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January 1917

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CONTENTS.

A Wish (Poem)—Marjorie Harrington, '17.....	61
Lizzie—Ruth Woodworth, '17	62
Northfield—R. B. S.	64
Out Bit (Poem)—Helen Starr, '19	71
The Toll of Asama—Marjorie Harrington.....	72
Provincialism—Philip Ilsley, '20	75
Was It a Just Punishment—Chas. Corey, '20.....	77
The Spirit of Our Day (Poem)—Marjorie Harrington	78
Britain's Power—J. A. Smith, A. C. A.....	79
The View from the Look-Off—Don Grant, '19.....	80
School Days—Beth Addison, '18.....	81
Ways of Serving Our Nation—Jean Goucher, '18..	84
Stories in Brooks (Poem)—T. A. Meister, '20.....	86
Mpambu—Evelena Hill, '19	87
Philosophy of a Cad—O. K. Forsythe, A. C. A.....	89
The Coward—Chas. Corey, '20	90
Fudge and an Entree—Robin Adare.....	94
Literary Notes and Comments:	
Jack London—Marjorie Harrington	95
Alfred Noyes	97
Acadia Boys in Khaki	98
Month	104
Editorials	116
Athletics	121
Personals	123
Exchanges	128
What's the Joke	132
Acknowledgments	138

Winners for the Month

Poems—1st, Marjorie Harrington, '17; 2nd, Helen Starr, '19.

Articles—1st, Philip Ilsley, '20; 2nd, Marjorie Harrington.

Stories—1st, Marjorie Harrington; 2nd, Ruth Woodworth.

Month—1st, Helen Starr, '19; 2nd, Marjorie Harrington.

Athletics—1st, Marjorie Harrington; 2nd, Ira Clarke, '18.

Personals—1st, Margaret Chase, '18; 2nd, W. E. Poole, '20.

Exchanges—1st, Myra Barnes, '17; 2nd, Marjorie Harrington.

Jokes—1st, Annie Allen, '18; 2nd, Marjorie Harrington.

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R. B. Smallman, '17 (Editor-in-Chief); Helen Cushing, '17.
Gordon Herkins, A. L. S.; Helen Ganter, '19.

The Acadia Athenæum

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1917

NO. 2

A Wish

O I would that we could fly away, now in the early
dawning,
Over the housetops, into the clear sky's far-off blue
Just you and I.
Could watch the golden sun taking his rosy bath in the
purple shadows
And then together would rest at noontide under the
shade trees
Brilliant of foliage, filled with soft cooings and bird notes.
For when the old world is weary she leans hard on her
children
And you and I pay forfeit. Yet let us but rest in the
stillness
And smiling we enter again into Workland.
Rest is the balm of all evil, Love is the fire that refineth,
Where there is Truth there is courage, the wings of
Silence bear Healing
O I would that we knew not of this world's pomp and
convention
Here in the shadow forest dreaming the dreams of the
peaceful
Sometimes I feel as if living is but a play on the stage-
boards.
Dressed with our character's make-up, striving deceiving
and plotting
All for the sake of the grab game; all for the sake of
the gold lust.
Then something changeth my musing, draws back the
veil of my blindness;
Spirit of all that is pure, strength that o'ercometh the
evil,
We are the pawns on the board, Thou art the master
hand guiding,
Teaching us Love is eternal, if only we love not the
"Vision."

M. H., '17.

Lizzie

ON New Year's Day I was so deeply interested in a story that I did not notice a car at the door until the peal of the bell roused me. In rushed Jean, her cheeks rosy from the wind, her curls flying, and her glasses steaming from the sudden warmth. "Oh! I never got in to thank you for the delicious candy. Thanks. It was great. Want to come for a drive?"

Jean never wastes words, and after this brief salutation went tearing off again to invite Evelyn. In a very few moments I was ready, but there was no sign of Evelyn. The reason for the delay appeared later; she came out attired in a smart coat, a little hat jauntily cocked over one ear, and a veil carefully arranged. Stepping into the car, I tripped over a medium-sized bucket. Jean explained that the night before Lizzie had attempted to climb a tree, and the radiator was leaking badly. The car, several summers old, was just like others of its kind. The self-starter, a hundred dollar one, not the ninety-five dollar variety, was to be installed very soon, she told us.

When Evelyn and I were safely tucked in the back seat, with the bucket over my feet, Jean tugged at the crank, and we were off. Not until we had run smoothly up Main Street, across the track, and a few rods farther on, did we decide that we had better have someone in the front seat beside the chauffeur. The car shot suddenly up a hill to the right, backed a few paces, and stopped. The energetic Jean climbed over the low door, under the curtain, and cranked. By this time it dawned on me that she intended to turn around. Back through Main Street we went to call for one of the neighbors. Jean escaped to the back yard with the bucket for water.

After a long wait, and much stamping of cold feet, Mrs. Outhit and her six-year-old daughter Margaret appeared. Meanwhile, we had taken James, another six-year-old, aboard. Lizzie responded to the cranking, and, with a vigorous thumping of the bucket, we started again. The car skidded gracefully around the corner,

dodged in front of the outgoing express and climbed Gallows Hill. It had a peculiar fashion of apparently going backward a few inches every once in a while, and showed a decided inclination to leave the beaten track. Jean spoke to it in soothing fashion, much as one would address a restless child: "Now, Lizzie dear, just keep the track. Remember you have ladies aboard," and, at a particularly alarming swerve to the right: "Why Lizzie ! I'm ashamed of you, you never acted like this before."

As we came to the parting of the roads for Upper and Middle Dyke, the boiler steamed warningly. Our driver hopped out, seized the bucket, and vanished into a little white house. Again the water sizzled on the hot radiator, again the engine cranked, and again we started with the accompanying thump of the bucket. Jean, perhaps a little tired of the cranking and watering, decided to take a short cut home by Hillcrest Orchard. Lizzie made her unsteady way down the hill, protesting even on the slope. Her protests became more audible as she began to climb the long road, and finally, just halfway up, she jumped from the track, and stopped with a defiant snort. Jean, with some muttered remark about "the contrary thing," climbed out, cranked the engine, and climbed in again, pretending not to hear our comforting, if hilarious remarks. No result, even though I pounded the bucket more furiously than ever. The wheels turned a quarter inch and stopped. Mrs. Outhit decided she would be safer on solid ground, and, making the excuse that it must be her weight that kept it from moving, left us. Again Jean addressed her metal charger, and cranked, but though the wheels moved perhaps a half inch this time, the car remained firm. Thereupon we all decided it would be better to get out.

James had gradually begun to look extremely worried, during this latest development, and finally, when he could stand it no longer, approached the perspiring Jean, just as she was seizing the crank for the fourth time.

"Jean, I **must** be home by six."

"Why ?" asked the patient one.

"Oh ! we have supper then." The remark, and the shouts that ensued cheered the now thoroughly discouraged driver. We all went behind and pushed. The crank flew round, and Lizzie mounted the hill smoothly. At the next house we stopped, for the radiator was showing signs of being thirsty again. A pump at the door saved us the trouble of rousing the owners, and what was not spilled over the engine went down Lizzie's greedy throat. When next she showed signs of trouble, and began her ominous little kicks, Evelyn shouted above the rattling of the chains and the thumping of the bucket: "Why not call her Elizabeth, and see if that works ?" A timely suggestion ! The car, duly christed Elizabeth, responded meekly to her new name, and glided on without another remonstrance, save when Jean, peering around the flap of the curtain, caught a rope in the throttle. Then came such noises that we closed our eyes and held our breath, fearing that we might go up in smoke at any moment. This was Liz—Elizabeth's last departure from the course pursued by respectable cars. Amid the paean which we sounded on the bucket, and the congratulations we shouted to our driver, we sped triumphantly up Main Street. We had covered nearly five miles in an hour and a quarter.

R. E. W., '17.

4375

Northfield

HEARKEN to the tale that we two Acadians have to tell of Northfield, 1916. On the morning of June 21st Charlie and I left Wolfville carefully guarded by some eight Baptist ministers who were going to some convention. It was the day after the election—even the car was full—of soldiers, but no events of stirring notice disturbed the quiet ride to Yarmouth, although we admit it was pleasant to see the smoking embers of what, the day before, had been Middleton station. Many dreary hours had I spent in its fragrant antiquity. It is gone but not forgotten. The sail to Boston was most pleasant,

owing to the fact that some acquaintances were on board the boat. We were singing merrily on the prow when the second mate told us we were keeping the people awake and had better stop. It was hardly a compliment to our singing but seeing the justice of his request we yielded and spent the rest of the night peacefully in our room of state.

We spent two days in Boston, where, thanks to the kindness of a friend, we saw all the places of special interest. Arriving at Northfield, we were assigned room 20 in the Canadian quarters, Weston Hall. Dr. Bronson, Mr. Auld, and two other Dalhousie boys were in rooms opposite, so we felt at home at once. Then followed ten never-to-be-forgotten days. Days spent among the most foremost Christian leaders in America, men consecrated to the service of God and inspired with the spirit of Christ. Days spent among the jolliest college students of Eastern United States and Canada. This, our first experience at Northfield, will always be remembered as a time of pleasure, a time of delightful acquaintances, but more especially a time of earnest study of all that is making for the advance of Christ's Kingdom and the betterment of humanity.

Every afternoon was given up to sports, excursions, drives, etc. Charlie and I had not taken our tennis racquets but the tennis courts looked so good to us that we each immediately bought one and spent several hours each day playing. The Canadians were unfortunate in baseball in that they drew Yale, who had one of the best teams there, for the first game. Charlie played short stop, but even in spite of this reinforcement to the team, the Canadians were badly beaten. Neither did Charlie and I do any better in the tennis tournament, for in the doubles we drew two lanky six-footers by the names of Miller and Award, who won, needless to say, 10-4. The only redeeming feature about it was that we really won one love game from them, *Mirabile dictu*. Taken all through, the sports were excellent especially the baseball league, which Dartmouth won; and the tennis tournament. There were certainly a splendid group of boys

present and we formed a great many pleasant acquaintances. Right here, we owe an apology to West Point. The first day Charlie and I met about four of them walking along gayly dressed in their decorated grey uniforms and we wondered what the bell-boys were doing at Northfield.

The Britishers held a banquet in Weston Hall on June 29th, when about fifty of us paid full justice to an excellent repast. Dr. Ingley of McGill was chairman, and a splendid one he made. Dean Brown, of Yale Theological Department, although an American, gave a very strong pro-ally speech and one which made us prouder than ever to be members of the greatest Empire in the world. Many delightful speeches followed, and then the gathering closed by the hearty singing of "God Save the King."

Celebration night was an eye-opener to us, since it was carried out on a much larger scale than we had any idea of. All the boys marched in, dressed in distinctive costumes, representing their colleges, giving yells, songs, etc. Dartmouth, dressed as Indians, entered by way of the west gallery and tore through the hall, giving war whoops and dances. Soon all were seated in their allotted positions and Harry Fosdick spoke for some twenty-five minutes to the thousand or more present. The fact that his speech was strongly pro-ally greatly delighted us Canadians. He said that war is justifiable at this time; that the United States was the second nation signing the Hague Conference; she has not stood by her word; she should be fighting. Christianity will conquer war. It has conquered slavery and when man's soul has developed more in proportion to his physical powers, war will cease. We considered this stirring talk one of the best delivered at Northfield this year. The programme of the evening followed, each college putting on stunts and songs. All were highly original, but several were especially good. For instance, Williams put on "A West Point Mess" that was a great hit on West Point, who had preceeded them on the platform. The Theologues put on scenes from Shakespeare. The costumes were

exact and it was remarkably good since they had worked on it but three days. The Faculty put on the hit of the evening, "McNamaras' Band," led by Enoch F. Bell. Can you imagine the old Professors, D. D.'s, Ph.D.'s, in fact the most noteworthy men there, dressed up in all sorts of rigs and whooping-her-up on the platform? Oh it was great—and it brought down the house. The Mount Herman boys filled the large choir gallery and when their turn came, about one hundred more old boys joined them in their song and yell. All praise to the builders of the hall—the roof didn't fall, but it certainly must have been badly shaken. Canada was in mourning so it was fitting that we should not put on a stunt. The chairman of the meeting in a few words told of the loss of the Canadians who had attended the Conference the year before, and when our turn came, we stood up in silent tribute to our boys at the front. Immediately the whole audience rose to its feet and all joined in "God Save the King." We then hastened to see the bonfire. Four days had been spent in building it, five stories high, and in a few minutes after it had been lighted the whole country about seemed as bright as day; while about it circled with yells and war dances the Dartmouth Indians and the Princeton Greek Warriors. Thus ended the jolliest evening of the Conference.

Northfield was most fortunate this year in having present a large number of the most noteworthy religious leaders in America. A few were:—Sherwood Eddy, Robert E. Speer, Harry Fosdick, Ralph Harlow, just arrived from Turkey, where he passed through a part of the Armenian atrocities; Charles R. Brown, Dean of Yale School of Religion; Dr. Paul Harrison, back from Arabia; Dr. Mott was not present but was in Germany and Austria with the Y. M. C. A.; Ned Carter, just returned from Flanders and burning with his wartime message. Surely we were peculiarly blessed by being under such inspiring men. We were struck by the forceful pro-ally speeches and prayers given by the greatest American leaders in the Conference.

A large number of group study courses were given, such as: "The War and Christian Missions," led by Enoch Bell, which dealt with the mission fields affected by the war, with special emphasis on the Balkan and Turkish dominions. Ralph Harlow took one period to tell of the Armenian atrocities, the motive, and the results. One million Armenians have died; some under torture that is more diabolical than any in history. The damning fact remains that U. S. A. could have stopped these atrocities and did not attempt to. Dr. Howland, who had been a missionary in Mexico for twenty years, spent one period on the Mexican side of the question. He proved conclusively that Mexico has right on her side in the trouble with the United States. This course all through was most instructive and interesting.

Sherwood Eddy, that remarkable man of God, led each morning a large group in discussion, "How to Reach Men, or How to do Personal Work." He took as a background for his course Howard Johnston's, "Studies for Personal Workers"—an excellent book. This course I considered the most helpful one given at Northfield. It sent us forth with a twofold resolve: first, to know Christ; secondly, to tell others. Sherwood Eddy left before the close of the Conference for the Y. M. C. A. camps of Europe.

Each Sunday morning, there were denominational services. Mr. J. C. Robbins was the first leader. He spoke of the simplicity of organization and freedom of individual thought of the Baptists. The Five Year Programme was brought to our notice and it was shown how easily it could be accomplished if each would contribute some small share. Mr. Ewald from South America showed that the church was the prime instrument for evangelism; that the Y. M. C. A. was doing some of the church's work; but that she would in time take over the work and the Y. M. C. A. would disappear.

Dr. Paul Harrison, just returned from Arabia, where he has been for many years the only doctor among one million Arabians, was an entertaining as well as a most convincing speaker. The incidents of his practice

were full of pathos, but nevertheless, by his humor he could not help telling us of a few bright spots in his career. Of several addresses, the one that appealed especially to me told of the three great opportunities presented by the world to our generation. First, teachers in China to mold the life of that great coming power; second, to missionaries in India falls the great task of orientalizing the Gospel in order to adapt it to the dreamy Eastern type of mind; third, doctors in Moslem countries. Mohammedanism is spreading more rapidly than Christianity. It is the hardest system for Christianity to reach; and the doctor is the only man who can be successful as a missionary. Unless we evangelize Africa now, our followers will have to work in a Moslem Africa. According to Dr. Harrison, the doctor in Mohammedan lands has the most difficult, but the most blessed task on earth.

The auditorium meetings were all helpful and inspiring but those led by Dean Brown were particularly forceful. He gave a series of four lectures on "The Fundamentals of Our Religion," and at the end of each lecture he would remain to answer questions. It was wonderful to see how easily he explained the difficulties of our religion to those who purposefully brought them up for discussion. His speeches were all so wonderful that it is not in my power to give a synopsis of them. They were on the following subjects:—"Faith in God," "Thou art the Christ," "Prayer," and "Immortality."

I must not forget to mention one address given by Ned Carter about his work in France. Mr. Carter, who had just been decorated by the King, spoke of his experiences in Europe, of the work of the Y. M. C. A., of the sufferings of Europe, and of the need of a more sympathetic attitude of the American people for the principles at stake. His talk made one proud to be a member of the British Empire.

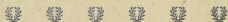
Never shall we forget those twilight meetings on Round Top, where, just as the sun in all its glory was sinking into rest, and the majestic hills, the grassy slope, the silent river, and all nature were bathed in the beau-

ties of sunset, we met to sing hymns and to listen to short talks from well-known speakers about the purpose of life. These few moments spent on Round Top each evening seemed the culmination of the services of the day, the crowning of our thoughts.

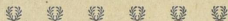
The last meeting of the Conference was conducted by Robert E. Speer, who spoke of the days at Northfield being mountain top experiences. We get the vision of the world and its need; then having had this vision, it is our privilege and also duty to go into the world and strive to correct whatever wrongs have been revealed to us. This service ended the Northfield Conference, the last which the Canadians will attend; because they are breaking away next year and are going to have one of their own at Knowlton. Here, let us hope, the same spirit that prevails at Northfield may come. If it does, a spring of infinite blessing will be given to pour its purifying waters upon the students of Canada.

Delegates, C. G. SCHURMAN, '17.

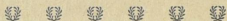
R. B. SMALLMAN, '17



A college education shows a man how little other people know.—Haliburton.



There's so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it scarcely behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.



Education is not learning; it is exercise and development of the powers of the mind. There are two great methods by which this end may be accomplished; it may be done in the halls of learning, or in the conflicts of life.—Princeton Review.

Our Bit

DECEMBER is past and over,
Christmas joys are done—
But what of the months that follow ?
The months that have scarce begun ?

They may not contain a Christmas,
Nor the day of a glad New Year,
But they are the months that we must live;
Shall we make them glad—or drear ?

Across the seas in Flanders,
Far over the billows in France,
Brave souls are fighting and dying each day
That we may have our chance.

They are making the best of their hardships,
They are singing amidst the fray,
They are looking with hope, at the fall of night,
To the dawn of another day.

Though we may not be able to join them,
Or take part in their joys or fear,
We can carry their spirit of Christmas joy
Through every day of the year.

We can wage our daily battles
With a laugh and a song and a smile,
And though far away from the fields of France
We'll be doing "our bit" the while.

H. P. S., '19.

The Toll of Asama

IT could not have been eight o'clock, but already the Eastern night had laid her mantle of darkness over Karuizawa. The horses stood patiently in a row before the hotel entrance, while their bettos were grouped within the arch, happily smoking cigarettes. As the minutes slipped by, an occasional mosquito would sting the tough little ponies, who would try to retaliate by an indignant swish of their wiry tails. The scrunch of foreign boots was heard on the scoria of the road, and soon the little party of climbers swung into view, with flash-lights sending tiny gleams of light into the blackness.

After a little difficulty the unaccustomed riders were settled on their mounts and the cavalcade set off on the ten-mile ride to the base of Asama. For more than a week now the Fire-Mountain had been roaring for its food. A human life it claimed as toll, and none had yet been forthcoming. On the preceeding night its corona of flame seen for miles through the darkness had lighted up its bulk against the horizon. Despite the warnings of friends the little party had decided to disregard Asama's growls, and try to climb her ragged back. During the last three days she had been quiet, as though to encourage them, and for years no real damage had been done by the Crater-Mountain.

The gentlemen of the party who were young indulged in much light chaff over which one would be sacrificed to the fiery lava, while the ladies enjoyed the repartee and each encouraged her favorite in the duel of words. The throbbing music of horses' hoofs, the silent warmth of the summer night, and that indefinable atmosphere that hovers over any expedition of adventure, combined to make the road seem short.

Dismounting at the foot and throwing the reins to the bettos, who led the beasts, the party proceeded to climb up the mountain. The way was uneven and in parts dangerous, but by the aid of a strong arm and untiring youth and energy the summit was reached. While the Americans rested contentedly on the warm,

rough lava, one of the bettos proceeded to cook the early breakfast. Scooping out a hole in the porous lava, he put in the coffee pot, and in two smaller hollows he concealed eggs. While these were cooking, sandwiches and canned dainties were laid out and in ten minutes a delicious repast was ready, in which hot coffee and boiled eggs were welcome additions to the cold provisions.

Soon after the remains of the lunch had been packed up, a look was taken into the crater of the volcano. Owing to the slight smoke that rose and nearly choked them, the company could not see any of the interior.

The great object of the trip, the view from Asama at sunrise, still remained unachieved. While they waited for Orion's fiery steeds to drive back clinging night, those stories, semi-humorous, semi-gruesome, which have an uncanny attraction at this hour, were indulged in and a few real shivers had mingled with the many feigned ones, when the attention of all was attracted to the Miracle of Day. Like a rapier of gold the first beam of the Sun God had cut through the mists and lay between earth and heaven. Suddenly as a wizard's touch all the east flamed into orange and red, while waves of violet and rose swept over the southern and northern horizons, meeting in palest pink in the western sky; a reflection in pastel of the eastern barbaric color scheme. And below—for miles stretching to the further hills of Karuizawa, lay the white waste of mist, silent, motionless, in which light and sound were alike drowned.

It was too beautiful for words; we could only drink exquisite colors, and had no time to discuss or compare, for every instant brought a modification, a change of the scene. Here a mountain-top broke through the sea of mist, and stood revealed, emerald green against the skyline, while gleaming lights shot down into the vapor and gave to it the hues of the rainbow. What had been an all-concealing sea of mist, remained only as pools of foam lying in the hollows between the hills. The many hues of dawn had fused into the yellow light of day, and the sun, a golden, dazzling ball began its daily climb to the zenith of heaven.

Tense nerves relaxed, and thoughts fell from the sublime to the commonplace. The ponies were saddled and all was ready for the descent when Mr. Weathers decided to return and take one last look at the crater. The others were unwilling to delay their return, for the heat of the sun's rays increased in geometric progression to the passing hours; so he told them to set out and he would catch up at the foot of the mountain.

When they were halfway down they turned at the advice of a betto and saw a cloud of smoke and ashes rise from Asama. With all speed they dismounted and laid flat on the scoria. The smoke drifted down and past and the ashes fell in a rapid succession of showers. Thanks to their quickness they were unharmed by either smoke or ashes.

Their first thought was of Mr. Weathers; and, leaving the ladies with one of the bettos, Dick Farlan hurriedly retraced his steps with the other bettos. He found the poor chap in a dreadful state. Caught just at the mouth of the crater, the upthrust rocks and flames had taken off both his legs above the knees. With the help of the Japanese his chum clumsily bandaged him, and they carried him carefully, though of necessity painfully, to a doctor in Karuizawa.

Throughout the long, terribly hot journey, the sufferer never spoke except to ask for water, but when the doctor had done his best to make the last few hours endurable, Jack grinned up at them pluckily. "Old Asama got me that time, but she sure is a wonder. I was just getting her insides photographed on my mind when she turned on the steam and——" As if to confirm his words, the old mountain sent up a magnificent column of black smoke whose upper part became dyed in the hues of the sunset, and in company with the soul of the fading day Jack went out to the "Beyond." M. H., '17.

Provincialism

WHY are the greatest men usually raised in the country or in provincial districts? We know it is so. We know that most of the leaders in governmental, financial, educational and other affairs are men who received their early training in the country, cut off more or less from the great centres, and where most of the people were provincial in their outlook. Are we to conclude that provincialism is conducive to greatness and therefore beneficial?

In outlying districts the environment and conditions develop and exercise those qualities of self-reliance, inventiveness, industry, economy and shrewdness which are among the requisites of success. In the country we know men and nature more intimately, our imagination is kindled, our esthetic sense is appealed to by the beauty of the sky, the hills, the birds, the trees, flowers and fields. We live with plants and animals as well as with men, and, knowing more of life in all its varied forms, realize more fully the wonder of the universe. Having fewer luxuries, dissipations and conveniences, we are compelled to live a sterner, purer life, put more effort into living, and therefore to get more out of it. Particularly on the farm do we find the conditions which stimulate any innate qualities of greatness.

Moreover, in young and growing countries, where cities spring up in a few years, we find the towns characteristic of the country, and peopled by the men, or sons of the men, of the country. So any appellation as to dialect, custom, and outlook, characteristic of the surrounding country will apply to them equally well.

It would be strange if the country, with all its advantages and blessings, should have no drawbacks. And so we find in provincial or outlying districts, narrowness of outlook and crudity of manner. Away from the metropolis, with its established refinements and customs, its steady flow of people from all parts of the country, it is but natural that its inhabitants look at things from

a local or provincial point of view. They cling to the pronunciation, manners and habits of their unpolished pioneer fathers. They are new or countrified, lacking polish, not subdued by age. Their outlook tends to be circumscribed by the limits of their province. They are provincial.

Provincialism is the disadvantage which is engendered by the same set of conditions which calls forth so many good qualities. Men get to be great and successful, not because they are provincial, but because they were raised, subject to the influences which produce provincialism as a bye-product. And when men through energy, industry and capability get to be great, they rise above the provincial outlook. Lincoln may have been of provincial origin, but no one would claim that he was a provincial as president. And if from the strong force of long habit a great man retains provincial mannerisms, no one would point to them as desirable characteristics. He rose in spite of them.

The broader-minded its inhabitants are, the better off will this old world be. Some people are almost purely local in their interests, outlook, and in their mannerisms. Head and shoulders above them are the provincials, more intelligent, and enjoying many advantages, but still handicapped. Then comes the nationalist, broad-minded and patriotic, who nevertheless places his own nation before all others, and wants other nations to fall in with his ideals, but who dislikes the idea of giving place to the ideals of others. But so long as there is nationalism, there will be war. The highest type is the man who is able to look at affairs from the standpoint of humanity. And when this type has been made so plentiful as to be predominant by education or by evolution, then we may look forward to centuries of peace and happiness with birth and death rate ever decreasing and with true culture ever gaining ground.

P. I., '20.

Was it a Just Punishment?

ONLY one light was showing in the old house and that was burning with a very faint glow. The place would seem at first glance to be deserted from the appearance of everything about the grounds. Everything was topsy turvy, nothing in order, but on a closer survey a person could have seen through the open window, an aged man on his knees, his head bowed low, his hands clenched and beside him on the table an open Bible.

If the person had been nearby he could have heard the old man utter savagely, "I couldn't help it. I couldn't forgive." But then in an almost broken voice, "O God ! forgive me," but then following, "but He won't. I feel that He will not."

Two years before his eldest son had strayed far from the path of right and his stern old father had driven him from his home. Then came the crowning sorrow of all, his only daughter had followed in her brother's footsteps the following year. The old man had driven her out, but with the added injunction, "Never return again to my house."

But this night both had returned. The father had pardoned the boy but not the girl and then the boy with flaming indignation had said: "You will forgive the wayward boy and not the wayward girl. You are not a true father. I will have no such a one for mine,"—and both had gone again into the night.

The old man prayed on. He fought with himself and after a while his face was pervaded with a glorious light and then he said: "And forgive us our debts"—he stopped—"as we forgive our debtors." He jumped up, put on his cap and coat and rushed out, shouting, "Oh, where are my children. Where are they." He searched all that night but nowhere could he discover a trace of them.

The next morning lumbermen working on the river found two bodies floating in the water. They recovered them and then sent the news to the old man. He hurried

to the place crying "I forgive. I forgive." But no answer came and again he cried, "I forgive. I forgive. Oh ! speak to me !"

But no answer came for the old man had come too late.
C. C., '20.

The Spirit of Our Day

THE din ceased not, and the whistling shot gave way
to no term of peace,
But a soul had fled, from its body dead, and had gained
a last release.
He was on his way, with the rest that day, to take the
awful wood,
But a screaming shell, with its purpose fell, and struck
him where he stood.
And his chums marched past, nor did even cast their
eyes on him as he lay,
For they had to fight, but come what might, nothing
must cause delay.
He had left no fame, or honored name, to answer his
country's call,
There had been no wife, or other life to prevent his
giving all.
He had joined the ranks, in no hope of thanks, or a grate-
ful country's praise,
And he'd cursed the roar of the raging war that ruined
all his days.
And now all ceased, and he found his peace, deny it if
you can
If there had been shame to stain his name, at least he
died a man.

M. H., '17.

Britain's Power

HOW often do we hear our American friends say "Great Britain is growing infirm, and that the day is rapidly approaching when Britain, like Rome, will go to pieces and no longer be a world power."

To us as British subjects who love the Union Jack, talk of this kind sounds cheap, for we feel certain that Britain is neither dead nor asleep, and although she has her faults and party strife, yet when we consider the extent of the British Empire, and what British people have accomplished we are convinced that, "There is something in the British after all."

To-day the drums of Britain sound along the many miles of battle front, the never-ending roar of cannon, the flash of her steel in the rocky passes and on the barren plains, and her death dealing crafts that constantly patrol the land, sea and air, prove to the world that Britain is not asleep. Strong and crafty foes have threatened her shores but still she stands unmoved.

Britain's flag floats in all parts of the world, as an emblem of liberty and justice. In the dark continent Imperial outposts sentinel the Nile and the Niger. Her banners gleam at Hong Kong and in ancient Egypt, while in our native land cannon at Halifax and cannon at Esquimalt, backed up by eight millions of loyal Canadians, stand to guard her possessions.

Who dares to say that the Imperial eye is dimmed or that the Empire is growing weak; her strong right arm, "the navy," holds the seas of the world in its grip and defies the haughty foes. Yet we do not wish to boast of Britain's power or magnify the faults of others; we are proud of our Empire because of the principles for which it stands, and we hope that when the dark clouds of battle have drifted from our lands that the British Empire will be a stronger and better Empire for having passed through the fiery ordeal.

G. A. SMITH, A. C. A.

The View from the Look-off

THE view from the Look-Off, the highest point of the North Mountain, is one of the sights which tourists who come to Wolfville or neighboring towns never fail to see. A small tower has been erected on one of the houses to better enable visitors to enjoy the view. Let us imagine ourselves on the upper platform of this structure, where, spread out before us lies the vast, beautiful panorama which includes in its scope parts of five counties of Nova Scotia.

To the east stretches Minas Basin, bordered to the north by the blue hills of Cumberland County. A little more to the south, the Avon river branches off from Minas Basin and grows narrower until it becomes a winding thread in the far distance. Bordering the lower course of the Avon and extending along the south shore of the basin are extensive dike lands which, without being fertilized, have yielded abundant crops since the time of the Acadians.

Facing directly south, one can discern the town of Wolfville, with its surroundings of green farm lands and background of blue, forest clad hills. In the foreground stretches the broad expanse of the Cornwallis Valley with its extensive farm and scattered villages. Three tidal rivers, the Pereau, the Canning, and the Cornwallis intersect the valley.

To the west, at the distance of about eight miles, Kentville can be seen; and stretching far beyond it lies the Annapolis valley, the land of splendid apples. In no respect does this valley differ from the Cornwallis in general appearance, except that its general slope is toward the west instead of the east. It seems, in fact, but a continuation of the Cornwallis valley. There is the Annapolis River a mere streak in the distance, and at its termination is a small rent in the North Mountain, seen with difficulty, through which the Annapolis finds its way to the sea. This cleft in the mountain, Digby Gut by name, about seventy miles away, is the limit of vision in that direction.

At our feet lies some of the richest farming land in Nova Scotia, laid out in seemingly rectangular plots of orchard, dike, and cultivated fields. Here and there are the cheerful homes of the farmers making complete, as it were, the picture of a land of wealth, health, and happiness.

To sit for an hour or two viewing the valley as it extends below us, divided it seems into squares by its orchards like some vast checker-board on which mankind is playing the busy game of life, gives an exaltation of feeling that is delightful. There is the struggle of life, with its plans and activities, but Lilliputian in size, while we the giants above it all may see its industry which, futile as it seems, yet accomplishes wonders, may see perchance their mistakes, may catch a glimpse of the whole relationship of our daily tasks to the ultimate purpose of our existence, may take heart and begin again our tasks, thrilled through and through by this our enlarged vision of life and its meaning. D. G., '19.

School Days

“WHAT’S your name ?” asked the teacher.

“Beulah,” replied the new little girl.

“What’s your other name ?”

No answer.

“You have another name beside Beulah, haven’t you ?”

“No.” Beulah shook her head, then added as an after thought, “only Beulah May Somers.” As the teacher bent over her register the scholars seized the opportunity to get a good look at the newcomer. They saw only a little girl in a brown, striped apron.

“How old are you ?” was the next question.

“I don’t know,” rang out the clear little voice.

“You ask them when you go home, won’t you ?” coaxed the teacher.

“I’ll ask them,” but I don’t ’spect they’ll know.”

Beulah's brown eyes opened wider than ever, for the teacher was coming down the aisle straight to Beulah's desk.

"That's a fine new slate that you have, Beulah, but it needs washing. Did you bring a water bottle?"

"No," was the short reply.

A dozen hands waved frantically in the air. "Please, she can have mine," clamored as many voices.

"What did I tell you about speaking out?" coldly answered the teacher. "May, will you please wash Beulah's slate?"

"Now Beulah," in a softened tone, "you bring your own water bottle to-morrow."

"I don't know where I'll get one," was the steady answer. Then the little face lighted up. "Oh yes! I'll get the baby's bottle—I'll bring his."

Once more a titter went around the room. The teacher held the clean slate in front of her face. Beulah's "I can see you," called her back to the stern reality of a school teacher's duty.

Beulah, as she was told, obediently proceeded to cover her slate with those long marks, which she had been informed were (I's), she found that the longer she made them the less she would have to make.

It seemed but a second till the teacher putting Grade II's questions on the board heard, "I've got my slate full of them there lines. I made 'em about this inch," and Beulah indicated their length by measuring along her finger.

"You may come up here then." It was a miscellaneous, country school, and so the teacher had only a little time for each pupil, but Beulah seemed like a breeze from the May morning. There was a baffling composure and sturdy independence in her sweet brown eyes. Then proceeded Beulah's first arithmetic lesson.

"I've got a piece of chalk in this hand, and one more in my other hand;" now I am going to put both pieces in one hand behind my back. Can you tell me how many pieces are in that hand?" asked the patient teacher.

"Oh !" Beulah cried, "I know which hand you got 'em in. You can't fool me." Thankfully the teacher saw it was recess time.

After recess the first primer class was called up for reading. "You might as well come too, Beulah."

"Cora you may read." Glibly Cora chanted, "This is a fox and a box." The fox is in his den."

"My papa's got foxes," volunteered Beulah. "Little black ones." He keeps them in a pen. They are black now, but John Stuart says papa better sell 'em right quick, for they turn red."

"Yes," answered the teacher, as she went mechanically along with the lesson.

"Beulah, you may stay up a little longer," she said, as the others went to their seats. "I've just got to teach her something," thought the conscientious teacher. I suppose it might as well be c-a-t."

The teacher hastily sketched what she thought looked like a cat.

"Now what's that, Beulah ?"

"Rabbit," was the quick answer.

"But," gasped the astonished artist, "doesn't it look like a cat ?"

"No," was the unyielding reply, "its ears are too long for a cat."

Just then there was a knock at the door. Beulah's father, a big, red-faced, burly fellow, demanded the restoration of his small daughter.

"Put yer hat right on Beulie," he said, "and climb up onter the wagon. I've been out to the station fer a load of middlens. I don't want yer shet up a tryin' to git book larnin'. I heerd out to the station to-day that's how gals gits turkeypolusis."

"Did yese take good care of her ?" he thundered at the slip of a teacher. "If yese beat her, I'll put the law on yese."

Beulah thrust her little brown hand in her father's big one, then with her other clutched the teacher's finger. "I'll be back again and I'll be the teacher," she said—and sure enough she was.

E. A., '18.

Ways of Serving our Nation

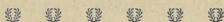
THERE is scarcely a girl here at college who has not some one, a brother or friend, fighting for us, for our nation, for righteousness and liberty. We say "they are doing their bit" for the nation. Surely we too have a "bit" to do. Yes, the nation is depending much on us now and will depend on us more and more as time goes on. We may not be able to do much at present but these our college years are the most formative and important years of our whole life, because on these years depends our whole future. If we are to be able to take our place in the world and to serve our nation to the best of our ability we must make the most of our opportunities here. We, who are being trained for leadership, will have a great opportunity in shaping the moral, political, social and religious ideals of the rising generation.

This war is hastening the time when women will be at the fore. Do we realize that we are to be the leaders of to-morrow? Then should we not apply ourselves now with the greatest diligence to the preparation for to-morrow? Let us aim to be something with all our might. Because women will soon be leaders in our national life, it does not follow that the institution of the home is to be destroyed. It must be preserved. The home is the great safeguard of the morals of a nation. There can never be a high standard of national life without pure and holy homes. It is true that all of us will not have homes of our own but we all at least belong to one. We should keep in it the spirit of Christ, and with the spirit of Christ goes the spirit of cheerfulness. It is often hard to believe that this cruel war is for the best and we often become pessimistic. This is true especially of the mothers of the boys who are in the army and navy. We can have faith that all will come out right in the end and so keep the home bright and cheerful.

The Bible is the best hand-book of the worthy citizen. It teaches us that the true glory of a nation lies not in war but in the dissemination of honorable happiness, encouragement of greatness, and suppression of

vice. It teaches us that the true wealth of a nation lies not in gold and silver but in the souls of strong, true, self-respecting men and women. It is our duty to uphold and promote these ideals of the nation. Great sacrifices will have to be made continually, but a thing done without some sacrifice does not amount to much. Think of the great sacrifices our soldiers are making. Look at Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell. Surely they made great sacrifices in leaving their homes and giving up all the comforts of home to serve their country as they did. We all look up to them as great women and say: "Oh, we can never be great like them." God does not want us all to be like them. He wants many of us to lead quiet, simple lives, to keep His spirit in the ordinary life, in the simple home. He wants us all "to be strong in the Lord," to put on "the whole armor of God."

J. R. G., '18.



To thine own self be true
And it must follow, as night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—Shakespeare.



Stories in Brooks

WHILE wandering in a quiet wood
With Nature for my guide,
I came upon a foaming stream
That join two lakes so wide.

I saw a hunter's frail canoe,
As noiseless as a dream,
Glide from the quiet lake above
Into the raging stream.

With vigilance man seldom knows
His little craft he steered
Past jagged rocks and whirling death
And safely disappeared.

A lonely feeling o'er me crept—
And yet 'twas full of awe,
I longed yet feared to read a book
I closed before me saw.

I ope'd the book—the scene was changed,—
What first appeared a lake
Became a vast "Eternity"—
The stream "Time's" form did take.

Tho "Time" forever draws upon
"Eternity" before,
What is before is never less,—
What's past is never more.

The hunter in his frail canoe,
Swept onward by the stream,
As man whose short existence comes
And passes as a dream.

He comes from out oblivion,
No one knows how or whence,
"Time" hurls him 'mongst "Life's" jagged rocks,
Where dangers are immense.

By ceaseless efforts every day
His fate alone he clears,—
By indolence and blighting ease
He meets the doom he fears.

T. M., '20.

Mpambu

(A true story of the Kongo.)

FAR away in Africa on the Kongo River a little baby boy was born one day. With his native brown suit and a string of beads he looked like all other Kongo babies and played happily in the dirt and sunshine until his father died. Soon Mpambu had a step-father who had no interest in him, and when he needed some money took Mpambu and sold him for only four dollars.

Mpamba remained with his new master until he was about twelve years old, when the man said to him: "I want you to come with me to the market to-day." He was delighted at the prospect and went away in great glee.

The market place was a large piece of cleared ground under shady trees. Here the people met to buy and sell their produce—potatoes, peanuts, palm nuts, corn, beans, kuanga or native bread, pigs, goats and fowls.

Mpambu saw his master talking with another man and as they looked in his direction and nodded, he began to be afraid. But he was only a slave. Soon his master had made the bargain and Mpambu was carried away to a new part of the country. His home was now in Kingoyo, five miles from a Mission station. He was very sad at first, but the people liked him, and his master and mistress were kind to him. When Mpambu grew up he went to work for a trader and later on the railroad that was being constructed between Matadi and Stanley Pool. It was here that he first heard the Gospel. It made no impression and only aroused his suspicions and fears, until one day the foreman called a native worker and said to him: "I want you to write down the names of the men working under you." When he saw the native writing, Mpambu was filled with amazement, for he thought only white men could write.

"It must be because he has accepted the white man's religion," he concluded and from that time Mpambu became an earnest listener to the foreign message.

Later he returned to Kingoyo and tried to persuade his people to have the missionaries come. They were very angry and when he proposed it again they resolved to get rid of him somehow.

At this time the State officials were looking for young men to serve as soldiers on the Upper River. "Here," the natives said, "is a good opportunity to get Mpambu away, for he is always bothering us about the white teachers."

Fortunately he overheard their planning, and so he ran away and hid in the jungle for three days. The officer would not wait and someone else was sent in his place. Mpambu did not dare go back to his village again and when the missionaries wanted porters to carry their hammocks on an itinerary trip he came and offered to go.

While they were in camp resting on their journey "Mama," as the natives call the lady missionary, taught Mpambu to read and write. A little later he came to the station and attended day and Bible school for seventeen months. He became a true Christian, was baptized and entered the work of teacher and evangelist in the towns and villages.

Some time after a committee was appointed by the Kongo Conference to investigate the Kuanga District on the Upper river, with the object of locating new mission stations. Mpambu went with the missionaries, but after the first day's journey he was taken ill and had to return to the station. Two weeks later he started on the long trip alone. After travelling by foot, railway and river steamer for many days he reached the district, but the missionary was still a twelve-day march away. This last part of the journey had to be made on foot through a strange country and among the cannibals. Mpambu was given three natives to show him the way, but on the third day they left him suddenly. Very much perplexed he went into the village, where the people gathered round him and said, "How did this stranger come here all alone? Let us eat him."

Mpambu was in great danger but he prayed God to keep him and he felt more courageous. The people were

restrained from harming him that night, although Mpambu did not sleep. In the morning he took out his "Pilgrim's Progress," which has been translated into Kikongo, and began to read. Again the people said "Let us eat him."

Then Mpambu spoke "If you strike me God will punish you." These words frightened the cannibals, for they believed his God was stronger than theirs. They were very anxious to get him out of the country and so gave him men to guide him. Mpambu reached the side of the new mission station after a long trip through many dangers. And here, with the Christian wife who joined him later, he may still be found working faithfully among his cannibal neighbors.

C. EVALENA HILL, '19.

Philosophy of a Cad

(With apologies to the author of "Poilu Philosophy.")

AFTER receiving a common education you have two alternatives—either you continue your studies or you don't. If you don't you have nothing to worry about.

If you continue your studies, you have two alternatives—either you go to High School or to the Academy. If to the High School you have nothing to worry about.

If you go to the Academy, you have two alternatives—either you take the Collegiate course or the Business course. If you take the Collegiate you may be a Freshman some day, so you have nothing to worry about.

If you take the Business course, you have two alternatives—either the Commercial or the Stenographer's course. Now for Stenography you have to go to the Sem; so if you take the Commercial course you have nothing to worry about.

If you go to the Sem, you have two alternatives—either you are in a class by yourself or in a class with girls. If in a class by yourself, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are in a class with girls, you have two alternatives—either you are with College girls or with Sems. If with College girls you have **no one** to worry about.

If you are in a class with Sems, you have two alternatives—either you stay with them or you don't. If you don't you have **no one** to worry about.

If you stay, you have two alternatives—either you capture a Sem, or you don't. If you do, she, with her Vocal, Pianoforte, Violin, Elocution, Painting, Stenography, Domestic Science, Teacher's and Homemaker's Diplomas will look after you and the family wants, so you have nothing to worry about.

If you don't capture her before leaving the Seminary,, you never will; henceforth, you will be your own boss and be done with worrying forever.

O. K. F. (A. C.A.)

The Coward

"I will not. I will not, I tell you, I will not," so cried a small boy, struggling in the grasp of two others.

"You'll have to or there will be trouble." Then in a different tone, "Hold him Ed, while I get them. If the little coward won't, we will and then give him his afterwards."

"You can do anything you like but I will not steal Mr. Burton's apples," quickly responded the little fellow. I might be small and you big but that doesn't make any difference."

"You shut your mouth, Julian Grant," hissed Ed McGinty in the little fellow's ear. "You cut that out. You wait and see what you are going to get for not doing what we told you. Say Jim, hurry up."

"I know what I am doing. I am running this business," replied the sour tempered Jim Rogers. "You just hold that young fellow. That is all you have to do."

"Come on, let's be beating it," said Ed nervously.

"You're scared," sneered Jim.

"I am not."

"Oh fellows ! please don't fight, pleaded Julian.

"Shut up," said Jim. "You coward, you were afraid to take some apples that were growing along the road. Come on."

"I'll keep quiet then, but stealing is wrong."

By. now the boys were moving along a road which lead to a block of woods about a mile further on. Inside of twenty minutes they had entered it and moved along a narrow woods road. They soon turned to the right, forcing their way through the thick underbrush. Poor Julian thought that they would never stop, the older boys not being very careful of how they handled the little fellow. However, they soon came to a small board shack, which building was the proud possession of the two bullies.

"Say, Ed," spoke up Jim, "what shall we do to this little coward?"

"Haven't we got a pot of old tar in the shack."

"Oh, good Ed! that's just what we'll do. We'll tar him."

"Don't, chaps, don't! This is my only suit of clothes and you know that I have to find my own duds," said Julian, half whimpering.

"We don't care about you or your duds," said Jim. "Here goes."

"Don't you fellows dare to do such a thing." The boys turned to face the speaker. They had been so engrossed with the subject in hand that they had not noticed the approach of a young girl.

"Jean Keith, I am so glad that you have come. Please make these fellows let me alone. They wanted me to steal Mr. Burton's prize apples and, because I wouldn't they were going to tar me."

"You mean, contemptible wretches," the indignant girl cried fiercely, "Jim Rogers, your father might have money and influence and so also yours, Ed McGinty, but my father as is good as both of yours put together, and believe me you two are going to get into trouble for this."

* * * *

A number of years had passed since the incident just narrated had taken place. The personages had practi-

cally grown up. They still retained for the most part the positions that they had when the story opened. But there was one great change. Julian had grown from a small, shrinking boy into a tall, strong young man.

He had been driving a grocery team but wanted an office position and had applied for a job in Mr. Keith's office one morning, but as the position had just been filled he was naturally rejected. It was discouraging. Why had he been rejected at so many places? Then, while thinking it over he said to himself, "It must be because I am a coward. Nobody wants a coward."

That night he went to bed with a heavy heart because he was already behind in paying his board. About midnight he was awakened by the fire bell. He soon found out that Mr. Keith's house was on fire, and while hurrying to the place, he sprained his ankle badly. But yet he kept on. He went to the back of the building, and sat down on an old barrel. He had sat thus for perhaps five minutes when suddenly a wild cry of "My Jean is in the house" startled him. He turned round to find Mrs. Keith trying to free herself from many restraining hands.

Forgetting about his sprained angle Julian bounded over to her side and asked where Jean's room was. "The second door to the right of the hall," she answered, pointing at the same time to a window on the third floor.

A small drain pipe ran up beside it. In an instant his mind was made up. After having first thrown a pail of water over himself, he started to climb that frail looking pipe.

"Oh goodness!" shouted a voice which Julian recognized as Jim's, "look at Julian climbing that drain pipe. I wouldn't risk my life in such a way, Ed, even if the whole family was burned."

"Nor would I," replied his crony.

However, Julian continued to climb. Never before had he struck such a task. That swaying pipe seemed as if it would go to pieces any instant, but yet it stayed together. Strangest of all, it seemed to him, he wasn't afraid.

When he passed the second window he could feel the flames' red breath. After it seemed an eternity he reached that precious sill. He clutched it but with the clutch he felt a pain go through his fingers. The sill even was on fire.

After swinging himself in he tied a wet handkerchief over his nose and mouth. The real battle only now commenced. Going straight ahead he passed along a hall, stumbled against one door and then was brought up against a pile of masonry, bricks and burning wood, which had fallen in front of a door. In a flash he understood why the girl had not come out before. Already his clothes were drying fast and would soon be afire. He put his shoulder to that terrible barrier and exerted his full strength, greatly augmented by desperation. It gave way. Recovering himself soon he found Jean huddled up in a corner, unconscious.

As there was no time to lose, he picked her up and ran from the room, down the hall and finally staggered to the window. Already his clothes were catching fire in places and he could feel the house tremble as if it would fall.

He looked out. Below him he saw firemen holding a blanket. Looking again to reassure himself of their exact position he dropped the unconscious form. He saw them lift her out, then—pitched forward unconscious himself.

The next morning Julian opened his eyes slowly, quite surprised to find himself in a hospital, his head swathed in bandages. He stirred and started to speak when a nurse who stood close by raised her finger in warning. "Don't move or speak," she said, "you are all right and so is Jean. You are the hero of the town."

"I am glad I am not a coward," he replied happily, "I thought I was."

C. C., '20.

Fudge and Entree

“YES, about half-past eleven, but for goodness sake don't let that door of yours squeak. It gave us away last time.”

Consequently, about eleven-thirty I was tip-toeing down the Seminary corridor to room —. The other girls were all there perched in various “comfy” positions on the lounges. M—, the “Master of Ceremonies,” was stirring fudge. I cuddled down beside L— and tried to pick up the threads of the ghost story J— was telling. It was the most spooky thing. Why some people like those shivery stories I could never understand.

Br-r-r, there was an awful draught from somewhere. Oh why didn't J— finish that thing ? That fudge must be nearly done. Oh, the blind is going up ! “What is it ? Good Heavens—a MAN !! Girls, Oh, Girls, look ! They looked. J—'s ghost story did stop or was drowned in shrieks. Upon such a clamor, the “man” tore the handkerchief from his mouth and jerked off his cap. “Girls, be quiet quick or Miss X— will be down.” So quoth our burglar, no other than E—, an illustrious member of '17, in tones as horrified as our own.

We were suddenly silenced—not by E— but by an ominous knock at the door. It was Miss X—. Her little sermon was not taken down in shorthand, but we all learned what she thought of us, the fudge, and of E—, who was still standing on the fire escape, leaning in the window. What we did not learn, however, was where that imp of an E— got the boy's coat and cap. Perhaps somebody has a brother in the Academy.

Following Buster Brown's good example, here's our resolution: “What's being without privileges for a week, compared to a lark like that ?”

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Rem ! Rem ! Rem !
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Acadia Sem !

LITERARY NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Jack London

WHEN Jack London died at the age of forty, he left a measure of personal achievement that has been equalled by few. He had won an acknowledged place in American letters, as well as a fame that went beyond his own land and language.

He was born in the working class at the bottom of society, and for the first years of his life was in succession newsboy, oyster pirate, sailor, longshoreman, roustabout, a worker in canneries, factories and laundries, between whiles doing odd jobs at mowing lawns, cleaning carpets or washing windows. Then sickened by the round of eternal toil he became a tramp and begged his way from door to door, wandering over the United States and wearing his life out in slums and prisons. But he kept the power of thinking that had been scared into him by what he saw in society's cellar, and remained awake and growing during the brutal actualities of such a life. When he was eighteen he realized he must rise or else he would die in the slime. He also saw that brain, not muscle commanded the higher price, so for several years he struggled for an education, working hard at the same time at manual labor to pay his way. His early work was written at this time, but it failed to bring in financial returns, and he had to go back to the trail.

His mental outlook was enlarged, his power of observation keener, and his zest for life sharper than ever. Up North the trail led, to the Klondike of peril, sudden death and as sudden fortune. From this experience came his first literary success. Fortune was kind, and Jack London had arrived.

To anyone who has read his books, this name conjures up vivid pictures of outdoor life, for it is in his portrayal of Nature's forces that Jack London excels. The element of strife that runs through all his work belongs

to the nature of the man. The virility that he puts into his stories is one of his own characteristics.

In "The Road" he gives us an insight into his early life. His was no path of roses, but a long, steep climb, which called all his strength into play. His delight in overcoming obstacles, whether organic or inorganic, is so real because he joyed in doing so.

His work lacks polish and technique. After he has sketched in the important things he doesn't go back to fill in the details. His greatest work, for which he will be remembered, consists of stories done with the broad free treatment.

During his short life, Jack London tried many kinds of writing and the portrayal of many characters. He is most successful, because most natural in his short stories. These are often taken from his own experience, and written while yet the tang of the excitement remains and the colors glow in his memory.

His characters are alike in type but have individuality. The only type he can handle well is the type he knows and has lived among. When he attempts to portray the man of the Indoor world, he is in the realm of the unknown, and has to draw on his imagination, so that the character fails to carry conviction.

In depicting women he has failed to produce any great character. Even in the "Little Lady of the Big House," whose central figure is supposed to be a woman, the man makes the deeper impression on the mind of the reader. He has failed to grasp the soul of womanhood except in a few lightning flashes, when he draws some woman of the "Lower Half."

In his "Star Rover" is seen a departure towards a new line. What he might have done had not death stayed his hand we will never know. Although he died at the age of forty, and wrote during only half of his life, he leaves us thirty-three volumes. Evidently he preferred to leave his stories unpolished and begin a fresh tale, to spending his time on procuring added finish of style.

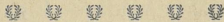
The "Call of the Wild," which made him well known, is one of the best dog stories ever written.

Jack London is one great example of a man living to the full every moment of life, and at the same time giving the joy of his achievements and adventures to the rest of the world; for in spite of his many faults, the not too critical reader can find much true enjoyment through reading one of his stories of "Out-of-Doors."

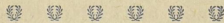
M. H., '17.

Noyes to tell of England's Part in the War

ALFRED NOYES, accompanied by his wife, has recently arrived in New York from England. He intends delivering a series of lectures on Great Britain's part in the war and also to conduct an advanced English course at Princeton University. Since he left eight months ago, he has been enthusiastically engaged in war relief work of various kinds. In this work, his wife has also been busily engaged. He expects to return to England in May to lecture before the Royal Institute.



It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he who can perceive it hath it not.—Jeremy Taylor.



The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.—Johnson.

Acadia Boys in Khaki



YOU ask, "What part has Acadia played in the Great War?" Briefly this: Acadia has sent forth over three hundred of her sons for the defence of our Empire. They are to be found in all branches of the service, infantry, artillery, army service corps, army medical corps, the navy, and so forth, all doing their bit for king and country. Of these, nearly one hundred are in the Highland Brigade, twenty of whom are officers, and chief-of-all stands our president, Major George Barton Cutten, holding the high position of honor and responsibility in Nova Scotia, in command of the 246th Highland Battalion now at Halifax, and also chief recruiting officer for the province. His name has rung far and wide through Canada as "Acadia's Fighting President." Among those who have rendered noble service we must not forget Lieut.-Colonel C. J. Mercerau, who showed particular bravery in carrying some important dispatches during the Ypres engagement, when he was severely wounded. His recovery was slow. While in the London hospital he received a visit from the King and Queen. He is now of the Headquarters Staff, Halifax. Acadia had two Rhodes scholars in England at the first of the war, Harvey Todd Reid, of Trinity College, and Vere Karsdale Mason. These both enlisted? Mr. Reid with "the first hundred thousand" as second lieutenant in the artillery. He was soon promoted to First Lieutenant but later was severely wounded. Mr. Mason received his lieutenancy in the 11th Suffolk regiment, and was killed in action in August, 1916.

Three Acadia men have been honored by the Military Cross:—

Captain Barry W. Roscoe, 1902.
Lieutenant Walter C. Lawson, 1914.
Lieutenant Eric R. Dennis, 1915.

We are glad that our college is playing such a large place in the Empire's cause. We are proud of the noble spirit of her sons; but sorrow has touched our hearts, for many of these gallant lads will never return. Their last resting places are in the battle-scarred fields of France and Belgium. An incomplete list follows:—

Pte. E. Benjamin, A. C. A., killed Mar., 1916.
Gunner G.W.L. Blackadar, ex 1916, killed Nov., 1916.
Pte. H. Cox, ex 1915, died Oct., 1916.
Captain L. H. Curry, 1905, killed Oct., 1915.
Pte. Chas. W. Fitch, ex 1916, died May, 1916.
Pte. V. C. Elderkin, ex 1908, killed June, 1915.
Pte. W. Elderkin, A. C. A., killed July, 1915.
Sapper L. Ingraham, ex 1916, Sapper P. Ilsley, ex 1914, killed and buried together, April, 1916.
Major S. J. Jones, died of wounds, June, 1916.
Lieut. V. R. Mason, 1914, killed Aug., 1916.
Lieut. G. McGregor, A. C. A., killed Nov., 1916.
Captain H. H. Pineo, 1912, killed July, 1916.
Prisoners of war in Germany:
A. C. March, '10.
Don. Chas, ex '16.

THE following is an extract from a letter to his father written by Henry Burton DeWolfe from Epsom, England, Aug. 20, 1916. DeWolfe is a member of the Princess Patricia's Battalion, and was wounded June 2, 1916, at the third battle of Ypres:

"It was Wednesday night, the thirtieth of May, 1916, and No. 4 Company of the "Princess Patricia's" was lined up in the courtyard of the Chateau Belge. The company had been quartered

there for the past week, while it was doing its rest after a spell in the trenches. That rest meant that we worked all night and slept all day, doing perhaps more actual labor than we would in a fortnight in the trenches. But that was over and to-night the Battalion was going into the fighting line.

"We were waiting for the rest of the Battalion to pass. It had been quartered at B. Camp farther back toward Poperinghe and consequently, since we were the last company in the Battalion it had to pass us on the way up the line. It was growing dark while we waited and the flares were beginning to soar out there in the dusk over those long, irregular ditches, the trenches. Every now and then there would be a crash and then a rumbling noise like a street car. That would be one of our own guns hurling its projectile against the enemy miles away.

"Most of us in No. 13 Platoon were quite new to the game. "Thirteen" had suffered several casualties in the last trip in the trenches, and consequently its ranks had to be filled from the new drafts that had come up from Le Havre, where we had been training. Charlie Darling and I had been placed in Ernest Barss' section. Brigden, Forbes, De Breuil and several others were distributed among the other sections of the platoon.

"At last the first three companies had filed past, and so after an interval we followed them, rifles slung across our shoulders, shrapnel helmets pressed down on our heads and held underneath the chin by a leather strap. Each platoon kept a distance of about 150 or 200 yards between it and the next. Why? Because when a shrapnel shell bursts it has an effective zone about 50 yards wide and 200 yards long, and if a shell did burst above one platoon, it could only harm that one if the others kept their correct distance.

"On we marched over the rough cobbles and the shell-shattered roads. At length we were entering a village. Collins, who was marching next to me, pointed to a corner ahead. "That is Hell-Fire Corner" he said. 'Hardly a day passes but the Allemands place a few shells

somewhere about here.' And he spoke the truth, for one could see that the houses were riddled and torn by shrapnel; here and there the whole side would be done. The very tree on the corner was stripped of almost every vestige of green, a dead thing in a town of the dead.

"We left the main road at 'Hell-fire Corner' and turned across the fields toward Zillibeke. We could see the flares more plainly now. They seemed to be only a mile away. Up they would shoot a long streak of light, and falling they would burst, and shed a light as bright as day all around them. We began to hear things, too; first, the stutter of a machine gun, then perhaps the crack of a single rifle, and high above us would be a roar like that of an express train. That would be a heavy shell.

"Soon it came my turn to carry the ration bag. Collins slipped it off his own and onto my shoulders with a grunt of relief.

Well, here we were at the Zillibeke dugouts, and here we entered the mouth of the communication trench. It was high, either side rising comfortably above one's head. The sides were built up and made firm with sand bags, and the floor, or trench mat, as it is called, kept one's feet out of the mud.

"On we went, an interminable distance, and I handed the ration bag over to Ernest Barss, heaving a sigh of relief in my turn.

"We were beginning to meet the fellows coming out, the chaps whom we were relieving. We had to press close in to the side of the trench to let them pass. They had only had two casualties, one killed and one wounded, and the shelling had not been very heavy, but they were glad to get out. That would mean two days to eat and sleep and rest before they had to do anything.

"Poor chaps little did they know that two days later they would be back in those same trenches with half of them dead, wounded or dying.

At last we reached our destination. No. 4 Company was to be in support for four days, then we would be another four days in the front line. We were allotted dugouts. Ernest Barss, Darling, Bishop, Collins and myself

crowded into a little place dug in the side of a bank. When we had got our equipment off, we found that we could just squeeze in comfortably. The floor was covered two inches deep in sand bags, and it promised to be the softest bed that we had had for weeks.

"We ate a little bread and jam, and then turned in to sleep the sleep of those who had toiled hard and earned the right to rest.

I awoke about eleven o'clock the next morning. Ernest and Charlie Darling were singing. Bishop was reading a magazine, and Collins was cooking breakfast over a couple of candles—candles because we could not light a fire. Fire meant smoke and smoke meant that we should have the kind attention of the German batteries.

"Breakfast over, Ernest crawled to the door of the dug-out, to watch the shelling of a field about two hundred yards away. The German shells were tearing up a beautiful strip of pasture land, but otherwise doing no harm. I dropped off to sleep again, knowing I would have little chance to sleep after dark, for night-time means work-time at the front. And sure enough, as soon as it was dusk each platoon was mustered and we set off, wearing skeleton equipment, that is, bayonet and full ammunition pouches, and our rifles, of course. A corporal of the Engineers was put in charge of our party, and he led us along the communication trench to the dump where they kept the picks, shovels and sand bags. No. 3 Company was holding the communication trench. Many of the boys had been in our own company in Shorncliffe.

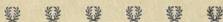
"Halloo ! old cockfighter" shouted O'Leary, a jovial Irishman with a sense of humor that could not be quenched. To-morrow he would be blown to pieces by a shell, but he did not know that.

"As soon as we were fitted out, each man with a shovel and a load of sandbags, we proceeded on up the trench to the reserve line. We found that we were to mend the parapet, which had been shattered by a shell during the day. We worked quietly and we worked hard.


All was darkness except when a flare burst. When one did we were in full view of the enemy, only one hundred and fifty yards away, but there was little danger of their seeing us if we kept perfectly still while the flare was up. We toiled on. Hardly a word was spoken, save perhaps a caution to keep still when a flare burst. Crash ! A roar like hell let loose not forty yards away, and then another crash further away towards the enemy's line. Ernest explained that it was one of our trench mortars. Again all was quit, that is, comparatively quiet. There was still the stutter of the machine guns and the whine of stray bullets overhead. Crash ! . . . Cra-a-ash ! . . . Again the trench mortar. Then the darkness was split like a knife. Crack ! Crack ! Crack ! Crack ! A machine gun tore off about thirty rounds. We could hear the bullets swish past, or we thought we could. Then all was quiet again. At last we were finished, and we plodded back to our dug-outs, only to find that we had to exchange with 14 Platoon and spend the night in the open trench, or rather the morning, for it was already three o'clock."

The above carries the narrative to three o'clock, the morning of June 2. The bombardment which preceded the attack by the Germans, began at about 8.45, the attack itself about 2 p. m. Of this narrative Mr. DeWolfe says: "I have written everything just exactly as it happened, as nearly as I can remember it, and thought you might like to know what I really saw." Yours with love,

BURTON.



Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.—Franklin.



The Month

WE are now on the verge of that fateful period in the college year, known to every Acadia student as "mid-year's." We have been dreading its approach, but we consoled ourselves with the fact that the Christmas holidays were near, in which we could forget our troubles. But now they are past and gone, and we must face the inevitable. Each student looks forward with varied hopes and fears. Let us hope that each one will find that the anticipated difficulties are not nearly so large in reality.

PROPYLAEUM SOCIETY

DURING the month of December, the girls have made a canvass of the town for magazines for soldiers. With the help of the Boy Scouts a large number were collected, packed and sent away.

The programme for the meeting of December 6th was left in the hands of the girls of 1919. It was as follows:

Clause I—Solo, Helen Ganter, '19.

Clause II—Chatter-ton (e); minstel show, Sophettes.

Clause III—Mo (o) re; synopsis, Marion Reid.

The Christmas meeting was held in a gayly decorated club room, on the 13th of December. The programme was:—

Clause I—Solo, Helen Guter, '19.

Clause II—Reading, Marion Giffin, '17.

Clause III—Trio, Helen Ganter, '19; Faye Marshall, '17; Marion Reid, '19.

Clause IV—Synopsis, Violet Sleep.

Clause V—Christmas Spirit, Marjorie Harrington, '17.

Instead of exchanging small gifts and following the custom of former years, the girls brought toys and other gifts for the children out on the South Mountain, who had their entertainment the following night.

Y. M. C. A.

IN speaking of the Y. M. C. A. work, one of the interesting features has been the monthly visits to the County Poor Farm, by a number of the students, for the purpose of carrying on social work. The visits are made on Sunday afternoons, when a short song service is conducted. All those who have taken part in the work, feel that the effort is worth while.

Another feature of the work which is being carried on, is the Bible study classes, under the leadership of Professor Balcom and Dr. Thompson. These classes, which meet once a week, have been well attended.

The meetings which have been held during the last few weeks, have been fairly representative of the student body. On the evening of Nov. 22, Mr. Armitage spoke on the hymn, "Lead Kindly Light." He said that the author, J. H. Newman, while writing the hymn, was passing through a period of great perplexity.

On Nov. 29, Dr. Spidle discussed four well-known hymns—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," "How Firm a Foundation," "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Abide With Me." Afterwards, the students sang the four hymns with a great deal of feeling.

On Dec. 13, Dr. Coit addressed the Y. M. C. A. upon the subject of "Preparedness." He said in part: "We fail to prepare for the spiritual realms because we allow temporal things to engage our time and attention. We can prepare for the spiritual world by studying ourselves—our faults, habits, etc."

Echoes from the Y. M. C. A. Meetings

THE prayers we send to God on high
In selfish terms are couched,
We read John 16:23
And think their answers vouched.

We sign "our names" in letters large,
Per Jesus Christ we add—
A sort of postage stamp we think,
Or is it just a fad.

These prayers reach God, and more than that,
They reach His rubbish lot;
We then conclude prayer doesn't pay
As it is answered not.

But let us pray as pray we ought—
Being God's ambassadors—
And sign them foremost "Jesus Christ,"
Then per (that name of ours).

Such prayers are filed by God Himself;
Such orders quickly filled;
And joy will be your full reward
For praying as He willed.

T. M., '20.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

ON December 15th the Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical contest was held in College Hall before an attentive audience. There were only three contestants this year and even these were new faces on the Acadia platform. Mr. C. G. Copeland, '19, spoke on "Kitchener"; Mr. Chas. Corey, '20, on "Aviation"; and Mr. R. B. Smallman, '17, on "Kitchener." The judges awarded the prizes as follows:—

1st Prize, given by Ralph M. Hunt, \$25, to R. B. Smallman, '17.

2nd Prize, given by W. M. Manning, \$15, to C. G. Copeland, '19.

It is to be regretted that there was not more competition. Surely prizes of the above amounts should spur many to enter their names. Next year we hope to see at least six enter this Oratorical Contest.

THE SENIOR CLASS SLEIGH DRIVE.

THE snow lay a soft, white blanket over the ground that night of November when the Seniors set forth on their sleigh drive. It was early in the year for this form of festivity, but that only added spice to our enjoyment. The sky was thoughtful and lighted up the stars to give us light.

The road glided back under the swift-moving runners and the sleigh bells jingled a musical accompaniment to our talk and laughter. As soon as Tully Tavern was behind us we gave the yell, and after we had gathered all our crowd we started the old songs that all Acadia students love to sing.

Professor and Mrs. Perry proved most charming chaperons, and made us feel they were having a good time amid our songs and noise. The road to Kentville was all too short, and we enjoyed every minute of the drive.

Arrived in Kentville we sought its Palace of Amusements and were entertained by a charming and artistic programme. The Freshmen had also taken advantage of the snow and visited Kentville. They tried to provide us extra entertainment in the shape of impromptu songs and speeches, and we encouraged them in the good work.

After Nickel we went to "Teddy's," where we partook of a delicious repast. "Teddy" is a genial old soul and did his best to make us feel at home.

Then came the drive home, warmly wrapped under the winter sky. Again we raised our voices in song without, however, waking the dwellers along the road who had long since blown out the lights. The night was not cold but only bracing and the swift motion of the sleighs was delightful.

Somewhere between early and late we came upon Wolfville streets again and drove down to test the quality of Hughie's oyster stews. They proved to be delicious and we attacked them with hearty appetites.

When the stars were beginning to feel a little weary and wonder how far off their rest time lay, the class of 1917 gave a last yell at the door of Tully Tavern and brought an end to a delightful episode in the history of their famous class.

Y. M. C. A.

THE work of the Y. W. C. A. has been progressing quietly. Under existing circumstances it was not thought advisable to give a play or a concert this year, so another method of raising money for the Muskoka fund is being tried. Each member of the society is asked to earn two dollars, or, if she cannot earn it, to contribute it out of her own pocket. The plan has been met with a fair amount of enthusiasm and some of the girls have already earned the required sum.

Two Bible study groups have been formed, one under the leadership of Dr. DeWolfe, and one under Professor Balcom. The attendance at these groups is very good.

The Sunday morning meetings have been unusually helpful and interesting. Three of them have been led by persons who are not members of the society. Professor Hannay spoke on "The War—a failure of Christianity?" Mrs. Foote gave an interesting talk on "Korean Missions" and Mrs. Spidle told about the "Benefits of Christianity."

ATHENÆUM SOCIETY.

ON Saturday evening, December 2nd, the Athenæum Society opened their meeting to their public. After the usual business meeting, Rev. Herbert W. Piercy, reader and interpreter of Biblical literature, who is travelling through Canada giving his recitals in different centers, delighted the audience with several of his splendid selections. Among these was Henry Van Dykes' "The Other

Wise Man," which he presented in brief form. The hearty cheer given by the students at the close of the meeting was an indication of their appreciation of his work. The Athenaeum Society considers itself very fortunate in having secured Mr. Piercy's services for that evening.

On Saturday evening, December 16th, the Society met to elect its officers for the ensuing term. They are:

President—C. G. Schurman, '17.

Vice-President—I. W. Clarke, '18.

Treasurer—Geo. Nowlan, '19.

Secretary—R. McNeil, '20.

After the election of officers, the debate between the Seniors and Sophomores took place. The resolution read: "Resolved that the United States can justify the position she has taken toward the recent trouble in Mexico." The Senior team, composed of A. P. Watson (leader), J. C. Manzer, and C. G. Schurman, had the affirmative side, and the Sophomore team, composed of Geo. Nowlan (leader), G. T. Mitton, and F. M. Archibald had the negative. The affirmative claimed that the Americans had a right to go into Mexico to catch Villa and improve the condition of the country by lessening the activities of bandits, and that their intervention was justified by International Law. The negative claimed that the United States had followed no fixed policy toward Mexico and that she was responsible for the conditions of affairs there because she refused to recognize Huerta. They also proved that the United States has failed in its duty to protect its own citizens in Mexico. The judges awarded the decision to the negative.

Rivaling the debate in interest was the report of the critic Mr. H. Densmore, '18. He was very impartial in his hits, giving the members of both sides their share. He delighted the audience with his sage remarks and sly humor. His was the best critic's report we have had this year.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

ON January 12th the Science Society held their election of new officers for the second term. They are:

President—H. Lawrence, Eng.

Vice-Pres.—I. Clarke, '18.

Sect.-Treas. D. Stewart, '19.

Recording Sect., J. Dobson, '20.

The Recording Committee are J. F. Wright (chairman), A. Cole, D. McLean and C. Bezanson.

The Science Society has not held regular meetings during the past term but they are now planning a series of lectures and a programme for the remainder of the year.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS PARTY.

THURSDAY, December 12th was the day chosen by the Sophomores for their first class party. Dr. Chute's classroom had been prettily decorated, and it was here that the class members assembled to enjoy an evening's fun. The entertaining committee had done its work well, and there were no slow moments to take away from the general good time. Games, readings by two of the class boys, and a humorous recollection written in verse of last year's class party, formed the entertainment. Fudge was served and later the hall echoed with college songs, as every one gathered around the piano. Then, in order that the evening might not be ended in quite the usual way, a promenade was suggested, and as the Sophomores marched across "Acadia Street," the Profs. and Wolfvilleites were greeted with the familiar "Sigaliga——" Altogether the evening was a tremendous success.

SEMINARY NOTES.

THE annual Seminary Fair held under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. took place during the afternoon and evening of Nov. 24th.

The candy, fancy work and banner booths were cleverly and appropriately decorated and as always were centres of interest. Almost every one took advantage of the great opportunity afforded by the fortune-tellers who, for the magnificent sum of ten cents, revealed all the mysteries of the past, present and future. The "fat lady" and the "pocket lady," the latter replacing the usual "fish-pond," were special features this year. Both the tea-room and the side show were well patronized and each in its way thoroughly appreciated. At the close of the evening a competent auctioneer succeeded in disposing of most of the unsold articles.

No pains were spared to make the fair a success and although the attendance seemed somewhat smaller than usual, the sum of \$165 was realized. The proceeds from the tea room were given to the Red Cross Society.

Faculty Concert

ON Friday evening, November the 24th, the Faculty of Acadia Ladies Seminary presented the delightful programme given below.

Professor McKee's playing and Miss Gaines' reading are well known to Wolfville audiences, but by this recital they undoubtedly strengthened their reputations. Miss Eadie, in her musicianly rendition of Handel's Sonata, and in the pure, sympathetic tones and splendid technique of her well chosen group, won much admiration. Miss Gay who graduated with honor from the New England Conservatory, is a natural musician and plays with the brilliancy and finish of an artist. The vocalist on this programme, Miss Bailey, has a distinctly lyric voice. Her varied repertoire on this occasion brought out a sweetness and flexibility of voice not often heard in a young singer.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

FACULTY CONCERT

Acadia Seminary

Conservatory of Music

College Hall, Friday Evening, Nov. 24, 1916

MR. CARLOLL C. McKEE	Pianist
MISS ZAIDA GAINES	Reader
MISS BESSIE M. EADIE	Violinist
MISS ALICE VERNICE GAY	Pianist
MISS LEILA SWEET BAILEY	Vocalist

Programme.

Sonata: Piano and Violin *Haldel*

MR. McKEE, MISS EADIE

Vissi D'Arte, Vissi D'Amore (Tosca) *Puccini*

MISS BAILEY

Sonata in C Major (Waldstein) *Beethoven*

Allegro con brio

MISS GAY

The Twelve Pound Look (A one act Play) *J. M. Barrie*

MISS GAINES

Mazurka *Wtynarnski*Southern Melody *Gaylord Yost*

Shepherd's Dance

Torch Dance *Edward German*

From Music to Shakespeare's Henry VII.

MISS EADIE

Love's Epitome *Mary Turner Salter*

Since First I Met Thee

She is Mine

In the Garden

Dear Hand, Close Held In Mine

Requiem

MISS BAILEY

Barcarolle in A Minor *Rubinstein*L'isle Joyeuse *Debussy*

MISS GAY

Accompaniments by Mr. McKee.

GOD SAVE THE KING

Shakespeare Tercentenary

AN entertainment to celebrate the Shakespeare Tercentenary was given in College Hall, December the fifth, by the students of the Senior expression class of Acadia Seminary, under the direction of Miss Gaines and her able assistant, Miss Borne.

The first part of the programme, consisting of scenes from three of the best known plays, gave evidence of much thoughtful preparation. Great care was taken to produce beautiful stage settings and costumes harmonizing with the period. A charming little fantasy formed the second part of the programme. The costumes, a study in black and white, were particularly effective, and the whole atmosphere created by the characters was delightfully appealing.

The students were assisted by Miss Eadie and the Seminary Orchestra. Their music, which added much to the entertainment, was greatly appreciated.

PROGRAM

PART I.

Act II. Scene II. from "Romeo and Juliet"

Scene: Capulet's orchard, Verona.

Romeo, son to Montague Vera Parker

Juliet, daughter to Capulet Dorothy Silver (Junior)

Viola Solos: "The Shepherd's Dance"

"The Torch Dance" Edward German

(From "Henry the VII. Dances")

MISS BESSIE EADIE

Act I. Scene V. from "Twelfth Night"

Scene: the Countess Olivia's garden, in Illyria.

Maria, Olivia's gentlewoman Gordon Herkins

Olivia, a Countess Maude Slipp (Special)

.. Viola, Page to the Duke Nita MacDonald

Attendants: Gwendolyn Marr and Mary MacLean

Act I. Scene II. from "The Merchant of Venice"

Scene: Portia's garden in Belmont

Portia, a rich heiress Leah Whidden

Nerissa, her Waiting-maid Gordon Herkins

Musical Numbers: "Desdemona" Waltzes K. L. King

"Rendezvous" W. Aletter

ORCHESTRA

PART II.

The Maker of Dreams Oliphant Down

(A Fantasy in One Act)

Scene. a kitchen

Pierrette Evelyn Cogswell

Pierrot Gladys Gibson

The Manufacturer Lillian Kitchen.

GOD SAVE THE KING

Students' Recital

ON the Friday following the faculty concert the students of the Seminary gave a recital representative of the work being done in the music and expression departments. The well-selected program was pronounced by everyone to be unusually good and worthy of professionals. The success of these programs is not a little due to the large and responsive audiences.

Program

- I. Piano: Sonata in D. Major.....*Clementi*
MIRIAM COIT
- II. Piano Duett: Country Dance.....*Nevin*
AIDA BOYER ELSA PAYSON
- III. Song: The Holy Child.....*Shelley*
GLADYS GIBBON
- IV. Piano: Poupee Valsante.....*Poldini*
MARION GRANT
- V. Trio: Slumber Song*Nevin*
MARIE HAY ROBERT BISHOP HELEN KITCHEN
- VI. Monolog: In the Wings*Cooke*
LILLIAN KITCHEN
- VII. Piano: Sonata Pathetique.....*Beethoven*
Grave Allegro Con brio
LAURIE BARRON
- VIII. Song: A Rose in Heaven.....*Trottere*
NETTIE COLPITTS
- IX. Piano: Fantasie Impromptu.....*Chopin*
DULCIE POLLARD
- X. Story. An Abandoned Elopement.....*Lincoln*
(From "Cap'n Eri")
VERA PARKER
- XI. Piano: Prelude in C. Sharp Minor.....*Rachmaninoff*
LILLIAN RUSSELL
- XII. Song: Know'st Thou Not That Fair Land.....*Thomas*
EDITH STAPLES
- XIII. Piano: En Automme*Moskowski*
HELEN KITCHEN
- XIV. Song: My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice.....*Saint-Saens*
(From 'Samson and Delilah')
SEMINARY GLEE CLUB
God Save the King.

ACADEMY NOTES.

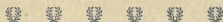
THE work of the school was resumed on January 3rd with some slight changes in the teaching staff. All the students have returned, after spending a pleasant vacation, to take up the work of the new term. We are glad to see a number of new students coming in; we congratulate them for having begun the New Year right, and hope they will adopt the "Acadian Spirit" and join with us in helping to maintain the sacred traditions of A. C. A.

On the evening before the students left for their homes, Dec. 18th, a Christmas dinner was given in the dining hall. A number of guests were present, and after a most delightful meal, which was enjoyed by all, addresses were given by Rev. W. L. Archibald, J. E. Howe and others, which were enjoyed by all present.

We all join in extending our heartiest good wishes, for the coming year, to the matron, Mrs. Marshall, who has done much to make our stay at A. C. A. a pleasant one.

All the societies of the school are in a favorable condition, and we hope that the new year will be a prosperous one.

We are glad to see the boys take so much interest in hockey, and although the weather has been rather warm for ice making, we have had several practices, and our team promises to be a husky one. Much credit is due our captain, Mr. A. O. Ayre.



War, war is still the cry—war even to the knife.—
Byron.

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLIII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1917

No. 2

R. ELDERKIN, '19, and E. ROBERTSON, '20, Assistants.

A. C. HAYFORD, '19, *Month*.RUTH WOODWORTH, '17, *Exchanges*.C. G. SCHEURMAN, '17, *Jokes*.HELEN GANTER, '19, *Personals*.F. ARCHIBALD, '19, *Mgr. of Circulation*.HELEN CUSHING, '17, *Athletics*.B. G. SPRACKLIN, '18, *Business Mgr.*GORDON HERKINS, *Seminary*.J. A. SMITH, *Academy*.

R. ELDERKIN, '19, and R. ROBERTSON, '20, Assistants.



Editorial



There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. —Shakespeare.

ALL too quickly have the holidays passed away and we find ourselves back at work endeavoring to weather the storms of Midyear Examinations. Now the day of reckoning has come. Have we accomplished anything in our half year of school, or have we been negligent of the opportunities presented to us? The holidays were passed quietly as a time of rest. They could not be merry, for there were too many empty chairs and emptier hearts; but they were happy in the thought that, under such circumstances of war, our soldier boys could not have acted otherwise than they have done; they could not have remained at home. Proud are we of their noble spirit of self-sacrifice. Proud are we that Acadia is helping, both in spirit and in men, the cause of Empire and of right. Would that we, who are forced to remain in the homeland, might see to it that whatever responsibility is placed

upon us may be undertaken in the same spirit of self-sacrifice and loyalty.

More fully than ever before we realize the seriousness of life. Too great issues are at stake today to allow ourselves to be utterly disregarding of them. Our lives must be influenced by the move of the world crisis. No longer can we be actuated by selfish impulses alone. Let us seize every opportunity that is presented to us to better the condition of man. Especially when we reach the Senior year in college do we regret the lost opportunities of our earlier school years. What grand chances for accomplishment were allowed to slip past us, unheeded. The above verse from Shakespeare shows clearly the correct attitude to take. It is well to keep in mind the fact that our college days are the preparation for life. Opportunities may be presented which may mean success to us; but if neglected, may place the career of our lives among the shallows of failure.

I wonder if we students are really awake to the fact that we are today living in the greatest period of the world's history. What a grand and glorious privilege it is to be alive and young in these stirring times, which may indeed be the culmination of modern history, the point of greatest importance to posterity. Looking at the war as but an incident in the whole history of the world, is it not but a phase of the old struggle between progress and retrogression? The whole spirit that has made for progress through the ages, that of justice and altruism, is in deadly combat with the enemy of human advance—brute force and force alone. The world is in danger of losing faith in man—the only hope for the world is at stake. Fellow-students, are we deaf to the call that comes to us? We shall be rewarded in direct proportion to the suffering that we are willing to endure. If we value the principles of right enough to help fight for them, if we are willing to suffer and endure hardship for its cause, we shall indeed enter into the joys of service and victory: but if we stand aloof refusing to see the peril in which the world stands, we are in truth dead to the true spirit of our times, we have missed the call of

the age, we are traitors not only to our country but to our God. Franklin was mistaken when he said, "There never was a good war or a bad peace"; for in what respect is a peace "good" if it is but a declaration of the triumph of evil; as peace with Germany at the present time would be. A declaration of peace today would mean to the German people the vindication of their false ideas of might, right, treaties, justice, honor, and the rest of their falacious teaching. Never must the war stop until the lesson is so drilled into their perverted minds that they shall never forget that not might, nor industry, nor power, but "righteousness exalteth a nation." Then and then only can lasting peace be made; but until that time shall come the sword must not be sheathed. Is it in vain that our comrades, classmates and brothers have given their lives to attain the goal? Their spirits call to us to finish the work that they have begun; to maintain the right, to crush the wrong. Comrades, we must not, we dare not be traitors to them! **AWAKE! AWAKE! TO ARMS! TO VICTORY!**

Debate A topic which soon will loom up as of great importance in the Acadia world is the Intercollegiate Debate. We have the pleasure this year of welcoming Mount Allison upon our debating platform at Acadia. She has submitted the subject: "Resolved, that the government of Great Britain is more democratic than that of the United States." The subject, we admit, is of very large scope but in reply to a request for definitions, the question is somewhat narrowed down. The "government" does not include local or municipal, nor does it take into account changes wrought by the war: "democratic is interpreted as meaning "expressing the wishes of the people." Acadia has decided to maintain the affirmative in the debate, which will probably take place about the first of March. Mount Allison has ever shown herself a worthy opponent of Acadia and if we add another debate to our credit this year the more glory is ours. Now is the time to work up some enthusiasm over this matter. Remember Acadia

has only been beaten in debate three times in thirteen years; a record that no other Eastern college can show and one of which we should be justly proud. Also remember that it was Mt. Allison in 1912 who gave Acadia her first defeat in the series from 1904. Can we not win back our laurels this year. It will mean study, perseverance, and ceaseless labor, but it most certainly can be accomplished if the team receives the hearty co-operation of all.

Elocution

There is a widespread feeling among the students that more attention should be paid to public speaking. In fact they consider it of such importance that they believe it should be made a part of the curriculum of the college. The need has already been seen in regard to the theological students and a course is required of them in elocution; but why should the course be open to them alone? Is not the need for public expression of the public man, the lawyer, the politician, the professional man, the business man, or in fact any man who has achieved prominence, as great as that of the clergyman? The direct, personal, spoken word is the most powerful means for the conveyance of ideas. A man's vast knowledge is placed under a heavy handicap if it cannot be transmitted into other minds by the most forceful of all means, namely, personal expression. Why should not college students (who are the coming leaders of the country) be taught the art of addressing an audience? At Acadia the matter has come to a head and a recommendation has been placed with the Faculty that credits toward all the University degrees be given for work in Elocution. We feel the need of such a course; we are convinced that such a course would more fully fit men for life's tasks; we maintain that Acadia is not doing all she might for her students if she disregards this important side of true education.

Singing

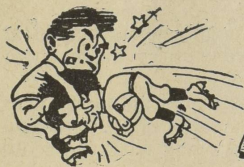
There is one thing that is noticeably lacking among lacking among the Acadia students this year. We are not singing. There is no vim to our singing in chapel, prayer-meeting, on college occasions, or at any time when a good rousing song

would cheer us up. What new spirit has come among us that has silenced our music? But a few years ago, a group of our students would no sooner gather together than up would start some good old Acadia song. It was good to hear them. It showed that they were alive; that they had the Acadia spirit; that they thought life was worth the living. Surely we are not becoming so dead that we are going to let singing drop. In order that the newer students may learn the songs, several Acadia Nights are going to be held in College Hall. Let everyone buy one of the new song books and join in the music. We can make these song practices a source of great entertainment if we only will. Mount Allison debates here at Acadia in about a month's time. Can we not get together, practice old songs and yells and in addition compose some new songs for that great occasion? Come let us unite in this matter and renew the spirit of song.

**A Few
Pointers**

We should like to direct the attention of the contributors of the Athenaeum to a few points which, if heeded, will greatly assist us in editing the material, and in addition, will result in a better magazine. First of all, write only on one side of the paper, and let that paper be of uniform size, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ ". Then write clearly, and punctuate carefully—typewrite whenever possible. Hand in your contributions as early as possible. Don't pile up all the work on the editor at the last moment. After all, he's human, you know.

In regard to the literary merit of the material handed in, some criticism has been received regarding the fact that we are attempting themes which are not suited for undergraduate students. Cannot we produce something simple, something more in accord with college life? Let us drop a good deal of our ornate style and attempted plots, and give plain, straightforward narration. It will be much more appreciated, and in reality makes for much better student literature. Improvement has been shown in this issue, but the "Athenaeum" still falls far short of what we should produce as Acadia students.



ATHLETICS

AS stated in a former issue, this branch of College activities has been limited. During the past month most of the energy has been directed into the channel of basket-ball. Girls and boys alike have eagerly practiced at this fascinating and strenuous sport.

ACADIA 21, PORT WILLIAMS 5.

The Acadia Girls' Basket-ball team played the first game against Port Williams at Wolfville on December seventh. According to custom "lines" were adhered to one half, while the other period was "all over the floor." Unfortunately the Boys' Scout building is incapable of providing for spectators. However, several watched the game from the doorway. The line-up was as follows:

ACADIA

Forwards

Betty Starratt	Lillian Chase
Mildred Harvey	Pearl Lingley

Centres

Helen Cushing	Helen Kidston
Dorothy Alward	Evelyn Seaberry

Guards

Ruth Elderkin	Queenie Regan
Faye Marshall	Millie Falconer

PORT WILLIAMS

The spares, much to their disappointment, were not needed. From the first, fate seemed to favor us. An encouraging cheer was given at intervals to spur on the Acadia team. Ruth got in some excellent guarding, and the forwards improved every favorable opportunity. The first half ended with the score in favor of the home team. During the second period there was a good deal of bunching, but the game continued to be interesting. The game ended with the score twenty-one to five in favor of Acadia.

PORT WILLIAMS 18; ACADIA 5.

On December 14th the return game was played at Port Williams. An Acadia crowd went over to cheer the team.

The first half ended with the score at 9-3 in favor of the Port. During the second half Acadia played an especially hard, fast game but the end came with the score 18-5 in our opponents' favor.

Unaccustomed to spectators, our players were disconcerted by the watching crowd. The baskets were further out from the wall than ours, which caused our shooting to be poor. This game was characterized by rough, individual play and was not nearly as good basket-ball as the first game. The line-up was as follows:

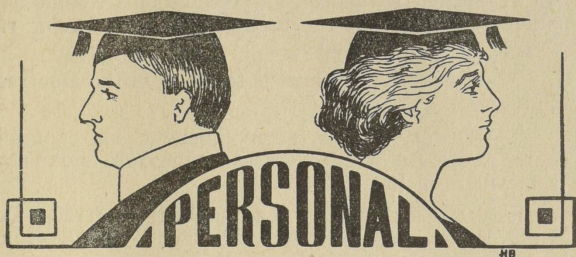
ACADIA		PORT WILLIAMS
Forwards		
Mildred Harvey		Lillian Chase
Dorothy Schurman		Daisy Colmar
Centres		
Helen Cushing		Helen Kidston
Minta Hatfield		Evelyn Seaberry
Guards		
Faye Marshall		Queenie Regan
Ruth Elderkin		Millie Falconer

The Port girls were splendid hosts and the remainder of the evening passed pleasantly amid the aroma of coffee, followed by the exhilaration of Dan Tucker and Sir Roger.

At present the boys are trying to make arrangements to have the rink at certain periods for hockey practice. Inter-class games are looked forward to, and a game with Kings is being planned.

The girls' hockey practices will start, we hope, in the early future.

Mr. Watson, captain of the boys' basket-ball team, is working hard and hopes to develop a creditable team. The Freshmen, particularly, seem to show some good athletic material. A track team under Carey was picked to run in the Bulmer relay race and the members were sorely disappointed when this race had to be called off. The Freshmen have both a basket-ball team and a hockey team and both are doing splendid work.



'79—Rev. C. K. Harrington, missionary in Japan, is enjoying his furlough in Canada.

'87—Rev. C. W. Corey, of Nelson, B. C., has been granted an indefinite leave of absence to enlist in the 196th Battalion.

'95—Rev. W. R. Foote has returned to Corea, his furlough having expired.

'97—Isobel Davidson is teaching in Beverley, Mass.

'98—Rev. A. F. Newcombe has resigned his pastorate at Fredericton and has accepted a call to Brandon, Man.

'01—Rev. A. S. Lewis has resigned his pastorate at Windsor and has accepted a call to Regina.

'07—Rev. J. C. Peacock has accepted a call to Isaac's Harbor.

'08—Rev. R. P. Hayden, pastor of the Baptist church at Oxford, recently attended Billy Sunday's revival meetings in Boston.

'10—Rev. C. G. Warren has resigned his pastorate at Bridgetown and has accepted a call to Brunswick St. Church Fredericton, N. B.

'12—Lt. Ernest Baker is acting adjutant of the 246th Battalion.

'12—Mary Porter is teaching at Port Morien, C. B.

'12—Ralph Donaldson has received his commission as lieutenant and has returned to the front, having recovered from his wounds.

'13—Harry P. Lockhart is teaching in the Montreal High School.

'14—Oliver Graves, after finishing his captain's course at Halifax, went overseas as a private and is now "somewhere in France."

Ex '14—George Page was married to Grace De-Wolfe, Ex '16, in May, 1916. Mr. Page is now working in a munition factory in Rome, N. Y.

'14—Mary Raymond is on the staff of the library department at Simmon's College, Boston.

'14—Ethel Wigmore is librarian at the University of Maine, Orono, Me.

'14—Ada Johnson is librarian is at the Social Service Library, West Roxbury, Mass.

'15—Rev. John W. Meisner was married to Gertrude Gates in the Baptist Church, Port Williams, on Dec. 6th, 1916.

'15—Margaret Elderkin is teaching grade VII in the Sydney Mines school.

'15—Hazel Clarke is one of the district secretaries of the U. B. W. M. U. of New Brunswick.

'15—Rev. A. Gibson and his wife spent the Christmas holidays at Greenfield.

Ex '15—Cecil Woodworth was married to Gertrude Dickie at Port William on December 27th.

'14—Rev. H. Percy Everett has accepted a call to the Baptist Church in Dauphin, Manitoba.

'15—J. G. McKay was married on December 25th at Calgary to Miss Annie B. McRae, of Black River, N. B. "J. G." has received an overseas appointment in the military Y. M. C. A., with the honorary rank of captain.

Ex '13—We are sorry to learn that Lieut. Lloyd Black of the 85th Highland Battalion has been wounded. He is the first Acadia boy in the Highland Brigade to have thus been unfortunate.

'15—Lloyd Swim is studying medicine at McGill.

Eng. '15—Harold Roscoe is studying mining engineering at McGill.

'16—Bessie Lockhart, our Acadia missionary, arrived safely in India early in December.

'16—Estelle MacDougall is teaching in her home section, West Gore.

'16—Charlotte Layton has completed a three months' course at the National Training School, New York, and on Jan. 1st accepted a position as library and membership secretary in the Montreal Y. W. C. A.

'16.—Elinor Johnstone is teaching grade VIII in the North Sydney Academy.

'16—Ora Elliott is teaching at Torbrook, N. S.

'16—Gertrude Eaton has returned to her home in Canard from a visit with her former class-mate, Mrs. G. B. Page (Grace DeWolfe), at Yarmouth.

'16—Marie Danielsen is spending the winter with her grandmother at Melrose Highlands, Mass.

'10—Esther Clark is editor of the Mission Band Department in "Tidings."

'16—Hattie Chute is teaching mathematics and English in Westminster Ladies' College, Toronto.

'16—Blanche MacLeod is studying at Normal College, Truro.

'16—Elizabeth MacWhinnie is principal of Digby Academy.

'16—Alexes Messenger has returned to her home in Kingston after visiting her sister in Lunenburg.

'16—Mildred Brown is at her home in Middle Sackville, and we are glad to hear that she has recovered from her serious automobile accident.

'16—Harold Evans is working in the Acadia Pharmacy, Wolfville.

Eng. '16—Manfred McCutcheon is studying civil engineering at McGill.

Eng. '16—Stewart Arbuckle is studying electrical engineering at McGill.

Eng. '16—Bill Moore is studying electrical engineering at McGill.

'16—Whitmore Calhoun is studying medicine at McGill.

Ex '16—Oswald Parker, who has been receiving medical treatment in Boston, spent Christmas at his home in Victoria Vale.

Ex 16—Sergt. John Feindel, who visited in August, 1914, in the C. A. M. C., has completed his lieutenant's course in the machine gun section and has received his commission in the 25th Battalion. In December Sgt. Parker enjoyed 10 days leave.

Ex '17—Flora Best visited "The Residence" this month on her way to St. Croix, where she is teaching.

Ex '18—Hazel Morse is teaching at Tidnish Bridge, N. S.

Ex 18—Recent word from England informs us that W. A. Ferris has joined the army, and that he has also been married.

Ex '18—W. R. Acker is Sergeant-Major in the St. F. X. Unit and has been married since going overseas.

Ex '19—Wayne Walker is manager of G. D. Walker's store at New Waterford, C. B., in the absence of his brother.

Ex '19—King Grady has been transferred from No. 7. Canadian Hospital Unit to No. 1 Canadian Hospital Unit.

Ex '19—Bill Rust is studying law at the University of Kentucky at Lexington, Ken.

Ex '19—Wally Holmes is a gunner in the 55th Battery now stationed at Witley Camp, Eng.

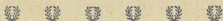
Eng. ex '18—Stuart Eaton is a gunner in No. 9 Siege Battery now stationed on Partridge Island, St. John.

Ex '18—Harold H. Titus is engaged in Military Y. M. C. A. work at the Exhibition building in St. John.

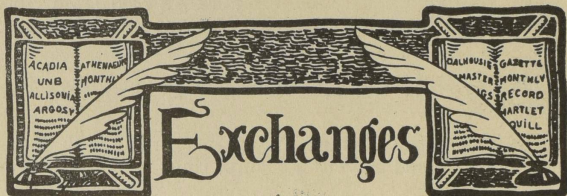
Ex '19—Harold Harnish has recently enlisted in the 246 Batt.

Ex '19—Albert Corey, of the 219th Batt., has been promoted to the rank of lance-corporal.

Among the Acadia boys who went to France on December 5th in a draft from the 219th are:—Bernard Wood, '16; Lewis Coldwell, ex '17; Ralph Moore, ex '18; Colin Wright, ex '19; Lieut. Lyod Black, ex '13, 85th Batt.; W. S. Frail, A. C. A., '16; R. E. Hennigar, A. C. A., '16; Willard Taylor, A. C. A., '16.



The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.—Cecil.



LAST month the sole difficulty was to find enough exchanges to write up. This month the difficulty is to find sufficient vocabulary to say something different about the multitude confronting the editor. However, the reminder of the address of Acadia must have been what was needed.

Really, one might almost imagine that a certain U. N. B. chap had been plucked in Latin, or that he had a special pet grudge against it, judging from his spiritual argument for its uselessness in the college curriculum. And what a terrible lot of students there must be up there who would use a pony to help out in exams! We can heartily sympathize with the U. N. B. man who mourns about the increased cost of living, but we fear even showing up the accusing figures will do little to remedy the evil. For merely a senior, and evidently a young one, the author of "A Trip Thro the West," seems to think he has travelled a lot, and verily he has; he seems to have walked and driven for a few months thro' the neighborhood of one of the towns. And besides being a travelled man he is evidently a dandy from his heartfelt appreciation of the porter and his brush. His vocabulary is up-to-date, but hardly classical, and he truly does see the uneasy side of life. Otherwise his trip makes rather interesting reading.

U. N. B. evidently has football, but it must be almost on a par with Acadia, due to loss of material. And here too we find a place reserved for the ladies. That is truly gallant, but in these times of agitation for women's rights

and shortage among men wouldn't it be wise to let the ladies contribute to whatever part of the paper their ability allows them to ? We are very sorry the Exchange editor is so averse to criticism, for criticism is the test of an article; if its bad, it ought to be criticised in order to help along the aspiring but inexperienced author; but if it's not worth bothering with, he may be sure no one will waste words on it. The purpose of the exchange column is to point out excellencies and defects in other papers, and that applies to U. N. B. as well as to others.

"The "Xaverian" must find more to say of their fellow-students than usual, or else the graduating class was a very virtuous bunch of fellows. But if the write-ups are a forerunner of what is to be in the paper this year, we may expect unusual literary ability in "The Xaverian" for 1917. The articles on Shakespeare is recommended for perusal by the members of Eng. 6; a great imagination in play, makes quite a convincing personality. The idea of a paper by a professor is a good one, in that the said paper does fill up space and it's sure not to be criticised by humble undergrads in other colleges. If only the exchange editor of St. F. X. does unto others as he wishes to be done by, he will not criticise the humble efforts of the Acadia scribe.

Shakespeare's Tercentenary is of importance up at McMaster too. All are efforts to help out Eng. 6 I'm sure. And what does anybody want of military training after the war ? When this is finished there will be no war, unless it be the "War of the Women." How glad the old chaps of the portraits in College Chapel must be to be properly written up, and to once more have a place in the college paper. The sketches are fine and the idea worth while. The creative genius at McM., as far as fiction goes, seems to be a minus quantity, and the exchange editor seems to have gone on a trip for his health. Here's hoping he comes back.

Some one writing in the "Argosy" has dared to picture "The Ideal College Girl." Who could it be? Never a woman; they know too much about girls. I think it must have been a particularly green freshman. The write-ups do give very brilliant side-lights on the "affaires de coeur" of the '16'ers, don't they?—much more interesting than plain information about career before and after taking a B. A. We are in a position to pity the exchange editor in his perplexity, and we hope that he will be lenient toward equally inexperienced fellow-sufferers at other colleges. On the whole, the "Argosy" is an interesting and well-arranged number, which sets a high standard for the following numbers.

The sketches in the "St. Andrew's Review" would almost rival Bairnsfather, if they did not make one remember the ones in B. O. P., but the letters are very interesting, and possibly more to the point than stories and articles would be at the present time; besides, they are easier to get. The honor roll is one of which the University can be justly proud, and which shows the grand response made by her to the call of country.

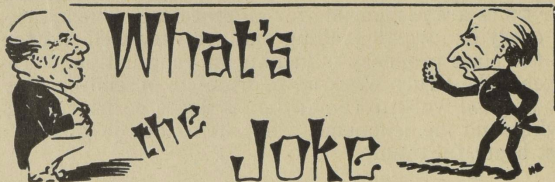
"The King's Record is certainly starting out as tho' not handicapped by loss of contributors, but grant that the spirit of criticism toward other things be not as fierce as the "Bookman's" sweeping condemnation of Dr. Allison. Perhaps the Bookman is a Wilkins or a Uniacke himself, and so feels he slight to the family very keenly. It's a good thing to hear an argument for classes in sacred oratory from other colleges than Acadia. Evidently the need for some such institution is keenly appreciated. The ideal of the memorial is a splendid one, for tho' no doubt the memory of the boys who have fallen will ever linger with those who knew them, the coming generations will find inspiration in this commemoration of their supreme sacrifice.

"The Illsboro Argonaut" has evidently not felt the rise in the price of paper. It is most charmingly gotten

up in the style of paper once used by the Athaenæum. War times are responsible for a great deal. The articles are every one worth reading and are very well written, but the class prophecy is lacking in imagination. The sketch "The Cruel Working of Fate" is possibly a forecast of good work to come; the climax is positively harrowing, and the denouement lets the reader down with a most beautiful thump.

The "Christmas Spirit" written in the "Memorare" is a piece full of beautiful thought, and really shows much originality; and, what is best, is written by the girls themselves. Thus it is unique in the literary department. We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:—McGill Daily, Brandon College Quill, King's College Record, Queen's Journal, The Islesboro Argonaut, The Jabberwock, Memorare, Mitre, St. Andrew's College Review, Xaverian, McMaster University Monthly, Argosy, University Monthly.





St—w—l (at rink)—“They shouldn’t charge me \$3.50 for a season ticket; I’m just a little fellow.”

Cr—r—“And you don’t cut much ice either.”

Heard at Faculty meeting:

Econ. Prof.: “The dollar has depreciated in value in recent years, owing to the increased quantity of circulating medium.”

Clement: “I like it just as well as ever.”

Little marks of pencil,
Little daubs of paint,
Make the homely Sophettes
Look like what they ain’t.

Professor: “What is a phoenix?”

Ch—k, ’18: “Er—ah—there is a stone one in Egypt.”

When is a tin-Lizzie not a tin-Lizzie?

When it’s a Hay-Ford.

Miss Elderkin, ’19: “I had the funniest dream last night. I dreamed about Mr. Copeland.”

Miss Magee, ’19: “What a long dream.”

Welsh, A. C. A.: “What would you do if a pretty girl should come along and kiss you?”

S—n, ’17: “I’d kiss her back.”

Welsh: “Gee, you’re foolish. I’d kiss her face.”

ODE TO A STEWED FLY.

O little fly, how still you lie
Within my Irish stew;
Your wings outspread, your little head
Sunk in the gravy too.

Had you no wife to save your life
And snatch you from the grave;
Why did you roam, so far from home,
And fall into the wave ?

'Wert tire of life, and all its strife
That downward you must go ?
O little fly, what made you try
To take the curve on "low" ?

Were you a Grit, or did you sit
Upon the Tory side ?
Were you a clerk that hated work
And so discouraged, died.

A Baptist you, or p'raps a Jew
That wants at last to die
Where carrots grow, and dumplings blow
And yellow turnips lie.

Were you insured, and so were lured
To seek another sphere,
Or did you leave your wife to grieve
With many a bitter tear.

The offspring left, of hope bereft
Will keep your memory green,
Will populate in spite of fate
The place where you have been.

But spite of charm and lack of harm
You don't belong in stew,
The piled up plate, the doughy weight
Is not the place for you.

M. H., '17.

Miss D-n-n, '18: "It is my chief ambition to read the New Testament in the original, and after that to go to the Holy Land."

Mis B-n-s, '17: "I think we'll all be there before then."

Professor, reading the characters of the young ladies by their faces: "Miss Roscoe is very fond of Art."

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Mac, '20: "Andy, why are you wearing a red neck-tie? It means that you're looking for a girl!"

Andy, '17: "I guess it's about time I removed it then."

On the train from Digby to Wolfville: "Who has my umbrella?"

Miss Ad—n, '18 (after crossing the bay): "I have. It's such a comfort to hold something."

Kickle, '17: "Oh, if I can only get my "Cold well," I shall be happy."

Nowlan, '19 (in debate): "International Law was done away with by the Cleveland administration."

Prof. in Philosophy: "One incentive to Ethical Life was the experience of true Love. Mr. Smallman, I think you might tell us what true love is."

Archibald, '19: "William McKinley McLean is a New Yorker."

Mitton, '19: "Where from?"

Miss Alw—d, '17 (walking down street before a crowd of boys), sings: "I want to go back, I want to go back."

Overheard in the Hall: "Say, D——n, they tell me there is a girl in the Sem who has a "crush" on me. You don't suppose it's true, do you?"

Prof. (in Freshman Bible): "Mr. Meister, can you give me another miracle of destruction."

Meister, '20: "The turning of the water into wine."

McN., A. C. A.: "Huh, made 37 on history test."

Howe: "Be careful McN. that History does not repeat itself."

Illsley at Library, looking over a pile of books: "Shall I take my Pick?"

An empty barrel makes the most sound. I wonder if that's the reason Sprack did not stay to speak at the Christmas dinner at A. C. A.

Prof. in English: "Why did Henry VIII. try to destroy the power of the Pope?"

Crow—: "To get back his house deposit."

Miss Barnes (in discussion) "Well, generally speaking——"

F. M. H., '17: "Yes Myra, you are."

Clarke, '19 (watching Miss Alward, '13, biting a piece off Miss Starrat's apple): "Bite bigger, Billie, bigger yet."

J. F. W.: "I had to sleep in the Truro station all night. All the hotels were full."

MacL.: "I guess more than the hotels were full that night."

Dot. Sch.: "Ben Jonson returned to London when about 18 years old and married about twenty."

Prof. H——y: "Poor man, I pity him."

Corey (in Freshman Bible) mentions the "Hot Place."

Dr. DeW.: "Well, Mr. Corey, I don't know as much about the hot-place as you do—I was never in India."

Corey: "Well, sir, your chances are good yet."

Cope, '19 (Dec. 19th): "What are you going to study during vacation, Bobbie?"

Robertson, '20: "Nothing, Sir."

Cope: "You need not study that,—you know it now."

I WONDER.

Dr. Spidle, while addressing the Theological Club, said: "Acknowledging indebitness is paying half the debt." If I owed him ten dollars and acknowledged it twice would he give me a receipt for the amount in full?

What Freshman was so sure he had monopolized all letters passed by the Sems on the street that he opened and read one before he noticed it was for another fellow?

Dr. T. D.: "What is a miracle, Mr. Bill?"

Bill, '20: "Um—er—well, a miracle is something extraordinary."

Dr. De.—"All right, Mr. Bill, then would you call it a miracle if you were to come to class some day with your lesson prepared?"

Chas. S., '17: Seeing small coon in movies, showing his ivories in a wide grin: "See the silver lining thru that dark cloud shining."

Eng. Prof.: "Shakesjeare's 'Life' has come, but not his 'Works.'"

M. B., '17: "'Life' without 'Works' is dead."

"THE 85TH FEATHER,"

(As sung by Lang and Ruggles.)

One time we had room 'thirty'; it was on the lower floor,
It was near the door; we couldn't ask for more.
Doc. A. came in and told us for to tumble out of there,
He led us all unwilling up the stair.
He took us to the very top and then 'way back behind,
And left us there filled with despair,
And said we shouldn't mind.

Chorus:

Now we climb the stairway, the tortuous stairway,
We climb it at noon and night,
So farewell room "thirty", our cheerful room "thirty."
And farewell dear front yard sight.
While others are dining, the stairway we're climbing,
We climb back again at night.
Hold on Coit we're coming while roll-call you're sum-
ming,—
The Sem comes once more in our sight.

Chorus:

We had to take the decorations from our stately walls,
And aided by our pals we lugged them thru the halls;
Our garret floor was lumbered up with bedding, clothes
and books
Like ice-cakes in the brooks.
White shirts and linens spick and span were tossed about
the hall,
The boys were glad when we got mad,
We entertained them all.

Chorus:

We used to see the people passing up and down the street,
The Sems so fair and neat, the Co-eds on their beat,
The college buildings were in sight and all the students
too
And from our room we had a charming view.
But now we see the clothes line and the bushes in the rear,
Luck's out-of-date when such a fate
Confronts you all the year.

Chorus:



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