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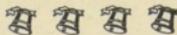
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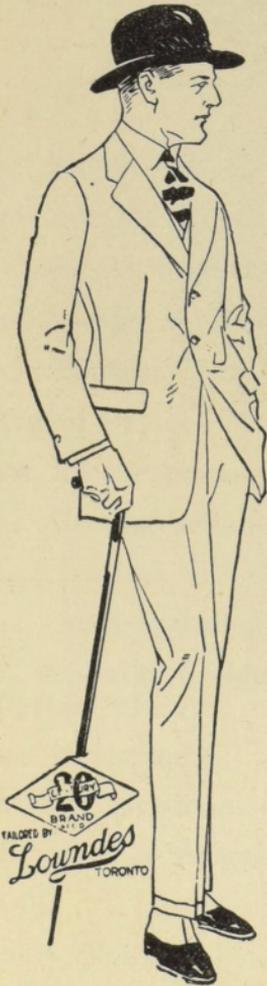
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WOLFFVILLE

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The Acadia Athenæum

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Sunset

A whisper of wind in the treetops,
A flurry of clouds in the sky,
A whirr of fluttering pinions—
The wild geese sailing by.

A calm that stills the breezes,
A glow from the golden west,
A gleam like a sea of fire—
The sun sinks down to rest.

A cool white light on the skyline,
A tint that slowly pales,
The shadows creeping downward—
Dark night o'er hills and vales.

M. E. G., '21.

Awards for the Month.

Poems—1st, D. G. Williams, '20; 2nd, T. A. Meister, '21.

Stories—1st, M. H. Mason, '22; 2nd, E. C. Prime, '22.

Articles—1st, J. M. Boyer, '20; 2nd, D. B. Rogers, '22.

Science—1st, L. P. Steeves, '22; 2nd, K. E. Mason, '21.

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

Athletics—1st, K. E. Mason, '21; 2nd, H. G. Goucher, '22.

Personals—1st, P.M.B. Parry, '20; 2nd, M. E. Grant, '21.

Exchanges—1st, T. Meister, '21; 2nd, H. Walker, '20.

Jokes—1st, I. Fash, '21; 2nd, K. Mason, '21.

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Pennant won by Juniors.

The Epicurian English

THE art of living is to-day developed to a higher degree in England than in any other country in the world. The upper class English live in such a way that they seem to derive the maximum enjoyment from this life and to distribute it evenly thruout their days. They do not rush madly into the pleasures of the day, forgetting that there is a to-morrow; on the contrary, they get what enjoyment they can in the present while still remembering that there are years of enjoyment to prepare for and to keep fit for. In fact, their mode of living suggests Epicureanism, although I have never heard any of them give expression to such a philosophy.

Let us first consider the enjoyment that the Englishman gets out of sports as an onlooker. Of course he has personally engaged in most sports at one time or another, but there are a number of athletic amusements that he enjoys vicariously for the greater part of his life.

It is hard for us to imagine a person finding a vicarious interest in cricket. This game is played on a field of marvellously well-kept turf. There are two wickets set up about thirty yards apart and each wicket is defended by a batsman. Some distance behind each wicket is a bowler of the opposing team. The bowler is somewhat akin to the pitcher in baseball. Immediately behind each wicket is a wicket-keeper who corresponds to the catcher. The remainder of the team taking the field are arranged at different vantage points to receive the ball when it is struck by the batsman. The bowlers take turns at bowling; first one bowls four balls, then the other. If the batsman makes a good hit, he runs back and forth between the wickets as many times as he can before the ball is thrown back to the wicket keeper. If the bowler manages to bowl a ball that will get past the batsman's guard and knock down the wicket, the batsman is retired. Sometimes a man can make as many as a hundred runs before he is "bowled out". Now no doubt this is a very interesting game for the players, but it failed to arouse

any interest in me. I watched the game from a pavilion about one hundred yards from the playing field. The spectators were very undemonstrative, and the game proceeded in so leisurely a fashion that it seemed almost sluggish. When a batsman was retired, there never was another ready to take his place. The retired man would walk slowly to the pavilion, and then the next man would walk slowly out to take his place. During this time the game would be at a standstill.

But I am sure the spectators who know the game well must enjoy it. For the spectators, and the players too, the big matches partake of the nature of a social function. Some of the matches last two days or more; and these two days are filled with "tea-fights" as well as with cricket.

We have already found a few points of similarity between cricket and baseball, and it may now be interesting to see what the devotee of cricket thinks of its American equivalent. Perhaps you have heard of the Englishman who visited New York and was taken to the Polo grounds by a New York friend to see a game of baseball. When four o'clock came and the game showed no signs of ceasing, the Englishman asked when tea would be served. The American replied that they didn't serve tea at baseball games. "Why, then, what is the object of the beastly game?" In the spring of '19 there were a number of Americans studying at Edinburgh University and a number studying at Glasgow. A game of baseball was arranged between the Americans of the two Universities. After the game I asked a Scotch cricket player of my acquaintance what he thought of baseball. He told me he considered it a very interesting game but he was somewhat shocked at the "rooting." He said, "Imagine the wicket keeper shouting into the batsman's ear and asking, 'Who was that I saw with your wife last night?'"

Tennis and golf are sports that all participate in for the greater part of their lives. But all cannot become champions, so that many have to content themselves with enjoying the best tennis and golf vicariously.

The best amateur tennis matches are played at Queen's Court Club, London, and at Wimbledon in Surrey. Queen's

Court Club is most popular in the early spring and Wimbledon is popular later on. Amateur tennis players come from Australia, South Africa, and North America, as well as from the different countries of Europe, to compete at Wimbledon. There were some very interesting matches there last summer, especially the matches in which Mlle. Lenglen, a young French girl, defeated the English women's champion.

The onlooker's interest in golf has been greatly stimulated since the war by tournaments in which the participants are minus an arm or leg. If a man has been a par golfer before the war, he is not handicapped very greatly by the loss of a leg or an arm, and he may, by practice, get back to his old form.

English Rugby is practically the same game that we play in our Maritime Province colleges. There is one outstanding difference, however; we sometimes have players to whom winning is more important than playing the game; all English Rugby players have foremost the idea of playing the game.

Rugby is entirely a gentleman's game; I don't believe there is a professional Rugby team in England. All the public schools and all the colleges and Universities have their teams, and each year games are played between teams representing Scotland, England, and Ireland.

Horse racing is one of the most popular of the Englishman's sports. Most wealthy Englishmen think it well to keep a more or less extensive racing stable; and all Englishmen, wealthy or otherwise, enjoy seeing and betting on as many races as they can.

The racing season opens in the spring with the Grand National Steeple Chase as the first big event. The horses are entered weeks before, and as soon as a horse is entered the sporting papers become interested in his training. They collect data about his weight, the weight of his jockey, his daily performances in training, whether he runs better on wet or dry ground, and so on. From this data experts are able to judge fairly accurately what horse has the best chance of winning. Of course a steeple chase course has so many hazards that the best horse may many times fail to get a

place. After the Grand National the next race of importance is the Derby. The Derby is a flat race; that is, there are no water jumps or hedges on the course as in a steeple chase. After the Derby comes a week of flat racing at Ascot. The Ascot week is foremost in the racing season from a social point of view. The Royal Family attends in state at least one day during the week, and the King is there practically every day.

Indeed, the Englishman gets a great deal of pleasure in watching sports. Sports in which the interest of the game is not all-absorbing (such as cricket) are made pleasurable by social amenities. Sports such as Rugby are enjoyed for themselves alone. And the pleasure in attending race meetings is derived from the excitement of the race as well as from the many congenial luncheon and tea parties that take place on the course.

* * * *

The object of education among the upper class English is to fit a man to get the most enjoyment out of life and to make him capable of taking his place as a member of the governing class. Of course a younger son whose income will be inadequate for his needs is free to take up a profession, but this is an addition to his primary cultural training.

The first part of the English youths mental education is obtained at his home from a competent governess. His physical development is attended to by his father or an older brother and by grooms and game-keepers. Early in life he is taught the rudiments of shooting and riding, and spends a great deal of his time in such out-of-door pursuits. The governess teaches elementary subjects, and before long starts modern languages and the classics. The importance of the classics is emphasized very strongly. I knew a thirteen-year-old youngster just preparing to go up to Eton who was reading Xenophon for amusement. And this lad was not a bespectacled prodigy, but a healthy boy who spent the greater part of his day outdoors.

The English public schools are among the country's most boasted institutions. The people never weary of repeating Wellington's statement that England's battles are won on

the playing fields of Eton. These schools such as Eton, Harrow, Westminster, Cheltenham, Rugby, and Charterhouse, train their boys to know and appreciate the humanities, to appreciate the value of strenuous exercise, and, above all, to despise dishonesty and be straightforward in their dealings with their fellow men.

This last mentioned quality of straightforward manliness is taught in the class room, on the playing field, and in the dormitories. The masters are men of excellent character, who teach because they love the profession, not because it is a stepping stone to some other profession. They are all old public school boys themselves, and have been well trained in the traditions of honesty in work and play that they pass on by precept and example to their students. Each school has its own traditions that are like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which have their own share in turning out the perfect product of the public-school. New boys are made "Fags" or servants for the older boys and thus come under the guidance of the boys they "fag" for. This "fagging" is good for the new boys as well as for the older boy; it gives one a sense of responsibility that helps to keep him straight, and it gives the other a protector and an object of emulation.

After the public-school part of the education is finished, the young man goes up to Oxford or Cambridge, and after a leisurely and comfortable four years issues forth endowed with the habits and characteristics of that prince of men, the English gentleman.

The college year at English Universities is divided into three terms of about three months each. The Autumn term lasts from the latter part of September until shortly before Christmas; the Winter term is from early in January until just before Easter; the summer term begins in the earlier part of April and lasts until the end of June. The courses are arranged so that a student takes two, or at the most three, allied courses during one term. Each full course requires only three hours a week in the lecture room, so it is seldom that a student has more than one hour a day in lectures. This gives plenty of scope to the student either to engage in research work in connection with the subject he

is studying or to amuse himself in athletic or social pursuits. However, it seems to me that a person can get more thorough knowledge of a subject if he can devote his time exclusively to the one subject for a period of three months than he could if he had spread the study of six or eight subjects over a year.

During his University career the young Englishman has the opportunity to fit himself for enjoyment and success in whatever pursuits he may wish to engage in. If he is the heir to a peerage, or a commoner with political ambitions, he has an opportunity at the Varsity to develop his political abilities. The greater English Universities are represented in the House of Commons, and debates on political questions are frequently held in the University Union. If his desire is merely to settle down as a country squire and enjoy rural delights, he can develop a love and appreciation of literature and the classics that will enable him to intersperse his life of outdoor work and sport with periods of mental pleasure.

J. M. B. '20.

(To Be Continued.)

* * * *

Receptions

THE subject of receptions is an extensive one. That great and learned lexicographer, Noah Webster, has made the assertion, that by reception is meant "the act of receiving", but he omits to qualify his statement by saying just what is to be received. A bill from the Bursar, a notice from the registrar, a check from home, all these are receptions, but no matter how tempting, it is not our intention to consider any of these, but rather to confine our remarks to still another species of the subject under discussion, namely, that ancient, inevitable, social function of Acadia University, the College Reception.

The stage is set, the players placed, the curtain rung. Let the drama proceed. Scene a room in Willett Hall. Time, just after supper. Occasion, the night of the "_____ Reception". Enter the hero with an expression of savage

ferocity on his manly visage. He is absolutely fed-up with everything and everybody, but particularly college life in general. Work, work, work. Nothing but work day in, day out, and nothing to show for it but a summons, received in the afternoon mail, to report at College Office at his earliest convenience, for an interview regarding the unsatisfactory state of his studies. Utterly discouraged, he throws himself disconsolately on the bed and gives vent to his feelings in a violent outburst of premediated profanity, containing all the principles of unity, coherence, and transition, to say nothing of force and emphasis.

The mind of youth is ever a mysterious and inexplicable piece of mechanism. Hence our hero's next consideration. His thoughts hark back to morning chapel, and the reading of a certain announcement: "The faculty and students of Acadia University are heartily invited to attend the '——— Reception', to be held in College Hall this evening at half-past seven o'clock." Immediately our hero awakens from his stupor of despondency and leaps to sudden action. Of course he will go to the reception. Why had he not thought of it before? Time is flying. Haste will be necessary. So he arises with alacrity and makes towards the dresser with a great burst of energy. By the merest chance, in passing the table his gaze rests momentarily on its contents, and is held, like a pin to a magnet, by what it sees there. A look, half of quiet, half of regret, replaces his former expression of enthusiasm and his progress is abruptly arrested.

Continuing to peer at the table and its contents, he sinks heavily into a chair and remains there. Over on the far corner of the table he has perceived nothing more than an innocent apple, but even as he stares, it seems to fade away into space, to re-appear in the form of a perfect sphere, on which is a point at a quadrants distance from each of two other points not the extremities of the diameter. And there behind the sphere, are the grinning features of Messers. David Eugene Smith and George J. Wentworth, each proclaiming to the world in general, and our hero in particular, that this point on the spherical surface is none other than a pole of the great circle passing through these points.

But this is not all. On the other side of the table reclines a copy of that delightfully doubtful periodical of modern magazine fiction, "Live Stories." As he looks, this, too, seems to fade into oblivion and in its place he sees displayed in bold type "The Lives of Cornelius Nepos", who, unlike the furry feline with its paltry nine lives, possessed no less than twenty-six.

The light of eagerness has now entirely faded from the eyes of our hero. The reception is in the realm of the impossible, so he adjusts his eye-shade and resigns himself to his fate, a quiet evening study. Minutes go by, then without warning there is a bang! as a solid geometry hits the floor and Messrs. Smith and Wentworth are relegated to a domain of perpetual heat, where there shall be gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair. Our good friend Cornelius proves equally uninviting and is likewise banished with violence.

There is a time when even patience ceases to be a virtue, and our hero has now reached such a time. With a final "Ah! what's the use! To blazes with studies; I'm off for the reception," he continues his rudely interrupted way towards the dresser.

The censor has removed that portion of the film dealing with the details of the dressing process, so when we next see our dauntless youth, he has arrived at the scene of action and is about to go over the top with glory. On gaining the entrance to the spacious hall, he pauses for an instant to survey the situation and straightway he is assailed with an uncontrollable desire for flight. He turns to make a cowardly retreat, but 'tis too late, for even on the moment, an unwelcome topic card is shoved into his hand, and before he realizes it, he is rudely propelled into the outer fringes of the mad chaos within.

Surveyed from a position above, a reception is a most confusing scene. One sees the floor thronged with a mixed mass of surging, babbling individuals, all waving little white cards and wandering around with expressions of internal worry and concern, as if lost. Occasionally two individuals of opposite sex pause for a moment, exchange cards, re-exchange and then rush off again in opposite directions to re-

peat the performance with others. An experienced onlooker might easily pick out the various elements represented, the Sems. by their captivating coquettishness, the Co-eds by their more sedate comeliness, the Cads by their noisy neck-ware, the Collegians by their intellectual foreheads, and last, but by no means least, the Faculty by their gleaming shirt-fronts.

But we must continue to follow the fortunes of our particular youth. He pauses for an instant on the outskirts of the mad melee, until, spying a smiling damsel of his acquaintance in the very middle of the throng, he ups anchor, and is instantly swallowed up from view, even as completely as was Jonah in the belly of the whale, but again, like the ancient biblical character, he presently reappears in the near proximity of his fair friend.

Assuming an air of jaunty nonchalance, he makes known his presence with a gallant bow and then politely proceeds to request the great pleasure of a topic, whichever one might prove most acceptable to the young lady. At this juncture his carefully couched petition is unceremoniously interrupted by the untimely butting in of a rude competitor, who, without more ado, snatches the damsel's topic card, and with a "hello sweetness, gimme the third," signs up and is away again before the non-plussed lass has realized what has happened. Her card is now completely filled, so with a word of regret to our dumbfounded hero she is about to turn away when, struck by a fit of unusual generosity, she commences introducing him to her immediate surroundings with such gusto that before he is successful in making a get-away, his eight precious topics are exhausted.

Abruptly aroused from an unpleasant reverie on the heartlessness of the cruel, cruel world at large, by coming into forcible contact with a hurrying passerby he awakes to the realization that the crowd is rapidly thinning around him, to the call of the first topic.

A glance at his topic card informs him that he is slated for the opening confab with one Penelope Perkins, but in vain he endeavors to conjure up a mental picture of the lady in question. The fierce odds under which he had acquired

his list of topics, prove too great for his well-learned lesson of visualization. Try as he will he can recall nothing beyond a very hazy recollection of a flaming red head, a somewhat corpulent form, and a pair of greenish hued eyes, but as to whether they all belonged to one or as to which belonged to whom, he can only make a wild conjecture. A careful examination of the room reveals to his hopeless gaze no less than three brick-topped beauties, two dimpled dames of weighty carriage and innumerable green-hued eyes. Trusting solely to blind chance, he addresses himself to her of the most flaming fledgery, and well nigh weeps with joy when he learns that even as "Murphy took a chance—and won", so also had he.

A vacant place being discovered between two particularly affectionate couples, who do not in the least resent crowding a little closer, to provide ample room for all, our hero and his fond partner seat themselves. Then takes place a one-way conversation of such a truly painful character that to repeat it would be a shame. The weather, studies, receptions and dancing, all figured more or less prominently in the mono-discussion, but none of these subjects are capable of even approaching a responsive cord in the tongue of our hero's partner. Finally he runs out of conversational subjects. Silence reigns supreme. The situation is becoming acute. He gazes wildly about him for some inspiration. Immediately opposite he perceives a gorgeously attired Cad flirting with a fair Sem. At once the subject of Home Missions is suggested. He launches bravely forth but before he is fairly started he is interrupted by a flow of fervent words from the lips of his silent friend that would put Niagara Falls to shame. At last he struck a responsive chord. Having exhausted Home Missions and almost our hero as well, she is in the midst of a touching tirade on the evils of Heathenism, when the topic is terminated, and just in the nick of time, for again flight is uppermost in the mind of our unfortunate hero.

If allowable, we will here digress for a few moments to advocate the addition of another course to the university curriculum. In looking back over the years, we are struck

with wonderment, that the inclusion of such a course has been so long neglected. Beyond any possible pale of doubt, there is, and has been, a crying need for instruction in this important subject, ever since the reception was introduced into the social life of the college. But hold, we have not yet mentioned what is this long felt want that shall prove such a boon to the students. Our reference is to a complete course in "Conversational English", laying particular stress on how to hit on suitable subjects for topic discussion, and then what to say. We do firmly maintain that such a course would prove of incalculable benefit, and lend marked incentive to the social life of the University.

But to get back to the subject. We left our would-be "gay Lothario" in quest for topic partner Number II, and there we will leave him for good. To follow out his subsequent successes and failures in social intercourse would be but to weary our readers. Some wise seer is credited with the saying that "there are man and men". Likewise there are receptions and receptions, and with this philosophic observation, we will close.

D. B. R. '22.



Between Two Souls

Look not to me and say: "Since thou dost thus, thus also
will I do.'

I say thou art a fool, for what is mine can never be to thee.

And I would shame to say "Since thou dost, thus do I."

My life is mine. Long, weary days I failed to find the way
to live.

Hopes cherished from my childhood torn away, my soul

Stood naked, starved and all alone. In my Gethsemane.

I sweated blood. I walked the darkness of a shadowy land
And God was far away.

And then I knew despair and doubt and trembling fear;

My soul in travail groaned in that dark land until

A glorious life was born. I knew myself. I saw a God and
felt a hope.

I say my life is mine, and would'st thou steal away what cost
me dear ?

Thus said I to a soul one day and left that soul sore-crushed
and in despair.

And then the Christ-man came to me and said:

"Poor erring child! Yea, thou hast found thy life,

But know that if thou'dst shut it close within thy hand

It cannot live, but wither up and die.

'Tis only in the overflow it grows. Thou must give to that
soul

To live thyself. For that is life—to give and to be spent.

Yea, life is love, and so that love is life. If thou dost love not

Thou'rt already dead. So thou must thank the soul

That comes to thee for love, for thus it giveth thee a chance
to live."

"Aye, Lord," I said, "'tis so," and bowed my head and
prayed.

D. G. W. '20.

The Use of Brains

ALBERT HATHWAY was sitting in a small room on the eastern end of the second floor of a small cottage, belonging to the naval authorities. The cottage was situated in a grove of huge branching spruce trees, on the eastern coast of Great Britain, bordering the waters of the English Channel.

Because of its seclusion and its advantageous position, the naval authorities had purchased the small cottage and the land in connection with it, for a secret wireless station. In the room in which Albert was now awaiting the arrival of an officer, one of the most powerful wireless stations in the naval service had been installed with its aerials artfully concealed in the foliage of the lofty trees surrounding the house.

Albert Hathway, one of the most experienced wireless operators in the naval service, had been sent by the naval authorities to take charge of this important station. On this cold windy night of Monday the 7th day of October, 1917, Albert was awaiting the customary arrival of a naval officer, Daniel Seely, who came at certain periods to send important messages to their various destinations. Tonight, Albert knew that Seely was intending to send a message across the channel to its destination in France, concerning the activities of a certain troopship, carrying a great number of Canadian soldiers.

But Seely was not to be the only visitor that night. In the dark night, a shadowy form in a black overcoat, with a hat pulled down over his eyes, approached the cottage, waited until Albert took his lamp and proceeded upstairs, and then the form crept up to the window. Slowly and gently, it raised the lower sash of the low window, and silently crawled into the room. The shadow glided along the wall, following the direction that the lamp had taken, and soon arrived at the outside of the door through which Albert had just passed a short time ago. The dark form suddenly threw open the door, levelled his revolver at Albert and sharply commanded:

“Sit down in that chair. If you move or speak, unless at my command, I shall fire.”

Albert, looking around and seeing this tall, slight man almost concealed in his heavy coat and cap, obeyed the command, startled, but nevertheless cool headed.

The intruder, glancing around the room, caught sight of a small wardrobe or closet on the opposite side of the room.

“Now,” he said, “I shall enter that closet, keeping you covered, and also, anyone else who may enter the room. If you or any other person makes a step that might be injurious to me, I shall place you both in a position where you will be harmless. Neither shall I hesitate to do the same if you attempt, in transmitting the message which Seely gives you, to alter it in any way whatsoever. I have previously learned your secret code so that I shall know whether or not you alter the message. If you value your life as I do mine, act as if this incident had not occurred.”

With this short speech, the tall figure entered the small apartment to await the arrival of Seely.

Meanwhile, Albert was racking his brain to find some means of informing Seely about the spy, without bringing any calamity upon himself or the officer. However, when Seely arrived, Albert had been unable to form any satisfactory plan to accomplish his purpose.

Seely entered the room exactly at the stated hour. He greeted Albert as usual, talked about a few matters of interest to both of them, and then sat down at the desk.

“First, he said, “I should like to write a letter to my mother to tell her that I shall be home for a few days next week on leave.”

Instantly, an idea flashed into Albert’s mind, and he replied to Seely:

“You dictate it to me and I will write it on the typewriter for you.”

Only too glad to have someone write the letter for him, he willingly consented and began to dictate:

“Dear Mother—

I expect to be home for a few—etc,”

When the writing of a letter was mentioned, Albert remembered the times that he and Seely had worked together in the same office, and how they had often tried to clink out messages on the keys of their typewriters, with a special code so that others in the office could not understand them. "Possibly"; he thought to himself, "Seely will remember that code, if I can only attract his attention. Therefore, when he had written a line or two, he asked Seely to wait a minute, as he had to go back and correct a mistake. He then began to click off a few letters,—a few words,—a few, sentences,—and finally, his whole message.

As Seely was thinking what to say in his letter, the ticking of the machine seemed to remind him of the times that he had spent in his office receiving messages from Albert. His mind began to dwell on that subject, and unconsciously, he began to see if he could read what the keys were spelling out. What ! he seemed to hear the letters b-e-h-i-n-d t-h-e d-o-o-r. Now, he became alert, listened intently, and read the letters which were now coming in quick succession. They were spelling out:

"D-o n-o-t m-o-v-e, a s-p-y b-e-h-i-n-d t-h-e d-o-o-r h-a-s u-s c-o-v-e-r-e-d."

After repeating the message two or three times, Albert received a significant glance from Seely, and knew that the message was understood. After this interruption, the letter was finished, and Seely took out the important message destined for France. It was only a few moments before his rapidly working brain formulated his plan. Changing the word Friday to Wednesday, he read the message to Albert, who clicked off the message to France, reading thus:—

"Transort loaded with Canadian troops leaves D—— Wednesday morning at six o'clock. Will make all possible speed,
(Signed) SEELY."

After finishing his other messages, he got up from his desk, spoke a few words to Albert as to when he would be back again, and left the room, apparently going out of the house.

When the spy felt certain that Seely was sufficiently

removed from the house he emerged from his hiding place and approached the wireless apparatus, all the time keeping Albert covered with his automatic. He connected the system, and, with the appearance of an experienced operator, transmitted to the naval station in R——, Germany, the same message that Seely had sent to the station in France, adding that a German submarine must be on hand at the right time.

He had just completed the message when Seely, who had been waiting outside the door, entered the room and commanded the spy to hold up his hands. Completely taken by surprise, he did so and quietly submitted to being bound by the two naval officers. He was taken to the naval authorities next morning, tried, and found to be that Henry Schyder who had reported so much important information direct from the British naval authorities, to the wireless stations in Berlin. He was condemned to the fate which had befallen many others like him. He also confessed that he had received the most of his information through one of the officers serving in the naval station. This officer was later tried, found guilty, and sentenced to a similar fate.

On Wednesday morning, at about six o'clock, the inhabitants of the region near the naval station were alarmed by a terrific explosion out in the channel. The British navy had performed another of its silent deeds. Another German submarine found a resting place on the rocky bottom of the sea.

On Friday morning, at six o'clock, the transport loaded with Canadian soldiers sailed from the port of D—— and arrived safely, in due time, at its destination in France.

M. H. M. '22.

Somme Recollections

(Pages from my War Diary)

There occurs, sometime in the life of everyone, events which leave indelible impressions upon the memory. These need not be the most significant, indeed they may be the trifling events of life, yet, owing to a peculiar state of mental receptivity at the time of the incident, such happenings are written upon the mind in characters which cannot be erased. This state of mind I think, is well exemplified in the case of a soldier in action. To describe the exact mental attitude of a man, under field-service conditions, gives ample room for the exercise of extensive psychological knowledge. Therefore, I shall not endeavor to analyze a soldier's thought. Suffice it to say, that he thinks of little other than the business in hand. I am told that a basic law of the psychological science, is that a man never does a thing against his will. Nevertheless, I am going to risk criticism in so far as, to term my mental attitude under fire as one of involuntary concentration. During periods, when my outlook on life was thus forcibly narrowed, I witnessed many things, some comic, some tragic, some historic. These scenes may possibly be of interest to some readers—at least, it is that hope that prompts my endeavor to describe them.

I went to France, as a member of the sixth Canadian Siege Battery, in the autumn of nineteen hundred and sixteen. The battle of The Somme was then at full height. The need for heavy artillery on the Somme front was then urgent; consequently, our battery was rushed to that area. We took up our first position about two miles in front of Albert, in what, prior to the opening of the Somme offensive, had been No Man's Land. The issues of the day had been so alive during that battle, that little thought could be spared for the dead. More out of consideration for ourselves than because of any respect for the fallen, we cleaned up the field in our immediate vicinity. It was an ideal spot for the initiation of a new unit. Just in front of us, was the old German front line with its dugouts full of mystery.

Immediately behind were the old British entrenchments. Thus, the ground on which we stood had been for two years subject to the fire of both artilleries. It had seen raids and counter raids; attacks and counter-attacks. Rifles, bayonets, caps, and boots were recklessly strewn around. Marks of destruction, signs of death were everywhere. These, however, would not have been so bad in themselves, had it not been that the enemy daily took occasion to remind us, that the period of devastation was not yet passed.

Such, in brief, are conditions which welcome us to the battlefield. We reached the Somme during a lull in the hostilities. The heavy fighting of the past few days ad exhausted the armies. Preparation was now being made for another attack. It was to be the last "big show" of the season. In it the Sixth Canadian Siege was to have a part.

If my mind had been occupied with thoughts other than those of the coming action, such were dispersed when, on the eve of a preliminary bombardment, I received orders to proceed at dawn to the artillery arming post. The direction, or line of fire for our guns was determined by measuring angles from a post, the position of which was accurately known. This post was on the top of a hill which commanded a view of all the northern section of this famous battlefield. My duty was to keep a light on the post, until the rising sun should do away with the necessity. At three o'clock, I was awakened by the sentry, to proceed to the hilltop. When I came out of my dug-out the stars were shining brightly in a cold, clear sky; the old crescent moon was hanging low on the western horizon; a light cold mist was rising from the ground. All was still. The chill October air sent a shiver through my frame, as I stepped out into that ominous silence. Slowly I picked my way along, among old trenches and entanglements, until at last I reached my destination. Here, stretching out before me, was a landscape, once noted for its natural beauty, but one the chief interest of which ever more shall be, its historic past. I stood as a spectator, looking down from a box-seat, upon the stage upon which was about to be presented one of the greatest scenes of all the ages. To my right, running in a northeasterly direc-

tion, was the far-famed Bapaume highway. In the valley, almost at my feet, lay the great crater and ruins of La Boisille. The blowing up of this mine, at the Boisille, had been the signal for the launching of the Somme offensive, on the first day of the previous July. Some distance beyond and just on the crest of a low range of hills, which extended across my front, the battered remains of Poizers and Coursette were almost visible. To my left front, a few mounds of earth marked the site of what was once the beautiful village of Owilliers. The moon had set. The darkest hour of the night came on. From his trenches, just behind the ridge, the enemy, by his display of flares, now began to show uneasiness. As these great flickering lights hovered in the air, they sharply silhouetted the hills in front, against the eastern sky. The shattered tree trunks along the summit, then seemed to stand as ghostly sentinels casting long quivering shadows across the field of dead. Still, nothing broke the silence but the occasional rattle of a distant machine gun. As the echoes died away, it seemed to make the stillness more intense. The scene was one which defies description. My surroundings were so strange, so tragic, and so wierd, that I know not how to explain my feeling. It was not one of ordinary fear. All I can say is that the nervous tension was so great, that I trembled from head to foot, as I stood there waiting for I knew not what.

Presently, a single gun was fired far over on the right. This apparently was the signal for action. A second later a roar like that of thunder burst upon my ears. The minute had struck. The hundreds of officers, who had been awaiting the hour, had given the order "Fire." Now, with a peal, rivalling in its intensity the artillery of the elements, the trusted guns of Britain were pouring a never slackening stream of death into the positions of the enemy. Our field artillery was well in front. The reports of their lighter guns echoed in an unceasing rumble, while their flashes played in the northeastern sky like a brilliant display of the Aurora Borealis. The "heavies" were on both sides of me, as well as in the valley below. Their discharges were more distinct owing to their slower rate of fire, than those of the

field artillery. Their flashes were also much brighter and illuminated the zenith like heat lightening on a summer night. The white German flares immediately gave way to colored lights. It was the enemy's "S. O. S." A minute more and his artillery joined in the din.

For an hour the strange duel continued. Then, with a suddenness rivalling that with which it began, the fury of our bombardment ceased. For a few minutes the enemy kept up his fire, then it too gradually died away. Our front areas and lines of communication had been heavily shelled. But, nothing had fallen near me. I had viewed my first bombardment unmolested. It remained for me to receive my baptism of fire, a few days later, when proceeding to a forward artillery observation post.

C. K., '22.

Reconstruction

"Reconstruction ! Reconstruction !"

Hark, the cry is in the air—

"Reconstruction"—New construction,—
Reconstruction—Everywhere.

In our schools, and in our factories,

In our church;—'tis needed there.

Reconstruction is the Sculptor,

Carving here an image fair.

Canada in richest splendour,

Canada—O, Canada !

D. D. C., '22.

Stephen Leacock

THE public of to-day urgently demands shorter and shorter stories, and probably there is not a more popular writer of such than Mr. Stephen Leacock. A few magazines which publish his works—some stories of only about two hundred words—list them under the heading “Shorter Still” stories, and make the statement that if they are left to soak overnight in a barrel of rain-water, they will swell to the dimensions of a dollar-fifty novel.

One of the salient attributes of Mr. Leacock’s style is an analytical gift of character reading. He sets out to make people laugh and has a delightfully fresh and amusing way of putting things. His books are full to the brim with honest laughter and clever ideas. His humor is his own. He might almost be defined as the discoverer of a method of combining English and American humor, for indeed he is the subtlest of all transatlantic humorists, and his popularity seems to be growing every month.

“I would sooner,” Mr. Leacock has said, “have written ‘Alice in Wonderland’ than the whole ‘Encyclopaedia Britannica’.” He believes that the writing of solid, instructive stuff, fortified by facts and figures is easy enough; that a scientific treatise on the folk-lore of central China, or a statistical inquiry into the declining population of Prince Edward Island, are tests involving no great trouble, whereas to write something out of one’s own mind, worth reading for its own sake, is an arduous task only to be achieved in fortunate moments, few and far between.

Stephen Leacock was born at Swannmoor, Hants, England, December 30, 1869. In 1876 the family migrated to Canada, to a farm near Lake Simcoe, in Ontario. That was during the hard times of Canadian farming, and the venture was little more than a partial success. His father was just able, by great diligence, to pay the hired men, and, in years of plenty, to raise enough grain to have seed for the next year’s crop without buying any. By this process, he and his brothers were inevitably driven off the land.

He was educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto, and

at the University of Toronto, where he was graduated in 1891. Then he took to school teaching as the only trade for which he felt himself fitted, and devoted eight years as a member of the staff of Upper Canada College. In 1899 he borrowed money and went to the University of Chicago to study Economics and Political Science. He was soon appointed to a Fellowship in Political Economy, and by means of this and some temporary employment by McGill University, he was able to make both ends meet, and took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1903. He married about that time, and has since been on the faculty of McGill University, first as lecturer in Political Science, later as head of the Department of Economics and Political Science.

Mr. Leacock says that the meaning of this degree is that the recipient of instruction is examined for the last time in his life, and is pronounced completely full. He also says that as his position is one of the prizes of his profession, he is able to regard himself as singularly fortunate. The emolument is so high as to place him distinctly above the policeman, postman, street car conductors, and salaried officials of the neighborhood, while he is able to mix with the poorer of the business men of the city on terms of something like equality.

“Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town” is a book full of sunshine—the sunshine of humor; the thin, keen sunshine of irony, and the mellow evening sunshine of sentiment. Of the persons and places in this book, he has said that Mariposa is not a real town, but on the contrary, about seventy or eighty towns, that may be found all the way from Lake Superior to the sea; and that the Reverend Mr. Drone is not one person, but about eight or ten. “To make him” he says, “I clapped the gaiters of one ecclesiastic round the legs of another, added the sermons of another and the character of a fourth, and so let him start on his way in the book, to pick up such individual attributes as he might find for himself.” Mullins and Bagshaw, as well as Judge Pepperleigh, are personal friends of Mr. Leacock’s. Mr. Pupkin is found whenever a Canadian bank opens a branch in a country town, and needs a teller. As for Mr. Smith’s two

hundred and eighty pounds, his hoarse voice, his loud check suit, his diamonds, the roughness of his address and the goodness of his heart—all of these are known by everybody to be necessary and universal adjuncts of the hotel proprietor.

In his preface to "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy", he gives the impression that his material is practically exhausted and that the left-overs are collected in this volume, yet he turns out a good book. For contrast he says "The prudent husbandman, after having taken from his field, all the straw that is there, rakes it over with a wooden rake and gets as much again. The wise child, after the lemonade jug is empty, takes the lemons from the bottom of it, and squeezes them into a still larger brew. So does the sagacious author, after having sold his material to the magazines and being paid for it, clap it into book-covers and give it another squeeze."

"Further Foolishness" grew out of the fact that when he was a boy at school, he had over his class an ancient and spectacled schoolmaster who was as kind as heart, as he was ferocious in appearance. It was his practice on any outburst of gayety in the class-room, to chase the boys to their seats with a bamboo cane, and shout in defiance: "Now then, any further foolishness?" Mr. Leacock says that he finds from experience that there are still a number of indulgent readers who are good enough to adopt the same expectant attitude towards *him*, even now.

His "Essays and Literary Studies" has irresistible humor, delicate satire, and the same joyous freshness that characterizes his other works, but the wisdom he distills is concerned more with realities of our changing age.

Dull indeed must be the soul that does not find something to laugh at in the five sketches contained in "Behind the Beyond" called "Familiar Incidents"—visits to the photographer, the dentist, the barber and so on.

Mr. Leacock has not confined himself to light fiction. He has written a number of things in connection with his College life—a book on Political Science, as well as many essays and magazine articles. He belongs to the Political Association of America and is a member of the Royal Colonial

Institute. He is a Conservative, and has had some small connection with politics and public life. In the late nineties he went all around the British Empire delivering addresses on Imperial organization.

Mr. Leacock gained in a very short time the enviable position among present day writers that he now holds. His works are not a drug on the market. We still look to the Economics chair at McGill, and ask in the words of the Schoolmaster:

“Now, then, any further foolishness?”

E. C. P., '22.

An Impression

The light that flushed the verge of heaven and darted higher
and higher

O'er flowed the hill and rippled to my feet,
The eastern windows in the glare all flashed back vivid fire,
And from the shades Acadia rose complete.

Thru all else on the dawn's fair page ran lines of mist dis-
carding,

But halls and trees and ready fancy soar
A lofty seething dome appears for my enrapt regarding—
A form intangible yet fraught with lore.

Diversifying all the scene, with mountain grandeur vested,
A pleasure and a pride to all concerned,
It leads the eye and mind to heights that else were not sug-
gested

And spreads before me all my fathers learned.

The streams that once from craters poured in hopeful quick-
ening gushes,

Or hurled in fiery columns at the sky
Now cindery fragments tier on tier sink down beneath new
rushes—

But constitute the mountains as they lie.

Full everything that's buried there plans, theories, labors,
 lives,—
 Ignored, forgotten, cold, each plays a part,
 And sinking deep enough may reach the furnace that revives
 And upward on another cycle start.

The mire of social swamps is wrapped in adamantive shroud
 And sickly growth are withered by the heat.
 A purged land and life appear, more hardy and more proud
 That prosper while the storms of ages beat.

The broken ground of pained detours and faulty information
 Is levelled so that ways lead straight ahead,
 The yawning gulfs of ignorance that hindered destination
 Are grided that eager feet may safely tread.

In consternation long I gazed, bewildered, awed, subdued,—
 My heart and mind sprang forth with single bound.
 I gave myself entire afresh that I might be imbued
 With its spirit, and with service thus be crowned.

Day's luminary leaped in sight, swept mist and shade aside—
 The entire scene swam in a sea of light;
 This flood dissolved my ariel dome and bore it far and wide
 Intestate passing it enriched my sight.

T. A. M. '21.



Nova Scotia's Problem in the Rural Schools

THRUOUT all the rural sections of Nova Scotia, at distances of a few miles, are found the box-like, flag-poled buildings which are our country school-houses. The problem which these schools present—how to give the children of these schools the best educational training possible—is one which must not be neglected, if we care for the best interests of Nova Scotia and of Canada.

Nowadays, the value of education is not often disputed. A good deal of attention has been given to the town-schools and they have maintained a fairly high standard, but very little interest has been shown in the country school. Is this as it should be? Many of our most brilliant men have come from the farm, and in most cases have risen in spite of heavy handicaps. There are many bright boys and girls in our province now who have no opportunity for education except in the rural school. Ought they not to have an equal opportunity for fitting themselves for their future work with those children who attend the town school?

In some cases the work done in the country school has a good deal of attention has been given to the town-schools others the work has been of a very low order indeed. The difference is due to the out-look of the people of the community and the kind of teacher they have been able to procure. But the matter of the country school ought not to be left to chance. Where the people are poor and uneducated, and take little interest in the school, there is all the more need of a good school, if that community is ever to be uplifted.

Some time ago people were perplexed by the tendency of the young people of the country to flock to the city. Nothing could be more natural. These young people were in search of life, and then the city had innumerable advantages. The "back-to-the-farm" movement has not been so noticeable, but today we do not find so many young people leaving the farm. What has made the difference? Simply this, that the things which attracted them to the city are coming to the country. With scientific farming have come larger profits. Now the

homes of rich farmers are as inviting as any in the land. They have all modern conveniences. Aside from this, community life has been developed. Institutes have been established and have flourished. The young people need no longer go to the city for comforts and companionship. They can find them at home. In such places the school has developed, as the people have progressed. The institutes and clubs take a pride and interest in the school. They see that a good building is provided, and that enough salary is paid to secure a good teacher. Here the problem of the country school is being fairly successfully solved.

Conditions like these can be found in a rich farming country, situated on the railway, or near a town. Unfortunately, it is not true of the greater part of our country districts, tho the movement is spreading. What caused it to come to pass? Simply the education of the people. They came in contact with the outside world, learned the value of education, educated their children, and largely thru the influence of magazine literature built up their community and school. A vastly different condition obtains in isolated districts, and the only way to change them is by education.

In these sections, where the people are scattered or poverty-stricken, the public school is seen at its worst. The building is ill-kept, badly heated, poorly lighted, not properly ventilated, and often not kept clean. The water is impure, and sanitary conditions are bad. In the school-room there are no facilities for good teaching methods. The blackboards are small, chalk scarce, and the maps, if any, are dilapidated. These are necessities, and the many other things which might aid the teacher in holding the attention and interest of her pupils are lacking altogether.

In Nova Scotia, isolated sections, in which certain conditions are found, are classed as poor sections, and something is said about special government aid being given to these schools. How far does this aid go? The teacher receives one third extra government grant, but—and this should be noticed—only if she is a D license teacher. The D is the lowest license given, and for it the requirements are very low.

One third extra government grant sounds well, but after all it is only twenty dollars extra and this is, I believe, the only extra aid given. The remainder of the teacher's salary is obtained by taxes levied on inhabitants (with the exception of a small country grant) and since these are poor or few in number, of course the salary is very small. As a result, they have to be satisfied with almost any kind of teacher. Even if by lucky chance they should secure a good teacher, she would find difficulty in doing good work, because of the poor condition of the building that obtains generally, as because of the attitude of the parents. They are often antagonistic and severely critical, instead of helpful. The parents do not realize the benefit that could be derived from friendly relations between them and the teacher, benefits to themselves, the teacher and the children. The parents would understand the children better, the teacher—from knowing the home conditions—could deal with the children better, and the children would profit from the increased understanding of both.

But, though the teacher may have the best possible intentions, and tho she strive conscientiously to do her work well, she is often far from adequately prepared. The grading of licenses in Nova Scotia is far too low at the bottom, and unreasonably high at the top. Those who would become Academic teachers are driven to other provinces by the high requirements, while the ranks must be filled in with the lower licensed teachers, and so the D license persists. Let us consider the requirements. For the D license, a grade IX certificate, a pass of required standing on the first year high school work, and a short term at Normal, or a grade X certificate, and a pass on the Minimum Professional Qualifications examinations, are all that is required. It has long been known that the M. P. Q. examinations are a farce, and the fact that a young girl of seventeen who has pass Grade IX and been to Normal a few weeks, is licensed to teach in Nova Scotia is a disgrace. She is not prepared to teach. However, something has been said about abolishing the D license. For the C, B, and A. licenses, the requirements are the same, substituting a higher grade certificate and lengthening the term at

standard, the C, tho better than the D, is still too low. Then in regard to the highest license, the Academic—A, B, C degree, a Norman course, and a pass on the Academic examinations are required. No other province in the Dominion requires the passing of Academic examinations. Formerly, no recognition of the B. A. degree, was made at all in granting the lower licenses, but a few years ago, the B. A. degree was accounted equal to the A, that is the grade XII certificate. It was once suggested that if the requirement of the University Test examinations was removed for the Academic licenses, that there would be too many Academic teachers. This surely would be most fortunate. Then there would not be the slightest trouble about abolishing the D license, and the conditions of the school thruout the province would be much improved.

Where the requirements for the highest license are so exacting, of course we lose our teachers. This would be so if the salaries were equal, which they are not.

It is true that a law has been passed recently in Nova Scotia raising the teachers' salaries. But what was it? It was advertised as a twenty per cent raise, but it was a twenty per cent raise on the average of the last five year's salaries. If this had been followed out in some cases the salary would have been *less* than that of the previous year. Of course, no raise was being made in the salaries in some places, and there the difference was felt. But, even yet, the teachers' salaries here, do not equal those in the western provinces, and even there they are striking for more pay. If we are to have good teachers in the schools, rural or town, they must be paid and well.

Then, if a good teacher is provided, the children must be there for her to teach. The attendance in the rural schools is very poor. The children are kept home on the slightest pretext, and so are extremely backward. Indeed, it is not hard to find boys and girls of fourteen, who barely know their letters. This, surely, must not be permitted. Nova Scotia does not want illiterate citizens. The only way to prevent this spread of illiteracy is by the working and enforcing of a strict law in regard to compulsory attendance.

The law as it stands today is worthless. At the school meeting, the people vote as to whether they shall have compulsory attendance or not. If they should vote for it, which is probably not frequently the case, the secretary is to make a list of the children between seven and twelve years of age who live in that section. The parents are fined two dollars if a child, between these ages, does not attend school at all, and less if the child has attended school, but not for some hundred and twenty days. There are several methods of appeal.

Those who have any acquaintance with the rural school can realize how utterly useless this law is. Even if they should vote to enforce the law, two dollars is not a large enough fine to alarm the parents, and these parents know they have little reason to fear that it shall be exacted, and in case it should be, they can appeal. There might as well be no law.

Compulsory attendance is necessary and that at an early date. The amount of illiteracy in our province is astounding, and it must not be permitted to increase. The government should employ men to keep accurate lists of children of school age, and to investigate causes of absence, and the fine should be increased a hundred-fold. Only by such means can this problem be overcome.

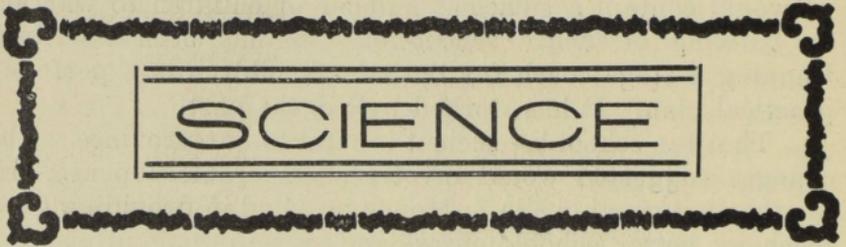
Then the children must have a good school-building to come to. Obviously, an up-to-date school house can hardly be built and kept up in each small community which now has a school of its own. The requirements of such a building are quite well-known. There must be sufficient air-space, the lighting must be so arranged as not to produce eye-strain, the seats and desks must be of the proper size and design, sanitary drinking fountains must take the place of the common drinking cup, the heating must be even, ample cloak-room space built in, and sanitary closet must be provided. Such buildings require a considerable outlay of money. They cannot be provided for each section, but why cannot the sections be enlarged? The walking distance is too far as it is? This seems to be the solution, that a government stage be driven every school day of the year, carrying the children to school in the morning and back at night. Several sections combin-

ed would contain a sufficient number of children to warrant the building of such a school-house as has been described. Running a stage coach for the school-children is a perfectly practical plan. It has worked well in the past.

That the school be efficient is vital to our province. The changes suggested would involve considerable expense, but are they not worth while ? Money invested in providing good teachers, better school-houses, and in enforcing attendance at the schools, is money invested in future citizens. Few investments offer such sure returns. If Nova Scotia educates her people, they will prosper.

G. A. P. '21.





Theories of Evolution

IT has not been too many years ago that any theory of evolution, as we now accept the term, was ridiculed, and anyone advancing such ideas was considered a fit subject for immediate extradition to the insane asylum. In fact, the masses, even today have a certain abhorance for the Darwinian theories, which to them convey the idea that man has descended from monkeys, or some equally absurd notion. Some of these are absurd to such a degree that when we have understood the subject we wondered at our own ignorance.

Nothing in all the world has contributed such a large part of men's speculation and philosophies as the study of life, as it is, and its origin. Life itself, it is true, has never yet been explained and very probably never will be; but we believe that the large number of species, the graduated differences visible in the successive phyla, and the apparent beginnings of new species or genera in our own day, (the latter more especially evident in the plant than in the animal kingdom) has to some extent been accounted for.

Men at one time believed in a theory of origin of life by a process known as spontaneous generation. For instance: they believed that meat left to the air, automatically or shall we more correctly say, spontaneously produced flies. This theory obtained more support than we men of today can readily believe; and it was not until comparatively recent years, that Redi came forward and demonstrated the fallacy of such an idea, and the theory became discredited as an authority.

Let us look at another of the theories of evolution of life, or rather the origin of species. DeVries postulated the theory that in the different forms of life, mutations or abnormalities breeding true gave rise to a new class slightly different from the original parent. This theory is much more plausible and reasonable, but still when we consider that the tendency of all individuals is to reproduce toward the normal standard, we cast aside this theory and look for a still more satisfactory explanation.

Still another theory we will merely mention in passing. This is the theory of special creations, which pre-supposes the existence of an Infinite who directly created all species individually and specifically. This we will reject without further discussion, as practically everyone will admit the opening statements of Genesis to be figurative. Even our eminent theologians admit that fact.

And now with these theories before us, let us look at the standard idea of Evolution as gleaned from the hypotheses of DeVries, Lamarck, who contended that required characteristics are inherited, and Darwin, "Evolution is the method of Creation and Natural Selection is the method of Evolution." This is the gist of Darwinism. Evolution supposes that certain members of a species find themselves limited by natural selection, and, that finding themselves in new conditions, natural selection working all the time toward the elimination of the unfit. Thus it will be seen that we contain in the evolutionistic theory the deduction of Lamarck and Darwin.

We find this idea supported by Geology. Geology is the study of the past structure, and conditions of the earth's surface, including its life and climate as revealed by the works. The forms and conditions of life are revealed by fossils. Rocks of early strata reveal primitive forms of life; those of immediately successive strata represent a higher organization of life, and so on throughout the series. For instance, we have cases of fish just beginning to show amphibian characteristics. With this state of affairs, we find a drying up of the country ensuing the elevation of the land. This pro-

cess would be slow, and of a necessity the fish must try to adapt themselves to land conditions. Only those that are in some measure successful survive. It is a "survival of the fittest" in its truest sense. All up through the geological ages, we find a graduation of species; a new complexity of the organisms, and greater and greater division of labor among organs especially developed for their several functions: this division of labor representing a higher position in the scale of evolution. Just as we take the complexity of man's organization as compared to that of the fish, to indicate a higher order, so do we take the successive species of organisms represented by geological fossils as evidences of organic evolution. To go into this subject in detail would in itself furnish material enough for a small book.

Evolutionistic theories are also supported by embryology. For instance, we see in the development of the chick, first a unicellular organism, yet full of life. This organism is merely the matured and fertilized egg. Secondly, we find a *gastula* stage of development. This stage approximates the adult stage of the *hydra* and sponge. Still later the embryo exhibits the characteristics of fish. Even the gill slits are formed, and though not destined to perform the functions for which they were primarily intended in the adult fish, the fact remains that for some unexplainable reason, the embryo in its course of development goes out of its way, in order to picture to us the stages of evolution which preceded it, and which mark it off as a distinctly higher organized individual. It is a well established law of development, that "the embryo does invariably recapitulate the stages of its evolution". Even in man we see the same thing, as any text in embryology will clearly indicate. These strikingly significant stages and characteristics are evidence in favor of the theories of evolution.

Let us look at the theory from still another standpoint: from that of comparative anatomy, and let us look at some practical illustrations.

Take for instance a comparison of the typical fish and the amphibian. The air bladder of the fish has given way to

the poorly developed limb of the amphibian; the eyes are very similar; the same type of ear is evident; the aquatic mode of life of the amphibian is much like the ordinary fish habits. The nervous systems bear distinct relations to each other. The heart of the amphibian has a partially developed septum, dividing the auricle, which is necessitated by the purification by limb as contrasted to purification by gill filaments. The metamorphosis of the common frog indicates embryologically the facts already suggested. Very distinct is its fish development and its modification into the adult frog. The reproductive systems are also very similar; in fact, the careful observer cannot help but notice the several similarities.

Another still more striking example is a comparison of the flying reptiles of previous geological ages with our modern bird. The nervous systems resemble each other, the blood systems are remarkably similar,—in fact, the whole general anatomies are suggestive. We might quote other instances but we think we have said sufficient for the present.

We have seen that Lamarek postulated the theory that acquired characteristics are inherited, DeVries that new species are the result of true-breeding mutations; and Darwin that Natural selection is the method of evolution. Darwin was very much struck with the fact that certain animals native to the islands off the coast of South America were very similar to those on the mainland. Yet there was a very distinct element of difference. May we not then suppose that these animals were isolated by some upheavals of the earth in past geological periods which separated certain members of this species from the other on the mainland, and that during subsequent ages they acquired new habits, necessitated by a change of climate and other new conditions of life, which resulted in the differences mentioned above and culminated in the formation of new genus.

Do not these ideas here brought forward suggest convincingly that evolution is the explanation of the existence of species? Do not the evidences supplied by geology, by embryology going out of its way to illustrate the evolutionary process, and by comparative anatomy with its striking like-

nesses, which have been investigated so carefully by the greatest modern thinkers,—do not these things, we say, throw more light on the subject, and afford more satisfaction than any of the theories of bygone days?

Let us then be enlightened and not be so ready to condemn Darwinism as being derogatory to religious ideals, but let us reason and then try to reconcile reason with the more figurative ideas of popular belief.

L. P. S. '22.

The Romance of Tungsten

THE world's history has been roughly classified into ages, each characterized by some "key" substance upon which the existence and advancement of civilization to a great extent depended. First was the old Stone Age, then the Ages of Metals—Copper, Bronze, Iron and Steel. However, as a result of the rapid advancement in the world of science during the past century, the Age of Steel has been, or at least is being gradually displaced by a new era, the Age of Tungsten. Just as in all other ages, the transition from the one age to the other has been a very gradual process. This, perhaps, is the reason that so few people have recognized the dawning of this new age. For, in spite of the tremendous influence of Tungsten upon our modern civilization, whether in the scientific, industrial or commercial world, it is surprising to not how little knowledge the average individual has of this important element. Most individuals have a vague idea of the existence of such an element, perhaps in connection with electric lights; or some, blessed with a smattering of elementary chemistry, may recall the name among the list of chemical elements. Therefore, before we go farther, we must answer the questions—What is Tungsten? and, Where does it come from?

Tungsten is a rare element of the chromium group, found in certain minerals such as wolfram, scheelite and hibernite. These minerals are usually found in various parts of the

world associated with ores of tin, bismuth, and a few other metals. However, most of these deposits are small and uncertain. Nearly 75 per cent of the world's supply comes from the United States, and the larger percentage of this from the famous "Tungsten farm" in Boulder County, Colorado. The picturesque story of its early discovery will be told a little later. Tungsten may be produced from its ores as a heavy steel gray metal. The main steps in the chemical process for its production are as follows—The powdered ore containing Tungsten is heated to a high temperature with sodium carbonate, and the resulting mixture washed with water. The solution is then filtered and an acid added to precipitate tungsten acid. The tungsten acid is next washed and dried forming an oxide of tungsten, which is reduced to the metal by heating with carbon to a high temperature. There are various other methods for the preparation of tungsten, but this is one of the simplest and most convenient method.

In regard to the properties and uses of tungsten we can mention here only the most characteristic. Tungsten has a melting point of about 3177°C. which is higher than that of any other metal; its tensile strength exceeds that of iron and nickel; it is practically non-magnetic; it can be drawn to smaller sizes than any other metal; its elasticity is twice that of steel; wrought tungsten can be made so hard that it will readily scratch glass and still be ductile; it is practically insoluble in all of the common acids; it possesses both acid and basic properties; and when alloyed with steel in the ratio of from 2 to 20 parts of tungsten, to 100 parts of steel, it greatly increases the hardness of the steel, forming what is commonly known as "high speed" steel. The important bearing of tungsten, upon modern civilization is especially due to this last mentioned property, for without "high speed" tools and machinery our industries would be practically crippled. Although the present uses of tungsten are exceedingly numerous and variable, new uses are constantly being found. It is used especially as a substitute for platinum, being superior to this metal for many purposes.

Tungsten was first produced in 1785 from the tungsten ore wolfram by two brothers J. J. and F. D. 'Elhuyar. But until nearly a quarter of a century ago, tungsten was classed among the rare and costly minerals for which, moreover, there was little demand. Some essential properties of tungsten steels (i. e. steels alloyed with tungsten) were known as far back as 1860, but their real commercial value and importance was not really recognized until the Paris Exhibition in 1900, when Taylor first exhibited, to the astonished gaze of incredulous machinists a steel-cutting machine which cut so fast and deep that it delivered steel chips at a blue heat and in large quantities. Peoples eyes were soon opened to the great possibilities latent in this strange metal and since that time, the career of tungsten has been a brilliant one, especially in the steel and tool-making industries of the world. However, it was not until the beginning of the war that the true value and significance of tungsten were realized. Why did Germany's steel so deteriorate after the earlier part of the war? Why did her artillery, machine-guns and tools in munition factories wear out so readily? Simply because her supply of tungsten was exhausted. Having no natural supply, she had always imported her supply from foreign countries, chiefly the United States. Consequently, as a result of the rigid British blockade and the Allies' control over most of the world's supply, Germany's tungsten supply was practically eliminated. This may be justly considered as one of the important factors in determining the victory of the Allies. At the out-break of the war, tungsten was sold at \$8.00 for twenty pounds, 60% pure. So great was the war demand, however, that the price rose by leaps and bounds until in less than six months it had risen to \$105. Today it is selling for about \$20 per 20 lbs. in spite of the great increase in production. And here comes a little tungsten romance.

In the fall of 1913 a young engineer, after spending his summer in Colorado mountains prospecting for gold, returned to Denver and deposited his bag of specimens with an assayer. When he returned a few days later, anxious to learn of the

findings, the assayer greeted him with a smiling face. "Tim" he said, "you had better go and mine for tungsten. All you have here of any significance is a wonderfully rich sample of tungsten running nearly 70 per cent pure. Take my advice and sink a shaft where you found this sample and your fortune will be made." The following spring Tim staked out a number of promising looking claims, sank a shaft and struck rich tungsten. In many places he found that a shaft was not necessary, for the ground for miles was often strewn with the loose tungsten ore, in some places even forming long winrows. Prospectors and miners had traversed this ground for years kicking the heavy, black lumps with evident disgust, never dreaming of the hidden fortunes awaiting the true discoverers. Indeed, Tim was laughed at and ridiculed by old miners, who despised this black streaked rock, and by them he was christened "Tungsten Tim". This was of little consequence to Tim. He continued his work until at the beginning of the war a large pile of black ore had accumulated on his "dumps". As he was in need of a little cash to carry on his enterprise, he sent some of his ore (which was chiefly wolfram and scheelite) to the mill to be reduced. When he received the concentrate from the mill a few weeks later the price had risen from \$8 to \$55 for 20 lbs, 60 per cent pure. At this rate his ore, which was 70 per cent pure was worth about \$38.50 per ton and still the price continued to rise. It was not long, however, before the stampede started. The mountains of Boulder and Clear Creek Counties were soon swarming with miners and fortune hunters, and numerous mining towns sprang into existence in a remarkably short time. Countless claims were staked, while many simply collected the loose "float", carried it to their homes and then shipped it to the mills, where they sold it at market rate. It was mainly a question of transportation. In London and Sheffield the steel workers began to wonder where the unusually large and rich supply was coming from. In this way the famous "Tungsten Farm" of Boulder County the largest and richest deposit of tungsten ores in the world was discovered.

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Editorial



A Sense of Values

BY the time this issue of the Athenæum shall come from the press the first half of the college year will have gone by. Its measure of success or failure will be a matter of history. What constitute success or failure may vary with different individuals. For the college as a whole the differences between success and failure may be found not merely in numbers, or in atheletic powers, or even in intellectual supremacy, vital as these may be—but rather in the standards of the college and in the spirit pervading all student activity.

The end of the war brought in a new day to the college. That the war hit the college hard is a matter of common knowledge. How hard it hit them, only the one can realize who has been intimately connected with college life during all three periods—before the war, in the war time days, and in this new era. Another may have a more or less definite idea, but he can have no adequate realization.

It was inevitable that little extra curriculum work of value should be carried on during the war. Those who had been leaders in such activity were overseas. The ones they had trained to take up the work they dropped, their natural successors, were standing by their sides in France and Belgium. During one year there were about twelve boys in the two upper classes combined. There was no lightheartedness, no spontaniety, no sense of power in any phase of college life. College organizations and athletic teams died down for lack of adequate organization and leadership. As a result those entering college failed to receive the training that can come only from strong, well organized, upper classes acting as a unit. Until after the signing of the armistice the younger boys knew of nothing better, hence, if dissatisfied, were so only vaguely. The only wonder is that matters were no worse. In this situation the saving elements were the dogged devotion to work by the boys, and unselfish and patriotic efforts and resourcefulness displayed by the girls of the upper classes.

This year has brought almost double the enrollment and with it such a class of new students as never before entered Acadia. They have brought with them fresh energy and impetus for all forms of activity. With all these latent possibilities there is the grave danger of loss of a due sense of proportion and a proper sense of values. College life is so crowded by one activity or another, that without competent leadership it is impossible to maintain an even balance.

The lower classes have lost nothing, but have gained greatly by the war. It should be their privilege during the next few years to grow in power and in influence and to leave a far more permanent stamp on the college than any class for years. This should have with it a sobering sense of obligation and of responsibility—obligation to those individuals and classes who have previously with painstaking effort laid the foundation for their superstructure, and responsibility to those who are certain to come under their influence. Any class strong in numbers and with a large proportion of trained and experienced men is certain from this very fact

to have a consciousness of power. Here the danger lies. Without a proper prospective the power is likely to work out on individualistic lines. It is not too soon to think seriously of these matters. In another year responsibilities will come, unbidden it may be, but surely and inevitably will come.

The burden of responsibility as always rests upon the upper classes and particularly the Seniors. This year it is a particularly heavy one. Whether they like it or not—indeed whether they admit the fact or not, the standards of the college are set and the whole spirit of the year is determined by the attitude of the upper classes. They receive little praise if they do well; but much censure if they fail. This in a way is only just. If the upper-classes fail to set adequate standards, then the wildest element in the college will set the standard, and will not set a wholesome one.

The upper classes this year are very diversified. They contain members from every class from '16 to '21. They are comparatively unknown factors and have this year to be tested afresh. From such classes there are opportunities for two types of class unity. One is the old, blind, unreasoning type rendered all the more so by a fantastic attachment to a superficial class spirit. It is the result of the prevalent spirit of individualism. The other results from broadened outlook and diversified points of view and should lead to a class unity of a far higher type. The ideal will tend to be not "Right or wrong, this is of advantage to our class therefore we will do it." But rather "this is of advantage to the college, therefore we as a class will carry it through." Unity of the second type is the probable outcome. For in the Great War the men learned to perfection the lessons of unselfishness, adaptability, co-operation and optimism.

It is not to be considered that we wish to do away with criticism. It is typical of individualism and plays an important part in the evolution of the proper group spirit. Probably never before at Acadia has there been so much independent thought and free speech. This has its place in a recognition of defects. It is only by recognition of defects and intelligent grappling with them that we can hope to make any

progress. Much criticism, however, is unadvised, due to a lack of a true sense of values, and a failure to interpret present conditions in the light of the past.

To the Seniors especially belongs the responsibility for the year's work. The presidents of nearly all the societies and captains of the college teams are usually Seniors. On them and on their executives rest the responsibility for the whole year's work. The training they have received while in the lower classes should fit them for such offices. The enforced inactivity of these organizations accounts for lack of experience on the part of one group of Seniors; the long absence from college accounts for the other. Any reorganization undertaken must be from their own initiative, of a pioneering nature, and carried through by sheer strength of will. There are problems to face accumulating from the past five years, and these demand immediate attention. This is a year of transition. Much has already been accomplished. No appeal to sober judgment and true sense of values has been entirely without effect. The Seniors will be meeting their responsibility if they can gather up the loose ends from the preceding years and work them into a constructive program to be passed on as a basis for development from year to year.

CHANCELLOR McCRIMMON.

The Athenæum wishes through its columns to express the pleasure of the Acadia student body at the recent visit of Chancellor McCrimmon of McMaster University. As a representative of McMaster he would at any time receive a warm welcome at Acadia. There have always been the most cordial of relations between these two colleges. This professional appeal, however, has been overshadowed by the personal one. The force of his message and strength of his personality made a strong impression on the Acadia students. Chancellor McCrimmon may always feel certain of a warm welcome at Acadia.

DR. LOGAN.

During the past month Dr. J. D. Logan paid a visit to Acadia and delivered a series of lectures on Canadian Literature and its value and distinction. Dr. Logan is probably the greatest Canadian authority on the subject. He has made a study of it such as probably no other Canadian has done, and is rendering no trifling patriotic service in thus bringing Canadian literature before the public. One of his statements was especially significant. Canadian literature is receiving more attention in England than it is here. It is time the Canadian people realized that they really have a literature, if not great, at least of high excellence in substance and in artistic finish. Dr. Logan himself is author of numerous poems and essays of high literary value.

With this issue the Athenaeum publishes its first technical articles under the Science Department.

In the past a distinct lack in the paper has been the failure to give science its proper representation. Science forms such an important part in all college curriculums now, and is daily becoming more important, that any college paper which does not give it adequate representation fails utterly as a reflector of college activities. The Athenaeum looks to the student body for cordial support in this department of its work.

Seminary Notes

THE SENIOR HOUSE PARTY.

ON November the twenty-fourth the Senior Class entertained for the first time since being graduated from jolly Juniors to Dignified Seniors. From the invitations the guests expected a formal affair, but one glimpse of the gymnasium, made cosy with cushions and rugs, dispelled all their fears. Between games a program was rendered.

About ten o'clock a junior appeared with a basket of roses. Each guest present received a rose, in the centre of which lay the name of his supper partner.

In the dining-room, the tables were set in the class colors, white and green. After a delightful supper made more delightful by laughter over the poetical attempts of the gentlemen present, the party broke up with college songs.

THE Y. W. C. A. FAIR.

Long before Saturday, November the twenty-ninth, the day on which the Seminary Fair was held, fingers were busy making various trinkets for fancy-work booth or fish pond. All work of decoration had to be left till Saturday morning. At four o'clock the doors were thrown open to the visitors from town. The chapel now radiated welcome to everyone—especially those with bulky wallets. During the afternoon one might purchase fancy-work, grow fat on home-made, or rather semi-made candy, fish in the fish pond of fortune and later, take five-o'clock tea in the dainty Japanese tea-room.

After tea the Academy and College boys arrived in full force. For some it was a first visit.

A refined vaudeville show was repeated several times to crowded audiences. A most interesting feature of the evening was the auctioneering of hand painted posters.

As a result of the Fair two hundred and twenty-five dollars became the property of the Y. W. C. A. for the carrying on of its work.

THE Y. W. C. A. VESPER SERVICE.

The Annual Christmas Vesper Service was held on Sunday, December the fourteenth. The order of service was as follows:

Hymn—Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Invocation

Solo, with chorus.....The Lost Chord
Barbara MacNeill.

ReadingRita Atkinson.

Violin Solo—Ave MariaGounod
Hilda Kinsman.

Scripture ReadingMiss Key

Solo—Holy Night	Gounod
	Olivia Lamont.
Address	Dr. H. T. DeWolfe
Offering	
Hymn—O Come All Ye Faithful	

RECITALS.

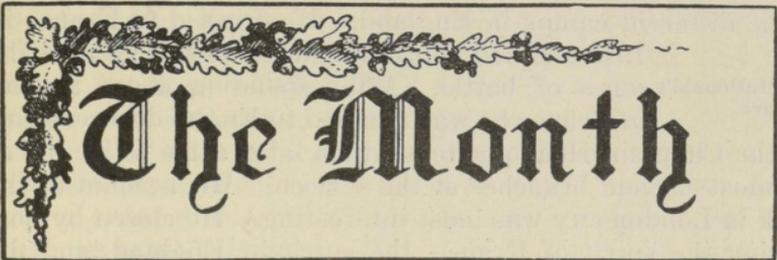
On December the sixth, the Pierian Society held its last meeting before breaking up for the Christmas vacation. A program was rendered by the pupils in Expression, and the Christmas Pierian paper was read by Edith Jenkins.

On December the thirteenth the fortnightly recital was held. This recital was under the direction of Dr. Fisher, but all the departments of music and expression were represented on the program.

HOCKEY.

The Seminary is looking forward to skating, and the hockey season. A corridor may not be the best place in the world for hockey practise, but the new girls are so anxious to make the team they will practise almost anywhere. The Seminary has more material out of which a team could be built, than ever before, and we are just waiting for Jack Frost to begin practising in earnest.





The Month

DRAWN BY HERALD BISHOP '17

THE Freshman-Sophomore Debate was held in Assembly Hall on Nov. 22, 1919.

The subject under debate was "Resolved that the adoption of the tariff demands set forth in Section 3 of the Farmers Platform by the Dominion Government would be in the interest of Canadian Prosperity."

Freshman-Sophomore Debate.

Messrs. Ganong, Miller and Lank supported the affirmative, while the Freshmen, represented by Neary, Warren, and Doyle upheld the negative.

The debate was interesting throughout altho the the Freshmen showed lack of experience in public speaking, we feel sure they will make a name for themselves in debate before they leave Acadia. The Sophomores had their subject well in hand. All three speeches were forceful and well delivered. The decision was given to the Sophomores. Meister '21 was critic.

Following the Freshman-Sophomore Debate on Dec. 22, the Sophomores went for a progressive walk to "The Ridge" returning to the Girls Club Room for refreshments.

Class Socials.

The Freshmen also enjoyed a walking party after the debate, but changed the order of their festivities in first partaking of a delectable feast and later proceeding on their walk to Willow Hollow. Both classes reported a very pleasant time.

On Nov. 28th Dr. McDonald gave a lecture in College Hall on "A Chaplain's Experiences Overseas" He traced

the facts concerning his departure and his varied experiences in the different camps in England. He crossed to France in 1915 and had many thrilling experiences near the

Dr. McDonald's zones of battle. After spending about a year **Lecture.**

in France he was recalled to England to reorganize the Chaplain Headquarters which later came to be one of the most efficient branches of the service. His account of the work in London city was most interesting. He closed by portraying the spirit of France, the spirit of England, and the spirit of Canada.

The Propylaeum Society meeting of December 1st saw the Seniors and Juniors debating on "Resolved that Daylight Saving would not be a beneficial measure in Canada". The

Girls' Debate. affirmative, upholding the present system, was supported by the Seniors. Their debaters were

Miss Parry (Leader), Miss Chisholm and Miss Borden. The negative was upheld by Miss Grant (Leader), Miss Boyer, and Miss Fitzpatrick.

All six speakers presented, carefully prepared speeches in a most credible manner. Miss Parry and Miss Fitzpatrick are especially to be congratulated. Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Balcom and Miss Macintosh acted as judges, giving the decision to the Juniors.

As a fitting conclusion to the football season, a banquet was held at Acadia Villa Hotel on Dec. 5th. At 10.00 p. m. some forty members of the football squads gathered at the hotel to do honor to the repast which had been prepared. Dr. Cutten and Prof. Ross also attended. Dean Rogers, captain of the first team, presided as chairman with our capable

Football Banquet. Business Manager, Wallace Holmes as vice chairman. After disposing of the numerous

courses of the dinner, the next thing on the programme of the evening was the toast list which was delivered through a maze of smoke, clearly illustrating the fact that our teams had broken training with a vengeance. The chairman first proposed a toast to the King after which he called upon

Mr. Atkinson to propose a toast to Acadia, which was responded to by Mr. Holmes, who read a letter from our coach Lloyd Black, also by Mr. Tingley on behalf of the first team and by Mr. Burton on behalf of the second team. As the hour of mid-night had arrived the banquet was concluded by giving the Acadia yell and the singing of the Acadia Doxology. To complete what had already proved a very enjoyable evening and in order to convey this fact to others recourse was taken to songs sung outside the Seminary and Tully Tavern, until the crowd finally dispersed at 1.00 a. m.

On December 6th the debate between the Senior and the Engineers took place. The subject was as follows: Resolved that Government control of food prices is more beneficial to the Canadian public than the present competitive system. The Senior team composed by J. M. Boyer, (leader), Geo. Nowlan and U. B. VanWart supported the affirmative. The Engineers' team composed of P. L. Ernst (leader), H. H. Wetmore and J. Jordan supported the negative. The judges gave the decision to the Seniors. The report of the critic, R. S. Longley, was the best of the year.

The "class spirit" of the various classes has been much in evidence of late, due largely to the present debating activity, and it has manifested itself in one way more markedly than in others, namely "class parties."

Even the Seniors elated over their victory on December 6th threw their dignity to the winds and at the invitation of the Class Girls went on a coasting party—as excited and care-free as children.

The night was made to order, and what cared they for such trifles as snow-soaked clothing, black eyes and broken sleds (?) These were merely souvenirs of a good time.

When the hour of ten put a stop to these hilarious activities the Seniors found the dainty lunch at Miss Harwood's Tearoom and a good sing a fitting climax to the evenings fun.

Dr. Logan, who is an author of note and no doubt, the ablest critic of Canadian literature today, again favored Acadia with his presence during the week of Dec. 8. During this time he lectured to many of the classes on various aspects of Canadian literature. On Wednesday morning he addressed the student body on the lack of appreciation of Canadian literature, and on Friday evening he gave a public lecture to both students and friends from town.

Acadia is the only college in Canada in which a course on Canadian literature is being given. This is to be deeply regretted, for not until the universities give Canadian literary achievement the credit that is due it, will the country be able to obtain a proper idea of its importance. Canadian literature is being studied today both in England and America, yet the average Canadian would laugh at the idea of Canada occupying any position in the world of letters. For this reason it behooves all other universities to follow Acadia's lead, and so show the world in general and Canada in particular that our literary achievements are in every respect equal to those of other countries.

The Ralph M. Hunt Contest was held on Dec. 12th after the lecture by Dr. Logan. There were only two contestants. Charles Corey, the first speaker, took as his subject Oliver Cromwell. His speech was well written and his enunciation clear, but occasionally hesitating. D. D. Cameron, the second speaker, spoke on Canadian Reconstruction. His speech was well written and well delivered. He brought in a number of personal instances which added color and amusement to his address.

The judges Dr. Logan, Mr. Miller and Mr. Watt gave the decision to Mr. Cameron.

“Resolved that complete political independence would be beneficial to Canada.”

The Juniors upheld the affirmative, their class being represented by Lumsden, Jeffries (leader), and Mosher. The

negative was in the hands of the Freshmen, Anthony, Camp (leader), and Tuplin being the speakers.

Junior-Senior Debate. The debate was of high order and exceptionally well contested. It showed evidence of much thorough and painstaking work, being made all the more interesting by the many humorous touches in the rebuttals. Mr. Mosher's speech contained the best arguments. The affirmative won. Estabrooks in a characteristic criticism brought to the fore all the humor of the evening.

Following the debate with the Juniors on Dec. 13th the Freshmen Class held a "theatre party". The Sophomore in order to make sure that they would get their money's worth, had some special slides shown.

Freshmen Theatre Party. After the theatre the Freshmen expected to go to Hughies for refreshments, but on finding that the Sophomores had arrived there before them they were taken to the residence of their chaperons Dr. and Mrs. DeWitt. The rest of the evening passed off very enjoyably with refreshments and music.

The Wednesday evening meetings continue to be of especial interest to all and are well attended.

On Nov. 19th., Dr. Thompson gave an interesting talk on "The Religion of the Ancient Greeks."

The following week Prof. Balcom spoke concerning, "Some Points of Contact between Religion and Economics."

"The Problems of Home Missions in Canada" were clearly set forth by Dr. McDonald on December third.

On Dec. 17th, we were favored by an address by Y. M. C. A. Dr. O. L. Kilborn, a medical missionary from China.

We were particularly fortunate in having Chancellor McCrimmon of McMaster University address us on Sunday Dec. 7th. The Sunday evening service was under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Special music was rendered, including a duet by Madame Hobbs of the Seminary and Mr. Henshaw, and selections by the quartet. The Y. M. C. A. orchestra was also present. Mr. McCrimmon spoke most forcefully on "The Conquest of the World for Christ."

On the following morning Chancellor McCrimmon was present at chapel service. He brought greetings from McMaster to Acadia and spoke very inspiringly on "Personality and the Relation of Jesus Christ to Personality."

The Acadia Y. M. C. A. sent a total representation of fourteen to the Boys Conference at Halifax, Nov. 14-17. The programme was very interesting and the meetings very helpful.

The Y. W. meeting of Dec. 7th, was of particular interest. Prof. Perry gave a helpful address on "Some of Nature's Y. W. C. A. voices", emphasizing certain problems of student life and thought.

Our Bible Study Classes are successfully carried on. The Seniors and Juniors meet under the leadership of Mrs. Cutten and the Sophettes and Freshettes under the leadership of Dr. Thompson.

Although no report from the Theological Club has found its way into the columns of the Athenaeum it is still a live issue. The Club was reorganized promptly at the beginning of the college year. The following officers were elected for the first term: Pres., H. B. Camp; Vice-Pres., J. W. F. Maxwell, Sec.-Treas., W. H. Elgee.

The Theological Club. The outlook for the year is very promising. There are over thirty theological students in the institutions and the club meetings are well attended.

On Oct. 31, Prof. Cavicchia delivered an instructive address on the life and work of Dante. On Nov. 14 and Nov. 21, Dr. DeWolfe gave us interesting and profitable addresses on the Development of the English Bible. We were fortunate indeed in having an opportunity of hearing Rev. W. C. Machum on the evening of Nov. 28. His subject was the Sunday School Problem, and his address was listened to with much interest. The other weekly meetings have been led by members of the club.

On Nov. 13, the club members and lady friends were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Archibald, University Avenue.

This was the first occasion on which the club has been recognized as a body and a most delightful evening was spent.

Our last meeting before the holidays was held on Friday evening, Dec. 12, and was most impressive. It was conducted by Mr. D. C. Kaine. We look forward to even greater progress next term.

Sophette Propylaeum came on Nov. 22nd. A splendid program was given. "Lochinvar" presented in pantomime was the most amusing number.

The Christmas Propylaeum met on Dec. 13th. After the business was transacted and the 'synopsis' read, a real Christmas celebration was held. Santa appeared, resplendent in red with wonderful white whiskers, and with real bags of candy. Then the candles were lighted on a gaily decked Christmas tree, from which gifts were distributed and there seemed to be a real Christmas feeling in the air. After a merry opening of gifts, the meeting adjourned.

The Girls' Political Club is now beginning to get on its feet and the last two meetings have certainly been well worth attending. At the first, Prof. Balcom outlined for us the origin, development and present status of party politics in Canada. Our only regret is that more could have heard this talk.

With this as a starting point the club intends making a study of the movements in Canadian politics to-day. One meeting has been held since, at which we had a free and impartial discussion of the new leader and new platform of the Liberal party as far as it is outlined. It is a splendid indication that the girls are taking an interest in this matter and are trying to discuss intelligently these questions from a non-partisan standpoint.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE."

The theatre-goers of Wolfville were provided with a rare treat on Monday and Tuesday evenings, December 15th and

16th when the Acadia Dramatic Society under the direction of Miss Mae Churchill Dean presented its initial production, a three act farce entitled "It Pays to Advertise", in the Opera House before two bumper houses.

The cast was as follows:—

Miss Grayson	Miss McPhail.
Mr. Rodney Martin, Jr.	Mr. Richardson.
Mr. Rodney Martin, Sr.	Mr. Estabrooks.
Mr. Ambrose Peale	Mr. McNeil.
Countess de Beaurien	Miss Starr.
Mr. Ellery Clark	Mr. Boyer.
Mr. Bronson	Mr. Curry.
Mr. Smith	Mr. Reid.
Miss Burke	Miss Verge.
Mr. McChesney	Mr. Rogers.
Marie (maid)	Miss D. Schurman.
Johnson (servant)	Mr. Cameron.

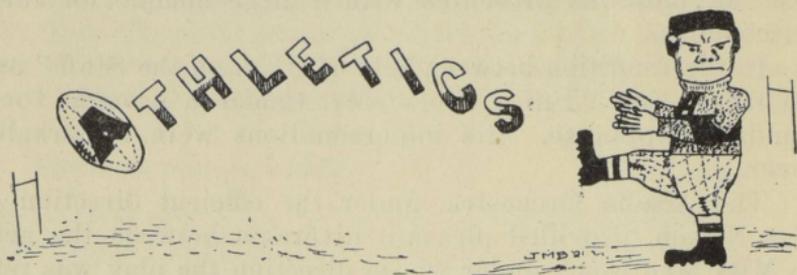
The different characters, without exception, carried out their roles with truly remarkable success, and by their clever acting kept the audience in a constant roar of laughter. The play, written for the sole purpose of provoking mirth, abounded in comic situations, all of which were handled to perfection. Miss McPhail and Mr. Richardson, who took the leading parts; acted their roles in an exceedingly skilful manner and proved most pleasing to a highly appreciative audience. Mr. McNeil, as advertising agent, had a part that suited him to a T. and he did full justice to it. His acting could not have been improved upon. Mr. Estabrooks, as an elderly soap manufacturer, had a difficult part to fill but carried it out with splendid success. Miss Helen Starr, as a French Countess, and later an American adventuress, acted her dual role in fine style, showing a remarkable aptitude for stage work. The various other members of the cast were all equally good, and the greatest credit is due the society for their excellent performance. On the first night, in appreciation of her work,

Miss McPhail was presented with a large bouquet of chrysanthemums.

In the rendition between acts of "I'm on the Staff" and a witty parody "I'm a Prof." Mr. Cameron brought forth rounds of applause. His impersonations were remarkably clever.

The Acadia Orchestra, under the efficient direction of Miss Nelson, provided pleasant diversion between the acts. To Miss Mae Dean, under whose direction the play was produced, a large share of the success is due.





FOOT-ball is now over after a very successful season. After a long period of foot-ball inactivity during the war, Acadia has again established her former foot-ball reputation. Although experienced players were few this year, good material was by no means lacking. Under the capable leadership of our captain Dean Rogers and our coaches "Ehippie" and Lloyd Black, a fast and well trained team was soon whipped into shape. Much credit is also due Dr. DeWolfe, our referee, who was as regular and punctual on the field as any player. We also take the opportunity of expressing our appreciation of the self-sacrifice and hard work of the members of both our first and second teams, in order that the name of Acadia might be upheld and that her prestige might not be lowered. It may be interesting to note that, except in the game with the Dalhousie Varsity team, our team was not scored upon once during the season. Prospects are indeed bright for a brilliant record in the foot-ball world next season.

The following is a schedule of the games played by Acadia this year:

- Oct. 19—Acadia 3, Kings 0.
- Oct. 22—Acadia 10, Kings 0.
- Oct. 29—Acadia 13, Mount A., 0.
- Nov. 11—Acadia 3, U. N. B. 0.
- Nov. 17—Acadia 0, Dalhousie 12.

BASKET-BALL.

All eyes are now turned to basket-ball and hockey. The Boy Scout Gymnasium has been procured for basket-ball

practises and a hard wood floor installed, which is a great improvement. Although the floor space is rather small, it was thought best to get along as best we can until next year when we hope to have a floor of our own, second to none in the Maritime Provinces. Hours have been arranged for all classes and practises have begun in earnest. These work-outs have shown us there is certainly no lack of material among the new men, a number of whom are real "star" players. We are looking forward to a most interesting and closely contested inter-class league next term. It seems a shame, that with such excellent material, we will likely be forced to wait until next year to enter into any inter-collegiate basketball, simply on account of having no proper floor space. It is doubtful if Acadia ever had basketball material of such a quality and quantity as she has this year. However, we can only boost our inter-class league in every possible way, and await our turn next season.

BULMER CUP RELAY RACE.

A lack of enthusiasm was much in evidence this year over the Bulmer race. This was due largely to the fact that the enthusiasm over foot ball dominated everything else. None of the teams in the college really trained for the race although they saw the Academy team every day on the campus.

According to the rules, this race must be run on Nov. 8th of each year, but this year, owing to the fact that many members of each class team were directly connected with the foot ball team, it was impossible for the race to be run on Nov. 8th. On this account, it was postponed until after the foot ball season and was finally set for Nov. 30th. By that date, however, the snow and ice on the track made it impracticable and even dangerous to run the race. At a meeting of the Athletic Association, the race was postponed until next spring.

The Spring is the proper time for track meets for it gives the fellows splendid opportunity to train for the inter-collegiate field day which will in all probability be held next year.

HOCKEY.

The outlook for hockey this year is very promising indeed. Although there has been as yet no chance for practicing, yet there is lots of material available and many of the men are old and practical players.

With the covered Rink now in our possession, we will be able to have many more practices than we were able to have last year.

Negotiations are under way for procuring a competent coach, and we hope to have him on the job when we return after the Christmas vacation.

A conference of representatives from all the colleges will meet in Truro on December 30th to draw up a schedule of hockey games for the Winter.

At a meeting of last year's team, Dave Rogers was appointed captain for this year and Wynn Eisenhower business manager.

A schedule of interclass games will be drawn up immediately and some good games will no doubt be played.

THE COLLEGE RINK.

For the first time in the history of Acadia, we have a closed in rink that we can call our own. The A. A. A. A. recently purchased "Evangeline Rink" from its proprietors, D'Almaïne and Johnson for the sum of \$4100.00. Much credit is due the executive committee of the Athletic Associations, and especially Mr. Geo. Nowlan, the chairman of that executive, for their energetic efforts in bringing about this purchase and making all the necessary arrangements. Mr. D'Almaïne's services have been secured for making the ice, so that we are sure of good ice provided the weather remains favorable. The out-door rink has also been erected and a man engaged to run it. All that is lacking now is a good steady spell of cold weather. Season tickets will be sold which will give admittance to either rink. A committee has been appointed to arrange all skating and hockey prac-

tice hours, while the business management of the rink will be left in the hands of a capable committee. All lovers of skating are eagerly awaiting the first notice of skating. Boots and skates have been brought again to the light and hung on the hooks, awaiting, as eagerly as their owners, the first appearance of the glistening ice.

THE GYMNASIUM.

The work on our new gymnasium has been progressing rapidly. The mild fall weather has been a great aid in the work of construction. The foundation work is now completed, so that building can be begun at a very early date in the spring.





'73—Rev. J. C. Robbins, supt. of the New Hampshire Anti-saloon league, spoke before a Convention of young people at Dorchester, Mass.

'76—Rev. M. W. Brown attended the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Delong, New Germany.

'79—Rev. C. K. Harrington, the author of "Life of Captain Bickel", who has been on furlough from his work in Japan for some time is at present residing in Albany, N. Y.

✓ '81—Rev. E. R. Curry has left the church at Boulder, Colorado, to become the pastor of the church at Bozeman, Montana.

'81—At the Massachusetts Baptist Convention held recently Rev. E. D. Webber, a former pastor of the Wolfville Baptist Church and now at Haverhill, Mass., was recently elected pastor of Minister's Conference. At the convention Dr. A. K. Deblois was re-elected President.

'86—Dr. C. H. Day of Watertown, gave an interesting address at the Salem Association.

'86—Rev. W. V. Higgins has been at Los Angeles getting expert advice about his return to India. He is advised to remain in America another year and will spend the winter in Colorado Springs.

'91—Rev. G. B. McLatchey has donated a lot of land to the church at Black Harbour for building purposes.

'91—Rev. G. G. Gates of Hartford, Conn., preached the annual sermon before the State Convention.

'91—Rev. E. E. Daley is continuing his work with the Tabernacle church, Halifax.

'91—Rev. A. T. Kempton gave a stereoptical view of Home and Foreign Missions before the Baptist Association at Springfield, Mass.

'91—Dr. MacDonald was the preacher in Amherst on Nov. 30, the occasion of the unveiling of the memorial tablet in the Baptist church, in honour of those members of the church and congregation who had given up their lives in the Great War.

'91—Rev. D. H. McQuarrie is the pastor of the Baptist church at New Germany, Lunenburg Co., N. S.

'92—Rev. F. E. Roop has recently bought a home in Wolfville, and is now living with his family.

'92—Rev. E. Borden is filling a large place in the denominational life of the Negro Baptists of the South. He is now pastor of a church at Beaumont, Texas, and is also chairman of the National Baptist Convention (colored).

'92—Dr. Avery A. Shaw is the very successful pastor of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. where an assistant, a pastor's assistant, and a lady missionary are employed.

'92—Rev. J. B. Ganong has been appointed Assistant Supt. of Home Missions.

'94—Rev. Lew Wallace has closed a series of services at Wallace.

'95—Rev. J. L. Minor recently visited his father at Amherst, N. S.

'96—Dr. G. B. Cutten has recently returned from the States where he attended the annual banquets of the Acadia Alumni Association at Boston and New York.

'97—Rev. Arthur C. Archibald has accepted a call to the Baptist Church in Brookline, Mass. He leaves the church in Lowell after a very successful pastorate.

'98—Rev. S. C. Freeman officiated at the marriage of Miss G. E. Gaunce at Parlakimedi, India, to Mr. Walter Trausker.

'98—Rev. H. B. Slood addressed the Fairfield Association of the North Baptist Convention. The address is to be published in pamphlet form.

'98—Dr. H. P. Whidden, President of Brandon College, has been in Boston on a business trip and delivered a series of lectures there.

'99—Rev. Denton Neilly, Medford Mass., took part in the banquet of the Social Union, Boston.

'01—Rev. Robert Colpitts delivered an address at the Recognition service of A. G. Lawson, pastor at Summerville.

'01—Harry L. Bustin is the Principal of the Middleton High School.

'02—Rev. S. J. Cann has resigned his position at Amesbury, Mass. to accept the Pastorate at Marlboro.

'02—Rev. P. C. Read has gone to Regina, Sask., where he has accepted a position with the Y. M. C. A.

'02—Dr. T. H. Boggs is professor of Economics in Vancouver University.

'03—Rev. H. W. Cann has been appointed a member of the Home Mission Board for the Baptist Convention.

'05—G. B. Keirstead has left his church at Greenwich for a church in New York.

'05—Rev. E. S. Mason has been appointed General Superintendent of Home Missions in the Maritime Provinces.

'06—Rev. and Mrs. Gordon P. Barss were given a farewell social at Dartmouth on the eve of their departure for India.

'06—M. Garfield White attended a Convention held at Woodstock in October and showed great interest in the old and infirm ministerial movement.

'10—Ivan S. Nowlan is now Dean of the Faculty of Fort Nayne Community Training School.

'11—J. S. Foster is doing research work at Yale on the Stark Effect.

'12—Rev. E. M. A. Bleakney held a roll call at his church on November 7, 1919 at which Prof. Hannay gave an address

'12—Evelyn Johnson Everett is teaching in the Wolfville Public School.

'13—J. Freement Logan is teaching and studying at McGill.

'13—J. L. Illsley of Kentville is lecturer in Law in Acadia.

'14—Ada Johnson is librarian at Mt. Holyoke.

'14—Blanche Thomas is teaching at Waltham, Hants Co., N. S.

'14—C. H. Corkum is teaching Mathematics in St. George's High School, Vancouver.

'14—M. C. Foster is studying Mathematics in the Yale Graduate School.

'14—S. K. Payzant is on the Engineering Staff of the Imperial Oil Company, Halifax.

'14—Frank Higgins has returned from overseas and expects to spend Christmas with his parents at Colorado Springs.

'15—Rev. N. A. Whitman is the author of a very interesting article in the Maritime Baptist, "How may we practice Thanksgiving."

'15—Letha Allan is training for a nurse at Poughkeepsie.

'15—Sue Baxter is teaching in the Wolfville Public Schools.

'15—Rev. Whylic Brown is pastor of the Baptist Church, Peceaux, N. S.

'16—Marie Danielson Smith is living at present in Ottawa.

'16—Rev. F. H. Bone is the pastor of the Bear River Baptist Church.

'16—Violet Thorpe is teaching in Kentville.

'16—Lillian Chase is studying medicine at Toronto University.

'16—W. H. Chase, jr., is studying medicine at Dalhousie.

'16—Harold G. Evans is in Calkin's Drug Store, Wolfville.

'16—Paige Pinneo is teaching in Dartmouth.

Ex. '16—Eugene Stackhouse is president of the G. W. V. A., Wolfville.

'17—Marian Griffin has a position in the Bank of Nova Scotia at Antigonish.

'17—Charlie Schurman, who has been studying at McGill expects to spend his vacation in Wolfville.

'17—Marjorie Harrington is at the New York State Library School.

'17—Faye Marshall is training in the City Hospital, New York.

'17—Frank Wright is doing Graduate work in Geology at the University of Chicago.

'18—Jean P. Goucher spent the week end at Acadia recently.

'18—Nita Pickles is teaching in McLeod, Alberta.

'18—Marion Weston is the principal of the school at Northampton, N. B.

'19—Francis Archibald, now student at McGill, arrived home in Wolfville, Dec. 11, to spend his Christmas.

'19—Harold Manning is the author of a piece of poetry which ranks high in Canadian War poetry.

Ex. Eng. '19—E. S. Elliott is at his home in Clarence, N. S.

'19—I. B. Rouse is president of the Teachers Union for Cumb. Co., N. S.

Ex. '20—Avery Hawbolt is teaching this year in Bedford.

Ex. '21—Emma Eaton is at her home in Lower Canard, N. S.

Ex. '21—Adelaide O'Connor is studying Interior Decoration at Columbia.

Ex. '21—Gladys and Gwen Rowe, who have been engaged in War Work for the last year, are now taking a business course in N. Y.

At the meeting of the New England Alumni Association on November, 17, 1919, the following well known men were present: - Rev. E. D. Webber, D. D. '81 of Haverhill, Mass; Rev. S. W. Cummings, D. D. '85 of Pasadena, Cal.; Rev. S. R. McCurdy, '95 of Providence Rhode Island; Rev. E. M. Bleakney, '13 of Hyde Park; Rev. C. A. Howe, of Dorchester, Rev. A. K. DeBlois, '86, First Church, Boston; Rev. A. C. Archibald '97, Brookline; Rev. Denton Neily, '99, First Medford; Rev. Austen Kempton '91, Broadway, Cambridge; Rev. C. H. Day, D.D., '86, Watertown, and many others. The first five mentioned each gave a five minute speech on "Acadia as I remember her."

A. C. A. '14—Paul W. Davidson is customs officer and Secretary Treasurer of G. W. V. A., Wolfville.

A. C. A.—'16—W. P. Jackson of Wilson's Beach, N. B. returned from England some time ago with his wife.

A. C. A. '16—B. S. Perry, of Keswick, was recently married.

A. L. S. '85 and '92—Mrs. A. E. Shaw (nee Harriett Wallace) and Mrs. Burpee Wallace (nee Mary Fitch) former teachers of Acadia Seminary, visited Wolfville during the summer and were heartily welcomed by their old friends.

A. L. S. '96—Miss Alvaretta Estabrooks was in Wolfville during the meetings of the Women's Convention.

A. L. S. '11—Annie Murray is vice-principal of a High School in Springhill, N. S.

A. L. S. '11—At Newton Centre, Oct. 16, Gertrude Burditt was married to Dr. Arthur Boggs, son of the late W. B. Boggs of India.

A. L. S. '12—Mrs. Carey Robinson (nee Emma Wry) spent some time in Wolfville recently.

A. L. S. '13 and '15—Mary Black and Evelyn Neily are engaged in Vocational Training work at the Kentville Sanatorium.

A. L. S. '13—Helen DeWolfe is teaching Violin at Philippi, Virginia.

A. L. S. '15—Sue Prescott, who is a graduate of the Seminary in Household Science, is head of the Y. W. C. A. Cafeteria, St. John, N. B.

A. L. S. '16—Marguarite Woodworth has a good position in the D. A. R. office at Kentville. She is studying Piano-forte with Dr. Fisher at the Seminary.

A. L. S. '18—Jessie Van Wart is teaching Domestic Science at Chatham, N. B.

A. L. S. '19—Mary Clarke is taking the Dietitian's course at the Royal Victorian Hospital, Montreal.

A. L. S. '19—Hilda Cox is teaching in Duchess, Alberta.

A. L. S. '19—Lois Lamont is taking the Dietitian's course at Providence, R. I.

A. L. S. '19—Marie Hay is teaching violin at her home in Chipman, N. B.



OUR exchanges are of two general types: college newspapers, published weekly, dealing with the immediate interests of the students and college magazines, published monthly, voicing the spirit of the university. Each has its peculiar merits and defects. The magazine lack live discussion of student interests and college affairs; the newspapers have a dearth of the literary material so becoming to a university. We hope these two extremes will soon merge into a happy medium.

The Dalhousie Gazette contains a good treatment of student affairs, social and athletic events and presentation of college gossip but nothing of a purely literary nature. The editorial lament on lack of interest in the college paper is too widely applicable. Our success, Dal., is due partly to a competitive system which rewards meritorious effort. College life is interestingly and vividly portrayed.

The Xaverian is interesting not only to college students but to all intelligent readers. Savors rather strongly of the returned soldier element and their impressions from abroad. "On Wearing New Shoes" needs just a bit more of the stuff that makes one slap his leg and say "well by gum!" to make it imperishable. Of especially high order is the verse of this issue. Your article "Guild Socialism," and "Enchantment of Distance" are equally commendable. Isn't your vitriolic attack upon the League of Nations uncalled for?

We note from the "Brandon College Quill" that they are busy, like ourselves, in building a new gymnasium, cost \$30,000. The "Quill" has a stirring account of initiation. Sorry we cant compare it with ours.

Kings is astir with the spirit of the times. Her renaissance partly due to the success of her "Advance Movement" and partly to the large number of new students is expressing itself in the organizing of societies, revival of athletics and better interest in all departments of college life. She leads us all in a movement for the establishment of inter-collegiate wireless communication. Success to the idea.

Come, come, Kings, where's your sense of humour. Better include a joke column in future issues.

ARGOSY.

"The Mystery of the House of Dorveau" is a most bewitching tale, cleverly written both from the standpoint of material and the method of treatment.

The reverence and awe of the universal "Two Minute Silence" should help us, as the Argosy says, to "catch a glimpse of the greatest of the heritage."

A feature of the Argosy which we have always admired is the interesting variety in the write-ups of graduates. All departments in this issue seem to have received more attention than formerly.

Acadia appreciates deeply the sportsmanship attitude of Mount Allison as displayed in the graceful tribute to our football team.

X-RAY.

Our newest Exchange is the "X-RAY," a wide-awake monthly published by the Nova Scotia Sanitorium at Kentville. We notice that Acadia has good representation on your staff. The paper is well worked-up in appearance, in material, and in treatment. We hope Nova Scotians will realize very soon the facts brought out in "Those 800 Graves". Local appreciation at the "San" must be encouraging to the staff.

Congratulations on the Christmas issue.

ACADEMY NEWS.

The Cumberland County Academy sends us the "Academy News". We admire the keen interest which your students feel in your activities, both literary and otherwise. The articles show considerable ability. When developed this no doubt will raise your literary standards still higher, making your paper a decided success.

THE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The chief interest is in the notes on Forestry and Engineering. This forestry department should have a great future. The paper seems to be somewhat disproportioned. No poetry, rather slender joke column, very few personals, no illustrations, cramped literary department. The issue of Nov. bears more resemblance to a foot-ball bulletin than to a college paper, even the table of contents set on the fifty yard line, "The Slave who won a monument" might have been signed Solomon, since that ancient wit is not around to object.

THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

This exchange is in a class by itself. It does not blow a horn but sounds a note. Everything in the paper is written carefully and well and has a noticeable dignity about it. "A Visit to Newfoundland" is especially good. But we would prefer student material to even Dr. Kierstead's address on the Prince of Wales. It seems that the McMaster students are there to work. They only take athletics for exercise and social functions to be sociable. A proper adjustment, but so rare.

THE GATEWAY.

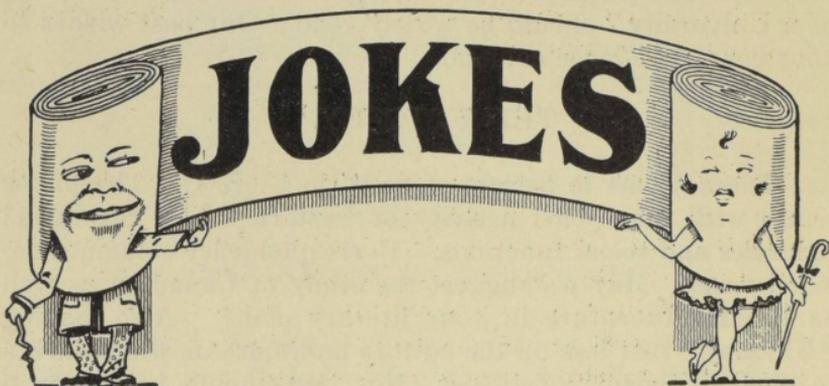
Contains a fine lot of college items, but more propaganda than literature. The University seems to be quite alive. Success to your "writers club", it may solve the lack of interest in the College paper. "C'est la guerre" is one of the

very few true pictures of soldiering. "What is the function of a University" should be widely read. Our best wishes to your correspondence column.

THE UBYSSEY.

There seems to be lots of 'pep' in U. B. C. The paper teems with the robust activity of western life. Strong on Athletics and social functions. Correspondence column a decided asset. May we suggest the study of Canadian as well as English literature in your literary club? Also making "Ubysey" rest less on the editors and more on the students to quell criticism? Zeit-just (Nov. 13) should have signed himself not "yours burstingly" but "yours Bust". Have you no poets, short story writers or essayists at U. B. C.?





Miss McCurdy '22—Really girls, I do enjoy that English 4 course; there is so much Reiding in it.

Mosher '21—Say, who was that with Bently last night?
Simpson '21—Was it a Boy-er girl?

Miss Archibald (Sem.)—Where are you going, Doris?
Miss Crandall (Sem.)—Oh, just out to get an Ayering; I do love these windy days.

Eng. Prof.—Mr. Meister, give the deriviation of the word lunatic?

Mr. Meister—Luna, the moon, and-er—attic, the upper story.

Math. Prof.—There is only one way to learn a thing and that is to begin at the very bottom. There are no exceptions for this rule.

Brenton '22—How about swimming, sir?

Parsons '21—(After hearing that the Biology test would be postponed a week)—Gee, I'll forget it all by that time.

Homans '22—Well I'm not worrying about forgetting it.

Freshman (finding notice of registered letter in his box at P. O.)—Well this is the first real registered post-card I ever saw.

M-c-v-y '20—Well if you don't go to service now you'll bring up in a warm place where there are no sermons to be heard.

E-s-n-r '21—There may be no sermons there Mac, but it won't be for scarcity of ministers.

Brad. H-11—I'm going to rob the Pope's office.

L. F. T.—Of what, dough or daughter.

Gray '20—(handed a book by Dr. Spidel)—Thanks awfully old man.

The great illusion—thinking oneself ready for a test.

Latin Prof.—What is the characteristic vowel of the future, Mr. Holmes.

Holmes (dreamily)—O. U. (Oh you!).

Ganong '22—How is it that there are Hebrew characters on the black boards in so many rooms this morning?

Maxwell—Oh that's the work of the wandering jew.

Brown '22—Grey, what is Math. 3?

Grey '20—Why, its spiritual (spherical) trigonometry.

Dr. Coit (to Hunt Eng. '21)—Mr. Hunt, the proof of your visualized figure has not visible means of support.

McAvoy—Hullo, son of the Evil One.

M-c-P-er-on '21—Hullo father.

Miss Mackintosh—(to Miss M-s-r-v- '23 (who has lingered somewhat long in the process of saying good-night to Mr. C-a-l- '22)—You spent altogether too long in saying good-night to Mr—

Miss M—e '23—Oh! Miss Mackintosh, I only waited for a second.

Miss Mack.—That's very strange, I distinctly heard a third and fourth.

Artie—Did those pies which I sent up do for all boys?
Is-er—Yes, very nicely. Dr. DeWitt is calling yet.

H. Schurman—"Can you keep a secret?"

I. Foote—"Yes, but it is just my luck to tell it to girls who can't.

Prof. Balcom—Who is "we" in Economics?

Student—We is the common people.

Dr. S.—Does anybody get out of this world alive?

Kinney—Not now-a-days.

In Logic—A student is not making good marks therefore, he is either stupid or lazy.

Mac.—There might be a middle ground.

Dr. S.—What is that?

Mac.—He might be both.

A prominent newspaper reporting the foot-ball game of Acadia vs. U. N. B. said that the score was *3-love*. (He did not see the game).

Cameron '22 (in Oratorical Contest)—"I would be anti to anybody."

Gray '20—"Tha-that is rather to-too deep for a Freshman mi-mind."

Prof. Rhodenizer—"Mr. Gray, some Freshmen can understand some things better than some seniors."

Why is Zella Parlee fond of music?
Because she always wears a band around her head.

Tourist (in Wolfville)—“Do you raise many chickens around here.”

Dr. D.—Sure we do, come on up and have a look at the Sem.

H-rl-w '21 (overheard at reception)—Dear, there has been something hesitating on my lips for a long time and—

She—Oh dear, I wish you *would* shave off that horrid mustache.



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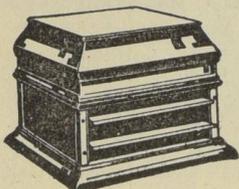
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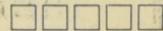
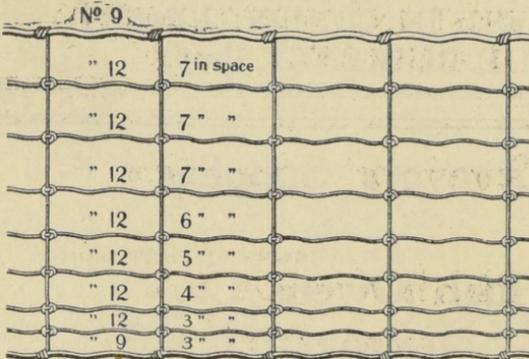
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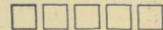
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