—“Why is the faculty like a glacier, Bush?”

Estabrooks, ’20—“I suppose because they are both slow.”

MacP—n, ’21—“No, because they both erode by “plucking.”

French Prof. (after a poor recitation) "Alas, Mr. McQuarrie, you are better fed than taught."

McQuarrie, '19—"That's right professor, you teach me, I feed myself."

R. Tufts—"Mr. Peters, can you tell me why Hannibal crossed the Alps."

Peters, '22—"Sir, for the same reason the hen crossed the road; you don't catch me with any puzzles."

Scrubbing Woman (in Tavern kitchen)—"Well, what do you want?"

Peters, '22—"I want to see Miss McCurdy; I was at the front ——"

Woman (with interest)—"You were, I thought you were only a cadet."

Peters, '22—"—— the front door. I couldn't make anybody hear so I came to the back."

Sister—"Ralph, why do all the boys wear sweaters?"

Harlow, '21—"To distinguish them from the professors."

Bill, '20—(indignantly to tailor) "Look here, you haven't put any pocket in these trousers."

Tailor—"No, I judged from your account here you would never have anything to put in them."

Bill, '20—"May I borrow your skates Paul?"

Cross, '21—"Yes, but why all this formality of asking permission?"

Bill, '20—"I can't find them."

Bishop, '21—"I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigars lately."

Manning, '19—"You're right if that's one of them."

Chairman of House Committee (angrily)—"So you confess that this young man was placed in the shower bath and drenched with water. Now what part did you take in this disgraceful affair?"

MacPherson, '21—(meekly) "The left leg, sir,"

Brown, '22—(at phone) "Alright I will call you up tomorrow."

Deb., '22—"Very well, I'll expect a ring from you then."

Dan, '19—"I intend to marry a girl who is my direct opposite."

Bun, '10—"You'd better get busy then—there are not many wise and intelligent girls left now-a-days."

Gray, '20—(Exchanging tie at Bishop's store) "I guess I have a right to change my mind."

Clerk—"Certainly, you can change any unused goods."

Bates (puzzled)—"What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Black—"I'd shine them."

English Prof. (reading)—"Would prohibition be beneficial to Canada? What kind of argument would that be Mr. Payzant?"

Payzant, End. '20—"I should say that would be prohibitive argument."

Cole, '21—"Hey! where are you going with my peroxide."

Pyne, '22—"I'm going to drink some to disinfect that fish I had for dinner."

Pyne, '22 (To waiter at the Academy)—"What do you call this stuff?"

Waiter—"It's mock turtle soup."

Pyne, '22—"Well you tell the cook that she is carrying her mocking too far."

Crowe, '21—"If you ain't more careful there'll be a dead Freshmen around here."

Goucher, '22—"Well I'd rather be a dead Freshman than a live Sophomore any day."

McAvoy, '19, (in prayer meeting)—"Lord use me, use me but in an advisory capacity."

Archibald, '19, (leaving Dr. Chute's after sing)—"We seem to belong to the family now."

Prime, '22—"Shall I offer my congratulations?"

Ayer, (appointed to get use of College Hall for reception)—"Whom shall I ask, Dr. Oliver or Mr. Cutten?"

Professor—"Can anyone tell me when corporal punishment was first administered."

Pyne, '21—"When Adam Seth Eve Cain Abel.

Snow—"We must get busy. The college boys are getting all the Sems."

Ayer—"That's because they have baits (Bates.)



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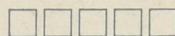
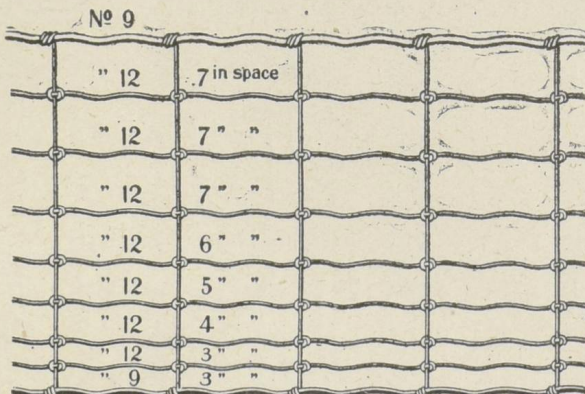
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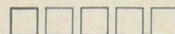
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