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March, 1924

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# The Acadia Athenæum

Vol. L.

Wolfville, N. S., March, 1924.

No. 4.

## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems—1st, E. Ardis Whitman, '26; 2nd, C. M. Spidell, '24.

Articles—1st, Dora M. Baker, '24, and J. G. McLeod, '24 (2 units each); 2nd, Adline MacKinnon, '24.

Stories—1st, B. N. Goodwin, '24; 2nd, G. D. Hatfield, '27.

Humor—R. W. Ward, Eng. '24, (1 unit).

Science—1st, H. M. Bannerman, '24; 2nd, Margaret Hutchins, '26, and M. Grace Perry, '27 (1 unit each).

Athletics—1st, C. M. Spidell, '24; 2nd, E. R. Rafuse, '25.

Month—1st, T. W. Cook, '25; 2nd, L. V. Gates, '26.

Exchanges—1st, B. N. Goodwin, '24; 2nd, (no award).

Personals—1st, M. G. Cutten, '24; 2nd (no award).

Jokes—D. Anderson, Eng., '25.

Cartoon—(No award).

Snap—(No award).

Seniors .....	16 units
Juniors .....	3 units
Engineers .....	2 units
Sophomores .....	4 units
Freshmen .....	2 units

Pennant to the Seniors.

## I BUILT A HOUSE

I built it very straight and high with brightly shining towers,  
And I planted in the gardens, a radiance of flowers;  
I planted regal roses, roses crimson, roses gold,  
And gorgeous tiger lilies with flaming hearts and bold.

I set in the western window, in a massive golden frame,  
A lamp of shining crystals from the studio of Fame,  
And I planted in the gardens, lilies with stately stem  
And scarlet-gay peonies—how I loved the flash of them!

I put no shining knocker upon the oaken door;  
I wished no guests to enter—the house was full before;  
Fair Fame sat on the hearthstone and Wealth paced down  
the stairs,  
And out in my beautiful garden, gay Pleasure hummed chal-  
lenging airs.

I placed a throne in the center that I might in my castle reign.  
I sat erect in its splendour and gazed with delight at my gain.  
I posted my shining courtiers along the garden-wall  
To keep away the beggar-folk from my castle and my hall.

One day there grew a daisy along my garden walks,  
A little humble, simple thing—I threw it on the rocks;  
I could not have my garden with its tiger lilies tall,  
Become a shrine to outcasts from beyond my granite wall!

But the daisy had a little song it troubled me to hear:  
“It is love you’ve crushed and crumpled,” so I wept a scald-  
ing tear,  
As I walked among the roses, walked within my garden walls,  
And suddenly I hated them, my splendid, massive halls.

So I beat against the turrets, so I thrust away my gain,  
So I crushed it in my anger, crushed it, heedless of the pain.

Then the gorgeous tiger-lilies and the regal roses gold,  
I flung them far beyond my ramparts, left them lying in the  
cold.

\* \* \* \* \*

I built it very humble with towers not at all,  
And I planted a little garden without a granite wall,  
I planted dancing daisies and perfumed cherry trees  
And little, wistful violets spread fragrance on the breeze.

E. A. W., '27.

---

## MATCHES

**C**APTAIN JOHN HURST—the Commissioner of Police at Dover—sprang to his feet and extended a welcoming hand to a stout, elderly gentleman, whose ponderous form, pausing on the threshold, excluded practically all the sunlight which was trying to enter thru the open door.

Annie Hurst, delightfully at ease in a long cane chair, raised her eyes from the book she had been reading, to observe that the new-comer had a broad, benevolent face and inordinately long fingers.

“You sent for me?” he asked with a hard intonation that, for some reason, filled her with dislike for him.

“That’s right,” agreed the commissioner cordially. “Come and sit down. This is my sister, Miss Hurst. Annie, I want to introduce to you the wealthiest and most respected merchant prince on the island—Mr. George Cowan.”

“How do you do,” murmured Annie sweetly, closing her book and tucking it behind a cushion. She was about to rise when a movement of the stranger’s hand checked her.

“Please don’t move, Miss Hurst. I cannot tell how delighted I am to make your acquaintance. I understand you arrived in Dover only a short time ago. I trust our somewhat trying climate will permit you to retain that amazing freshness of coloring you have brot with you to our island.”

Annie flushed, and Hurst looked up quickly.

"Of course you'll stop to tea," he interrupted.

The merchant shook his head slowly from side to side. "Frankly, I haven't the time. I'm due at my agent's in half an hour. You have something to ask me?"

The commissioner crossed his legs and held his cigar case towards his guest. Cowan helped himself, biting off and ejecting the end without ceremony. Hurst slapped each of his pockets in vain, accepted the guest's box of matches, lit Cowan's cigar then turned his attention to his own. With blissful unconcern he dropped the box into his tunic pocket.

Annie, keenly observant, watched, with amused interest, the almost pathetic expression with which the merchant followed the cool annexation of his property. Presently a ripple of laughter escaped her lips.

"Jack," she demanded, "give Mr. Cowan his matches."

The commissioner started guiltily.

"By Jove! I'm frightfully sorry. I hadn't the least intention—"

He handed them back.

"You never have," she answered him, "but you always do! You really ought to make a serious effort to break yourself of that habit."

Cowan's eyes positively twinkled.

"I must remember that," he said.

Hurst laughed too, shaking his black, unruffled hair. He regarded the glowing end of his cigar as if in search of inspiration.

"I sent for you, Mr. Cowan," he began, "because I am seriously in need of help. Your amazing insight into affairs that concern the people here has been of great service to me in the past. I am hoping that it will serve, in the matter that is troubling me at present, to lift the veil from a mystery, of which the non-solution may entail my resignation as commissioner."

The merchant pursed up his lips and emitted a faint whistle.

"As bad as that?"

The commissioner nodded.

"I want you to help me recover Lady Whitehead's diamonds."

Cowan placed the tips of his fingers together and his eyes seemed almost completely to disappear.

"That's what I would term a tall order, Captain Hurst."

"I know," admitted the commissioner thotfully. "Lord Whitehead and his wife dined here last night and left Dover this morning. While we were at dinner her ladyship remembered she had left an unusual diamond pendant on her dressing table. When a servant looked for the thing it was gone, and we could find no clue to the thief's identity. I believe you are the one to lead us to him."

Annie, leaning over the arm of her chair, wrinkled her forehead. She could have sworn that the merchant prince had started violently. And yet, if he had been the victim of a sudden emotion, the rapidity with which he recovered was surprising.

Very quickly he managed to say: "I'll do everything possible, Captain Hurst, but I warn you not to be too optimistic. Good afternoon, Captain. Good day, Miss Hurst. I hope we shall meet again very soon."

A week went by without bringing any news of the missing jewels, altho the commissioner had issued orders that anyone leaving the island was to be searched.

\* \* \* \* \*

Annie was leaning on the verandah railing gazing beyond the green slope to where, at the end of the wharf, the black funnel of the *S. S. Cann* emitted a faint, hesitant line of smoke.

Hurst came out of the door.

"Just going down to the boat," he explained. "She leaves at three."

He glanced at his watch.

"There's a good half hour to go."

"Quite a lot can happen in half an hour," returned his sister. "Still searching everybody?"

The commissioner nodded his head.

“If you want my opinion,” he continued, “the pendant is not on the island.”

“I’m afraid I don’t agree with you. But it probably won’t be here long. Seen Mr. Cowan lately?”

“No, but he sent up a note asking for permission to go on board the boat to interview the super-cargo about some freight he’s expecting.”

“Of course you refused?”

“On the contrary,” he asserted loftily, “I gave him a permit. I didn’t see any harm in it. He’s not travelling. You seem to have taken a great dislike to that man.”

“Somehow, I feel he’s connected with the robbery. Go down, Jack, like a dear, won’t you, and watch him? Please don’t stop any longer or he’ll get there first. Keep an eye on his match box too,” she added as an after-thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

Within a dozen yards of the gangway, Hurst overtook Cowan. The merchant stopped dead.

“Good afternoon,” he said, looking straight at Hurst. “I have to thank you for your extreme courtesy. On occasions like these there are certain formalities, which, tho’ necessary, are distinctly annoying.”

The commissioner flushed.

“I regret to inform you, Mr. Cowan, that circumstances have arisen which necessitate the enforcing of temporary measures even in your case.”

The listener started.

“Do I understand, Captain Hurst, that you propose searching *me*? If so I am afraid you’ll be disappointed.”

“Not at all,” the commissioner hastened to explain. “I am merely going to accompany you.”

They crossed the gangway and passed under the white awning toward the sugar-cargo’s quarters.

While Cowan was transacting his business, he produced a cigar case.

“I have your permission to smoke?”

“Most certainly,” Hurst assured him. “Thanks, I’ll have one too.”

Cowan lit up carefully and passed the matches on to the commissioner.

\* \* \* \* \*

The deep-throated note of the steamer's whistle reverberated suddenly and at that moment Cowan arose quickly. Hurst following his example. He emerged from the cabin surveying the dead end of the cigar he had laid aside while occupied. With disarming cordiality he dropped his hand on the commissioner's shoulder and escorted him to the gangway.

Hurst was on the point of crossing to the wharf when Cowan laughed.

"You will never cure yourself of that little failing, I'm afraid," he asserted. "Do you mind returning my matches?"

The commissioner dropped his cane.

"You don't mean to say—By Gad! I have tho'!" He produced the missing box, holding it between his finger and thumb.

Cowan, still smiling, reached out, but before his fingers could close on it, a thot came to Hurst. He pulled back his hand quickly.

"Just a minute," he murmured apologetically, a queer light in his eyes, ["My cigar happens to be out too."

He turned his back, and withdrawing the flimsy cover, deliberately emptied the contents into his palm.

Suddenly the matches fell quickly to the deck, for, yielding to the pressure of his finger nail, the bottom of the box came away, and there, in a cunningly contrived recess, lay a dream of platinum and diamonds, flashing a myriad of little lights under the afternoon sun.

"Good Lord! How on earth—? and he had the deuced effrontery to let me keep them!"

He swung around savagely.

"Here, Mr. Cowan."

But the merchant-prince was gone.

B. N. G., '24.

## WOODROW WILSON

**A**LTHO but a few days have elapsed since the death of Woodrow Wilson, already from among the personal animosities and political jealousies, the figure of a great man is beginning clearly to emerge. It is a figure that captivates the imagination of mankind. Against the background of the World War he stands forth as a modern knight waging a moral crusade for the deliverance of oppressed peoples and the reconstitution of an outworn social order. "Behind the Idealism of Wilson stands the faith of Washington and of Lincoln," says the *New York Times* beneath the pictures of these famous three of America's Great Men. Idealism! It is the keynote of Wilson's character. In it lies the explanation of his policies and his achievements, of his failures as well as his successes.

Wilson was the first Southern-born president since Lincoln. Tho born in Virginia, his was a heritage of Caledonia blood and traditions. He had the Irish fire, restrained and tempered by Scotch self-control. Son and grandson of the Manse, his Biblical training moulded both his principles and his speech in forms of lofty simplicity.

The record of his college days reveals him a fair student, but a frequent and exceedingly persuasive debater. As one of the editors of "The Princetonian," he achieved that lucidity of style which characterized his writings in succeeding years. Despite his youth, his editorials show the thought of a mature scholar; and by the students he is remembered best for a brilliant essay on "Cabinet Responsibility" in the science of government. Altho not an athlete, he took an active interest in sport, and was elected manager of the baseball team in his Senior year—a mark of distinction showing his popularity with the outdoor crowd. Nevertheless, during these years on the campus, he was a lonely figure, reading his Browning and his Bible, retaining his high standard, seldom seeking companionship, tho sometimes sought. He

seemed to have an uncanny sense that he was a man of destiny, and was preparing for it.

For the next twelve years he lived the simple life of a teacher, first in Bryn Mawr, later in Wesleyan University, where he exercised his initiative in originating a new and successful offensive in football.

At Princeton, he was the most popular member of the Faculty both in the classroom and in outside activities. He co-operated with the student body in instituting the honor system. He also waged war on the existing expensive and exclusive undergraduate clubs, which denied social life to the poor man's son. Such conditions seemed to him inconsistent with democratic institutions. The Crusader was at work! During his years as President at Princeton, the standards of the courses were raised, and no influence could move him to interfere in the decisions of his Faculty, altho pressure was frequently exerted by wealthy parents.

The years previous to 1913, however, were but the preparation for his life's work; for in that year the schoolmaster became the Leader of his Nation.

Wilson's political life reflects the spirit of his father's preaching. People were either saved or lost—there was no middle ground. So, for the President, people were either progressive or reactionary. His work was to organize the one, and confound the other. In his stern devotion to duty he suggests a Wellington. Even his friends were sacrificed to his principles. The latter action has been the occasion for no small amount of the criticism of Wilson—more especially where the friends remained loyal, as in the case of Colonel House.

That Wilson lacked one of the essentials for happy leadership—ability to co-operate—in a charge which possesses a degree of truth. Men worked for him, and under him, but not *with* him. In judging, however, we must consider the whole situation. Wilson was called on to handle great crises. By the United States Constitution, responsibility in such cases devolves on the President. Wilson played a lone hand; but he was doomed to it no less by circumstances than by

temperament. Then, too, ill health complicated his administration, so that the dismissal of a Lansing was sometimes handled less diplomatically than was desirable.

There is no doubt but that the absolute character of Wilson's decisions deprived him of the assistance of strong personalities who would otherwise have been valuable aids. In steering between Preparedness and Pacifism, he alienated his Foreign Secretary and his Secretary of State, Garrison and Bryan. After war was declared, he failed to unite the two parties by refusing proffered services of Republican leaders such as Roosevelt and Taft. Unofficial snubs seem to have been their lot. Even General Wood was too masterful a subordinate to be given charge in the field. Yet, after all, these are failings due to a strong personality concentrated on one point in a singleness of purpose, and consequently brooking no divided leadership. Wilson had consistently developed a "single-track mind." One thing at a time—utter work; utter play. This was the man who (altho he might play golf for exercise as a duty) for relaxation read "Nick Carter" with great zest and complete absorption!

The chord of a radiant Idealism ran thru Wilson's administration from his first Inaugural address. The first year was crowded with domestic measures of importance. The signal achievement of the period was the passing of the Federal Reserve Act, within a few months of his inception, and terminating fifty years of financial floundering thru panics and disasters. Of greater international significance was the Repeal of the Panama Tolls, carried thru in the face of the opinions of his own party.

War brought International fame, and enormously heavier burdens of responsibility.

Few would censure the policy which held the United States from the war, at first in the hope of acting as mediator, and then awaiting the moment to throw a "united" nation into the struggle. Finally on April 2, 1917, came Wilson's ringing dictum, in the famous words: "The world must be made safe for democracy." The nation seemed to

rise at one stroke to the enthusiasm of a great crusade, with Wilson like a prophet of old.

That there could be no peace unless the treaty itself provided an organization of the Nations of the world to prevent the recurrence of war, was an idea that came to Mr. Wilson in the early days of the war. As the conflict became more intense, the idea grew stronger. It was the dominant note sounded by him during the days following the Armistice.

The events of the Council at Paris are far beyond the scope of discussion in an article such as this. Varied and conflicting opinions have been held as to the measure of success attained in the elaboration of Wilson's famous Fourteen Points. Two things we know: Amid the madness and implacable hatreds of the Council table, Woodrow Wilson, with General Smuts and Lord Robert Cecil stood out, conspicuous for their sanity. And further, Time has proved the wisdom of much for which Wilson strove in vain at that time. Some problems have since reached a solution thru the work of the League of Nations—his vision of a charter of human liberty, largely his creation, which stands to-day as his greatest and most fitting monument. First in Europe, and then in America, he waged tremendous fight for his ideal. It was the irony of fate that practically every country permitted to do so, *except his own*, has joined this association to maintain peace, for which he stood sponsor. When he failed to move an obdurate Senate, he staked his all on an appeal to the American people. The campaign cost him his life, as well as his office, for he returned a cripple. In popular phrasing, he failed to achieve his goal. In reality, America was unequal to his vision, and failed him.

Even in defeat he would not compromise, "who never sold the truth to serve the hour." Rather than relinquish his ideal, he accepted obliteration. For three years he lived in seclusion. His last public utterance, on Armistice Day, 1923, was a stirring call to the nation to resolve to shoulder their part worthily in the administration of peace.

This was the courage that never knows defeat. With brilliant eyes glowing from his worn face, he would reiterate

with quiet dignity: "The thing is right, and Right will prevail." He won in Europe; and he lived long enough to see unmistakable signs of the turning of public opinion in America toward the League. Many months elapsed before the United States entered the war. It may be much longer before she joins the peace movement. Woodrow Wilson departed from us, February 3, 1924, but his truth goes marching on.

*The Literary Digest* of February 16th says: "The Wilson name and creed have found lodgment in a greater number of human minds thruout the world to-day than any other name or platform except those of Jesus and Mahommed. . . . Appealing to the deepest sensibilities of all human life, spread to the uttermost parts of the earth by the unprecedented propaganda of the Allies, the innate vitality of the ideals caused them to take root and grow."

We are still too near Wilson's work and personality to see it in the proper perspective, and to evaluate it truly. Tributes from political foe and antagonistic press pour in. They add an impressive note to the pean of praise in honor of the great-souled man who has gone. This world-wide demonstration of regard is of tremendous significance because it shows that, after all, it is the things of *Idealism* that grip the heart of humanity. "True greatness is but the power of seeing the ideal as intensely practical." Judged by this standard, Woodrow Wilson's name will live in the annals of the truly great.

"Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,  
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
 Great in Council, great in war.

\* \* \* \* \*

And, as the greatest only are,  
 In his simplicity subline."

D. M. B., '24.

## THE CALL OF THE NORTH

There's a call for me in the north wind's whine,  
I feel an urge to go;  
I sense the thrill of the wilderness,  
It's solitude I know.

I can see the stars like needles hang  
In the violet, velvet sky,  
While the voices of the north land call  
With a deep, heart-hungry cry.

The spell of the great, white wilderness  
Has settled on my soul.  
I see the flash of the Northern Lights,  
The splendors of the Pole;  
The blazing streamers cleave the sky  
With a weird, unholy glow  
While the pole star drips a diamond light  
On the scintillating snow.

Take me far from the haunts of book-learned men;  
Let me break a trail again  
Where the solitude and silence fill  
My heart with a throbbing pain.  
Let me stand alone in some valley's mouth  
While the Arctic rim is red,  
And the ghosts of the North go gliding by  
To gambol with the dead.

Take me north to the brooding, silent lands  
That lie on the Arctic rim;  
Where the Snow Gods sport 'neath Aurora's bars,  
And the land is vast and dim.  
Let me see the white and gleaming snow  
The forest deep and still;  
Let me hear the long, lorn, lonesome cry  
Of the lean wolf on the hill.

## THE NATURALISTIC WRITERS

IN literature, as in every phase of intellectual activity, there have been developed many new schools of writers, and perhaps the most popular of these during recent years are those followers of realistic writing known as the naturalistic novelists. These writers have in their stories a titanic power, and in their attitude toward life a mordant intensity which sets them apart from all other novelists. Their influence on modern literature and thought is becoming as potent as it is widespread. In their searching exposures of human weakness and selfishness, of depravity and hypocrisy, they have thrown the light of truth upon the dark places of life. In the conflict of heroic characters with the compromises upon which the established order of human existence is built, they portray the tragedy that must result from that naked assertion of the prerogative of individuality. Whether depicting feebleness or strength, weak sensualism or heroic striving, selfish greed or noble sacrifice, it is an atmosphere of gloom in which they live and move.

There are souls upon which this darkness on the life of the present, illumined as it is by the lightning of such spirits as the naturalists, has not a depressing but an inspiring influence. Accepting the picture as a true portrayal of the evil of to-day, they but see in those who thus bare the truth to their eyes the guides toward a higher and better state of the world. Upon the great majority of mankind, however—and we believe this is as true of the most intellectual as it is of the simplest of readers—these naturalistic stories produce an effect of unmitigated depression. If the world to-day is such as the naturalists paint it, readers cannot console themselves with the belief that any revolt of the human spirit can make it over into a tolerable shape. The only thing that can make such pessimism as the naturalist's endurable is an equally intense optimism; those who find the world of "Main Street" and "Mr. Babbit" and the rest of the naturalistic novels a world in which they can continue to be hopeful and

active and buoyant are the few whom nature has endowed in an exceptional degree with that elastic and self-confident temper that is the great source of unreasoning optimism. As for the rest of us, if we are to retain our hold upon hope, and cheerfulness, and interest in mankind, we must put the naturalists behind us; in other words, we must reject these writers as giving an essentially false view of life and the world.

Is, then, the naturalistic view of life and the world a false view? We are firmly convinced that it is; and we believe that the essence of its untruth lies in its utter failure to take in the beauty and sweetness and goodness that there is in the simple daily acts and thoughts and words and feelings that constitute all but a small fraction of the life of the race. That men and women are imperfect, that we are all sinners to a greater or lesser degree, that we are a bundle of contradictions—all this is as old as written or spoken thought. If we are to look upon humanity as a mass of rottenness because there can be found on every side hollowness and dishonesty and unscrupulous greed, or because each one of us knows in his own person how far he falls short of his own standards of conduct, it needs no such geniuses as the naturalists to bring us to that conclusion. What the naturalist does is to throw the fierce light of his artistry, first on this evil spot and then on that, so that we forget to consider how large or how small a space it covers; we are so fascinated by the exhibit then before us that we overlook the question of its relative importance.

Nor is this the only way in which our sense of the real relation of things is thus blinded. The great mass of mankind—and this is true of learned and unlearned alike—is not engaged in looking into their soul and inquiring whether life gives adequate expansion to its possibilities; and there is no reason in the world why they should. Life is not a mere spiritual exercise; it is a vast and subtle web of relations, the inheritance of ages of human history and development. The simple affections with which we grow up, and which we exercise without analysis or introspection, are worth infinitely

more, and constitute an infinitely larger part of life, than all the self-conscious cravings of aggressive individualism. To build a home, and establish strong home and family attachments; to walk in the fields and see the green things growing every spring; to watch the development of human life about us; to hear of good and noble deeds done every day by plain people—and they are done every day without thought of reward, as is evidenced at every calamity, little or great—these, and a thousand other things, make up a part of life in comparison with which all that part treated of by the naturalists dwindles into insignificant proportions.

Of this you feel nothing in the naturalists. And the absence of it constitutes more than an ordinary error; it amounts to what I think is called a logical fallacy. If any radical individualist could make the world over according to his views, there is the possibility that he would find it far more intolerable than the world is to-day, with all its imperfections. For it is upon the unreasoning attachments, and habits, and weaknesses, and prejudices, and conventions which make the web of life what it is—that not only the sweetness of life, but also its interest, is dependent. It must be highly stimulating to the radical individualist and the militant naturalist to try to tear the web asunder; but these do not pause to consider the want of interest there would be in the emptiness that would take place.

J. G. McL., 24.

## THAT INHERITANCE

“I TELL YOU, Wade, and for the last time, that you are getting well on in your years now and I, as your guardian, insist that you have a legitimate heir to this twenty-five thousand dollars you receive each year from your father’s estate. Therefore, you must get married and that within two weeks or it’s farewell to your twenty-five thousand.”

The speaker was Bob Owen, in whose sole charge his brother had left his son, Wade, a handsome young fellow of twenty-two, until Wade was twenty-five. The two men were pacing a spacious verandah in the city of Toronto early one summer afternoon.

“But, uncle,” Wade replied, “Dorothy Carleton and I have broken our engagement.”

Broken it ! Why ? exclaimed his uncle.

“Yesterday we quarreled,” he answered simply. “She wished to live in the quiet suburbs and I in the heart of the city near our work. The discussion became heated, and I—I, in a fit of temper, left her. She sent back my ring this morning.”

Mr. Owen remarked that he had never heard such nonsense in his life; that it was altogether too bad; but, in a final tone, that Wade must remember the terms.

“But, Uncle Bob,” protested his nephew desperately, “don’t be unreasonable. How can I find and marry the right girl in a fortnight?”

“Don’t bother me any more about it,” was the impatient answer. And Uncle Bob repaired to his club for the afternoon, leaving poor Wade alone with desperate ideas in his head. He paced up and down and then, exasperated, flung himself on the hammock almost moaning. “Oh, why did I do it ? But I can’t humble myself and go back now, I can’t.”

Suddenly, however, out of the maze in his mind, what seemed an excellent plan unravelled itself. Looking at his watch, he saw that he would just have time to catch the 2.15 train for Hamilton, some forty miles away. Here he would

spend those precious two weeks with his old college chum, Ronald Reid, who had married Jean Graham, a classmate.

Wade told a servant to tell Mr. Owen that he had gone "bride hunting," and less than two hours later he was being warmly welcomed by his friend, who had not seen him for over a year.

That night he told them of his predicament, and the evening was spent in trying to find a solution, but each scheme was eventually found impracticable.

Swiftly the fourteen days of grace were passing without the poor fellow finding a mate. Anxious for more time, Wade wrote his uncle that his friends had recently given a dance; that he had met quite the dearest girl in the world; that it had mutually been love at first sight; and that they were now engaged. Two days later another letter informed him of his nephew's marriage.

The next morning Wade was called to the telephone and came staggering back with the crushing news that Uncle Bob was coming that afternoon to see the bride.

In despair the three sat down to do what seemed impossible, namely, to think of a solution to the problem. To really find and marry a decent girl in such a short time was beyond even a lunatic's idea of possibility. And, in the meantime, Fate was spinning, spinning, still another calamity for them which took form as a knock on the door was heard and Patsy, the Irish cook, entered.

"If you plaze, mum," she began, "I know it's short notice, but I want to tell ye that right afther luncheon Im lavin'."

"Why Patsy, what can induce you to leave us at this time?" poor Jean asked, amazed. "Are not your wages high enough? Oh, you simply musn't! We are having company this afternoon and you know I can't even boil an egg or toast a piece of bread."

"If you plaze, mum, no 'tain't the waiges, mum, and I shure am rale sarry for you, but I'm lavin'", she added stolidly.

“Leaving, without even telling us why?” Ronald put in. “Come, come, now at least tell us.”

“Well,” she blurted out, “I never takes no inshults mum, not even from me bosses, maister.”

“Insults! Why who has insulted you Patsy?” and husband and wife looked at each other with suspicion.

“Just because I borry the mussus’ crape de cheny night-gown to wear to a parthy at policeman O’Mullinan’s, why the mussus refuses to wear it any more, and I calls that an inshult and afther lunch I’m lavin’!” and she flounced out of the room leaving Ronald, Wade, and Jean in what they called “the lurch.”

“And your uncle coming at that.” Jean murmured hopelessly. This statement seemed to rouse that worthy’s nephew, and suddenly a joyful exclamation escaped his lips.

“Why, Ronald Reid! Why didn’t you remind me that you were one of the division’s cooks when you were in the army? Now at last, I have a plan: You, Ron, will be our chief cook and bottle-washer. Jean, you’ll pose as my wife, Uncle Bob won’t be here long; he only wants to see her.”

“Holy penwipers! Is it any wonder I didn’t remind you, if that’s what you’re going to do,” cried Ronald.

“We’ll put that plan right out of our heads this minute,” his wife supplemented. “No husband of mine is going to see me in another man’s arms, and he, perhaps concocting a stew. No siree!” with conviction.

But finally, by dint of patient persuasion, Wade “brought them over” and won his cause. In the meantime, without their knowledge of either the flight of time or of the fact that the 2.15 express had come and gone, a certain passenger, finding no one to meet him, had come silently in, with the intention of surprising the happy couple in the midst of their domestic life. But, overhearing Wade, he had remained, instead, behind the velvet curtain at the rear of the room, until he had heard all. Then he picked up his suitcase and went out for a short time.

Ronald glanced at his watch, and started up. “Sweet polecats! Man, it’s nearly three o’clock. We’ve forgotten

to go to the train. Your uncle ought to be here any moment."

"Yes," agreed Jean, "and here's something you clever people don't seem to have thought of: Just where are Mr. and Mrs. Reid while this bigmy is going on?"

"That's easy," replied Wade. "You and Ron just left yesterday to visit your very sick mother, in—oh say in Montreal, eh?"

"Say," said Jean, her last argument defeated, "which side of your house it is that's descended from Ananias? By the way, Bob, I've been so busy with Wade's plans, I don't believe I told you that I had a note yesterday from a girl chum of mine in Toronto saying that she was coming down today for the week-end, so along with Wade's uncle you'll—"

"Oh," her husband interrupted, singing to the tune of a once popular song, "I'm forever cooking cookies"—and fled to his kitchen.

Just then the doorbell rang, and the maid ushered in the Uncle Bob who was causing so much trouble.

"Hullo, folks," he greeted, "I'm a little late as I-er-stopped in to see an old business friend. Well, so this is our little wife, eh?"

"*Our* is good," thought Jean to herself.

"Yes, this is she," said Wade, introducing them. "Some little queen, isn't she? We're all alone because the Reids were called yesterday to Montreal to see Mrs. Reid's very sick mother."

An hour later came Jean's friend,—Dorothy Carleton! Jean sprang from the arms of Wade, and exchanged them for those of her chum.

"Dear old Jean," Dorothy cried, hugging her, "it has been so long since I saw you last that I simply couldn't stay away any longer, so I just left everything and came. Haven't you been over to Toronto at all? Why, you have visitors," she added, just noticing the other occupants of the room.

"Yes, indeed. Permit me to introduce you. Miss Carleton, this is Mr.——"

But Jean, perceiving she already knew the uncle, started to introduce her to Wade as her "husband," but as he started

forward, his former fiancée turned her back and began to admire the pattern of the wallpaper.

Too excited to notice anything wrong, Jean, after showing her guest her room, settled down to talk old times with her. After Bob Owen and his nephew had left the room, Dorothy immediately asked what had become of Ronald and since when had the younger Mr. Owen been her husband.

"Sh!" Jean replied. "My really, truly husband is our chef," and she then related the whole story at which her friend laughed rather coldly.

A little later Wade returned, and Jean left the room for a secret chat with Ronald while Mr. Owen was out. An awkward pause ensued between the two remaining occupants. Then softly from Wade, "Dorothy."

"Mr. Owen", she replied icily.

"Dorothy, won't you forgive me?"

"Forgive you? Forgive you when you carry on with a married woman the way you do?"

"Didn't Jean tell you about it?"

"About what?" she asked lazily.

"Why, that Ronald was taking the place of the cook, who had left, and that my uncle forced me to get married within a fortnight and—well, you were so cross that I fled here. Then *he* came and Jean had to pose as my bride."

"Oh, yes," she replied coolly, "I believe she did mention it, but do you suppose that I believed it?"

"Surely you did?" he asked eagerly.

"Possibly *now*," she remarked, looking at him.

"And will you forgive? Will you come back to me?"

"Oh, Dorothy," advancing towards her, "will you marry me?"

"Divorcing poor Jean already? But really, Wade, I have always regretted that silly little quarrel. After all, what does it matter where we live? Let us live in the heart of the city as you desired."

"Dotty! Dotty!" he exclaimed, and his lips met hers, "you perfect angel, I'll go to the suburbs, I'll go anywhere you wish."

“To prevent further arguing, why not live directly where the suburbs begin and the city ends, half-in-half?” laughed a new voice, and Bob Owen stepped from behind that same curtain where he had heard the conspirators planning a short time ago.

Dorothy and Wade drew apart, “Nephew,” continued his uncle, “I overheard your plot right from the start and, Wade, perhaps I was too hasty, for to get married in two weeks to a total stranger, after hearing your ingenious effort, I now realize to be too hard a task. So the twenty-five per will still come to you in regular monthly instalments, and permit me to congratulate you on your reunion.”

Just then Jean returned and, taking in the situation at a glance, left the group to answer a knock on the door. She re-entered triumphantly, followed by Patsy, who was saying apologetically:

“If you plaze, mum, I reckon you bay surprazed to see me, but since I left you I’ve been to thray places, but the waiges was so low, mum, I couldn’t shtay, and I’ve afther to wantin’ to know if ye’ll take me bhack?”

“Take you back?” cried Ronald rushing in after hearing the familiar voice, “*I’ll* say we’ll take you back, ‘Here !’ and he hended her his apron. Then he whispered to his wife, “Don’t ever get another ‘crepe de sheeney’ nightgown.”

G. D. H., '27.

## THE SLEEPER

Sleep on, thou twice enriched student, sleep !  
Ten thousand glares sweep over thee in vain ;  
Profs. mark thy rest with ruin in the sweep  
Of questions vast and marvellously plain  
To those who know, but to the rest remain  
Suspense and fear of being next in line—  
While thou art dreaming, and thruout thy brain  
Sweet gentle sleep keeps guard, and peace divine  
Reveals no irksome class to mar the mind's design.

And I have envy, sleeper, all the while  
Thou snoorest on, oblivious of thy fate,  
As 'cross thy face majestic sweeps a smile  
Significant of inspirations great  
On future hopes to be. So calmly wait,  
And may the dream thou dreamest now come true !  
But oh ! Alas, I fear 'tis now too late !  
The Prof., all-seer, has got a clue,  
And, sleeper, thou must wake to get thine own just due.

R. W. W., Eng. '24.

## COLLEGE CHILDREN OR MEN AND WOMEN?

“I’M sending Harry to commercial school in Winnipeg, this fall,” remarked George J. Simpson to Fred R. Jameson, his friend in business and private life.

“Why? I thought he was going to Toronto with Campbell,” said the other, speaking of his own son.

Mr. Simpson, looking thoughtful, replied slowly and reluctantly:

“I think both of our boys are too young to go to the university. Sixteen is an age when no boy can grasp and fully appreciate college work, so I’m going to have Harry in business until he’s nineteen.”

Mr. Jameson disagreed with his friend.

“I think every boy should get an early start in life, so that he’ll have time to have an established business practice before he marries and has a home.”

Such are the thoughts of many fathers and mothers of to-day. Which course is the better to follow?

Going through any large university to-day, one immediately notices the great range of ages. Children seem most numerous; the average is sixteen, some younger, some older. The oldest men and women, on the average, are nearing thirty. Why this difference of ages in courses which are practically the same? It is a great handicap, not only to the college but also to the students, and, in the majority of cases, is due to the different opinions held by parents all over our land.

Children sent to college between the ages of fifteen and seventeen cannot fully realize their work and duty as students. Neither in athletics, in the social activities, in the religious life, nor in the class room, are they fully at home.

A college president expressed his opinion concerning this phase of university life, thus:

“Either the standard of High School and of Universities or the school age, *must be raised*. The present educational system *cannot exist*.”

Every year children are graduating from High School without appreciating their work. They have it memorized and they know sufficient to pass the examinations. There their knowledge ends. The older pupils always carry off the honors.

Today the college Freshman, or Freshette, learns enough to get through and that is all he or she cares for. The boy acquires long trousers, a "dapper" hat, cigarettes, and, quite often, learns to dance and play cards. The Freshette, of the same age, usually has acquired already the two latter accomplishments, but she learns to dress and to wear her hair becomingly. Quite often she decides to be "a type", and goes to every extreme to be one.

Coming back their second year, they think they "know it all." No one need attempt to teach them. They strut around, masters and mistresses of all they survey, until, in their Junior year, they receive a sudden awakening.

Junior and Senior years are always years when the students work. The average Junior is eighteen and he realizes exactly what he has missed the first two year and tries to make it up.

"How I wish I had come to college two years later!" is the exclamation on the lips of the majority of upper classmen today.

Parents always have a grave responsibility when they send their boys and girls to college. They realize the temptations awaiting them, and they would gladly, if they could, go along to protect them, but they cannot.

Take the boys who elect long courses. The longest does not take more than ten years. Some are prepared to start when they are eighteen, some not until twenty. A few realize at sixteen that they want a definite course, but the majority, at that age, are speculating. Not one of these boys would be over thirty on getting through. It not this early enough, with a good preparation, to start a life work?

Every boy should work at least one year before he goes to college. Then he will realize what his parents are doing for him. The average girl more quickly adjusts herself and

finds her place in the world. Her preparation need not be so advanced nor so expensive as that of the average boy. Her expenses are rarely as great as the boy's, but, usually, she gets more out of her course than the boy. The average student is sent to college on money which has been saved through sacrifices, yet how few of them fully appreciate it !

The boy or girl sent to college straight from High School, enters usually at sixteen. Their parents think that they are doing their best for them. Most of them will be through college, and, before they are thirty, have a real start in their life work. Parents, however, by this act, are giving the children an advantage which is not grasped. The children cannot keep up with their work, and, besides being a disappointment to the parents, they are a handicap in the college. The children and the college have an injustice done them. The children are thrown in with the older men and women who have a fixed purpose in life. They are coming to college to find that purpose for themselves. It takes them several years to do this. When they graduate, although they have an earlier start in life, they rarely make the successes which are typical of older students. Why ? Because they are not all-round,—fully developed. They are always one-sided, either in student, athletic, social or religious life.

These younger boys and girls in colleges, are, in many cases, away from home for the first time. They meet many temptations, easily passed by the older students, for which they fall. None of them are deliberately tempted, but, in many cases, it really amounts to that.

Take, for instance, the hazing of one Freshman, scarcely sixteen. The older students locked him in a room with a bottle of liquor, telling him he would have to drink some of it before they would release him. He absolutely refused to take it, at first, but, after two days, in order to procure freedom, drank a small glassful. He did get his freedom, but for how long ? At the end of his course he graduated with an ordinary record. But, on his graduation day he was so drunk he could not walk up to receive his degree.

Such cases are common. The older, innocently, lead the younger. If not by force, as in the above case, which I realize is extreme; *certainly* by example. Does not every Freshman, even Sophomore, imitate closely the manner, habits and peculiarities of the Seniors, as a whole, or of one in particular whom he admires? Whether for good or evil, he will follow upper class lead. Many of these young men are ruined, physically, mentally and morally, because of a college course begun in childhood.

In athletics they are a distinct drawback. Because they are too young they cannot be put on the football squad. As they grow older, they turn out for different squad practices. If very fond of it, and eager to learn and to make a college team, they will neglect their studies. As a result, we have the one-sided athlete, who finally graduates after writing numerous supplementary examinations. Such a man, in spite of an early start, will never make a great success in the world. An older man would have been able to enter athletics from the beginning of his course. He would have realized the necessity of an all-round education and would have secured it.

Besides being a drawback to the college in athletics, they are also a hindrance in the classroom. They lower the standard of the college records. They cannot grasp the work, and they cause increasing trouble for the professors, who must endeavor to make difficult and complicated work simple enough for them to understand. In spite of all this, there is a lower standard of marks every year, which is very discouraging.

In the college course, it is the experience of every man and woman to have a time when religious feeling is paramount. After a certain amount of study they reach a stage where it is difficult for them to make their religion and their studies agree. Young men and women going through this era of their lives, must be in their years of full understanding. How can mere children grasp and reconcile these great facts? They do not. It passes over their heads, and sev-

eral years afterwards, it is one of their regrets concerning an early college course.

College professors, educational critics, psychologists,—all the eminent men of today advise the average parents to keep their children out of college until eighteen, at the lowest age limit. Many towns and cities have regulated their High School courses accordingly. Why not have every parent regard this just as much a responsibility as the fact that they feed and clothe their children, send them to school and, ultimately, to college ?

If this course in education is followed, perhaps some of the distinct faults and failures common, at present, in the average college graduate will disappear. In speaking of this subject, we must remember that there are exceptions to every rule. Some of the boys and girls of today, attending college at sixteen, are capable of it, but they are distinctly the exception.

In future, mental tests will prove a great factor in deciding the age limit, and in the process of eliminating those who have not reached the mental maturity necessary to a full appreciation of the college course.

N. A. McK., '24.

## VOLCANISM AND VOLCANIC ACTIVITY

VOLCANIC eruptions are to the human mind perhaps the most impressive of geological phenomena. The terrific power which causes mountains to explode and shoot vast quantities of material thousands of feet into the air has long been the subject of much wonder and not a little awe; but the investigations carried on with respect to these remarkable feats of nature have failed to answer, to any satisfactory extent, many of the questions concerning them. In fact, the theories relating to the casual problems of volcanism were more universally accepted among scientists five or ten decades ago than are any of the theories regarding the same which exist at the present time.

The word "volcano" is applied to a conical hill or mountain, composed largely of erupted material, from which vapors, hot ashes, rock fragments, molten magmas, and other materials are intermittently expelled. The summit of the cone is generally truncated and presents a cup-shaped or caldron-like cavity called the crater. At the bottom of the crater is the pipe or funnel of communication with the heated interior, and through this the volcanic effusions are ejected. A volcano may consist of merely one cone, or, if of large mountainous dimensions, it may consist of a major and several subsidiary cones, each of which may function as an individual volcano. Mount Etna, for instance, which rises to a height of 10,840 feet above the sea level, is comprised of some 200 minor cones, many of which are in themselves magnificent volcanoes.

The geologists classify volcanoes according to their relative activity. Cones that are continually evolving volcanic material are considered as active; those which have been active in modern time but are now inactive are termed dormant; while those which have not been in eruption during historic times are said to be extinct. This classification, however, is somewhat unsatisfactory, in as much as dormant volcanoes may never erupt again, while volcanoes long con-

sidered extinct may suddenly become active. A good example of the latter is found in the case of Krakatoa, in the East Indies. Previous to 1883, this volcano was believed to be completely extinct, but in August of that year it became violently explosive, blowing off a cubic mile of its top, ejecting ashes and vapor to a height of seventeen miles, thereby hiding the sun and causing total darkness to prevail over a vast area during the eruption. The dust projected into the air by this explosion was carried by the upper winds to all parts of the globe, with the result that brilliant sunrises and sunsets were prevalent for months all over the world. The detonations on this occasion were heard a distance of two thousand miles, and the shock produced sea waves seventy-five to ninety feet high, which swept the adjacent shores, carrying about 35,000 people to their death.

About eighty-five per cent of the gases ejected by volcanoes is water-vapor, the remainder being made up of carbon dioxide, sulphur dioxide, and hydrochloric acid. There is little real flame emitted. The intermittent glow and columns of "flame" so often reputed to issue during eruptions are due to the illumination of the clouds of vapor which are blown out by the incandescent lava and glowing particles of rock. Stromboli, for instance, constantly illuminates its overhanging cloud in this way and thus provides a natural lighthouse for mariners in that part of the Mediteranean.

Volcanoes usually occur in groups or belts along the borders of continents. Comparatively few active cones are found inland, but are located where mountain ranges are parallel to great ocean deeps. In other words, they are situated where great mountain-building forces are active, and where, as a natural consequence, the earth is much fissured and fractured.

Such, in brief, is the character and distribution of volcanoes. The cause of the phenomenon involved, however, is open to debate. Several theories are set forth in answer to the problem of volcanic origin, but, at present, there appears to be no concensus of opinion regarding the validity of any of them. The old idea that the center of the earth was a

molten mass and, hence, that all lavas came from a common reservoir, was satisfactory so far as the origin of the material involved was concerned, but in late years scientific investigation of hypogene action has caused the "molten interior" hypothesis to be consigned to the scrap heap, and volcanologists have been obliged to construct other theories as to the causation of volcanism.

The theory which is most supported, perhaps, is that which affirms the idea of lava formation by the relief of pressure. The exponents of this theory assume that at comparatively moderate depths the heat of the earth is so great that the solid state of rocks is maintained only by the pressure of the overlying strata. Hence, if from various movements and deformations, probably due to erosion and deposition, the pressure should be relieved at some point, melting of the heated rock would doubtless occur, and thus a body of molten magma would be formed. Satisfactory reasons for its ascension with such characteristic force, have not been expounded, but it is generally conceded to be due, in a large measure, to the accumulation of gases within the fissure. And it would appear, from the amount of water-vapor ejected, that steam played a great part in volcanic processes. Whether this steam is the product of surface water percolating through the rocks until it comes in contact with the molten magma, or whether it is of primordial origin, is a debatable question, but, in either event, the presence of water-vapor seems to be one of the prime factors in producing volcanic activity.

The economic benefits of volcanicity are of no small importance. In addition to the wonderful display of scenery which a volcanic district affords, the ashes from recent eruptions often form a very fertile and easily worked soil. Igneous rocks are the result of volcanism and, to a great degree, metamorphism is due to the intrusion of this igneous material between the strata of the country-rock. The contact veins of such intrusions are disposed to become resting places for mineral deposits, and in fact many of our valuable

minerals are the direct result of morphism brought about in this manner.

But probably the greatest feature of all, from an economic point of view, is the fact that volcanoes, when they erupt, eject carbon dioxide gas. Since plants live by extracting carbon dioxide from the air, and since animals are dependent upon plants for their livelihood, it follows that, unless some means be provided for replenishing the supply of this ingredient in the air, it would be only the matter of a few centuries when plant and animal life would become extinct. It is, of course, true that about nine-tenths of the carbon dioxide thus used up, is restored to the air when these organisms decay; but in the formation of coal, limestone, and other minerals, exceedingly large quantities of carbon are taken from the air and laid away in rocks. As a consequence, this essential factor in the maintenance of life tends to become depleted. But, this danger is eliminated by the fact that volcanoes are constantly in eruption in one part of the globe or another, emitting vast amounts of carbon dioxide gas, which, owing to the diffusibility of gases, is carried throughout the atmosphere, thus restoring equilibrium in this important phase of Nature's process.

Hence we see that in spite of the fact that volcanism is one of the greatest agents of destruction in the realm of natural phenomena, yet the benefits derived by the organisms of the world in general greatly exceed the local distress occasioned by these cataclysms, so that, in the final analysis, volcanoes are advantageous rather than detrimental to human existence.

H. M. B., '24.

## THE ROMANCE OF RADIUM

THE advance of science during the present century has been extraordinarily great. The story of radium, and the conclusions drawn from it, even if we consider nothing else, will probably render the last few years forever memorable. The recent advances have revolutionised scientific thought, and have presented new views on the subject of the constitution of matter.

A very important field of investigation was opened up by Sir W. Crookes when he took the electric spark, and passed it through gasses in highly exhausted tubes. The radiations which were emitted by these tubes Crookes called cathode rays, since they appeared to proceed from the negative electrode. These cathode rays disclose their presence in various ways. They cause the walls of the tubes to become luminous, and to rise in temperature. Bodies exposed to these radiations glow with various colours, and produce the most beautiful effects. Mechanical effects are also produced, and platinum may be fused by converging the rays upon it by a mirror. The rays are deflected by a magnetic field.

The conclusion has been reached by eminent scientists that these rays consist of a stream of negatively charged particles shot out from the negative electrode with a terrific velocity. The mass of this particle, the electron, has been computed as about 1-1700 of the mass of the hydrogen atom, which is the lightest of all the elements.

The question was asked whether there were any other radiations, and also more particularly whether there were any bodies which could produce these radiations.

Professor Henry found a substance—the luminous sulphide of zinc—which spontaneously emitted rays capable of producing florescent effects, and Becquerd found that uranium gave out rays which passed through opaque objects, and ionized the air. Mme. Curie commenced an exhaustive analytical examination of uranium, and after much arduous

work, succeeded in separating from it an exceedingly radioactive substance which she called radium. From one ton of pitch-blend, an ore of uranium, only a speck of radium was obtained, just a few milligrams of white powder.

By day this powder appears quite ordinary, but at night it glows with a pale, greenish yellow light, phosphorescent body ever luminous. For thousands of years it continues thus. It also continually gives out heat, and therefore must be always at a higher temperature than its own surroundings. From whence comes this endless supply of energy? The answer is that within the atom of radium there is a continual breaking down and disintegration of the atomic structure, displaying manifestations of enormous atomic energy in the form of light and heat.

The ionization effects of radium are very striking. Any electrified body loses its charge when a tube of radium is brought near. The electricity has escaped; the air has been rendered a conductor.

The rays emitted by radio-active elements are invisible, and can be investigated only by their effects. Experiment has shown that the rays are of three kinds, and they are designated by the first three letters of the Greek alphabet, alpha, beta and gamma rays.

The alpha rays are atoms of helium thrown off in straight lines with velocities averaging about ten thousand miles per second. These rays are slightly deviated by a magnetic or electrostatic field, and the direction of the deflection shows that they carry a positive charge. They are very efficient ionizers; they excite fluorescence but their photographic action is slight; they are completely stopped by a sheet of ordinary writing paper.

The fluorescent action of the alpha particles is beautifully shown by the spintharoscope, an instrument devised by Crookes. In a brass tube provided with a lens, a little needle coated with radium is fixed in front of a phosphorescent screen. In a darkened room a peep into this instrument reveals a wonderful sight. The screen presents a perfectly dark background, upon which is seen a multitude of brilliant

points of greenish-white light, which flash and twinkle in the most fascinating manner.

The beta rays are negatively charged particles, deflected by the magnetic field in a direction opposite to that of the alpha rays. They are electrons, or unit charges of negative electricity, and are shot out with a velocity approaching that of light. Their photographic action is strong, but their ionizing power relatively weak. They excite fluorescence and have considerable penetrating power.

Strutt has devised a remarkable instrument to demonstrate the charge of these beta rays. A glass tube containing radium is suspended in a glass vessel devoid of air. Two gold leaves hang from the end of the tube. Two tinfoil strips are arranged so as to connect the inside of the vessel to the earth by means of a platinum wire fused in the glass. The beta rays charge up the gold leaves, which are repelled gradually until they touch the tinfoil, when they at once collapse. But soon they begin to repel each other again, as the charge accumulates, and then are once more discharged. The action will continue as long as the radium lasts. As its life is measured in thousands of years, the action is a very near approach to perpetual motion.

The gamma rays are identical with the aether disturbances known as X-rays, and are presumably produced, like the latter, by the impacts of electrons on the surrounding matter. They are capable of passing through nearly three inches of lead, and are therefore of the most penetrating character.

It was soon observed that radio-activity is an infectious thing. Any substance remaining in the neighbourhood of radium becomes radio-active also, but not permanently so. These acquired radio-active effects last for several hours, and, in some cases, for days. As soon as the presence of the radium is withdrawn the infected substance begins to lose its acquired properties. The observer himself becomes radio-active, and his presence is sufficient to discharge electrified bodies, and to affect his electrical measuring instruments.

At first this acquired radio-activity was very puzzling to scientists, but further experiments have shed an interesting light upon the phenomenon. It was found that it was not due to radiations from radium, but to a radio-active gas given off by the radium. This emanation gas, which must not be confused with the rays from radium, remains radio-active for some weeks.

According to the disintegration theory of Rutherford and Soddy, the atom of radium is always breaking up with the expulsion from an atomic system of negative electrons (which are oscillating around a central nucleus of positive electricity) of alpha, particles carrying a positive charge. The helium formed is the result of the loss of this charge. The gaseous substance, nitron, which is produced, is the residue left after the emission of an atom of helium from an atom of radium. This gas is itself radio-active, and undergoes further disintegration, depositing a solid radio-active residue on bodies with which it comes in contact.

Unlike ordinary chemical changes, the rate of disintegration is not affected by conditions. It cannot be started or stopped at will. It is no more vigorous at 2000° than at 200°. Other changes occur between atoms; these within the atom itself. There are at least eight elements given out by successive disintegrations of radium, the end product being radium.

M. E. H., '26.

# The Acadia Athenæum

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## Editorial



### ARE WE OVER-PHYSICAL?

LIFE is rushing so madly along these days that it is about all we can do to keep from being outdistanced in the race without attempting to throw away any energy on thinking. But if, perchance, an opportunity comes for pausing a moment and catching our breath, we may take time to question ourselves regarding the very state of affairs which makes this so. The question is a pertinent one to college activity.

The life of the present-day college student resolves itself into a species of tug-of-war, in which the student himself furnishes the contested element between the professors on one side and that abstraction, the "student body", on the other. And between the two of them, it's a heavy strain under which the poor student manages to live—if, indeed, he is so fortunate as to live at all, having escaped being rent asunder dur-

ing the examination crises in the struggle ! The arm of the professor is made strong by the righteousness of his cause, and it seems as if the student might be swayed his way into the land of learning, did not the other contestant act on an equally strong conviction, that the path of our hero should lead into the land of extra-curriculum activity. Thus on one side there extend the broad fields of culture beckoning him onward toward a land of promise, while on the other there spreads that everyday world of reality, the campus, peopled with his comrades who are indulging in the joys of youth. There it is, between two words, that our student, like the maiden of old, stands "with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet."

So far we have been progressing on the assumption that the student is lacking in volition, but it is when we correct this error that the problem really presents itself in its relation to ourselves. For the student does *not* lack volition. He is an active factor in the situation. True, his individual action is hampered by the strain of many forces beyond his control, yet there are other of these forces which will yield to his influence. Our student is one of that very "student body" which is exerting pressure upon him, and, as such, he has a part to play in determining the line along which their force shall act.

As the situation now stands, the face of the average student is turned toward that side of college life symbolized by the campus. His feet may perforce turn in the other direction but their step is hesitant. That his interest lies with his extra-curriculum activity is evidenced by the number of football, basketball, and hockey games he puts on during a college year, the number of classes from which he absents himself in the interest of these athletics, and the number of holidays from the mental which he claims in celebration of a victory in the physical.

But is this the correct attitude for him to take? He has come to college, supposedly, to study. He arrives, and instead of devoting his attention to the cause of his coming, he sets himself to work making ways and means of avoiding that very end. If his desire had been for the attainment of physi-

cal prowess, why did he come into the so-called "halls of learning" to seek its attainment? Obviously there should be other fields better suited to this purpose. If, then, he did in reality come in search of learning, something must have coloured his vision before he turned aside from the paths of study which led toward his goal. What that "something" is we should stop to consider.

That it is not of the faculty we are oft reminded by the despairing professors as they lament over the lack of serious application to their subjects. It must then be of the students. But what can it be? We submit that it is a disproportionate elevation of brawn over brain. It is a state of the public mind which has exalted the actual above the ideal, has put a premium on physical achievement to be paid at the expense of mental triumph.

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And yet the very students who help carry athletics to an extreme would doubtless agree that college is a place of training for life. Let us ask, where in life can we find the muscle of the laboring class ranked above the grey-matter of the *intelligentsia*? That is not the scale of measurement in the world's standards. Why, then, should college standards show a tendency in this direction? If the college graduate is to be well fitted to become a good world citizen, his university training should have been along the lines most valuable to him when he goes out into the larger sphere.

Yet we do not wish to be misunderstood in our attitude toward athletics. Our complaint is not against athletics, as such, but against *excessive emphasis on athletics*. That a certain amount of physical exercise is necessary to the student in order that he can make the most of his intellectual equipment, we realize. Moreover, that such exercise can be most pleasurably obtained thru the different forms of contest now engaged in, we also agree. But that these athletic contests should be so magnified in importance as to obscure the other phase of college life, we maintain is losing sight of the fundamental aim of the university.

If the colleges of today are to attain the highest realization of their destiny as builders of world-citizenship, they

must seek a more judicial combination of the physical with the mental. There must be no overshadowing, the one of the other, but a state of equilibrium reached and maintained where both work together in the development of well-rounded personality.

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In this issue we have exercised our privilege of granting extra units in two of the literary departments where the material submitted was of a particularly high order. Nothing so gladdens the editorial heart as an occasion for doing this, and we wish to thank the contributors of literary and science articles who have made it possible. In several other departments, however, units have had to be withheld for the reverse reason, hence we wish to ask for increased support next month that all our departments may be raised to the standard of these two.

Our congratulations are extended to Mr. C. M. Spidell, '24, on his completion, in this issue, of the requirements for the "literary" A. We are pleased to see him receive this merited recognition of our efforts in behalf of the *Athenæum* and we trust that it will not mean our loss of his valuable support.

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### SEMINARY DEPARTMENT

On Saturday evening, January 26th, the Senior classes of the Academy and Seminary were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Archibald at a jolly party. We feel we are deeply indebted to the host and hostess for an exceptionally good time.

Friday, February 8th, was a red-letter day for the Seniors. In the afternoon, the executive committee of the Alumnae Association was at home to the graduating class at the home of Mrs. Elliot. Refreshments were daintily served by friends of the hostess and everyone had a most enjoyable afternoon. That evening the Senior Academy Students invited us to a skating party, where they proved themselves such entertaining hosts that the girls voted it one of the best times of the year.

We are indeed glad to have Miss Rosamond Archibald with us again after an extended lecture tour in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. English classes are in full swing, and Better English drives have already been put on by the different classes. We have challenged all of Canada to compete with us in speaking the King's English, and we warn the Academy and College folk to beware how they speak within our hearing.

The Seminary was *en fête* February 14th, when the Faculty and Seniors were escorted by girls, prettily costumed in the manner of old St. Valentine, to the dining-hall. Speeches were in order, and prizes given to the table originating the best Valentine verse.

The next evening the Seniors entertained students of the College and Academy at their annual house party. Valentine decorations were used in both the gymnasium and the dining-room. With the Juniors in charge of the menu, no anxiety was felt by the Seniors for the welfare of their guests. The evening ended with songs and class yells.

The practice game in basketball played between the teams of the Co-eds and of the Seminary on Tuesday, February 5th, revealed unexpected strength in the latter. While defeated, the Seminary team gave a good account of itself.

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## ACADEMY DEPARTMENT

### SKATING PARTY

On Friday evening, Feb. 8th., the student body of the Academy held a skating party in the "Evangeline Rink" to which the Senior Class and part of the Junior Class of the Seminary were invited. Music furnished by the Wolfville Band, together with good ice, to say nothing of the excellent company, went to make the evening a success.

### LYCEUM

During the month there have been two Lyceum meetings, both of which were well attended. The meetings are growing

in interest, and we hope that by next year the Lyceum will be a well-organized society. To this end, a ritual, and a set of by-laws have already been drawn up.

#### Y. M. C. A.

Among the speakers for the Y. M. C. A. this month were Mr. Osborne, Mr. Flannagan, and Dr. Marshall, all of whom brot helpful messages. We might especially mention the address, "Sportsmanship", by Mr. Osborne, which made a particular appeal to the hearers.

#### SENIOR HOUSE PARTY

On Saturday, Jan. 26th, the Senior Class of the Seminary and of the Academy were invited to a party to be held at Dr. Archibald's.

At the appointed time, 8 o'clock, the "Sem. line" arrived, and very soon after that the fun began. The first thing to do was to get acquainted, the procedure of which only added to the enjoyment. After this, games were played, which were enjoyed by everyone present. Soon came the time for refreshments, to which part of the program no one objected, and before very long the cakes and coffee prepared by the kind hostess, had disappeared. When the host and hostess had been duly thanked, this joyful event was brought to a close by the singing of A-C-A-D-I-A.

#### ATHLETICS

A. C. A., 1—K. C. S., 2.

The first interscholastic game in which the Academy participated was played in Windsor against the old rivals, K. C. S., on Thursday, February 7th.

The game was clean, fast, and closely-contested, the final score being 2-1 in favor of K. C. S.

From start to finish it was a sharp struggle. When, soon after the game started, Corning shot a goal, victory for

Acadia seemed assured, for it was no easy matter to get the puck past "Fatty", the goalie, who is remarkably well suited to that position.

In the second and third periods, by dint of hard work and better combination, K. C. S. succeeded in tallying a goal for each period.

The Academy boys returned home satisfied that they had done their best, and recognizing the good brand of hockey put up by K. C. S.

A. C. A., 7—K. C. S., 8.

The return game between the Academy and King's Collegiate School was played in "Evangeline Rink", Wolfville, on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 13th.

In the first period, the K. C. S. boys so rushed things that when the gong sounded, they had four goals to their credit, while the Cads had only one, shot by Smallman just a few minutes before the end of the period.

However, the rustiness of the A. C. A. team had been somewhat worn off during the first period, with the result that they made a better showing in the second period, tallying two more goals, and allowing K. C. S. only one. This netted, in all, three for the Cads and five for K. C. S.

Amid thunderous cheers from their loyal supporters, the Academy boys faced their rivals in the final struggle, determined "to do or die". Only three goals were needed to bring victory. Acadia scored, and more cheers rent the air. However, very soon after this the King's boys scored. Then Acadia again, twice in succession. Now the game was a tie, 6—6: K. C. S. tallied one more, but immediately matters were evened up when Corning sagged the net for the 7th tally. Only a few minutes were left, during which time K. C. S. succeeded in shooting another goal. Failing to duplicate this by the time the gong sounded, the Cads went off the ice, defeated by worthy opponents.

"Rah" Murray refereed this game.

Line-up:

Academy:—Goal, Vail; Defense, Shatford, Van Buskirk; Forwards, Jenkins, Corning, Himmelman (Capt.); Subs, Teas, Smallman.

K. C. S.—Goal, Herman; Defense, McKinnon, Zwicker. Forwards, Bacon, Jenkins, Boutilier; Subs, Thompson, Defebre.

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### JOKES

W - - o - e—(In Senior English)—“Be quiet, class. Don't wake Webber!”

Teacher—“What is “negligible”?”

C - - t-r—“A shirt that can be starched, sir”.

Teacher—(referring to minotaurs)—“What name was given to a large, cruel beast in Greek Mythology?”

Stude—“Monitors, sir”.

J - - k-ns—“Webber is sick”.

Ou - - ou-e—“Is he?”

J - - k-ns—“No, Ikey”.

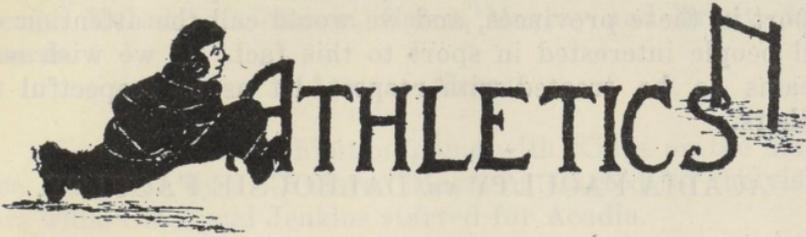
Found written on a test-paper:—“Rasselas was written by Johnson in order to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, which was a great success”.

Another:—“Johnson was born in 1709, at Lichfield, at an early age”.

Dr. A.—Did you ever see a cyclone?

B-ld - - g- (chewing gum)—No, sir.

Dr. A.—Well, there's one going on around here now.



WE have noticed with much dissatisfaction during the year, the growing lack of sportsmanship in amateur sport.

There seems to be a prevalent feeling that any team other than the home-town team or the college team is composed of rogues and rascals, who are out to win no matter how. This feeling, supplemented by jealousy, causes us to make remarks to visiting players during a game that we would not dare to say, or that we would be ashamed to say, to them on the street. This is a contemptible act, revolting to people of finer sensibilities, and we need a movement to suppress it.

That is not all. The lack of sportsmanship is also shown in other ways. We notice it particularly in the receiving and entertaining of a visiting team. There are some towns in the Maritime Provinces that are sadly in need of a few lessons in the act of courtesy. What happens is this: A rival team comes to town; sometimes they have travelled a long distance; there is no one to meet them, no one to welcome them, and when they appear on the field or on the ice to play, they are greeted either with silent contempt or with a volley of rude remarks. In short, they are treated like a band of bandits rather than rivals in friendly sport. Friendly is not the proper word, for sport has developed into bitter rivalry and hard words.

The visiting team is generally subject to abuse whether they are winning or losing, and the home supporters are discourteous enough to drown the "yells" started by the visiting supporters. Both team and supporters should be treated with courtesy until they have shown themselves to be unworthy of it.

We feel that the lack of sportsmanship is a menace to sport in these provinces, and we would call the attention of all people interested in sport to this fact. If we wish our teams to be treated with respect let us be respectful to others.

#### ACADIA FACULTY vs. DALHOUSIE FACULTY.

Acadia's profs. won three games of volley ball out of five played in the Memorial Gymnasium, Feb. 1st, against a team representing the Dalhousie faculty. The first game was a 15-10 victory for the visitors, then the Acadians speeded up and won the second game with a score of 15-6 and the third by a score of 15-4. The fourth game was most interesting, Dal. winning by 15-14 score.

The final game ended 15-12 in Acadia's favor.

Line-up:—

Dalhousie:—Macdonald, Smith, Reid, Wilson, Young, Hunt, Maxwell.

Acadia:—Osborne, Wheelock, DeWitt, Ramsay, Ross, Saunders.

#### HOCKEY

##### ACADIA—KINGS

Acadia played her first game of the season on Kentville ice, Jan. 15th, losing by a 13 to 3 score. The game was an exhibition one and purely experimental, both teams changing their line-up considerably.

Acadia had scored but one goal at the end of the second period, but better combination resulted in two more during the third.

The line-up:—

Kentville—Barnaby, goal; Baxter, Corbin, Wigmore and Burke, defence; Oyler, Patterson, Bennett, Leitch, W. Kennedy and G. Kennedy, forwards.

Acadia:—Crowell, goal; Jenkins, Wight and Clark, defence; McLatchy, Johnson, Eaton, Murray and Brady, forwards.

## ACADIA—KINGS

Acadia won an exhibition game with Kings on the home ice, Jan. 18th, by a 3-2 score. Morrison starred for the visitors while Clark and Jenkins starred for Acadia.

The first period was scoreless. Acadia had the best of the territory but lacked shooting ability, while Kings had little chance to shoot.

In the second period Kings scored from a mix-up in front of the nets. Clark then shot and evened the score. The period ended one all.

Kings opened the scoring in the last period by a shot from center ice. Clark again evened the score. This was followed by another by Jenkins just before the period ended.

## • The line-up:—

Kings:—F. Coleman, goal; Bissett, Ernst, defence; Morrison, A. Coleman, Smith, forwards; White, Jackson, Ripley, subs.

Acadia:—Crowell, goal; Jenkins, Clark (Capt.) defence; R. W. Johnson, McLatchy, Eaton, forwards; Wright, Brady, R. D. Johnson, Collins, subs.

## ACADIA—WOLFVILLE

The college team played the town on the night of Jan. 31st., winning by a 5-2 score. The game was clean and both teams played well. McLatchy and R. W. Johnson played well for the college; Murray and Harvey played the best game for the town. Clark played his usual stellar game.

## The line-up:—

Wolfville:—Eagles, goal; Harvey, Baird, defence; Rand, Murray, Bishop, forwards; King, Barteaux, Dick, subs.

Acadia:—Wright, goal; Clark (Capt.), Jenkins, defence; R. W. Johnson, Eaton, McLatchy, forwards; Brady, Collins, R. D. Johnson, subs.

## ACADIA—TRURO

On Feb. 6th, Acadia played Truro on their ice and lost by 10-4. The Truro team had too much speed for the college boys, who, in spite of their hard work, could not prevent their opponents from scoring many times. Clark and Wright played the best game for Acadia, while Fraser and Gertrude seemed to be the outstanding men on the Truro team.

The line-up:—

Truro:—Guinan, goal; Wilson, Hopper, defence; Gert-ridge, Alvin Smith, Fraser, forwards; McLean, Lockhart, Peltis, subs.

Acadia:—Wright, goal; Jenkins, Clark (Capt.) defence; R. W. Johnson, McLatchy, Eaton, forwards; Collins, R. D. Johnson, Brady, subs.

## ACADIA—WINDSOR

Acadia met Windsor on their ice, Feb. 11th, and suffered a 6 to 3 defeat.

The college scored the only two goals made during the first period, and the second period ended 3 to 2 in their favor.

Windsor started the third period with a score and got three more in quick succession, at the same time stopping all the college rushes.

The line-up:—

Windsor:—C. Kuhn, goal; McCann, McDonald, defence; Singer, Chambers, G. Kuhn, forwards; J. Hughes, F. Clark, G. Hughes, Taylor, subs.

Acadia:—Wright, goal; Clark (Capt.), R. Johnson, defence; McLatchy, Eaton, Johnson, forwards; Collins, Vincent, McLeod, subs.

## ACADIA—U. N. B.

The second game of series in the Western division of the Intercollegiate Hockey League of the Maritime Provinces, was played on the night of Feb. 14th at Fredericton between Acadia and U. N. B. The game, which was one of the fastest seen at Fredericton for a number of years, was played in a temperature of 32° below zero, and on ice as hard as flint. Not a score was made until the third period, during which time U. N. B. netted one and Acadia netted two. Acadia's both scores were made during the last few minutes of the play, the winning one being shot by R. W. Johnson with a 30 second margin.

That U. N. B. was surprised is quite easy to understand. The showing that Acadia had made in the local games had led them to believe that she was an easy mark. As the game progressed, they saw that they were dealing with a "dark horse", whereupon they changed their opinion about the "school-boy" team, and realized that they had something worthy of their best efforts.

The teams were evenly matched, as the score shows, altho Acadia had the best of the play and kept the puck in her opponents territory the greater part of the time.

Eaton was injured in the first period, but pluckily remained on the ice and played his best game this season. The splendid checking of R. W. Johnson did much to keep U.N.B. from becoming too dangerous, while Wright, Acadia's goal, successfully turned everything aside that came his way, with the exception of the lone one shot by Richards in the third period. The back-bone of the team was Alden Clark, who was by far the most outstanding man on the ice.

The Acadia boys played the whistle from the beginning to the end of the game, and never indulged in such petty time-killing stunts as shooting the puck to the end of the rink after an offside play. They also showed better form in following

the puck, while U. N. B. suffered by over-skating and bad passing.

Richard, left defence for the Red and Black, shot the first goal one minute after the opening of the third period. Fourteen minutes later, Clark, right defence for Acadia, evened the score with a long shot from center ice.

With the score tied, both teams played furiously, and the puck travelled up and down the rink with lightening rapidity. Thirty seconds to go, and R. W. Johnson, Acadia's center, lifted the puck for a long shot from center ice. It disappeared among the lightsh, while the crowd waited silently, until it dropped with a loud click in the left corner of the net, much to the discomfort of U.N.B., and to the great satisfaction of Acadia. The game was over and won by the Garnet and Blue.

Much credit for the building up of the Acadia team goes to "Ted" Stackhouse, coach, and to J. W. McKay, business manager.

The line-up:—

U. N. B.:—Goal, Carten; defence, Gibson, Richard; forwards, Fleet (Capt.), Jones and Reid.

Acadia:—Goal, Wright; defence, Clark (Capt.), R. D. Johnson; forwards, R. W. Johnson, McLatchey, Eaton; subs. McLeod, Collins, Vincent.

## BASKETBALL

### ACADIA—DALHOUSIE

Acadia played the first basketball game of the season with Dalhousie, Feb. 6th, losing by a 25-22 score. The teams were evenly matched, and at no time were they separated by a lop-sided score.

Acadia discovered some weaknesses in her line up during this game which will be rearranged and strengthened.

Mader and Harrison played the game for Dal. The method of substitution on the Acadia line-up made it impossible for a star to shine.

The line-up:—

Dalhousie—Mader, Harrison, forwards; Grant, center; MacOdrum, Miller, guards; Smith, Frame, subs.

Acadia—Cox, Robinson, forwards; O. Noble, center; Rhodenizer, Brown, guards; A. Noble, Chipman (Capt), Moffatt, Cook, subs.

#### ACADIA—ST. GEORGE'S.

On February 14th the Acadia basketers met St. George's in one of the roughest games ever seen in the University Gym. The final score was 39-25 in favor of the visitors.

The game started fast and for a time good combination was played, but gradually rough tactics were adopted until it resembled a rugby game. The score at the end of the first period was 17-16 in favor of the visitors.

The second period was a battle fruitful with fouls and penalty shots. Acadia secured the lead shortly after the start, but the visitors made every shot tell, and they were soon in the lead again. White was the best shot on the floor.

The line-up:—

St. George's—White, Killen, forwards; Stech, center; Coster, Murphy, guards; Murphy, sub.

Acadia—Brown, Robinson, forwards; A. Noble, center; Chipman (Capt), Rhodenizer, guards; O. Noble, sub.

#### ACADIA GIRLS vs. CANUCKS (St. John).

The Acadia Co-ed basketball team won in a game against the Canucks of St. John on February 8th, by a score of 23-8.

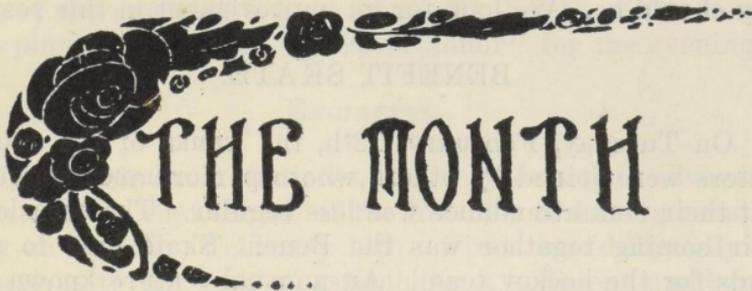
The combination of the Acadian team was of superior quality and the first period was quite one-sided.

In the second period, the Canucks broke the combination of their opponents somewhat and kept the scoring for the period more even. Miss Roulston played well for the Canucks, and Miss McLaughlin did most of the scoring for Acadia.

The line-up:—

<i>Canucks.</i>		<i>Acadia.</i>
	Forwards	
Roulston		McLaughlin
Springer		King
	Guards	
Morse		Doherty
L. Smith		McLean
	Centers	
G. Smith		Lawson (Capt.)
Brown		Colbath
	Subs	
Johnson		Cook, Mitchell, Chipman.



A decorative floral border featuring a large rose on the left, with smaller flowers and leaves trailing to the right, framing the title.

# THE MONTH

A STRENUOUS month is over. The fitting passage of time, which gains momentum year by year, never seems to pass us so rapidly as at this season of the year—so much so that we draw our breath in wonder, realizing that thirty more days have glided by.

The most prominent event of the month has been the much-dreaded mid-year examinations. But the wave, which looked mountain high in prospect, has passed over, and we come up gasping, to ride gently in the trough—until the next one.

Examinations, of course, are accompanied by a lull in student activities. However, a new term is safely begun, and the societies are away with renewed zest, and high hopes for an even better term than the last one. One notable change has been made already in the organization of one of the college societies. There are also signs of an outburst of social "affairs", skating parties, sleigh drives, and other social functions which make so notable a contribution to the lighter side of college life.

## ATHENÆUM SOCIETY.

Only two meetings have been held during the month, in both of which important business was discussed in a lively manner. At the meeting of January 19th, announcement was made by the committee appointed to choose the inter-collegiate debating team, as follows:—Messrs. E. L. Curry (leader), R. B. Currie, F. S. Crossman.

The Athenaeum meetings are not as well attended as they should be. We look for an improvement in this respect.

### BENEFIT SKATE.

On Tuesday, February 12th, the ranks of the regular skaters were joined by others whose performance suggested that their rink attendance was less regular. The occasion of their coming together was the Benefit Skate held to raise funds for the hockey team. An unusual feature known as a "Novelty Skate" lent interest to the evening and gave an opportunity for a demonstration of "skating as it should be done". The whole evening was as enjoyable as only a combination of good ice and good music can be.

### CELEBRATION OF VICTORY OVER U. N. B.

An account of the doings of the month would not be complete without some mention of the orgies which followed the telephone message that Acadia had been victor in a hard-fought hockey game with her old rival in Fredericton. Acadia loves a dearly-won victory, and the parading and frenzied cheering of Thursday night were worthy of the occasion. Needless to say, the granting of a holiday did not detract from the joy of the students.

### CLASS ACTIVITIES.

#### SENIORS.

True to their traditions, the Seniors celebrated the joyous ending of the examination period by an outburst of song. The hospitable home of Prof. and Mrs. Perry was the scene of the merry gathering, which took place on February 3rd. Music and refreshments were included in the program.

So enjoyable was this function that the class gladly accepted the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. A. Chute to a sing at their home the following week, on February 10th. Dr. Chute's sings are too well-known and too popular to need any com-

ment on their success. Especial mention might be made, however, of the graceful way in which Mr. Smith of the Senior class played his part as "guest of honor" for the evening.

#### ENGINEERS.

With their usual timeliness, the Engineers took advantage of the shining smoothness of the hillsides to have a coasting party on Monday, February 11th. First they dilligently set themselves to the task of assembling a sufficient number of sleds. This accomplished, they betook themselves to Tully where, according to pre-arrangement, their arrival was awaited by a number of fair co-eds. Gaspereaux Avenue was the scene of the first speed thrills, finished off by a few hair-raising slides on Highland Avenue. Finally the lure of "the Palms" called the party in its direction, where there were found oysters, sandwiches and coffee ready and waiting. A moonlight stroll to Tully ended a fun-packed evening.

#### FRESHMEN.

The carols of the Freshman class were also lifted in thankfulness at the end of mid-years. They held their sing on February 10th, Mr. and Mrs. Robie Ford being the kind host and hostess of the occasion. A solo by Miss Nita Trettheway, and a reading by Mr. Doane Hatfield added much to the enjoyment of the evening, which was also heightened in no small measure by refreshments of delicious candy and apples. Everyone joined heartily in the social program of old songs.

#### *Sleighting Party.*

The most elaborate and delightful social event of the Freshman year took place in Kentville on Saturday, February 17th. A merry party assembled at Tully at 6.15, where sleighs were waiting. After a hasty sorting out of partners the party was off, mingling the class yell with the jingling of sleigh bells. At Kentville a full-course dinner awaited them at the Cornwallis Inn, to which all did ample justice. There fol-

lowed a very enjoyable program of toasts, music and readings, and rumor also has it that the evening disclosed no little talent for original poetry in the Freshman class. Joyous singing and class yells marked the return home, where the partners separated with deep regret. Prof. and Mrs. M. F. Bancroft were the chaperons.

---

### CLASS OFFICERS.

#### SENIORS

President .....	S. S. Chipman.
Vice-President .....	Helen Archibald.
Treasurer .....	T. H. Robinson.
Secretary .....	Eldred Bridges.

#### JUNIORS.

President .....	T. W. Cook.
Vice-President .....	Evelyn Bentley.
Treasurer .....	C. L. Fillmore.
Secretary .....	Beatrice Smith.

#### SOPHOMORES.

President .....	F. Cleveland.
Vice-President .....	Margaret Freeman.
Treasurer .....	W. E. Israel.
Secretary .....	Ruby Thompson.

#### FRESHMEN.

President .....	C. Messenger.
Vice-President .....	Ethel Hudson.
Treasurer .....	H. Sipprell.
Secretary .....	Constance Hayward.

## PROPYLÆUM SOCIETY.

In the past month, this society has held several special meetings in addition to its regular meetings.

The regular meeting was held in the Physics lecture room on January 14th. The program for the evening was a trial debate on the subject: "Resolved that there should be an embargo on the export of pulp-wood from Canada to the United States." Misses Grace Beardsley, Claire Cutten, and Olive Archibald for the affirmative, and Jean Walker, Evelyn Bentley, and Ardis Whitman for the negative, able contended both sides of the question. Popular vote gave the decision to the negative with a majority of one, and the reading of the critics' report concluded the program.

At a special meeting called on February 5th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President—Winnifred Armstrong.

Vice-President—Inga Vogler.

Secretary-Treasurer—Elma Crockett.

Teller—Anna MacKinnon.

---

ROBERT NORWOOD'S LECTURE.

A large number of students and townspeople had the high pleasure of hearing this prince of Acadian poets in the Baptist Church on Thursday, February 7th. Dr. Norwood spoke in his usual stirring style, on "The Significant Voices of the Twentieth Century." He stressed the fact that the outstanding lyric poets of this century are Anglo-Celtic in race. He quoted many delightful lyrics, both from his own pen and those of others. His challenge to Canadians to embody the deeper emotions of their religious and national life in their poetry will not soon be forgotten by those who had the opportunity of hearing him.

## ADDRESS IN THE GYMNASIUM.

Due to the good offices of Dr. Patterson, on the following morning the student body had the privilege of again hearing Dr. Norwood, this time with a direct message to students. They showed their appreciation by turning out in force. "The Tri-Dimensional Life" was the speaker's theme. "Life," he said "is a process of adaptation to environment." There are three dimensions to our environment: Physical, Mental, and Spiritual." He stressed the importance of harmony between the individual and his spiritual environment. All too soon the call of the D. A. R. train took Dr. Norwood from us, but leaving behind the hope that he may again visit Acadia with his inspiring message.

---

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND.

The mission study class, conducted by the Student Volunteers (everybody welcome), met regularly in Tully on Sundays at 2 p. m. A new book has recently been taken up for study: "Marks of a World Christian." Dr. DeWolfe led the discussion of the opening chapter on Sunday, February 10th. The members look forward to interesting and profitable meetings this term.

---

Y. M. AND S. C. A.

Examinations put a temporary damper on the activities of these societies. In each only one regular meeting was held during the month. The S. C. A. leaders kept their organization functioning by a series of sings, one on each regular meeting night. They gave a welcome relief from the tension of study. At the last meeting, on February 10th, Dr. W. N. Hutchins gave a clear-cut and stirring talk on "A Philosophy of Life."

At the joint meeting of the Y. M. and S. C. A. on Wednesday, February 13th, Dr. Marshall, of Ottawa, brought a message on "The Prayer Life of Jesus." The keen thought and deep spiritual insight of the speaker made a deep impression on his hearers.

Both Y. M. and S. C. A. cabinets, including Seminary and Academy representatives, met in Tully on February 3rd to get acquainted with "Cliff" Grant, Maritime Secretary of the S. C. A. "Cliff" gave a resumé of the work done in the S. C. A. organizations in the other Maritime Colleges, following which the discussion turned upon how to improve the societies at Acadia.

An epoch-making change in the constitution and membership of the Y. M. C. A. was foreshadowed by Dr. Patterson in Chapel on February 7th. He placed the principle, that membership in religious bodies ought to be voluntary, squarely before the students. After the faculty members had retired, the matter was taken up by Mr. C. M. Spidell, President of the Y. M. C. A., and it was thought best to leave the final decision until the following Thursday. At the meeting on Thursday, February 10th, the students voted for voluntary membership in the Y. M. C. A. as against the previous system of automatic membership.

Mr. Spidell then asked those to remain who wished to join the reorganized Y. M. C. A. The body then elected Mr. Spidell and Mr. P. Warren temporary President and Secretary respectively, and appointed a committee of six to draw up a constitution. We look forward to forceful activity from the new body.



Dr. V. B. Rhodenizer was a prize-winner in the recent Canada-wide contest for essays on the subject, "Why I Like 'Emily of New Moon'."

'80.—The many friends of Dr. Everett W. Sawyer will be sorry to learn that he is in poor health and that his work in Woodstock College has for a time been divided among his teachers.

'93.—Dr. Shirley J. Case has recently published a book entitled "The Social Origins of Christianity."

'04.—Miss Rosamond Archibald returned on February 7th from a tour, a veritable triumph for her Better English Campaign, in Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto, to resume her duties in Acadia Ladies' Seminary.

'13.—Rev. E. M. A. Bleakney, pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Utica, N. Y., was recently presented with a gift of \$15,000 for the purpose of building a parsonage.

'16.—Gertrude Eaton has been appointed Assistant Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Amherst, N. S.

Ex. '17.—"Ted" Stackhouse is coaching the Acadia Hockey Team this season.

Ex. '17.—The marriage of Miss Gosse of Boston, Mass. to Eugene Stackhouse took place on February 4th.

'20.—We sympathize with Mrs. William S. Mercer (nee Mary Longley) in the death of her husband, who perished in a storm near his home at Fogo, Newfoundland.

'21.—The marriage of Myrtle Morse to Harry Walker took place at Bridgetown on the 26th of January.

'23.—Harold B. Camp has accepted the call to the First Baptist Church, Natick, Mass.

'23.—Leland Robinson is at his home in Canso, assisting his father in the management of the Maritime Fisheries Corporation.

Ex. '23.—Lewis Black has accepted a position in Detroit.

'27.—We sympathize with Helen Simms in the death of her mother.

An Acadia Skate was held in the Boston Arena on Saturday, February 9th, about twenty-five being present. Many of these were members of the class of '22.





GOOD writing, it is said, results from the happy association of two elements: the first is, something worth saying, that is, subject matter; the second, equally important, form or technique.

In reading our various exchanges, we notice that many of them have the first requirement of good writing, but—shall we say it?—we fear the second is lacking in many a story or article.

Of course, thinking is primarily an individual matter. The writer is:

“Voyaging thru strange seas of thot, alone.”

But he cannot, if he is to produce readable material, close the doors of the lecture room at the instant he begins to produce material for his college publication.

Happy is the editor who has students co-operating with him who are willing to put into practice the theories which they learn in classes!

#### ANALECTA.

We are glad to welcome the “Analecta” to our exchange shelf. The students of the Central Collegiate Institute, Calgary, are to be congratulated for putting out such a well edited magazine.

The cartoons and snaps were exceptionally good—but, can you not devote more space to poetry?

## DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

You are ever welcome, and we take great delight in reading your newsy pages, yet we are sorry to note that the student body are not availing themselves of your generous offer for literary attainment.

Like many of your contemporaries, you seem to be finding that students do not make the most of their privileges.

## THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

Altho the Review is primarily of interest to teachers, yet any student can gain some help from it. An article entitled, "Security of Tenure," which laments the fact that teachers spend only one year in the rural schools, will be of interest to a great number.

## INTEGRAL.

We enjoy a well-balanced magazine, and that is why this monthly publication of the Tri-State College always finds a welcome to our shelves.

Your athletic department is very interesting and your article, "The Character Builder," is worthy of mention.

## MCGILL DAILY.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the daily visits of McGill's flourishing paper.

Not only does it deal with matters of interest on the campus, but it takes a broader outlook and its interest has become almost cosmopolitan.

You are worthy of the college which you represent.

## McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The lack of both stories and poems in your inaugural number is very noticeable. Probably you, like many another

magazine, find that the students are not giving you the support that is your right.

Your inaugural notes and the "cut" of the chancellor were splendid.

#### OAKWOOD ORACLE.

Your magazine is included among our best exchanges. Your material is good, but we believe it could be more cleverly arranged.

We hope the exchange editor, when he reads this, will realize that the *Athenæum* has an exchange column. Your remark: "How about an exchange column", was rather a shock to us.

#### THE SHEAF.

Colleges which have publications similar to "The Sheaf" are certainly fortunate. Filled with news of daily interest, interspersed with wit, it must fill a large place in the estimation of the student body.

A little more space devoted to "things literary" would improve you, we think.

#### THE TECH. FLASH.

"The Tech. Flash," so we are informed on the cover, is "emitted on occasion from time to time by well-wishers of the N. S. T. C."

The departments are well arranged, altho we do not see just why a literary department was omitted.

We noticed, with a degree of pride, that five of Tech's football team previously attended Acadia.

The Editor-and-Staff—we wonder who they are!—seem to have successfully combatted the high cost of production. However, we would like to see "The Flash" in a more endurable binding.

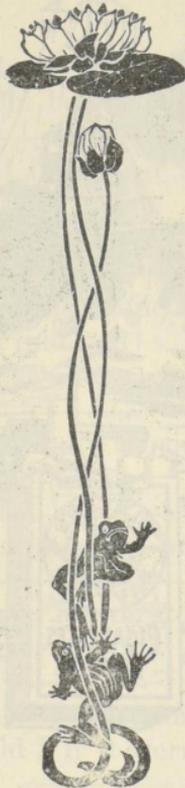
May your idea of making your publication a more important feature and service be realized.

## VOX LYCEI.

A very interesting and well arranged magazine. The annual number which has reached our exchange shelf contains several good stories and some good poetry. May we suggest that altho we appreciate the fine showing of cartoons, yet we believe too much space has been given to this department.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the following:

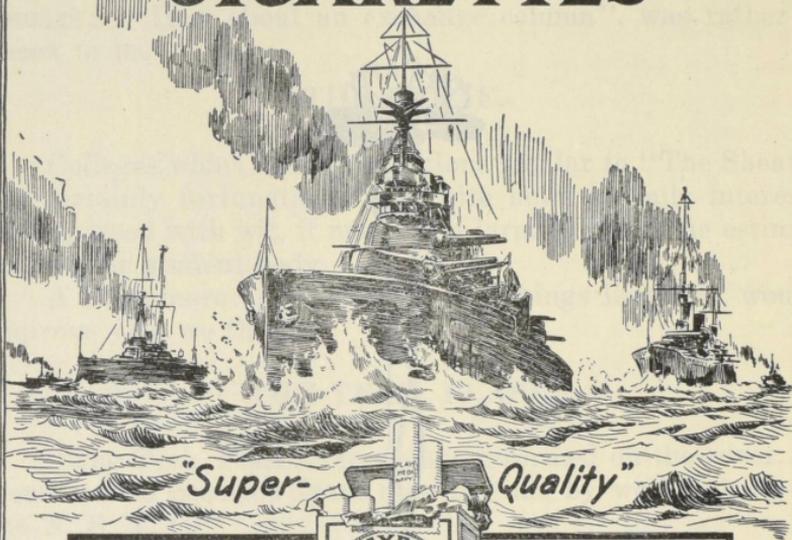
Canadian Student, Minnesota Techno-Log and Managra.



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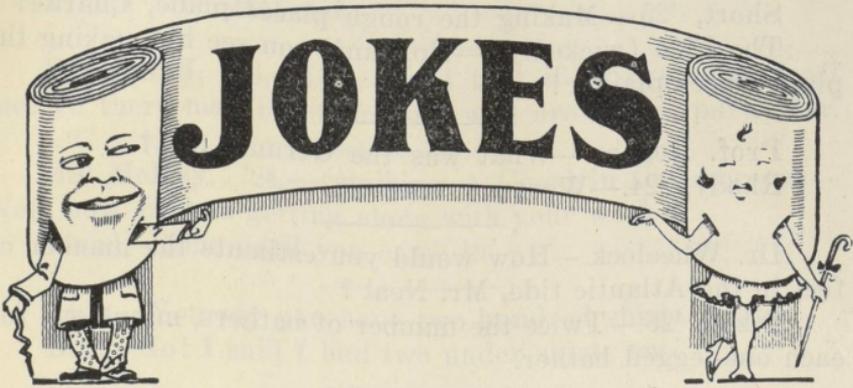


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combined



1st Co-ed.—I think long skirts are graceful.

2nd. Co-ed.—Yes, I'm bow-legged too.

---

Parsons, '24.—What happened in chapel this morning?

Troop, '24.—Oh, nothing much. Dr. Spidle got up, looked at the students, and then prayed for the college.

---

Curry, '26.—This soup is spoiled.

Barbara, '26.—Who told you?

Curry, '26.—A little swallow.

---

Friday.—Do you play any musical instrument?

Deacon.—No.

Friday.—But I thot I heard you play the violin?

Deacon.—Yes; but that's the only one.

---

Birdie.—Do you serve lobsters, Artie?

Artie.—Sure, we serve anyone.

---

Lee, '25.—Toothache, eh? I'd have it out if it were mine.

J. G., '24.—So would I if it were yours.

---

Helen, '25.—How does Gordon's moustache strike you?

Tat, '26.—Oh, it tickles me immensely.

Charlie Fillmore operating on his moustache.  
 Short, '25.—Making the rough places plane, Charlie?  
 The Flea (wickedly).—No, can't you see his making the  
 plain places plainer!

---

Prof. Rogers.—What was the German diet?  
 Rhody, '24.—Worms.

---

Dr. Wheelock.—How would you estimate the number of  
 feet in the Atlantic tide, Mr. Neal?

Dizzy, '26.—Twice the number of bathers, minus one for  
 each one-legged bather.

---

Mildred, '27.—What would you think of a fellow who  
 threw you a kiss?

Barbara, '26.—I'd think he was the laziest fellow I ever  
 saw.

---

Paul (recovering from a spill on the icy sidewalk).—You  
 might have picked me up, Jim.

Jim, '27.—I never pick up girls off the street.

---

Friday.—Why didn't you answer my letter?

Sem.—I never received it, and besides I didn't like some  
 of the things you said.

---

Boots, Eng.—Anderson likes to hear himself talk, doesn't  
 he?

Lowe, Eng.—Yes. If he talked in his sleep he'd stay  
 awake to listen.

---

Anderson.—Do you mind if I smoke?

Co-ed.—I don't care if you burn.

---

Brady, '27.—Do you think that Marion is a man hater?

Vincent, '27.—I'm sure of it. Look how often she goes  
 out with Perry.

Tommy, '24.—What is Canada's national pastime?

Troop, '24.—Hot-end.

---

Bickerstaff, '26.—I've found that if at first you don't succeed there may be other girls who are not so particular.

---

Bill McKay, '24.—(stalking a Co-ed in the library)—  
Well, how are you getting along with your work?

Co-ed.—Fine until you came in.

---

Aldy.—You say you have two hundred shirts on?

Biff.—No! I said I had two under shirts on.

---

For men only:—

We knew you'd read it. You wouldn't be a woman if you didn't.

---

Claire.—How do these love-triangles end?

Otto.—Most of them turn into wreck-tangles.

---

Prof.—What is the definition of a volt?

Co-ed.—I couldn't find it.

Prof.—You're not a very good looker.

Co-ed.—Oh, you brute!

---

El.—I haven't spoken to Meredith now for weeks.

Flew.—Quarrelled?

El.—No, I hated to interrupt her.

---

Estey.—What will we do this afternoon?

Charlie.—Let's go out to the cemetery and dig up a couple of Sems.

---

“Everything comes to him who waits,” quoth Freddie Wright as he stroked his upper lip.

---

Prof. Saunders.—Where do we get shellac from?

Demmings.—From bootleggers.

Most of the battle cries have died, but at mid-years the profs. still chant that Verdun slogan, "They shall not pass."

"Aren't sailors very small men?"

"No. What gave you that impression?"

"Because I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep on his watch."

Flea.—What's the story that Aldie's got about Gwen?

Mac (darkly).—Can you keep a secret?

Flea (eagerly).—Yes.

Mac.—So can I.

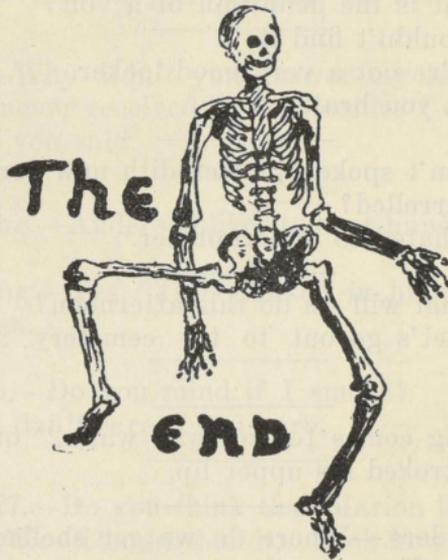
Prof.—What do you know about Mephistopheles?

Fresh.—Mephistopheles are young mosquitos.

Stranger.—I am collecting for a hospital for singers. Would you care to contribute?

Biff.—Delighted. Call this evening and we'll have Flea and Shorty ready.

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