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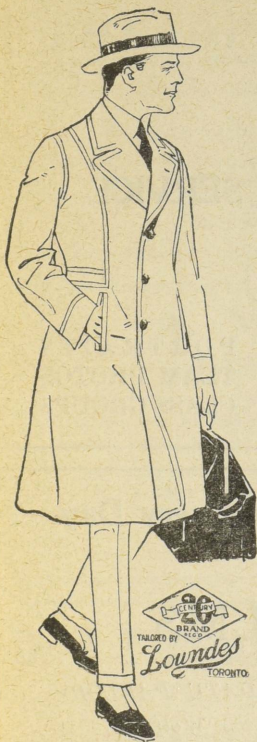
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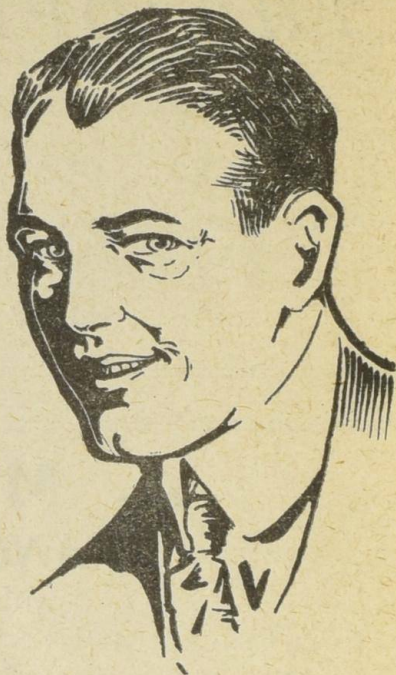
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PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

Contents

Awards For The Month	1
Ode—H. D. Fritz, '22.....	2
The Memory Of A Miser's Dog—E. F. Layton, '21.....	3
At Twilight,—(Poem)—E. R. Fash, '21.....	7
The Farmer's Movement—E. C. Leslie, '21.....	8
Firelight Dreams—(Poem)—H. S. Thurston, '21.....	12
The Imperial Problem—C. K. Ganong, '22.....	14
Waiting—(Poem)—E. F. Layton, '21.....	19
The Other Man—D. D. Cameron, '22.....	20
Three Lands—(Poem)—M. E. Grant, '21.....	26
The Problem of Backward Races in Africa—E. R. Fash	27
The Call—(Poem)—E. F. Layton, '21.....	31
“Per Usual”—J. W. W. Lank, '22.....	32
The Thyroid Gland—K. E. Mason, '21.....	37
The Fertilizer Industry—W. O. Coates, '24.....	41
A Letter—C. E. Clarke, '20.....	46
Dr. J. F. Tufts—E. C. Prime, '22.....	47
Cartoon—K. Fitzpatrick, '21.....	50
Editorial	51
Academy Notes—C. M. Spidell	54
Seminary Notes—E. H. Griffin	56
Athletics	58
Month	63
Personals	73
Exchanges	80
Jokes	85

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLVII WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1921 No. 4

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems—1st, H. S. Thurston, '22; 2nd, E. F. Layton, '21.
 Articles—1st, E. R. Fash, '21; 2nd, C. K. Ganong, '22;
 3rd, E. C. Leslie, '21.
 Stories—1st, E. F. Layton, '21; 2nd, D. D. Cameron, '22.
 Science—1st, K. E. Mason, '21; 2nd, W. O. Coates, '24.
 Humor—J. W. W. Lank, '22. (2 Literary units.)
 Cartoon—K. Fitzpatrick, '21. (2 General units.)
 Athletics—1st, L. Crossman, '21; 2nd, W. H. McCready, '21.
 Month—1st, J. W. Lank, '22; 2nd, I. C. Haley, '22.
 Personals—1st, E. F. Layton, '21; 2nd, E. C. Prime, '22.
 Echanges—1st, J. W. Lank, '22; 2nd, E. C. Prime, '22.
 Jokes—M. O. Brinton, '22. (1 unit.)

Seniors	16 units
Juniors	15 units
Freshmen	1 unit

Pennant won by Seniors.

O D E

WHENCE is this sleep that soothes thy quiet head?

Is't weariness or is that Spirit dead
 That long ago the rocks and forests wide
 Heard singing prophet-tones from tide to tide;
 That swept along the vasty midland plain
 And e'en the frozen North re-echoed back again;
 That placed a Vision in the hearts of those
 By whom, my country, thou at length arose?
 Time was when singers held thee for their theme.
 Was't all in vain? Say, did they only dream?
 No, while thy streams their crystal current bear
 Unto the sea, and forests in the air
 Wave their high bows o'er hill and valley deep
 Thy Spirit lives; ah, lives it but to sleep?
 The thundrous echo of the latest war
 Cries "No, that Spirit sleepeth nevermore."
 Thou art awake a vibrant living force
 Aroused at last unto thy own true course;
 Whence shall arise the prophet of the age
 To fill with glowing characters the page
 And sing thy present greatness, future bright?

* * * * *

Happy the man whose singing thou'lt acclaim
 Repaying filial love with laurelled Fame,
 Inspiring him with every perfect grace
 While Nature all her wonders still doth trace
 For him who understanding can express
 Charms that the common man can only guess.
 My country thou art great and thou wilt be
 Far greater, as the winged ages flee.
 In thy bright future, Canada, rejoice
 All else hast Thou, but needest yet—a Voice.

THE MEMORY OF A MISER'S DOG

OLD UNCLE JONATHAN was gone. Never again would he count his gold pieces, his bills, his bonds, and his securities. James and I sat together, and proceeded to do some cold calculating.

"I figure," said James, "that this will put me on my feet again. You and I will come in for the largest shares."

"I'll bet he hated to leave it from the depths of his miserly soul," I said, thinking of Uncle Jonathan's scrimping ways.

James was all for business. I wondered if, after all, he wasn't a little like Uncle Jonathan.

"I'd like to have the house and lot," he said. "According to the will they're to be sold, if none of the heirs desire them. The selling of them is in your hands."

"You can have them," I responded, "but I'd hate to live in Uncle Jonathan's house. He'll come and haunt you as sure as I stand here."

James laughed. "We're not worrying about any haunting, but let's straighten these things out, and have the business over. You know Uncle Jonathan's house will make a pleasant little home, if Janet arranges it, and I can't afford to buy a house just now. Don't see why Uncle Jonathan had such faith in your business ability. The only thing you can do is make jokes.

Thus urged on by James, I finally woke up to the business in hand. Soon all was settled, and James had found a carpenter to make some necessary alterations in the house. I continued to warn him that our uncle would surely return to haunt him.

Soon after they moved, I called to see how the old house looked. It was altogether transformed. The stiffness of arrangement was gone from the rooms. Our uncle's house-keeper had had as much talent for making things look unattractive as Janet had in making them look attractive. Only the little office remained the same, for they had not

decided what to make of it, and the familiar desk still stood stiffly in its place.

A bright fire burned in the living-room and Uncle Jonathan's dog Sharp lay on the hearth rug. He was an unusually intelligent animal and James was glad to have him for a pet for the children. As the evening wore on, he grew uneasy and uttered an occasional low whine.

"That dog is lonesome," James said, "he's all right in the day time, but in the evening he keeps looking around, and running to the office, or else he lies there and whines."

"Uncle Jonathan always counted his money in the evening, and Sharp was with him in the office. Perhaps the dog thinks as I do that our Uncle just can't leave this house in peace," I joked.

"There's no more money to count," James said laughingly. "I don't believe he'll haunt my bank book."

Truth to tell, I shared Sharp's feeling of uneasiness, when I looked at the door of the office, for it just looked to me as if at any minute it might open and Uncle Jonathan walk out.

The following day I met James. "I don't know what to do with that dog," he exclaimed. Last evening, after you left, he went to the door of Uncle Jonathan's office and scratched till we let him in. Then he whined and scratched around the floor for fifteen minutes."

"Perhaps there's a secret panel, or a loose board concealing untold wealth," I ventured.

James scoffed at the idea, but continued to be disturbed by the action of the dog. In the daytime Sharp played with the children, and seemed as happy a dog as ever lived in all the land of dogdom, but when dusk came he was quite different. He would lie apparently asleep, and jump up whining at a sudden sound.

One evening I went to see James, and found him watching the dog wander around the little room, where Uncle Jonathan had counted his hundreds until they became thousands, and produced other thousands. The dog scratched around a crack in the door, then about the desk, but always returned to the crack.

"He always comes straight to this spot," James said in a puzzled voice. "I wish we could understand it. Janet is getting nervous over the mystery, and the children imagine all kinds of nonsense."

We returned to the living-room, and soon became engrossed in business problems. The weather grew stormy, and when I arose to go, it was raining hard, and a great wind had arisen. Janet insisted that I must not go home in the storm.

"Come," she said, "your first night in our new home."

Just then a great blast of wind dashed the rain against the windows, and I was quick to accept her invitation, for I am no lover of storms.

"I won't be at all surprised if I hear Uncle Jonathan walking about in the night," I said laughingly.

Just then the dog whined, and started to the office door but we paid no attention. Janet was already going to prepare a lunch, and James was in high spirits. We forgot business and repeated tales of ghosts and goblins that we had learned on bygone Hallowe'ens. 'Twas about midnight when I at last retired.

Late lunches are not noted for any sporific effects, and Janet had certainly set forth a delightfully indigestible array of good things. My sleep was troubled with weird and fantastic dreams. Uncle Jonathan came to my bed with diabolical grin on his ghastly face. Then James came, as I thought, and cried, "The old fool is haunting the house Jack." After other strange adventures, I dreamed that Uncle Jonathan entered with a pair of antique tongs, which had long been the pride of the house, and lifted me from the bed. I yelled to James for help, but he did not come. Uncle Jonathan lifted me high, and threw me out of the window, I awoke full of terror.

The wind had fallen, and there was a strange stillness. Then a noise....and yes! Someone was certainly walking about downstairs. A sharp cry broke the quiet of the night. I jumped up as if in answer to an impulse. James' step sounded in the hall. I went out. He turned around in surprise.

"What's all the row downstairs," I said softly.

"I thought you were trying to scare us," he said. "But there must be someone there. Janet has been hearing them all night, but I thought it was just the storm."

Sharp whined below. We peered into the inky blackness. James carried a revolver, and handed me a flashlight. There was no one to be seen. We went through all the rooms, coming lastly to the little office. Sharp stood there growling and whining. When we opened the door, he ran to the crack and began scratching in the usual place. The walking seemed to be in the cellar.

"The old man is looking the house over," I suggested.

"This is no time to joke, Jack," James said sternly.

We looked through the cellar carefully, and were about to leave unsatisfied.

"That window looks loose," I said.

"Don't tell me our walker is gone," James said impatiently.

Just then a gust of wind shook the windows. I looked at James, and he looked at me.

"A pair of fools," he ejaculated. "Evidently the strong wind loosened that window, and there's enough wind still to rattle it. Now will you say that Uncle Jonathan is haunting us? And we came clear down here just for a banging window. 'Sharp's still scratching around that crack', I returned.

"Let's dig that up, too," James said. "I'm sick of mysteries." He picked up an axe and led the way upstairs to the little room, where Sharp was still scratching.

The dog was greatly excited by our action. We tried to dig up something from the crack with knives, but nothing appeared. James went for a hammer, and we took the board up. James looked excited.

"There's a coin," he exclaimed. "Hold the light nearer."

The floor was double, and between the upper and lower board there was certainly a coin, two of them in fact, looking green and discolored enough to be hundreds of years

old. We looked eagerly to see the value of these coins that Sharp had remembered so well.

This is what they read: "One dime, 1904," and "Ten cents, Canada, 1913".

"Darn the old man's ghost," muttered James.

"And his dog," I added.

Then we began to laugh uproariously, but Sharp stopped whining, and ran off with a contented look on his doggie face.

E. F. L. '21.

THE FARMERS' MOVEMENT

THE successes which have recently been achieved in the political field by the Farmers' Party, make this an opportune time for a survey of the history of the Farmer's Movement in the Dominion, and a discussion of its policies and political achievements. As the space at our disposal is limited, we shall deal, in this article, only with the history of the movement, leaving to a later issue the consideration of

elected. In the Dominion elections of 1896 they elected six members. This marked the end of their political successes, and eventually the order disappeared entirely as a Canadian organization. Its history is similar to that of the Grange inasmuch as both achieved very rapid early success and both gradually declined as the enthusiasm of the members waned.

The genesis of the present Formers' Movement is found in the Grain Growers' organizations of the Western Provinces. The first province to organize was Saskatchewan. The leader in the work of organization in that Province was W. R. Motherwell, who has since taken an active and prominent part in Saskatchewan politics. The first meeting was held at Indian Head on December 18, 1901, at which the Territorial Grain Growers' Association was formed. The movement was successful from its inception, and very shortly afterwards similar organizations were formed in Manitoba and Alberta.

It does not appear that the founders of these organizations had in view any independent political action. They wished to become organized so that they might obtain better elevator facilities and better terms from the railways. They believed, however, that by organization and co-operation they could further their common interests, and secure legislation that would be beneficial to them.

It was soon realized that a newspaper was essential in order to keep individual farmers informed as to the different activities of the Provincial Associations as well as to keep the point of view of the Grain Growers before the country at large. To supply this need the "Grain Growers' Guide" was established as a monthly periodical on June 1, 1908, with its office of publication at Winnipeg. The Guide has steadily increased its sphere of influence until it is today a weekly publication with a circulation of about 75,000. It is edited by Mr. George E. Chipman, a brainy young Nova Scotian, who has been on its staff since its foundation. In 1920 the management of the Guide, in order to more effectively reach the farmers of the Maritime Provinces, began the publication, from Moncton, of the "Maritime Farmers' Guide."

Another very important outcome of the Provincial Grain Growers' Associations was the organization of the Grain Growers' Grain Co., Ltd., the purpose of which was to carry on co-operative trading in grain. From its inception the organization was beset with difficulties. These included struggles with the Grain Exchange as well as financial troubles. The new company, however, was fortunate in securing the services of Mr. T. A. Crerar as President and General Manager. Under his shrewd and able management, the company succeeded as no such organization had ever before been able to do. In 1917 it had 20,000 shareholders, and in twelve years of operation had made profits of \$2,000,000. These profits were distributed in ten percent dividends to shareholders each year, as well as grants to the Provincial Associations in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and for educational work generally.

Simultaneously with the development of the Grain Growers' Grain Co., Ltd., there had been established other companies which were carrying on practically the same work. The most important of these companies was the Alberta Farmers' Co-operative Elevator Co. In 1917 this organization and the Grain Growers' Grain Co., Ltd., were amalgamated by Act of Parliament as the United Grain Growers, Limited, with an authorized capital of \$5,000,000. Mr. Crerar was appointed President of the new company.

So far we have been considering the work of organization in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Let us now turn to the Eastern Provinces and see what has been accomplished there. It was only natural that the success which has been achieved in the Prairie Provinces should lead the farmers of the older provinces to take up the work of organization along the lines which had been so successful in the West. With a view, therefore, to extending the functions of the Grain Growers' Associations beyond the bounds of the West by promoting organizations in Ontario and the East, the Canadian Council of Agriculture was formed at Toronto in December, 1909. The organization took place at the annual meeting of the Grange, and it is interesting to note that Mr.

E. C. Drury, now Premier of Ontario, was in the chair. It was intended that the new body should be a national organization. In 1916 the Council represented the three Western Grain Growers' Associations, the Alberta and Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Companies, the Grain Growers' Grain Co., the United Farmers of Ontario, and the United Farmers of New Brunswick (the last two had been organized a short time previously) with a total membership of 90,000 farmers.

Some slight changes have taken place since that date in the composition of the Canadian Council of Agriculture. In 1919 Provincial Farmers' organizations were formed in Quebec and in Nova Scotia, and Provision made for their representation in the National body. Today the work of organization is being carried on quietly, but none the less effectively, and it would seem that in a very short time every farming district throughout the Dominion will be organized.

This sketch of the development of the Farmers' Movement is admittedly meagre and fragmentary. It has not been possible to mention many lines of activity that have been of great benefit to the farmers. It may suffice, however, to show that the movement is not an ephemeral growth, but has been slowly and surely built up by hard and effective work. It may also be helpful to an understanding of the political aims and achievements of the Farmers, which we hope to discuss in a later article.

E. C. L. '21.

FIRELIGHT DREAMS

I sat at evening in the firelight's glow,
While Fancy painted pictures, row on row;
And nothing did she stint
Of lavish hue or tint.

Before my view the panorama spread,
With all the future paths my feet might tread,
Bedecked in colors bright,
And framed in radiant light.

I saw myself above my fellows tower,
I felt within my hands the reins of power,
And men my favor sought
As something dearly bought.

Again she paints.—On me the glittering hoard
Of Fortune's cornucopia was poured;
And lo, at my command
The wealth of sea and land!

Then Fancy paused, and gazing on me, said:
"Riches and honor are before thee spread.
Haster thee, and speak thy choice
With no uncertain voice."

"Though wealth and power are what most men desire,
And though ambition scarce could lead men higher,
Yet am I not content.
Are all thy colors spent?"

'Twas thus I spoke, and Fancy with deft hand
Erased the lines which all her skill had planned;
Then with swift strokes, and true,
Began to paint anew.

No longer stood I on the peak of fame,
No longer heard men shout abroad my name,
And laud me to the skies
As one both great and wise.

Nor yet did Fortune, with unstinted hand,
Bestow on me the wealth of every land.
By strenuous toil, instead,
I earned my daily bread.

Yet this, of Fancy's pictures, seized my heart
More than the former samples of her art;
No selfish theme, or base,
That she must needs erase,

For here Love reigned supreme in every line,
Then cried I, "Fancy, make this picture mine,
It satisfies my soul,
For Love is Life's true goal."

H. S. T. '22.



THE IMPERIAL PROBLEM

WHAT IS IT?

FOR those to whom the terms British Nation and British Empire are synonymous, we need not pause to differentiate between the terms National and Imperial Problems. Since, however, Nationalism and Imperialism are two distinct historical phenomena, we need to get clearly in mind what is here meant by the term Imperial. Laying aside the racial significance of the word "nation," we conceive of a nation as a society organized within clearly defined borders, for the purposes of government. Such an organized society when possessing the right to declare war and to conclude peace, is said to be an independent or sovereign state. As opposed to a nation we conceive of an empire as being composed of diversified societies inhabiting scattered domains, yet having the sovereign power lodged in a central or parent government. In this sense Rome was, Britain is, an empire. Thus the self-governing colonies of the British Empire are nations but not states; they are societies organized for the purposes of government, but recognized by the world as parts of the British State. While this relationship remains, no part of the Empire can be committed to war without committing the whole. In any war in which Great Britain or any of her dependencies may be involved, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand are involved. A neutral stand would be the equivalent of a declaration of independence. It is therefore evident that the problem of Imperial defence is of vital significance to all, since the defence of any one part is the responsibility of the other parts of the Empire. Inseparably united with the problem of defence is that of the foreign policy of a state. Its foreign policy may lead a state to war; it is therefore but just and in keeping with the principles of democracy, that the people to be committed to war should have a direct voice in the determination of the policy which commits them. This condition does not exist in the British Empire today, and it is inconceivable to suppose that the Empire can long

endure unless some method is found whereby the colonies can participate in the determination of the foreign policies of Britain as well as in the burden of defense. While Great Britain was prepared to assume the full responsibility of defense; while the colonies were minors in the family of nations, then the present order was justifiable. But that day is past; Great Britain can no longer bear the burden; soon many of the colonies will surpass her in population as they do now in area; it is therefore preposterous to assume that these colonies will continue to leave the highest powers of the realm in a government responsible only to the electorate of Great Britain. How the determination of foreign policy and how the burden of defense is to be shared, is the great issue of British Imperial Politics. It is the question of current British history, it is the Imperial Problem of today.

CONFERENCE AND CONTRIBUTION.

The recognition of a problem is the first condition of its solution. The two factors constituting the Imperial problem have been recognized and some pretence at solution made. In respect to the foreign policy factor, Imperial Conferences have been called; relative to the defense factor, colonies have made direct contributions and built independent navies. The problem has been attacked as if it were possible to reach a solution of the whole through the separate consideration of the parts, yet history provides adequate illustrations of the impracticability of such procedure. Athens sought to unite the city states of Greece into one Hellenic State, through the medium of the League of Delos and voluntary contributions toward defense. The League of Delos was to all intents and purposes the ancient counterpart of the Modern Imperial Conference. The stewards of the Greeks, as the delegates were called, gathered at Delos to discuss issues affecting all Greece, just as our delegates gather to discuss the interest of our Empire. Yet, when all was said and done, the voice of Athens prevailed because Athens held the tribute and Athenian Generals the command. The League of Delos failed because it was a conference, not a government; it was a delib-

erative, not a legislative body. It could suggest but it could not command. A man is the subject of the highest government which exerts authority over him. The citizens of the Grecian city states were the subjects of, their allegiance was still due to, the cities of their birth. They had no conception of a united Greece, there was no central government toward which they had individual responsibilities. There was no higher power than the city in which they had a voice, to which they were subject, which rightfully claimed their allegiance. Consequently divorced from direct responsibility, the citizens of Greece did not come to have unity of thought, there was no fostering of a united patriotism, there was no psychological basis on which to build a great state, for in the last analysis the strength of a state is in the minds of the people.

CONFERENCE AND CO-OPERATION.

This ancient experience adequately illustrates the conference-contribution fallacy. Contribution by the colonies to the British Exchequer is nothing short of taxation without representation, a principle repugnant to all peoples who have tasted the fruits of freedom. Australia tried it, New Zealand tried it, both to find that it was no more adapted to the twentieth century after Christ than to the fifth century before Christ. Now, wishing again to avoid the path which leads to the only real solution, colonial and British Statesmen have committed themselves to a policy of separate navies. The fallacy of this, a fallacy if a united empire is the object, is more evident than that of the conference and contribution idea. As opposed to the first mentioned policy, we shall term the second a policy of conference and co-operation in matters of defense. The history of the thirteen American colonies furnishes ample evidence to relegate to the political scrap-heap forever a policy which aspires to build a united commonwealth on such a basis.

A minute analysis of the history of the American Revolution is here desirable; we must, however, confine ourselves to a recitation of a few of its outstanding characteristics. Clearly the interests of the thirteen American colonies in

their fight against Great Britain were one, the colonies recognized this fact, as we today recognize the oneness of our Imperial interest, and set out to attain their end by a policy of co-operation. Delegates from the thirteen colonies met at Philadelphia and chose Washington as the commander of the continental army which was to be composed of contingents raised and equipped by thirteen different governments, just as we today propose to build and maintain a united fleet. The history of Washington's continental army is one long tale of woe. As early as November 28, 1775, that illustrious leader who alone made possible the success of the American Revolution, wrote: "could I have forseen what I have experienced, and am likely to experience no consideration on earth could have induced me to accept this command." Yet the colonies possessed in Washington a consummate leader, and had men and means sufficient to expell any force which England, at that time, could have landed upon their soil, had they but had a political organization commensurate with the task of collecting the necessary resources and placing them at the disposal of Washington. This, however, they did not have; they were testing the principle of co-operation which they previously had asserted was sufficient to preserve the Empire from disruption. The success of this policy was such that Washington wrote on February 16, 1778, "For some days past there has been little less than famine in the camp." Significant as was this fact, still more significant was the fact that when Congress asked for a co-operative army of sixty-six thousand men, the response was a total contribution of sixteen thousand. The matter of finance was no less acute, the colonial assemblies were no more willing to place their revenue in the hands of a Conference of their own choosing than they had been to contribute to the Imperial Exchequer. Congress, for such the Conference was called, in an endeavor to carry on the war, issued continental paper, which upon the realization that Congress had no power to collect taxes, became worthless. Few who today use the phrase, "Not worth a continental," realize that they are quoting the epitaph of the Conference and Co-operation

scheme of government in America. Confronted with unsurmountable difficulties at home the American leaders turned to England's enemies in Europe for aid, by which aid the American Revolution was brought to a successful conclusion.

THE SOLUTION.

In the midst of his dire woe, Washington wrote: "Instead of having magazines filled with provisions we have a scanty pittance scattered in the different states. Instead of having our regiments completed, scarce any state in the Union has an eighth of its quota in the field. Instead of having the prospect of a glorious offensive we have a bewildered and gloomy prospect of a defensive one, unless we receive a powerful aid of ships, men, and money from our generous allies." There was, he added, no remedy for such evils until military affairs were entrusted to the sole administration of one central body adequately equipped with the necessary powers. The aid of which Washington spoke came and, as we have seen, gave success to the revolutionary forces, but the principle of centralized control enunciated by Washington had to be realized before America in truth became a nation. Had the American colonies failed as did Hellas, in achieving a central body endowed with legislative and executive powers, had they failed to realize a central government superseding those of the component states, it is the unanimous verdict of the age that America would never have achieved her present greatness. Wherever and whenever the principle either of conference and contribution or of conference and co-operation prevails, there can be no united democratic state.

While Australia and New Zealand pursued a policy of contribution, they were defying the underlying principles of responsible government. In building navies which can be committed to war without the voice of the government which builds them, Britain's colonies are failing to realize self-government in its highest expression. It needs but a general realization of this fact to make the present order unendurable, which realization is fast taking a hold upon our peoples.

There is today, as in the days of Athens and Washington, but one solution. The foreign affairs, the defense of the empire, and all matters of common interest must be placed under the control of an Imperial Parliament, representative of all those possessing the ability of self-government, endowed with all the authority necessary for the execution of purely Imperial affairs. The British Empire is not a state, but a potential state: Great Britain alone possesses statehood. With the growth of the self-governing dominions this condition cannot endure; the British Empire as an Empire must realize statehood or fall. The near future will see the first Imperial Conference since the war. Let us hope it will differ from the past in that it will not dwell on those things which have been achieved by the present system, but rather that it will consider those things which the present system never can achieve.

C. K. G. '22.

WAITING

There's a silence in the valley,
There's a quiet on the hills,
There's a hushed and tender music
In the rippling of the rills.

There's a breath of eager waiting
In the softness of the air,
And the blue sky veils its beauty
In gray cloudlets, soft and fair.

Not a sparrow breaks the stillness,
Not the cawing of a crow,
As the earth in silent welcome
Waits the coming of the snow.

E. F. L. '21.

THE OTHER MAN

"IT'S your turn to spin the yarn tonight, Bob," I said, in a voice that betrayed eager anticipation. It was during the Christmas vacation. My college chum and I were sitting before the great log fire of my country home in Nova Scotia. The old folks had just retired for the night. Our pipes were already alight, and the lamps were extinguished. I settled back into my easy chair and regarded the flickernig face of my friend, who was gazing intently into the very heart of the fire. At last, with a low but well modulated voice, he commenced the following narrative:

"A few years ago, there entered the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, a young woman named Janet McQueen Gordon. Although her parents were not endowed with material wealth, this was more than compensated for by the happiness and religious piety of their family life.

Janet, or Jen, as she was generally called, was twenty years of age when she entered college. A fairer and more beautiful lassie could only be encountered in the land of dreams. With glowing cheeks, with eyes of brown, sparkling at once with joy and yet reflecting sympathy, and with lustrous yet black hair, with all these coveted attributes, and many more, was she generously endowed, coupled with a girlish buoyancy and a disposition which was at all times lovable. In truth, it would seem a shame if her life were not filled with romance.

Such was the fervent opinion of John Stuart Rennie, one of the cleverest graduates who ever passed through the historical college of St. Andrews. But Rennie was essentially "a man's man". Although his heart was filled with secret yearnings, he never managed to inform his lady love of his deep-rooted affection. True, he had enjoyed her pleasant company on many occasions—but always there remained the cold, almost impenetrable barrier between Friendship and Love.

Such was the social relationship between Miss Gordon and Rennie, when the latter obtained a commission in the Royal Scots Fusiliers early in 1915.

A few months prior to the signing of the armistice Jen terminated her course at the University. It was during the week of her graduation exercises that she was informed, indirectly, that Rennie had been killed in action. This was the first news she had heard of him since his enlistment. Her girl friends were distressed by her unaccountable sadness—but there had existed between these college friends a link which was partly forged by the hand of Cupid.

Immediately after her return home, Miss Gordon secured a position as school teacher in a quaint little fishing town on the coast of Fifeshire. She became enthralled with her work among the “wee bairnies”, and life appealed to her like a beautiful dream, resplendent in joy and happiness.

But a shadow was destined to mar the sunshine of this girl's life. For two weeks there had been no news from Jamie, her only and adored brother, who had been a humble private in the gallant 51st division ever since he was tall enough to enter the ranks. Then came the dreadful news from the War Office that Private Jas. B. Gordon was reported “missing”. For three more weeks the girl and her sorrowing parents were torn between the hope and despair of cruel uncertainty. At last the blow came. They received a letter from a young Canadian Highlander, who gave them the details of the heroic death of their son. It appears that a warm friendship had sprung up between the two, and James' death was bitterly lamented by the young Canadian.

Janet gladly took it upon herself to correspond with this kind-hearted colonial soldier, to whom she owed a debt of gratitude not easy to be repaid. He was invited to spend his next furlough at their home in Scotland, and to her great satisfaction, he accepted the invitation.

The day after he arrived at the Gordon home, he was forced to admit he was ill—and the doctor was summoned. The ruddy-faced physician soon pronounced a verdict of “just a wee touch of the flu”, and added good-humoredly, “Never fear, Miss Janet will make a bonny Red Cross nurse.” . . . And she did. After an illness of ten days, her patient, “Robie”, as she called him, was just as high-spirited, and ambitious, and impulsive as ever he was before.

It was Christmas time now, and Robie had little difficulty in getting an extension to his leave, on account of his sickness. And as the days quickly passed, Robie was fast becoming enamoured with the subtle charms of this beautiful Scotch lassie. Then, after a stay which lasted exactly a month, he returned to his unit, with many a sigh of regret.

Three months later he arrived unexpectedly on a brief farewell visit before returning to his home in Canada. The alluring voice of spring was already in the air. Along the shores of the Billowness, and under a moonlit sky, he told her of his passionate love. She had always wished that he should fill the vacant place of her lost brother—but now she was face to face with a momentous decision. Robie, conscious of his extreme youth, and of his future college plans, which would take years to mature, did not urge a betrothal, but rather desired a mutual recognition of the fact that they were sweethearts. With hardly a sign of reluctance, she consented, and in a moment of passionate emotion, she gave herself, heart and soul, to the young Canadian. And perhaps there was never a happier warrior returned to Canada than Robie.

* * * * *

The voice of my friend was silent. He bent over towards the fire and knocked the ashes from his pipe. As for myself, I had followed his narrative with such rapt attention, that I had forgotten to smoke. As Bob again settled himself in his chair, he prefaced the next part of his story with the following remark:

“Perhaps it will be easier if I narrate the rest of this yarn in the exact words of Miss Gordon herself. This is what she told me:—

Enough time had not elapsed for me to receive my first letter from Canada when the astounding news was conveyed to me that John Rennie had returned, as it were, “from the grave”, having been tucked away for several months in an obscure French hospital, hovering between life and death and suffering from a complete loss of memory.

After regaining his memory, his recovery had been rapid—and he had returned to his Alma Mater in order to

complete the work for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Naturally I was overjoyed to hear of his miraculous escape from death, but somehow or other, I dreaded the inevitable meeting with my former college friend.

At last we met at a dance—and Rennie bestowed his particular attentions upon me. At his request we sat down in a secluded nook. I was wondering if he had heard of my newly-formed relationship with Robie, and I was just on the point of explaining the situation when he seized me in his arms, and poured forth an eloquent declaration of his love and devotion to me. I was amazed at the complete change in Rennie's disposition, and I turned a deaf ear to all his protestations of love, as politely and kindly as I was able.

Fearing to alarm Robie, who had already taken up his studies at the University, I refrained from communicating to him the facts of this disconcerting incident. Our correspondence was regular and mutually inspiring, but suddenly there was a painful silence of four weeks on the part of Robie. This regrettable silence was explained in his next letter by the fact that he had been busy with examinations and college activities in general. My own experiences of college life bore ample testimony to the plausibility of his excuse, but I became ill at ease over the matter. Then followed another lapse of three weeks, and this proved to be my period of trial.

The Rev. John Stuart Rennie, M.A., Ph.D., had been offered a government appointment in India, under the Ecclesiastical Establishment. He withheld his final acceptance of the position until after he had made a second proposal to me. It was a terrible conflict. My God, I thought, why hasn't Robie written to me? Should I again refuse the man who had been my first love? His career was at stake. If I accepted him I should become the wife of a missionary in India. This was the turning point of my decision. I left my choice on the altar of God. A few days later I penned a letter to Canada, the essence of which was as follows:—

November 9, 1919.

“Dear Robie:

“Your unexplained silence has forced me to conclude that you no longer love me. I have been forced to choose between you and another. In vain have I struggled against his earnest proposals; in short, I love John Stuart Rennie. Shortly before his departure for India I became engaged to him. One year hence I shall join him at Calcutta, and I am happy with this thought.

“I crave forgiveness for the sin I have committed in betraying your trust. My last wish is for your future success and happiness.

“Yours sincerely,

“J. Mc.Q. G.”

About a month later I received the following reply:—

“November 25, 1919.

“My Dearest Janet:

“It is with difficulty that I write this note., for I have not yet been permitted to leave my sick bed. My heart has been filled with feelings of uncontrollable anguish ever since I read your letter of renunciation. In spite of your decision, Jen, I still love you, and I shall continue to love you with all my heart, and soul, and body. The brightest hopes of my life will never be realized, but my happiness will be insured by knowing that you, at least, are happy.

“To you and your fiancé I wish Godspeed—for all is fair in love and war. May your lives be consecrated to the extension of God’s kingdom. Till my dying day, I shall cherish your memory.

“Your heart-broken,

“ROBIE”.

The months passed quickly, and I busied myself with the preparations for my future life in India. I knew I was about to face the ordeal of parting from my beloved parents, and I strove to meet the situation with a brave heart. But in the midst of all my plans and excitement, I received a cable-

gram from a friend of my fiancé, stating that Rennie was suffering from a slight attack of the fever, and requested that I should sail for India at the earliest possible date. Within a fortnight of the receipt of that distressing telegraph, I had torn myself from home, from friends, and from the land of my birth, and I was sailing toward the mystic land of India. Of course it was natural that John should crave my presence during his illness, and I felt inexpressibly happy when I thought of the careful and devoted attention he would receive at my hands. The voyage seemed long and tedious, but I busied myself with sewing, for was not the day of my marriage rapidly approaching?

At last we sighted the harbour of Calcutta. I would not have been surprised, and I fervently hoped, that John would be at the landing pier to meet me. But I was doomed to be disappointed. I had no sooner reached the end of the gangway, than an elderly gentleman of British nationality accosted me with a question, "Are you Miss Gordon?" I nodded assent. "My name is Rivers," he said, "Mr. Rennie asked me to meet you and to bring you along to the hospital."

"The hospital," I gasped, "then he is seriously ill?"

"The worst is over now," said Rivers, and he assisted me to climb a ramshackle conveyance which was presumably an apology for a taxicab.

Within a quarter of an hour we reached the hospital, and my friend led me straight to the ward where John lay. I paused upon the threshold of his ward, and looked around. Suddenly I saw the sheets of a bed being hurled frantically aside and with arms outstretched and glassy eyes, my devoted lover tottered towards me.

I ran to meet him and we embraced. I could not speak, and my eyes were filled with tears. John was the first to break the spell: "At last, you have come . . . my love, . . . at last," he gasped pathetically.

The grip of his embrace relaxed before I could utter a single word—and to my indescribable horror, I found myself clutching the lifeless body of John Stuart Rennie!"

* * * * *

The story teller had finished, and sat motionless in his chair.

"My God," I exclaimed, "how tragic." A pause and then, "And the other man, Bob?" I questioned eagerly.

"You shouldn't ask.... *I am the other man.*"

D. D. C. '22.

THREE LANDS

THERE'S a long lost land of memory,
Where idle thoughts may stray,
Where some are dark and some are bright,
The land of Yesterday!

There's a land where joys and cares and toil
Pass swiftly on their way,
A land of rushing, whirling life,
The land of our Today!

There's a land all gleaming bright and fair,
Without a sign of sorrow;
A land of hope and golden dreams—
The land we call Tomorrow!

In which of these three places then
Shall I desire to roam?
Make Memory, or Present Things,
Or Golden Dreams, my home?

I cannot live that Yesterday
That was so full of care;
Today I can but struggle on
With burdens hard to bear;
So let me live in Golden Dreams,
Forgetting care and sorrow;
Today may be both sad and dull,
But fair will be Tomorrow!

M. E. G. '21.

PROBLEM OF BACKWARD RACES IN AFRICA

BACKWARD races are those which through various reasons have neither come in touch with it, nor kept pace with the widely developed modern civilization.

Let us first consider some of the causes which have kept peoples from developing and taking their part in the great world scheme. Geographic environment is one of them. It is obvious that in countries where climatic conditions are more severe, the races are more progressive. The countries of the temperate zone have been the leading nations, while those of the tropics have been less advanced. They lack energy and self-control. The natural abundance of food-supply, the temperature so warm and conducive to indolence has stigmatized the negro race as "lazy".

Besides, the continent of Africa, especially in the south, has been so separated from contact with civilized countries, that the inevitable result has occurred. This is also very true of the interior, where vast deserts and unnavigable streams kept nations from external race contact.

Let us look for a minute at the different tribes in Africa, the varied people with which the civilized governments have to deal. At first appearance they are a confusion of blacks, but one is soon able to distinguish each peculiar type.

The Bushmen are those of the lowest order, and were probably the original inhabitants of Africa, altho there is nothing which makes this a certainty. Archaeologists have excavated traces of a higher civilization in the ruins of well built houses and bits of jewellery, yet absolutely nothing can be learned of this early history. The Bushmen are few in number at present, and those who remain are of a poor type, wandering nomads, with a faculty for trapping wild animals. They neither own cattle nor till the land. They have scarcely any tribal organization, and their language may best be described as a series of clicks. We find these people located in Bechuanaland, and the verge of the deserts. They have become famous for their remarkable drawings

and inscriptions found all the way from Zanzibar to the Cape.

The Pygmies are a race of diminutive stature, averaging four and a half feet in height. They have lighter color, aquiline features, noble mein and high intelligence, which points out the fact that these are of a race vastly superior to the African black; yet the mystery of their ancestry has not been satisfactorily solved.

The Hottentots are another African race. Their tribes have more organization than the Bushman. It is thought that they descended from conquered lands in the north in ancient times. They are brownish black, taller and more muscular, thoughtful, and cheerful than the Bushman. Their number has rapidly declined, due to epidemics and repression. We find them at the present time in Cape Town, Orange River district, and various other places.

The Hottentots, history tells us, were driven southward from the regions of the Upper Nile by the strong and fierce Bantu race, which now inhabits all East Africa. They have thick, woolly hair and are black or brown in color. They are organized into tribes, and cattle is their wealth. They are now domestic, quiet, yet not guiltless of cannibalism. Their religion is animistic, and witchcraft holds them in terror of life. When they were first seen they had learned to manipulate metals in a way. Most important is the fact that they alone of the native African tribes have developed great leaders. Tshaka, Dingy, Swago, and Mashish in 1793, were able men of uncommon presence, cruel in war, but mild and judicious in governing.

Now after a review of race characteristics, let us see some of the problems which confront the civilized governments that seek to rule these peoples.

The education of the African native has in the past been a matter of chance. Missionaries have worked out their own ideas, as did also the government officials. There have been so many varying ideas employed that the result is far from satisfactory.

Three main theories have been used.

The Repressionalists hold that the black man is inferior to the white. He was created to be a "hewer of wood and a

drawer of water", therefore his education is entirely wasted if it consists in more than training for manual labor. No attempt whatever should be made to raise the standard of his civilization to a higher level, as it is impossible.

To refute this argument comes the fact, as stated by Hallingworth and Poffenberger, eminent psychologists: "There are hereditary racial differences, but after careful experiments the result seems to be that racial differences in fundamental qualities, independent of training, are slight."

The negro, on test, has two-thirds the mental ability of the white, but there should be thrown on the side of the negro, two thousand years of uncivilized environment which would balance the equation. The blacks who have come in contact with the right kind of environment have advanced materially. For example, those under the leadership of Booker T. Washington. In 1714 the ancestors of those who contend for repression were themselves trying to combat the much believed idea that school was a waste of time in comparison to individual work. Even yet Europe, herself, has not gained all that could be desired in a Compulsory School Law.

The Equalists plead a common humanity and equality of treatment for all races. They say that the negro is our equal mentally, physically and morally.

But the same education for both backward and other races, is impossible, owing to the fact that the African has so recently sprung from cannibalism. Dr. Frissil says: "The negro is backward and needs a different kind of education. His race is just emerging from barbarism."

The Segregationalists hold a view midway between the other two. They say that we must allow nature to develop by a slower process, not necessarily European. There must be a thorough knowledge of the people by the aid of anthropologists, ethnologists, and psychologists; then the race's genius should be developed by their own will. They must be segregated and aided by Europeans. This idea is more plausible and is generally becoming recognized, although so far it has been little in favor.

Industrially, Africa has made great strides ahead under European domination. Her rich mineral store, natural products, etc., are being cultivated. Africa is circled by telegraph and telephones. The postal system and that of the police have worked for efficiency, while scores of steamboats, manned by natives, ply the formerly unnavigated waters of the Congo, Zambezi, and Niger.

In the early '70's it took Cameron three years to travel from Upper Congo to the West Coast, which now may be accomplished in a week. Railways have sprung up even under very disparaging circumstances, and although great difficulty has been experienced in making them permanent.

The negro is beginning to take a part in industry. The western idea of competition is awaking him from his lethargy.

Politically, Africa is a true problem. With her millions who have been aroused through the influence of western culture. The mass of the people have no idea of true democracy, and so education and politics must go hand in hand.

Before the white race came to Africa there were the previously mentioned tribal organizations with chiefs as lawful rulers. Paganism had certain rules which had a balancing effect on this primitive society. Many of the new laws, as well as the industrial situation, abolish these, and give little to the native to replace them. Therefore, the tendency of the present is toward lawlessness and disorder. The governments have had, up to the present time, a noticeable leaning toward lording it over the blacks, which they, the blacks, naturally resent. The new idea of power in the hands of the local chieftain is becoming more prominent: that a compromise should be made between the old tribal system and the one now in use is evident. Native leaders who are humane and just should rule under the directorship of European officials. Leaders thus far have not been developed, capable of governing without some assistance, although this will no doubt soon be the case.

Concomitant with the enclosure of lands and breaking up of the tribal system, has come disaster to African social life. Many have been rushed from their quiet native haunts and remain dazed and crazed with the rush of the new order,

especially in industrial centers. They are entirely removed from family restraint and are a prey to all the evil forces at work. Criminals collect in such places and use these helpless people as their instruments. Thus dishonesty, intemperance, and immorality beset the land, whither natives are led by the thirst for the more complex environment of a modern African city.

The problems of Africa are many more than have been enumerated in this short article and will need careful watching and thoughtful studying by those in authority. To develop this country and its peoples to fulfil their allotted destiny, the problems must be placed in the hands of those who by tradition or long experience are best equipped to adopt rules based on fair play, sympathy and humanity.

E. R. F. '21.

THE CALL

THERE'S a call from the East,

A call from the South,

A call from the golden West,

And the time to go has almost come,

Oh whither, whither is best?

Oh, dreams of gold and silver bright,

And dreams of rosy hue

From the lands of South, and East, and West

How shall I answer you?

The call of the East,

The dreamy East,

Is the call of a silver sea,

Of mountain rosy-hued at dawn

A fairyland to me.

The call of the South,
 Oh flowery South,
 You tell of a verdant way,
 The tale of a brilliant bird in flight
 Where the merry sunbeams play.

And what of the West,
 The golden West,
 What does it tell to me?
 It tells the tale of the sunset land,
 Of mountains and plain and sea.

And I hear so clear
 The call of the way
 Will it lead to the East or West.
 Or the flowery South, they call in turn,
 Oh whither, whither is best?

E. F. L. '21.

“PER USUAL”

AFTER much research, and untold burning of midnight oil, I have reached the very startling conclusion that there are two essentials to the modern story. The first of these is a young man and the second is—Oh! You know what the second must be without my telling you. This discovery I am sure marks a milestone in the scientific analysis of modern literature, and will no doubt rank with “Cook’s” discovery of the Pole, and the evolution of “soup” by Campbell. However, I digress; let us proceed with the “deep laid sinister” plot.

Naturally we begin with the aforesaid young man. He was exactly twenty-five that 13th day of June, “unlucky 13”, you say. Yes, and it was the sixth day of the week,—according to the scriptures,—which made it Saturday. The

circumstances under which we find him were more pleasant than otherwise. He was occupying a Pullman seat on the New York express, and was on his way from his country home to the city to officiate as best man at the ceremony of his particular college chum, who was about to be committed to the velvet-lined shackles for life,—or good behaviour. He had not known up to the evening before that his old friend was in any danger whatever from such a source, evidently it was a very sudden affair, and the telegram had given no particulars. It simply said: “Must have you as best man. Marrying most wonderful girl at ten o’clock Sunday evening. Expect you on the eight ten. Don’t fail, Signed, Fred Howe.”

Our hero was not particularly good looking, neither had he any striking characteristics, strange to relate. No “dark flashing eye”, or “romantic bearing”. He was just ordinary man, and his name was John—no, not Smith, but Smythe.

Sitting there in the extreme rear of the car, he noticed half unconsciously that every seat was taken. Then, just as this fact had succeeded in entering the focal field of his consciousness, the second element of the story was presented to his gaze. She was coming through the forward door escorted by the porter, and they were evidently seeking for a seat which might become vacant in the near future. The most remarkable thing he noted about the heroine was that she was pretty—quite natural for a young man—though of course he could not be sure at that distance whether it was the natural product or that which came in packages; however, as she drew nearer he decided that it looked like the real thing, and certainly invited a closer investigation. “At last, *after all these years*, he had found his ideal”, he thought, and why shouldn’t he think that? Hadn’t he read it so often that he felt perfectly sure it was the proper thing to think under the circumstances? As the porter and his fair charge approached in their unsuccessful quest, he decided that here was his opportunity to play the gentleman,—and of course be rewarded for his pains. They were only two seats away now, and he had half risen from his chair, when—horrors!—

the lady directly in front, and one seat removed, had answered the inquiry of the dusky "gemmen" in the affirmative. She was getting off at the next station, and arrangements could be made for her chair. "His opportunity was gone." would it ever return. The train was already slowing for the next station, in a few moments the change was effected, and now all he could see was the back of her head and trim brown hat. Yes, there was something else after all. Her hand bag had been placed in the rack, and on the end towards him he noticed the letters "E. B." Naturally he fell to surmising as to the name they stood for. His first thought was "Extra Beautiful", but he realized that it might just as well be "Extra Bad" so he gave up the extra theory. "Extra" would be rather an odd name wouldn't it, to say nothing of "Beautiful" as a surname. But such are the so-called "thoughts" of the majority of our up-to-date heroes. Of course at this stage he should have a telepathic wave which would tell him that her name is Enid Bennet, but by some miraculous means the wave missed him and so he was obliged to go on making conjectures.

But "how to get acquainted", that was the burning question, and was apparently apt to burn for a considerable time. He certainly would not attempt any of the crude methods of the ordinary "pick-up" and yet what other way was there? Now according to all the best authorities on this subject," something is bound to happen under such circumstances and this case proved no exception to the general rule. The young lady in moving her magazine happened to drop her glove in the aisle, and behind her seat. Here was his chance. Quickly he sprang to the rescue, but his eyes fixed on the glove failed to note one feature,—that the fat man just ahead and opposite had risen at the same moment,—and so disaster followed. John bumped violently into the collosus and recoiled with almost equal force. When he had succeeded in recovering his poise, he found to his dismay that the owner had succeeded in recovering the glove. He made his apologies to the irate old gentleman as best he could, and then both literally and figurately took a back seat. Yet his purpose

was not daunted. She had turned of course to note the cause of the disturbance, and even in his confusion he had noted her momentary glance, and he realized more than ever that she was what we vulgarly call a "peach."

The crash with his fellow passenger must have been a portent, for scarcely had he regained his seat when the car gave a sickening lurch, a crash—a galaxy of twinkling stars,—a few little birdies twittering in the branches,—and then he was being extricated from a mass of splintered wood and other *débris*. He was unhurt except for the blow on the head which had stunned him momentarily, and as soon as his faculties seemed a bit stable, he staggered up and made a survey of his surroundings. His first thought was of the unknown "E. B." What had become of her? Already he pictured himself "dragging her unconscious form from beneath the burning wreckage with his bare hands;" even as he pondered, his gaze fell upon a piece of dark brown cloth the exact color of her suit which showed itself between two overturned seats at the far end of the car. She must have been thrown all that distance by the crash. What hope was there of life yet remaining? At least, however, he would do his best. As he drew near he became more positive. He couldn't be mistaken in that bit of cloth, but he was, for it proved to be a part of a gentleman's trousers which his rescuers had carelessly left behind when they took the owner thereof away. Then "as he turned hopelessly away "he saw her standing at a little distance with the other half dozen survivors of the wreck." What a relief! She was safe at any rate, and he would have an opportunity of speaking to her now, for such an experience as they had just passed through would make a common tie between them of sufficient strength to permit such a liberty. He started to make his way through the confusion towards the group, and was carried away to the ambulance which had been summoned from a nearby town. "Goodbye all hopes," he thought, and "almost wished he was beneath the pile of wreckage which was smouldering all around him." At least he should have wished that according to all the orthodox text books on the subject, though in

reality he probably did not have a natural and innate longing for such accommodations.

It has been said that Providence has ways and means of her own in the bringing of all things to pass,— if she decides to use them. The next day's events seemed to bear this out. At last things began to run true to form.

Two o'clock the next afternoon found John walking up the steps of the Howe residence. He had phoned his arrival from the station and consequently his friend was on the lookout for him, meeting at the door with the proverbial open arms. "Good old Jack," he rejoiced, and then in a more serious tone; "Say, old man you were born under a lucky star, but what caused the extra delay? There was a lady of my acquaintance in the same disaster and she has been here for sometime." "Missed a train," John answered briefly, for already the thought had crossed his mind. "Could it be the lady he so earnestly desired to meet? The bearer of the initials E. B., before so commonplace, now "pregnant with beautiful suggestions."

"Come into the parlor", Fred went on, "and meet this wonderful Miss Bennett. You can compare your experiences." "Miss Bennett, yes, it must be, that accounted for the "B" and he felt something within him which made him certain that the other name must begin with an "E". Now they were entering the drawing room and a party of young women were turning to greet them. There before him she stood, "as beautiful, yes, and far more so than when he had last seen her." He almost expected that an earthquake or something of that nature would occur, the fates had seemed so opposed to their meeting, but here at last they offered no opposition. He had persistence and now he would reap his reward. In this case they could meet on an equal footing and under perfectly conventional circumstances. He acknowledged the introduction to the two ladies on her right in as hasty a manner as he dared. The longed for moment had arrived. "He looked into her eyes, and his blood seemed to be turned to fire in his veins". Dimly he heard the voice of

his friend saying, "Enid, this is the old college pal I have told you so much about. Mr. Smythe, Jack, meet Miss Bennett,——MY FIANCEE."

J. W. L. '22.

THE THYROID GLAND

IN the recent research work in the realm of medicine and physiology there are few efforts which stand out as possibly of such striking importance as those in connection with the ductless glands of the human body. Countless investigators are now working on the problems presented by these glands—their inter-relationship and the physiological effect of their activity in health and in states of disturbed function. In this present article we shall consider one of these ductless glands, viz., the thyroid; its structure, function, secretion, and the effect of its removal or its atrophy upon the life processes of the organism, especially of the human.

As a word of explanation, these ductless glands are, as the name signifies, glands possessing no ducts for the discharge of their secretion. But, from materials brought to them in the blood, they produce "internal secretions", which are substances possessing a certain influence upon the oxygenative, nutritive and metabolic processes of the body. This secretion is carried into the blood stream either directly by veins or indirectly through the system of lymph spaces called lymphatics. There are also a number of true glands which produce an internal as well as an external secretion.

The relationship of these ductless glands to the nervous system is not yet well understood and furnishes a remarkably interesting field of investigation. For example, such phases of insanity or weak-mindedness as cretinism, myxoedema, and idiocy, as we shall see later, can be attributed mainly to loss of function of the thyroid gland and in part to various disorders of the thymus, pituitary, and adrenal glands. In regard to the relation between the ductless glands and the vital processes of the organism, it is now considered by most investigators that the internal secretion of

the thyroid contains a specific "hormone" which activates the metabolic processes both in the cutaneous tissues and in the organism at large. The active agent in such secretions, causing the chemical stimulus to the tissues, is believed to be iodine, which exists in the gland in quantities of from 2.05 to 13.04 mgs., and is held in combination with the colloid substances of the gland. As evidence of this assumption, it is known that iodine poisoning bears a certain resemblance to thyroid disease, and iodine absorbed from the skin will raise the iodine content of the gland.

Anatomically, the thyroid gland is a highly vascular organ, situated at the front and sides of the neck at the upper part of the trachea; it consists of right and left lobes connected across the lower portion by a narrower portion, the isthmus. Each lobe is about 5 cm. long, 3 cm. wide, and 2 cm. thick, and the whole organ normally has a weight of slightly more than an ounce. Histologically, the gland consists of an aggregation of closed, epithelium-lined vesicles, separated by intermediate connective tissues and containing a viscid, yellowish, colloid substance.

Scarcely any attention was given the thyroid gland until about the middle of the last century, when Schiff, of Geneva, found that the removal of the gland in a dog caused violent nervous disorders and death. Later experiments on frogs showed that removal of the thyroid caused: (1) loss of color of the superficial pigment cells, (2) prolonged larval condition, and (3) heavy mortality after the lapse of a month. More remarkable results were obtained in feeding extracts of the thyroid and thymus* glands of sheep to young tadpoles. With the thyroid extract (made by powdering the dried thyroids of sheep) a change was noted almost immediately, and the tadpoles metamorphosed in about 18 days, while the normal time would have been 10 to 12 weeks. Thus the thyroid contained something which called forth a rapid differentiation with only a very slight increase in size, resulting in miniature well-developed frogs, slightly larger than the tadpoles. With the thymus feeding, however, the tadpoles failed to metamorphose within the usual time, but they experienced a rapid growth with but little differentiation

of bodily organs, resulting in enormous tad-poles, approximating normal frogs in size. These pronounced effects produced in a developing organism by the thyroid and thymus glands at once suggest inquiries of most diverse character regarding the possible role of these organs in the development of the individual.

We shall now consider as briefly as possible the three chief diseases of the thyroid gland, viz., Goiter, Cretinism, and Myxoedema, and the common methods of treatment.

GOITER, which is a state of hypertrophy or enlargement of the thyroid gland, is of quite common occurrence and is due to: (1) intestinal intoxication, (2) acute infections, (3) strong emotional strain, or (4) certain mineral poisons found in drinking water in some localities. It is of most frequent occurrence in women and children, and is usually treated by rest, x-ray treatment, or removal of part or whole of the gland. The size of the gland, however, is no criterion of its symptomatic activity. Although Cretinism and Myxoedema are both due to loss or impairment of the function of the thyroid apparatus, their symptomatology differs in a few respects, because the former occurs during the period when growth and development, physical and mental, are most active; while the latter occurs after puberty, when such growth and development is in a much more advanced stage. Both are due to deficient oxidization of the tissues and are characterized by retardation of physical and mental development, the main symptoms of which are: (1) stunted growth, (2) bones, except skull, undeveloped, (3) square, flattened features, (4) rough skin and coarse thin hair, (5) swollen cutaneous tissues, (6) patient becomes apathetic, indifferent, weak, and devoid of much intelligence, shading gradually into more or less advanced idiocy, (7) continual decrease of body temperature until death.

Before 1891 there were no remedies for these diseases, and the victims lived in hopeless imbecility until death came. But in that year Dr. Geo. Murray published his discovery of the effect of hypodermic injections of thyroid gland extract in cases of myxoedema. In the following year other investigators showed the equally potent effect of the gland when

administered by the mouth. The remedy was soon applied to cretinism, and the effects found to be even more wonderful. A typical case under Dr. Hector MacKenzie shows what can be expected from early treatment in the case of cretinism. A young cretin child of 11 years (in 1893) was subjected to the thyroid extract treatment; growth, both physical and mental, increased rapidly and he soon became a normal child, passed through school, and in 1908 was in one of the universities. This thyroid extract, however, must be used with the greatest care and discrimination, and its administration must be persisted in throughout life, to prevent the re-appearance of the symptoms of the disease. Another method of treatment which has been used to a great extent, and which eliminates the continual use of thyroid extract, is that of grafting. This was first preformed by Schiff, and since then the methods have been so perfected that success now attends every operation. It consists of inserting not a whole lobe as was first done, but small fragments, into the diseased organ. After a time there is produced, *in situ*, a nest, as it were, of typical thyroid tissue capable of carrying on the functions of the original gland.

It might be of interest to cite in this connection an instance in the early stage of thyroid grafting. This operation was performed by Dr. Voronoff, by grafting the right lobe of the thyroid gland of a baboon on the lower part of the cerebral hemisphere of a young cretin child's brain. The effect was almost immediate, and within a day or two he was romping about with his playmates, physically and mentally normal, but of course his intelligence was far below the average for his age. Such a fact is almost beyond our power of conception; in fact, it reads more like a fairy tale than a bare scientific fact.

In conclusion, we have seen that the thyroid gland, by means of its internal secretion, plays a vital part in the control of the life processes of any vertebrate organism, and particularly of the human body. Various theories have been brought forward to explain the nature of this secretion and its action upon the organism, but as yet no definite conclusion has been reached by investigators. The most satisfactory

theory, however, seems to be that of the scientific "hormone", whose activity is attributed to the iodine content of the gland. However, as this is one of the most recent fields of research in medical study, new and valuable facts are being discovered continually which may soon lead to a clearer solution of this very important problem. We also saw how terribly distorted are the physical and mental conditions of the organism when the thyroid gland atrophies or ceases to function normally, and how astonishing are the changes that take place under proper treatment, in the transformation of almost helpless imbeciles in normal, sane and healthy persons. The further investigation of this subject may result in a solution of our insanity problem. Who knows? Truly, the day of miracles is not yet past, and what possible advances will be made along this line of medical research during the next decade are almost beyond all human conjecture.

K. E. M. '21.

* A ductless gland found also in the neck just posterior to the thyroid and slightly larger than it.

THE FERTILIZER INDUSTRY

THIS industry, devoted to the production of chemical plant food, is the heaviest of all chemical industries in the United States and Germany. The first article extensively used as a commercial plant food was guano, the excrement and skeletons of sea birds that had lived and visited in places where the rain fall was insufficient to dissolve and wash down deposits.

The chief supply of guano came from the Chincha Islands, off the desert coast of Peru, where, through long years, millions of sea birds had lived and visited. Between 1830 and 1880, about \$600,000,000 worth was exported to Europe and to United States, selling at from \$30 to \$60 per ton. But, since 1880, the place of guano as a fertilizer has

been quite largely filled by chemicals from widely different sources, of which the chief chemical substances are phosphorus, potassium, and nitrogen.

I—PHOSPHATE.

The bulkiest, cheapest, and possibly the most important of plant foods are the phosphates which furnish phosphorus to the plants. The phosphates are obtained from the western plains of United States, Plains of Argentine, and slaughter houses of large cities. But the greatest amount is produced from fossil remains of animal life known as phosphate rock, from which, by chemical process, fertilizers are made. As lime phosphate rock is found near the surface, it is easily dug from pits. The greatest output is now near Tampa in Florida, which has produced about four-fifths of the total output since 1910. Deposits of great extent have also been located in Tennessee, Wyoming and Idaho.

In the exportation of phosphates, United States ranks highest, for in addition to supplying the American market, she has exported over a million tons per year to England, France and Germany. However, this export has somewhat fallen off since the beginning of the war. Phosphorus becomes available as plant food only after it is dissolved, a service that sulphuric acid performs in the factory, making the commercial product called acid phosphate. Chemists have discovered that the limestone used in the process of smelting iron, and also for the lining of the furnace, draws the phosphorus from the molten iron; this material called basic slag is later ground up, or crushed, and sold as a fertilizer.

II—POTASH.

This great raw product holds second place in the fertilizer industry. The whole world formerly depended for its supply upon the mines of Stassfurt, near the Elbe river in Germany, where in strata overlying an inexhaustible deposit of common salt, is to be found the only collection, thus far known, of available potash of vast commercial importance.

The potash salts at Stassfurt are of many different kinds, and for this reason, chemical works of the most varied types and number are located in this city, making it the greatest center of chemical manufacture in the world. From Strassfurt go forth materials for the soap maker, the bleacher, the druggist, the glass maker, the dyer, the potter, the photographer, the gunpowder producer, and the fertilizer manufacturer.

Before the recent war, the United States and Canada were heavy importers from Germany, but the paralyzing effects of war upon trade and the exaction of the German Potash Trust, backed by the German government, caused the governments of the United States and Canada to make formal, experimental search for the mineral which, with tin, has long been the most conspicuous shortage in the wide distribution and plentiful supply of natural resources in these countries.

The result of this investigation was the discovery in 1911 of a deposit of potash in an old bed of a dry California lake, estimated to contain from five to fifteen million tons. This deposit has not been utilized because of its remoteness from transportation facilities and population. Another source, much more promising, is the potash to be obtained from kelp, or sea weed. Several hundred square miles of this exist off the coasts of the United States and Canada.

Conservative estimates place the output of one hundred square miles of this kelp at one million tons of chloride of potash, approximately about forty million dollars worth per year. The permanence of these beds are assured by the fact that they feed upon the exhaustless chemicals of sea water. The manufacture of this potash has been started, and has reached some commercial importance in California. But its technique is still to be developed. This sea-bottom product which, like fish, belongs to the catcher, will probably escape the monopolizing influence of a potash trust.

III—NITRATES.

The third and most expensive of the fertilizing materials is nitrogen. Nitrogen has many and unlimited possibilities of supply. This rather negative element comprises at least three-fourths of the air, and in the future we may draw upon this supply as we do upon water. At present, the output is from all animal matter, and fertilizing factories receive refuse animal products from butcher-shops and slaughter houses. Also dried fish, crabs and sea urchins are important nitrogen fertilizers.

Nitrate of soda, like guano, is the greatest natural nitrogen supplying material. It accumulates in commercial quantities only in deserts where absence of rainfall prevents its dissolution and removal. A moderate quantity is found in Death Valley, California, in the Great American Desert, and in other arid regions of Nevada and California. The vast nitrate beds in the desert of northern Chile are the principal source of the world's supply of nitrate of soda and gives Chile a monopoly of this product.

The process of mining nitrate of soda is simple. It is dredged out of the extinct lake beds like clay and gravel, and taken away in carts to the nitrate works, where it is refined. This process consists in dissolving it in water, and then evaporating the water, leaving crystals of nitrate. A by-product of nitrate of soda is iodine, and Chile, having practically a world supply of both these products, controls the production and price of nitrate and iodine arbitrarily. The possession of this valuable monopoly has profoundly influenced the political, financial, industrial and commercial development of Chile. The Chilean export amounts to about two million tons yearly. Of this amount, Canada and the United States import about one and one-half million tons annually.

Chemistry has invented a new process of manufactured nitrogen, that will still leave the market well supplied when the natural product has become exhausted. The source of the chemical supply of manufactured nitrogen is the sulphate of Ammonia, which yields as much nitrogen, pound

for pound, as does nitrate of soda. Sulphate of ammonia is one of the by-products of coal distillation. The total output approximated one and one-half million tons in 1913. More careful conservation in the use of coal in the United States and Canada would enable these countries alone to produce about a million tons of sulphate of ammonia.

Scientists estimate that the supply of coal will be exhausted at a not distant date; but the air and waterfalls we shall have with us always; therefore, our ultimate source of nitrogen will be the atmosphere. Cyanide is another nitrogen supply not unlike nitrate of calcium in analysis and production. After several years experience in its manufacture in Norway and France, where water power is cheaper than in the United States, a plant controlled by American capital has been put in operation at Niagara Falls.

The fertilizer center finds its best location upon the sea coast, or upon navigable arms of the sea; so that potash from Germany, nitrogen from Chile, bones from Argentine, and fossil phosphate from Tampa may be unloaded direct from boat to factory.

The United States and Canada are entering upon an era of great commercial expansion in the production and sale of artificial fertilizers, notwithstanding the disputed theory that is gaining ground in some localities that soil well aerated, deeply tilled, and sun-bathed, renews its own fertility without artificial means. The comfort of our future depends upon commercial fertilizers more than upon coal or iron. Even the careful Chinese have to abandon otherwise good land where they can get no fertilizer. It is therefore fortunate that we have unlocked indefinite stores of nitrogen and potash even without the aid of the nitrogen gathering bacteria upon plant roots. With phosphorus it is otherwise. Phosphorus is probably the point of man's weakest hold upon the earth; and its waste in sewerage, the loss of animal excrement, and soil leaching is a form of resource destruction with which the future must deal, unless, perchance, we can open some avenue of phosphorus recaptured from the great reservoirs of the sea.

A LETTER

Edmonton, Alta.

Students of Acadia:—

To you whom I know I send my heartiest greetings, to those I do not know I can only say that I wish it were possible for me to be back at Acadia and meet you all.

It is my endeavour to give you some little idea of the West especially Edmonton, and my impressions of it since my arrival here Nov. 4, 1920.

The first very striking thing was the general flatness of the country with its miles of rolling prairie. On arriving in the city of Edmonton you can well imagine that I felt somewhat lost for a short time. However, I soon found that the people here are very nice and are more than willing to give a stranger a "hand out."

After the feeling of solitude (I will not admit I was lonesome) wore off I began to take stock of the people. There are a great number of Maritime Province people here but the greater percentage are from Ontario or England. To stand on the streets here and listen to people talking one is almost sure to hear the 'h's' left off in many places where they should not. With these Maritime Province, Ontario and English people there is also a large sprinkling of foreigners, for the most part Ukrainians and Poles.

The city itself is certainly progressive in every branch of industrial life. The founders evidently were looking forward to the time when there would be an immense population here for limits extend some six miles in every direction from the centre. I believe it was laid out to accommodate 1,000,000 people. Here, as in many other Western cities, we find the younger man occupying the more important positions in most every line of life.

In educational matters the city is very progressive and reputed to have one of the best, if not the best system in Canada. The yearly budget for Education is by far the largest item of expenditure, showing that in some parts of our

Dominion at least people are awakening to the fact that education demands first place in government affairs. The minimum salary for the city is \$1200.00 and the maximum \$3050.00 depending upon qualifications, size of school and experience. I cannot understand how Nova Scotia keeps any teachers when the West offers the teachers a living salary. The school supervision here is much better than in our Eastern provinces and one must qualify very thoroughly to be a teacher. To tell the truth the Normal School Course, which I am at present attending is fully as stiff as any course at Acadia.

The graduate class numbers seventeen and we are lucky enough to have another Acadia graduate, Fred Bagnell of the Class '14. It surely seemed good to see somebody who had been at Acadia and we immediately got together to talk about college.

The Registrar, Mr. Geo. K. Haverstock, is an Acadia graduate about '11 and Mr. R. B. Brooks, the Inspector at Stoney Plain, is also another Acadia man, Class of '11 or '12. Harlan Densmore '18 is teaching at Hill End. I hear that Joe Howe is at Saskatoon, so Acadia is quite well represented out here.

If I keep this raving up you will all be tired of reading this, so I will bring it to a close, wishing the Athenaeum all possible success, everybody the best of luck in their mid-year marks, and Acadia a successful year in Athletics and all Intercollegiate contests.

Yours truly,

CARREL E. CLARKE, '20.

DR. J. F. TUFTS

DR. John Freeman Tufts died at his home in Wolfville on Monday, February 7th., 1920. Dr. Tufts was born in New Albany, Annapolis Co., N. S., in 1843. He graduated from Acadia in 1868, and received his degree of B. A., from Harvard University in 1872, and his M. A., in 1874. A few years later, Acadia was proud to bestow upon him the degree of D. C. L., and from 1883 to 1888 inclusive, he served as principal of Horton Collegiate Academy. Then he became professor of Political Economy and History at Acadia, and held this position till June last, when he retired and was appointed Professor Emeritus.

His early life was a period of victorious struggle, yet in spite of many obstacles he proved an ardent student, and his worth was recognized by his Alma Mater.

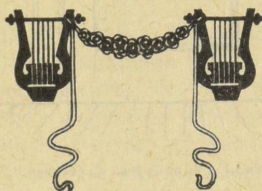
Numerous tributes and appreciations have been published since his death, all emphasizing his great force of character, but generally implying rather than expressing, an aloofness of personality. Many of his personal friends however, can testify to the warm-hearted friendship of which he was capable, and which, once given, continued steadfast through life. To know him, was a precious and unforgettable experience, and the impression of him that lingers with one most strongly, is that of his graciousness. His was no mere academic interest, but a personal care for the individual student.

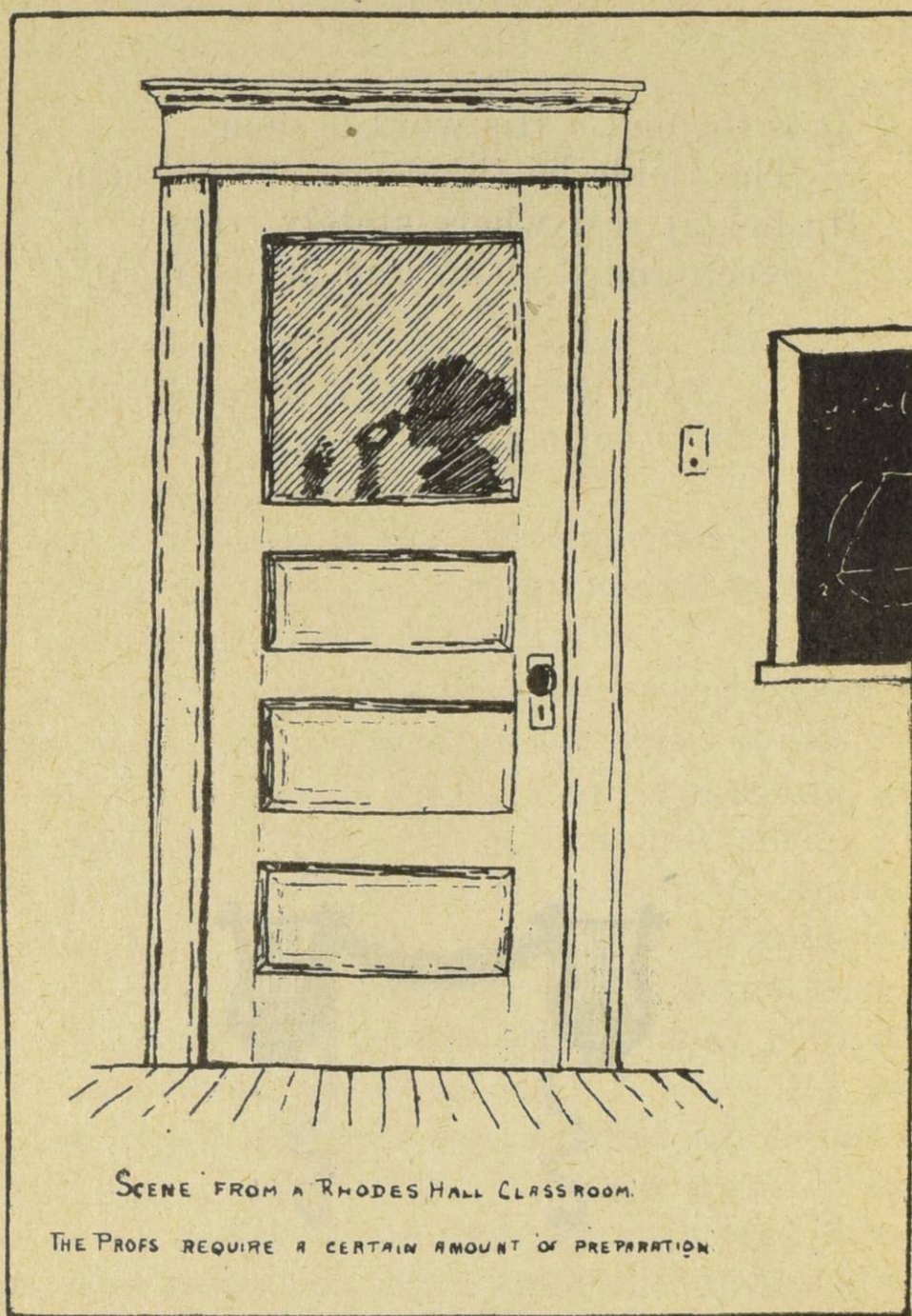
The last few months of his life were spent in suffering, but he had many consolations and supports, and during that time, those who were near him, knew the meaning of every light that passed or lingered in his countenance: His was not an easy life, but the prevailing temper of his mind was eminently happy and hopeful, and few can have more perfectly fulfilled and realized the dreams and ambitions of their youth.

The impressive funeral service was held in the Baptist Church on Wednesday afternoon, February 9th, conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. H. MacDonald, assisted by Dr. Cutten and

Dr. Chute. The pall bearers were Dr. DeWolfe, Dr. Spidle, Prof. Haley, Prof. Wheelock, Prof. Balcolm, and Prof. Perry. A choir of university students rendered appropriate music, and interment took place in Willow Bank Cemetery, Wolfville.

“It is the end. His work is done,
The fields he tilled are yet to reap.
He lies at rest where stately trees
Keep guard about him in his sleep.”





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H. GRIMMER, '21, *Circulation Manager*.



Editorial



WE were thinking of words. We could not help it. No one could edit the Athenæum for a year without having his thoughts take such a turn. Not words as abstract dis-juncted markings, but as concrete definite entities, as potentialities. No one word or group of words, unless it be that determined by the source of our perplexity and inspiration, the material offered for one issue of the Athenæum. Only one need be taken, for, going beyond that, even to the ends of all philology, would add little of style, method or application. What follows is largely the impressions the perusal of this material leaves with one.

There are less than one dozen students at Acadia who have any *words* at their disposal, who have a vocabulary—any whatever; not those who can beat up their linguistic bush and scare out a host of wild-eyed, timid looking vocables, anyone can do that,—but who can, at will, make an obedient

and individual toiler of each and every member of such a stampede. These speak by words. All the others speak by phrases. Their speech is tied up in bundles. When they wish to express an idea they pass out the corresponding bundle. Object to it, or to any of its parts, and they are mute.

Some contributors have a sense of musical value which becomes the dominant characteristic of their speech. Their utterances, consequently, are very pleasing to a foreigner, and even to one understanding English, if he is able to detach his sense-seeking instincts and consider only the quantities of the sounds.

Some have an overbalanced sense of what they want to say, what they ought to say. They are like mothers who hasten tardy children off to school. Each that is bundled up in whatever phrase can be caught up quickest and is rustled off out of the way with the hope that the recipient will understand it as well as did the sender.

Some get a subject in mind, a pen in hand, the word is given, and both start. They seem to have no care as to which of the two leads, or even whether they follow the same course or not. All is fair in such a contest,—win who can. The thing is to go as fast and as far as possible,—and they are generally quite successful.

Then there are some (all too few) who have a real sense of word values. Their vocabulary may be small, but it is *theirs*. They are capable of making each word in it “get down and work” as submissively as an ox in the yoke. What a pleasure to read their sentences! Every word shows deliberation, and manifests the personality behind it. How those few words can be arranged, and balanced and interwoven! They are no longer cramped by phraseology, but have suddenly become vital, living things, full of color, beauty and movement. Those other groups write a page, and it is a dreary stretch of open land. Here and there a tattered idea lurks in a time-worn and century-beaten shelter of hackneyed expressions. They mention streams, and one recalls such sluggish, ash-laden waters as he saw from Water-

loo bridge; hills, and sand dunes grow on the horizon; the sun,—it's hot, and that's all; air, and it grows sultry. Their trees stand out like stark effigies in No-Man's Land; their space bars one from all good things in life, and their movement is either the spasmodic jerkings of popular slang or else the hobbling persistence of some long dead orator.

Under the influence of our word masters we still have landscapes. But they are gardens by the art of man, or fresh from the primitive hand of nature. Brilliant ideas, fresh as children in morning sunlight, haunt splashing streams and mossy woodland or peer from heaps of scented hay. Their hills bear crowns of ancient verdure and flocks of snowy sheep, or else raise great jagged bulwarks of rugged might to heaven. They mention the sun, and it is at once the source of all light and warmth, and life. Their atmosphere is buoyant and bracing, rejuvenating and ozone-laden. Space beckons and calls and seems to lift one beyond himself, and render him a part of the infinite. Movement is merely suggested and the whole scene thrills with this essential part of the divine plan; it is at once inherent in all matter and all manifestations of the great Spirit, whose eternal pulsings brought it into being. This difference is largely due to the conscious manipulation of *words*.

This same contrast could be carried into the more subtle realm of the lyrical and subjective. But enough has been said to show that in the opinion of the writer some few, at least, of our contributors, by persistent practice, and otherwise, have acquired a control of language and a sense of word values that enables them to pass over to others their thought, experiences, and very personality, as those without these hard-earned attainments can never hope to do. Also to show that intensive, rather than extensive, writing is at a premium with the Athenaeum this year.

ACADEMY NOTES

ON the night of January 28th the Senior Class, accompanied by Mr. Leslie, our French teacher, set out on a sleigh drive to Kentville. The night was beautifully clear, a peerless moon rode through the occasional fleecy clouds and all was still, except for the jingle of bells, and the continual uproar raised by these care-free seniors. Snatches of songs, Academy yells, and a variety of other noises such as arise from a crowd who are all talking at once and each trying to make himself heard, filled the air. But no matter how loud the noise, no matter how interesting the subject under discussion, when Mr. Leslie arose and stretched forth his hand, silence reigned supreme, while he rendered some beautiful selections from Browning and Tennyson.

Arriving in Kentville they went in a body to the Picture show and were fortunate in seeing a film displaying the beauties of Kentville during the summer months. This was particularly interesting to those who had never before visited Kentville, for during this brief stay they saw Kentville garbed in her robes of summer on the screen, and shrouded in a mantle of snow on the outside. After leaving the show, refreshments were obtained, and after having eaten, the return journey began. The night was still beautifully clear. The peerless moon still rode through the occasional fleecy clouds, and all was still, except for the jingle of the bells, and a few incoherent mutterings, for the seniors were too hoarse to indulge in further hilarity.

The Senior Class is holding a series of debates which to date have been very successful, and have created a great deal of interest in class activities.

On February 8th the Academy hockey team played a team from the college in a splendid game at Evangeline Rink. The first period ended, 1-0, and the second period 5-2 in favor of the College. The third period was a scene of heavy check-

ing and fast playing on the part of the Cads, the game ended in a tie 6-6.

The Academy team consisted of:—

B. Elderkin, Goal; R. McLean, Point; C. Young, Cover Point; (Capt.) K. Beaton, Center; W. Kennedy, R. Wing; R. Rand, L. Wing.

On February 12th the Academy team met the Freshmen in a game of Hockey, and the result was disastrous for the Freshmen. In spite of all their frantic attempts to stop the Cads, their play was almost annihilated. The game ended 18-3 in favor of the Cads. But nothing daunted the Freshmen are looking for a return game.

On February 26th Our hockey team went to Windsor to meet the Kings Collegiate team. It was a hard fought game from start to finish, both teams showing remarkable ability at times. The score was in our favor during the whole game, but at times was closely contested by Kings. The third period was a scene of fast playing, superior hockey being played by our team through the whole period. The game ended 7-5 in our favor.

The absence of R. McLean left our defence weak. W. Kennedy deserves special mention as the star player.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

What's the attraction for Mark Lowe at the Academy?

What does Mr. Camp do after lights out?

Where does Allaby go when he goes out?

Where does Preston Wraren come from?

Does Kirkpatrick use "Booster"?

Who says McKeen can't dance?

Dr. A—(In Senior English Class) What were you going to say Mr. Geldart?

Geldart—*Nothing* Sir. You answered it for me.

Dr. A—Great minds run in the same channel.

First Cad—What were those explosives we heard the other night?

Second Cad—The Sophs. dynamiting Butt Inn.

Ingalls, A. C. A. '21—(taking dictation in history class) How do you spell that word annihilation?

Mr. Poole—Ah—Let me see, that's one of my words I believe.

SEMINARY NOTES

PIERIAN SOCIETY.

The customary program of the Pierian Society has been varied somewhat since the Holidays.

On Saturday, January 29th, the Seniors provided a most interesting entertainment consisting of "Illustrated Acadia Songs." "Fighting for Acadia" gave a wonderful exhibition of scrim work in football, goal tending in hockey and forcefulness in debating. "Where, O, Where" showed some most characteristic specimens of the college classes! "Its the Way We Have at Acadia" pictured a typical midnight feed. "Ise Gwine to Leab Acadia" was heartrending! The program closed with the tableau "Acadia" and the Acadia doxology.

The Juniors gave an equally interesting entertainment on February 26th. The program was miscellaneous, "The Follies of 1921" being a most original and amusing feature. At the close of the entertainment the Juniors invited the Seniors to the Reception room where one of the jolliest even-

ings of the year was spent. Popcorn and a roaring grate fire awaited all and a delicious lunch was served. Before leaving, the Seniors sang with sincerity, "For They are Jolly Good Juniors!"

The material and design for the "Pierian Paper" were all Senior and all Junior respectively. Both were worthy of merit—the "Childhood Sketches" by Jean Murray being especially deserving of mention in the Junior number.

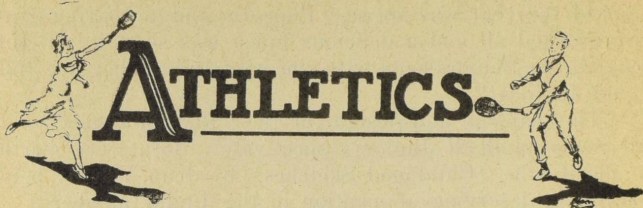
VALENTINE TEA.

The Seminary gymnasium never presented a more attractive appearance than on Friday afternoon February 11, when the Senior class served a Valentine Tea. Hearts were strewn recklessly about—even the waitresses boldly flaunted "their hearts upon their sleeves." A special orchestra entertained the visitors from four to seven. Despite the inclemency of the weather the affair was a success both socially and financially, and the Sems hope to entertain again in a similar manner in the near future.

VALENTINE AT HOME.

The Seminary was "at home" to former Seminary students now residing at The College Girls Residence, on Saturday evening February 12. After the meeting of the Pierian Society all adjourned to the gymnasium which was cozily arranged. "The Miracle of St. Valentine," an original pantomime by Mlle Gascard, was presented by the Seminary girls. Light refreshments were served. Upon leaving each guest was presented with a valentine by an engaging cupid.

E. H. GRIFFIN.



ACADIA, 4; WANDERERS, 4.

ON Wednesday evening, January 19, the Acadia hockey team met the Halifax Wanderers in the College rink. This was the first regular game of the season for the college team, but the latter gave an exhibition of hockey which was not disappointing to the large crowd assembled to witness the first real try out of the Acadia team. The first period ended with a score of one all, although the puck had been in the Wanderers' territory a large part of the time.

In the second period Acadia failed to score, while the Wanderers secured two more goals.

Shortly after the opening of the third period the Wanderers scored again, and then Acadia came back strong and began to force the play. Shortly before the close of the period Acadia scored three goals in rapid succession, and thus evened the score.

Immediately after the close of the third period the two teams held a consultation in which they decided not to play an overtime period.

The teams, lined up as follows:—

<i>Acadia</i>		<i>Wanderers</i>
Steeves	Goal	Gladwin
Fraser	Point	Arthurs
Wetmore	Cover Point	Hickey
Parker	Centre	Monaghan
Mason	Right Wing	Beasley
Beardsley	Left Wing	Norton

Murray	Spares	Young
Monkley		Hunter
Langwith		Ellis
		Tucker

ACADIA, 5; MOUNT ALLISON, 2.

The first game of the Intercollegiate Hockey League was played at Wolfville on Thursday evening, January 27th, when Acadia defeated Mt. A. in a fast and exciting contest. A large crowd of spectators witnessed the game, and during the intermissions they were provided with excellent music rendered by the Acadia College Band.

In the first period the play was fast from start to finish. Copp of Mt. A. secured the first score of the game. Play then went into Mt. Allison's territory, and on a quick shot Parker tied the score for Acadia. A few minutes later Mason scored a second goal for Acadia. The period ended with a score of 2 to 1 in favor of the home team.

In the second period both goaltenders played a splendid game, being forced to stop numerous and difficult shots. R. Styck shot the only goal that was made during this period. During the period Wetmore broke his skate and the game was delayed for a few moments with Mt. A. protesting the delay. The period ended with the score 2—2.

The third period proved to be Acadia's period. One minute after the face-off Beardsley scored. Play was very fast for a few minutes, and then on a pass from Beardsley Mason again scored, two minutes later Parker scored Acadia's fifth goal on a long shot from mid-ice. From then on both teams worked hard to score again, but without success, and the game ended with the score 5—2 in Acadia's favor.

Judy Smith, of Windsor, refereed the game.

The line-up was as follows:—

<i>Acadia</i>		<i>Mt. Allison</i>	
Steeves	Goal	Rainnie	
Fraser	Point	R. Styck	

Wetmore	Cover Point	Copp
Parker	Centre	M. Styck
Mason	Right Wing	Elliot
Beardsley	Left Wing	Hunter
Murray	Spares	Edgett
Monkley		Pickard
Langwith		Wyse

ACADIA, 5; U. N. B., 6.

Acadia's second game of the Intercollegiate hockey series was played with U. N. B. at Fredericton, on Tuesday night, February 8th. On the morning of the departure of the Acadia team from Wolfville, Parker, the regular centre player, was taken suddenly ill and was unable to accompany the team. At the same time R. Murray, who had been acting as a substitute for centre, was out of the game with an injured ankle. Consequently Acadia's chances of winning seemed none too good. But Langwith was placed in centre, and, despite the fact that he was not accustomed to a forward position, he played a splendid game, being responsible for three of Acadia's scores.

The first period was somewhat slow, with neither team apparently playing in form. Beardsley scored first for Acadia, and then Jewett scored three in succession for U. N. B.

The second period was not much faster than the first. U. N. B. failed to score, while Wetmore and Langwith each secured a goal for Acadia. The period ended with the score 3—3.

In the third period both teams played a hard and fast game. Langwith scored the first goal of the period, and then Flett evened matters for U. N. B. A few minutes later Langwith scored a fifth goal for Acadia, but before the period ended Lounsbury tied the score.

It was decided to play ten minutes overtime, but at the end of the ten minute period neither team had succeeded in breaking the score. After a few minutes rest another ten minute period was agreed upon. Within the last three

minutes of this second overtime period, while an Acadia man was in the penalty box, Lounsbury succeeded in breaking through and scoring the winning goal for U. N. B.

Acadia did not use a substitute once during the whole eighty minutes of play, and the players left the ice apparently in the best of condition.

The total time of the penalties for each team was fifteen minutes.

Fred McLean, of Fredericton, refereed.

The teams lined up as follows:

<i>Acadia</i>		<i>U. N. B.</i>
Steeves	Goal	Sears
Wetmore	Point	Barry
Fraser	Cover Point	Jewett
Langwith	Centre	Flett
Mason	Right Wing	Burgess
Beardsley	Left Wing	Lounsbury
Tingley	Spares	Cain
Conrad		Reid

ACADIA FACULTY, 2; WOLFVILLE BUSINESS MEN, 6

The evening of February 16th, 1921, is one that the students of Acadia will not soon forget. For on that evening were we not treated to the spectacle of certain staid and dignified members of the faculty doing battle royal with the business men of the town of Wolfville? Said battle took the form of a friendly (?) hockey match at the Evangeline rink. Despite the brilliant (and otherwise) suggestions and words of encouragement of the students, the result was disastrous for the Faculty team. The battle at times waxed hot and furious, but fortunately the services of the stretcher-bearers were not needed.

The game, which was witnessed by about eight hundred spectators, marked the beginning of Acadia's Million Dollar Campaign.

Paul Tingley refereed the game, and is to be congratulated on the strict manner in which he effectually checked any attempts at rough tactics by either side.

The line-ups were as follows:—

Acadia Faculty

Dr. Dewitt
Dr. Coit
Dr. DeWolfe
Prof. Sutherland
Prof. Balcom
Prof. Whitelaw
Prof. MacPhee
Prof. Borden

Wolfville Business Men

Dr. Roach
Mr. W. Harris
“ J. Harris
“ G. Waterbury
“ A. Young
“ Foshay
“ Fielding
“ Creighton

WILDCAT HOCKEY

Once more the much talked of Wildcat Hockey League has materialized. There are seven teams in the league again this year, but the total number of games to be played is much smaller than last year. This is brought about by dividing the league into two sections, with four teams in one section and three in the other. The winners of the two sections are to play off for the grand championship. Two games have already been played and have provided the spectators with the usual amount of amusement. According to the eligibility rules, the only persons barred from taking part in these games are the members of the college first and second hockey teams.



The Month



WITH the appearance of this issue, we will be well along in the second term of 1920-21. "Tempus fugit" may well be applied to college life, and e'er we realize it, the grave old class of '21 will be rehearsing for that big event in May—graduation.

The past month has been a busy one, as is always the case, following the two weeks of January exams. With ideal weather, Acadia is taking a large part in winter sports, while there is always something "doing" at the new gymnasium. We do some studying, too, but that is a matter for the Profs. to talk about. We gladly leave that part to them.

Rink.

Who said rink? Sometimes we wonder how we managed to exist before our rink opened and now we are quite convinced of the fact that when rink is at an end there will be nothing left in life. The spectator needs only to watch the crowds, particularly on Thursday nights and Saturday afternoons, in order to judge whether or not, the Acadia students appreciate their rink. Great credit, too, is due the "Band Boys" who so willingly deny themselves the pleasure of skating in order to add to our enjoyment.

Mid Year's Examinations, January 17-21

People who did not understand could hardly be blamed for what they might think about this sudden cessation of

frivolity, accompanied by an epidemic of study. One little word is all that is needed in the way of explanation—exams.! But now they are over, the epidemic is a thing of the past, and everyone seems to be quite determined to make up for lost time as regards fun, if we are to judge from the parties, sleigh drives, and the crowded rink.

Freshman Reception.

The class of 1924 were "At Home" to the student body of Acadia on Saturday evening, January 29th, in the gymnasium. To many, this gave the first opportunity of seeing our new gymnasium. It presented a very festive appearance, enlivened by garnet and blue streamers and multi-colored pennants. The Freshmen are to be congratulated upon the artistic and original decoration scheme, as well as the excellence of the inter-topic features. The chaperons were Mrs. Cutten, Mrs. Coit and Mrs. Perry.

Senior Musicales.

On Sunday evening, January 30th, the Senior Class were the guests of Miss Helen Schurman at her home on Seaview Avenue. A splendid musical program was provided including piano solos by Miss Jean Foote and Ralph Harlow, a vocal selection by Miss Elsie Layton, and several violin selections by Mrs. (Prof.) Thompson, all of which were greatly enjoyed. Then the lights were lowered and the class gathered around the fire place and held an old fashioned "sing". Delicious refreshments were served during the course of the evening.

Senior-Sophomore Debate.

The Senior-Sophomore debate, after having been postponed a number of times finally took place on Tuesday evening, February 1st. The subject under debate was, "Resolved that the interests of Canada as a whole would be best served by the immediate dissolution of the Federal house of Com-

mons." The Sophomores had chosen the affirmative and their case was upheld by Messrs. Doyle (leader), Grimmer, and Anthony. Mr. Leslie was the leader for the negative, and he was supported by Mr. Bishop and Mr. Mosher. Mr. Leslie gave a very clear and able speech, and in his rebuttal he showed a thorough knowledge of the subject. Mr. Doyle was the star of the affirmative. The awarding of the decision to the Seniors was quite in accord with the popular verdict.

Mr. D. D. Cameron filled the position of critic so admirably that his report was acclaimed the best of the year.

Willet Hall Engineer's Sleigh Drive.

The engineers who make their home in this eighth architectural wonder of the world, known as Willet Hall, decided to set the ball rolling in the matter of sleigh drives, so on Wednesday evening, February 2nd, they and their chosen companions departed for Kentville, the old Mecca of sleigh drives from this institution. Returning that evening at—oh well, it wasn't twelve—they descended to the club room of Willett Hall and there regaled themselves with refreshments of various kinds. Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock and Miss Cohoon chaperoned the party. According to the "sounds of revelry by night" it must have been a wonderful time.

Sophomore Sleighdrive.

The Sophomores decided that life was not worth living here so they would "Go West", consequently they took the road towards Kentville on the evening of February 3rd. Arriving at their destination, some followed the lure of the cinematograph, while others explored the mysteries of the great city. On their return a sumptuous repast was found to be awaiting them at C. E. Young's. When this pleasant duty had been performed it was found that "the clock was striking the hour" so the happy gathering withdrew perforce in haste, to disperse a few moments later at the doors of the Ladies Residence. But not before the sweet sleep of the in-

mates had been disturbed by the raucous recitation of the college calendar, which the class of '23 are pleased to call their "yell." Dr. and Mrs. DeWitt and Miss Makinson were chaperons.

Senior House Party.

Mr. Wiley Collins, 1921, was host to his class at a party given on Friday evening, February 4th at his home at Port Williams. Three sleigh loads of so-called grave old Seniors left Tully Tavern at seven-thirty arriving about an hour later. These of the class who were at a similar party last winter knew what to expect, but our new members found most pleasant surprises at every turn. Cards, games, and music made an enjoyable evening. Alas! our fair partners must return at a stated hour so with cheers for our hosts the party broke up shortly after eleven, arriving at Wolfville at that hour "when graveyards yawn and tombs give up their sheeted dead." Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jeffries and Miss Clara Chisholm accompanied the party as chaperones.

Junior Sleigh Drive.

The Juniors must at all times and on all occasions live up to the very appropriate name "jolly." Accordingly, a sleigh drive was planned for February 5th and if the night had been made to order, the Juniors could not have done better. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pyne and Miss Makinson were chaperones. A start was made from "Tully Tavern" about seven o'clock. Arriving in Kentville, that happy group of individuals made their way to the Kentville theatre. During intermission they saw to it that the Kentville people knew just who they were and where they had come from. Wolfville was again reached about 11.30 where refreshments were served at the "Palms". The evening, as usual, ended with the class and Acadia yell.

Junior-Sophomore Debate.

Friday, February 11th was the date finally decided upon by the two teams after several postponements had occurred, and so on that night the event took place.

The weather being very bad, a blizzard in fact, the attendance was very much smaller than usual. The resolution read as follows: "Resolved that the treaty of peace which closed the last great war was morally and economically justifiable." The word "moral" being defined as "That which tends towards the ultimate good of society." The affirmative was upheld by the Sophomores, Messrs. Curry (leader), Pearson, and Brownell, while the Juniors, Messrs. Ganong (leader), Elgee, and Vincent supported the negative. The debating was very close and interesting, and at times showed rare touches of humor. The victory went to the Juniors, making for them this season four straight wins.

Mr. McCready '21 acted as critic for the evening.

Sophomore Sing.

On Sunday evening February 13th the Sophomores were invited to a "sing" at the home of Dr. deWitt. Needless to say all present had a most enjoyable time—for how could it be otherwise at the deWitt house? About eleven o'clock the pleasant evening came to a close with the singing of "Acadia."

Dr. Logan's Lecture.

Dr. J. D. Logan of Halifax who is so well known to the literary world that he needs no introduction has been delivering a series of lectures to the English classes during the past week.

On Monday evening, February 14th he gave a public address on the subject "The Lost Vision and the Silent Voice in Canadian Literature." Dr. Cutten presided and was supported by the Mayor of Wolfville.

Dr. Logan began with the basis of Canadian social life which he says is really American, and traced the development or rather the outcropping of the voice of Canadian Nationality. Joseph Howe was the first great leader to see the wonderful vision of the future of Canada. Judge Haliburton also had the idea but his work was limited as compared with that of Howe. Finally we come to G. D. Roberts and his first wonderful work, later robbed of its power by the worship of "mammon.", according to Dr. Logan. He went on to speak of Canadian war poetry and to urge the students to study Canadian History in a philosophic way, that they to might get the "Vision" and the "Voice."

Dr. Logan was at his best, no other word of praise is necessary.

College Play.

Can you tell the truth for twenty-four hours? Easy eh! Well just try it and see. We thought so ourselves until Tuesday evening, February 15th, when we went to see the college play and since then we haven't been so sure. There might be considerable difficulty as was proved conclusively by the aforesaid play.

The cast of "Nothing but the Truth" was admirably chosen, and the acting was so uniformly good that it would be impossible for anyone to be selected for special mention. A striking feature of this play was the fact that practically all the players had real chances for acting, rather than a couple of leading parts with the rest mere satellites as is so often the case. The large and appreciative audience were kept in a continual gale of laughter by the many bits of witty dialogue and humorous situations.

The Rhodes Hall quartette rendered a very pleasing number between the first and second acts and encored with an old favorite.

From all points of view the play was a great success and all concerned deserved the highest commendation for their work.

THE CAST:

Clarence Van Druen.....	John Jordan
E. M. Ralston.....	Ralph Smallman
Bishop Doran.....	William Miller
Dick Donnelly	Mark Curry
Bob Bennett.....	John McNeil
Mrs. Ralston.....	Marjorie Leslie
Ethel	Isabel McPhail
Gwen	Hilda Wry
Mabel	Mona Parsons
Sabel.....	Mary Crandall
Martha	Mary Reid

Directed by Miss Mae Churchill, Dean of the Seminary.

Y. W. C. A.

Y. W. C. A. meetings like many other things, were laid aside during the Mid Year's Examinations.

On February 6th, the meeting was led by Miss Mabel Brown '22, who gave a most interesting talk on "Persia—a Challenge to the Church." A solo by Miss Elsie Layton '21 was greatly enjoyed and added much to the meeting.

February 13th Miss Miriam Chisholm '20 gave the girls a most instructive and well thought out talk on "Frontier College Work" which was much appreciated by all. Miss Gertrude Edwards '24 also sang in her usual pleasing manner.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has this year made a departure from one of its old time customs. Formerly the cabinet for the ensuing year has always been elected in the spring near the end of the term. This meant that the cabinet which began work at the opening of the college year was largely inexperienced and took some time to get settled down to work, and moreover, the Seniors on the cabinet were so overcrowded

with work during the last term that they could give only a small part of their time to the Y. M. work. In order to avoid these difficulties, the experiment is being tried of electing the cabinets at mid-years. Thus the Senior members will only be on the cabinet for the first part of the year, and a more experienced group will be in charge of affairs at the opening of college in the fall. The following have been duly nominated and elected to office: President, Mr. H. S. Thurston, '22; Vice-President, Mr. H. K. Grimmer, '23; Treasurer, Mr. R. D. H. Wigmore, Eng., '22.

Other members of the new cabinet are: Messrs. A. E. Warren, '23, B. Goodwin, '23, T. L. Brindley, '23, M. H. Mason, '22, H. H. Wetmore, '22, W. H. Elgee, '22, A. B. Corey, '22, T. H. Robinson, '24, S. S. Chipman, '24, W. Bowlby, Eng., '23, J. W. W. Lank, '22.

Secondly we find a noteworthy event in the decision of the Y. M. C. A.'s of the College and Academy, and their sister organizations, the Co-eds and Siminary girls, to join in the new Student Christian Movement. The local organizations have also decided to join themselves in all matters of common interest to this new movement.

According to the usual custom the church very kindly gave over the service, on Sunday evening February 13th, to the Y. M. C. A. Dr. McDonald spoke on the subject of Missions dividing his subject under the four unique heads of, Financial, Political, Commercial, and Religious. A special college choir aided in the service, while an especially enjoyable feature was the mixed quintette.

Theological Club.

Two noteworthy events took place in connection with this august body during the past month. The first was the election of officers for the coming term, and the following were selected to carry on,—

President—Mr. T. Webb.

Vice-Pres.—Mr. Neary.

Secretary—Mr. Maskell.

Chairman Dev. Com.—Mr. Vincent.

The second event, which probably ranks first in the minds of many of the theologues, was the reception given to them by the Philathea class of the church. This good time took place after the regular meeting of the club on Friday evening, January 28th. The members were entertained in the vestry of the church and a very pleasant evening of games and refreshments was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Dr. MacDonald closed the enjoyable affair with a few of his always well chosen remarks.

New Society and Class Officers.

The following officers have been elected by the various Societies and Classes in the second term.

Athenaeum Society.

President—E. C. Leslie '21.

Vice.-Pres.—J. W. Lank '22.

Secretary—R. A. Williams '24.

Treasurer—W. J. Miller '22.

Class of 1921.

President—R. H. Wetmore.

Vice.-Pres.—Miss Marian Grant.

Secretary—Miss Jean Foote.

Treasurer—Carl Mason.

Class of 1922.

President—A. K. Eaton.

Vice.-Pres.—Miss Margerita Cutten.

Secretary—Miss Reta Cochrane.

Treasurer—J. A. Rogers.

Class of 1923.

President—H. K. Grimmer.
Vice.-Pres.—Miss K. Bowlby.
Secretary—Miss Helena Miller.
Treasurer—T. Brindley.

Class of 1924.

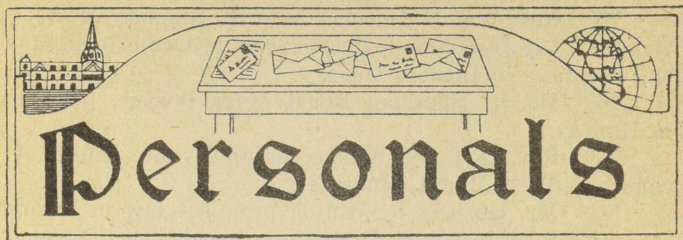
President—J. A. Estey.
Vice.-Pres.—Miss M. Flewelling.
Secretary—Miss G. Belyea.
Treasurer—L. Rhodenizer.

Applied Science.

President—H. H. Wetmore.
Vice.-Pres.—W. Bowlby.
Secretary—B. F. Crowdis.
Treasurer—J. Flemming.

Propylaeum.

President—Hilda M. Bishop '21.
Vice.-Pres.—Ella J. Warren '22.
Sect.-Treas.—Helen Crockett '23.
Teller—Mary Brown '24.



'73. At Lawrencetown on Jan. 12, Dr. J. B. Hall and Mrs. Clara Bancroft were married.

'81. Mr. Frank Andrews is teaching in Victoria, B. C. He has been at this work since 1902.

'81. Rev. Edward R. Curry is still preaching in Bozeman, Montana.

'81. Hon. O. T. Daniels, who has been a continuous member of the Murray Government of Nova Scotia since 1907, is Attorney-General at the present time.

'81. Mr. John Donaldson is farming at Port Williams.

'81. Mr. Albert J. Pineo is Science Master in Victoria High School and College, Victoria, B. C.

'81. Rev. Edmund D. Webber is preaching in the First Baptist Church, Haverhill, Mass.

'81. Rev. Malcolm P. King resides at Chipman, N. B. He no longer carries on his ministry.

'82. Dr. Snow Cook practices medicine in Gloucester, Mass.

'82. Mr. Rupert W. Dodge has been practicing law in Sioux City, Iowa, since 1889.

'82. Dr. Ford L. Schaffner resides in Boissevan, Man., where he is an active practitioner still.

'82. Mr. F. Howard Schofield is Principal of the Collegiate Institute, Winnipeg.

'82. Mr. Arthur G. Troop, who for some years was clerk of the Legislative Council for Nova Scotia, is now in the Federal employ at Ottawa.

- '83. Rev. I. W. Corey is pastor in Fremont, Nebraska.
- '83. Rev. Wm. C. Goucher is in St. Stephen, N. B.
- '83. Dr. Joseph S. Lockhart lives in Cambridge, Mass., and practices in Boston, Mass.
- '83. Mr. T. Sherman Rogers is a lawyer, practicing in Halifax.
- '83. Rev. O. C. S. Wallace occupies the pulpit of a church in West Mount, Montreal.
- '83. Mr. Herbert R. Welton practices law in Toronto.
- '83. Rev. Joseph S. Brown is preaching in the Congregational Church, Manchester, N. H.
- '84. Mr. Benjamin A. Lockhart practices law in Boston.
- '84. Mrs. E. W. Raymond (née Miss Clara B. Marshall), was the first woman graduate at Acadia. At present she is in Europe with her daughter, who is making a study of libraries there.
- '85. Mrs. Alice Grant (née Miss Alice M. D. Fitch), is teaching in Acadia Seminary.
- '85. Mr. Howard Freeman is a land surveyor, practicing his profession in and around Liverpool, N. S.
- '85. Mr. Henry F. Ross is Secretary of the Bankers' Association, Toronto.
- '85. Dr. Smith L. Walker, who was on military duty overseas, is attached to the D. S. C. R. medical staff, Halifax.
- '86. Rev. Frank H. Beals is working in the Baptist church at Bedford, N. S.
- '86. Rev. Dr. John W. Brown, who has been preaching in Fort Larsfield, Me., has resigned that pastorate.
- '86. Rev. Chas H. Day occupies a church in Watertown, Mass.
- '86. Dr. F. F. Eaton is practicing medicine in Truro.
- '86. Rev. Harry H. Hall is still active in his work in Winnipeg.
- '86. Mr. Henry Almon Lovett is a lawyer in Montreal, his work being largely corporation law.
- '86. Rev. M. B. Shaw, of Bernardine, Cal., has retired from the ministry and is now in an undertaking business.
- '87. Rev. Wm. E. Boggs is a missionary in Sattenapalle, India.

'87. Rev. C. Corey is occupying a church in Lewisville, N. E.

'87. Rev. S. H. Cornwall has retired and now resides in St. Martins, N. B.

'87. Mr. O. S. Miller is practicing law in Bridgetown, N. S.

'87. Mr. E. R. Morse is in educational work in Kansas City, Me.

'87. Rev. I. W. Porter is now in Windsor, N. S.

'87. Mr. J. T. Prescott is farming at Sussex, N. B.

'87. Dr. S. K. Smith is practicing medicine at Port Huron, Michigan.

'88. H. L. Day is a chemist in New York city. He is engaged in managing his own business as wholesale importer of chemicals.

'88. Dr. W. DeW. Hemmeon is professor of economics at McGill.

'89. Mr. E. M. Bill is practicing law at Shelburne, N. S.

'89. Rev. F. C. Hartley has recently given up his pastorate in Truro, N. S., and gone to Houlton, Me.

'89. Rev. M. C. Higgins is now stationed at Sydney Mines, C. B.

'89. Rev. W. H. Jenkins is preaching at Coady's, N.B.

'89. Mr. C. H. MacIntyre is still practicing law in Boston.

'90. Rev. B. H. Bentley is at work in his pastorate in Newark, N. J.

'90. Dr. Walter W. Chipman has a medical practice in Montreal, P. Q.

'90. Rev. N. A. MacNeil is now preachnig at Salisbury, N. B.

'90. Dr. Freeman S. Messenger now has a practice in Middleton, N. S.

'90. Mr. Chas. M. Woodworth is practicing law in Vancouver, B. C.

'91. Rev. Douglas B. Hemmeon, of St. John's, Newfoundland, has received and accepted a call to the Methodist church at Wolfville, N. S.

'92. Rev. J. B. Ganong has been supplying the Charlotte street church, St. John, during the illness of Rev. J. H. Jenner.

'92. H. S. Ross, of Montreal, has been appointed permanent arbitrator in the Men's Clothing Industry and in the Cloak and Suit Industry.

'92. Rev. Avery A. Shaw gave an able and comprehensive review of Dr. W. N. Clark's book, "Immortality", at the New York Ministers' Conference held recently.

'92. Rev. O. M. Chipman recently attended a meeting of the Foreign Missionary Board at Toronto.

'95. Rev. Neil Herman is supplying in Dartmouth, as Rev. W. B. Bezanson is ill.

'95. Rev. W. R. Foote has arrived in Wolfville from Korea, after many days of uncertainty, danger and travel.

'96. Dr. G. B. Cutten will address the Canadian Club of Boston on February 26th. His topic will be "How the Canadian Institutions of Learning helped to win the World War."

'97. Rev. W. I. Morse, of Lynn, has recently published a volume of poems entitled, "The Lady La Tour". The reviews of the book show the promises of the early work of the author have been fulfilled, and that the poems are of real merit.

'99. Rev. Ira B. Hardy has decided not to accept the call, which he received from the First Baptist church, Truro.

'00. Rev. S. S. Poole, of Main street Baptist church, St. John, recently received a tribute to his successful work in the form of a substantial raise in salary.

'00. Dr. Harold Tufts, of Boston, was in Wolfville to attend the funeral of his father, Dr. J. F. Tufts.

'01. Wallace I. Hutchinson has a position on the staff in the Department of Forestry, Wash., D.C.

'02. Rev. J. M. Baird has left his work at New London, N. H., for the winter and has gone to Florida, hoping to regain his impaired health. Mrs. Baird accompanied him.

'03. Rev. S. W. Schurman has gone to the church at Old Town, Maine, from Exeter, N. H.

'04. At Gardner, Me., to Mrs. R. E. Bates, a son.

'07. Rev. F. H. Eaton is to be congratulated on his new church recently completed in Bridgewater, N. S.

'08. J. H. Geldert, church secretary Y. M. C. A., Shanghai, has recently written some articles for the Maritime Baptist which have proved of much interest.

'11. Rev. C. T. Clark has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Fairville Baptist church, of Fredericton.

'14. Miss Ada M. Johnson has resigned her position with the New York Public Library and accepted the position formerly occupied by Mary Raymond.

'14. Rev. Hubert DeWolfe has accepted a call to Hantsport.

'14. Mr. Walter Lawson has resigned his position of District Vocational Officer of "K" Unit, D. S. C. R., Fredericton, and has accepted a position as supervisor of Vocational Training in St. John schools.

'15. Dr. A. B. Cohoe was recently elected to membership in the New York Ministers' Conference.

'15. Rev. Earle Kinley has accepted a call to the First Baptist Church, Truro.

'16. The engagement is announced of Rev. John Stanley Malitt, of Clark's Harbor, and Miss Eleanor May Robinson, Chester.

'16. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Borden, of Providence, are spending the winter in Wolfville, N. S.

'16. Ora Elliot is principal of the school at Edson, Alta.

'16. Mrs. Mildred Huffinson is teaching at Easton, Me.

Eng. '16. C. W. DePlaine is in the graduating class of the University of Minnesota, and is editor of the college paper there.

'17. Harrison F. Lewis has resigned his position as auditor for the military authorities of Quebec and has accepted the position as Bird Warden for Quebec and Ontario.

'20. Mr. Leonard B. Gray was recently ordained at his church at Waterloo street, St. John, N. B., Rev. Mr. Gray had an original story published in the Christmas number of the "Maritime Baptist".

Ex. '21. L. S. Bezanson has left the Sanatorium at Kentville and is now at his home in Goldboro.

Ex. '22. D. B. Messenger has completed his normal course, Truro, N. S.

Ex. '22. Robie W. Crandall is now employed with a lumbering firm at Le Pas, Man. He has been there since the term ended in the school in which he was teaching.

Ex. '22. A. W. Boulter is teaching in Albany, P.E.I.

A. L. S.

The death occurred at Berwick on Tuesday, January 18th, of Mrs. Alice Shaw Chipman. Mrs. Chipman, after graduating at Mount Holyoke, established a girls' school at Berwick. This was moved to Horton a few years later and became the real beginning of Acadia Seminary.

Irma Corning was married in Montreal on February 3rd to Dawson Mooney.

'19. Lois Lamont is assistant dietitian at the Kentville Sanatorium.

'20. Elsie Smiley is stenographer in the Million Dollar Campaign office.

'20. Muriel Brooker is stenographer in the Bank of Nova Scotia, North End Branch, St. John.

'20. Evelyn Duncanson has a position in the Bursar's office.

'20. Marguerite White is attending Normal College, Truro, N. S.

'20. Francis Calkin is at her home in Grafton, N. S.

'20. Ruth Wood is at her home in Somerset, N. S.

'20. Mina Gupstill has accepted a position in St. John.

'20. Ellen Spencer is at her home in Glace Bay.

'20. Theo. P. Sears is teaching in Calgary.

'20. Reta Atkinson is at her home in Goldboro, N. S.

Ex. '21. Ruby Palmer is attending Halifax Business College.

Ex. '21. Helen McDougall is teaching at Sussex, N. B.

Ex. '21. Lois Wry is at her home in Sackville, N. B.

Ex. '21. Lois Pugh is teaching at Marysville, N. B.

Ex. '21. Gertrude Belding is at her home in Chance Harbor, N. B.

A. C. A. '18. The name of W. G. Fletcher appears on the staff of the magazine issued by the Gordon Bible School, Boston.





IN glancing over the exchanges for the month, two things were borne in upon us, neither of which are exactly pertinent to this column of would-be literary criticism, and yet we beg to thrust them forth at this time.

The first is the universality of college problems. Despite the facts of different personnel, and environment, we are, after all, one great student body, with fundamentally the same problems. Let me try to illustrate by a few examples. In the editorial of the "Argosy" we find a plea for a closer co-operation of town and gown. Is not the same problem facing us? From the shore of the Pacific we read in the "Ubyyssey" of the difficulties of financing a college paper, —another of our difficult tasks. Again, in still another exchange, we find some difficulties of the Y. M. C. A. which are exact counterparts of our own. There are many other examples which space forbids me to mention. All these facts, small in themselves, show us that as students we must avoid the danger of thinking locally, but rather to consider ourselves in a broader light as the student body of Canada.

The second fact, and this is slightly more relevant, is that of the many instances we find in college publications of what we call "orthodox writing", that is, the use of trite expressions, of hackneyed words and phrases, the endeavor, in other words, to express the thoughts of the writer in the words of another. We realize that this is a practise very prevalent to-day in many fields of so-called literature, and we criticize with fear and trembling because, in this very column, we feel highly guilty. However, I defy Demosthenes himself to be

original in an exchange column. You simply have to say a magazine is "well balanced" and so forth. But surely we, as a body of college men and women, should take every care to develop the habit of expressing our *OWN* convictions in our *OWN* words, for this in itself goes a long way toward a clear, direct, and forceful style, which must be the aim of any writer.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

We deeply appreciate your lengthy article on the life and works of Blanche Bishop, who graduated from Acadia in the class of '86. Her name will always remain fresh in the memory of those whose pleasure it was to know her.

The material in your "College News" is well written, and there is abundance of wit packed into your "Here and There" pages. We would like to see some more work from your undergraduates. Why not develop your latent material for short story writing?

RED AND WHITE.

The December number of this quarterly magazine is a very creditable issue. It is flavored with Christmas material, but does not exclude the general trend of college affairs. The poetry is good, and the items summarized in your "Editorial and Review" are full of interest. We appreciate your expression of sympathy recorded in this issue, in consequence of the loss of our college hall. In your table of contents we would like to see the names of your authors. In "Our Alumni", why not give the year after the names of your graduates?

THE UBYSSSEY.

The issue of January 20th of this magazine features "Kla-how-ya Week." The worthy object of this special effort is to found a \$500 annual scholarship in the university, in memory of their students who fell in the Great War. No mention is made of the result in the following issues, but we are confident that U. B. C. reached their objective. All

classes seem well represented in your college activities. Why not keep your readers in touch with your graduates? A little poetry and some short stories would brighten up your magazine. We note your appeal in your issue of February 3rd, for more material from your under-graduates. What do you think of the competitive scheme that several Eastern colleges are adopting? It brings results.

GATEWAY. (Monthly).

The two issues of the Gateway, monthly and weekly, seems to us very deplorable, for the simple reason that if the effort now placed in the two issues were combined in one, it would produce a worth-while magazine, while, at present, both the magazine and paper are below the ordinary standard, the former being very small, and the latter printed on such poor material that it appears more like an ordinary newspaper. We must congratulate Alberta on her evident success in basketball.

THE SHEAF.

We are very much interested in the new Bell System which has been installed in the men's residence in the university of Saskatchewan. By this system every man is informed of a call on the phone by means of a bell in his room. Gee! wouldn't it be handy—no, we won't mention names. The little article entitled "Guaranteed to do the trick" is worth reading. It contains ten points, which, if followed, are certain to ruin any society. If you have a grouch go down and look them over. The editorial on debating and leadership is also worth reading. We wish you all success, Saskatoon, in your schedule.

MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG.

This issue of the "Technolog is very interesting. It is hard to say just what articles would make the most general appeal, but to us it seems that particularly "The Currency

of China," and "A Message from the Heart of the Continent" should interest any reader. The latter deals with the development of the waterways of the Great Lakes, which is a vital question both to Canadians and Americans. We are pleased to note the double honor which has been conferred on an old Acadia man, Carlos DelPlaine to whom we are indebted for this magazine. Mr. DelPlaine has recently been elected editor-in-chief of the "Technolog", and has also been admitted to the exclusive aero club of Minnesota University.

WESTERN U GAZETTE.

This westerner is still bringing us its weekly budget of breezy news. The Christmas issue was about twice the ordinary size of the usual publication. We can appreciate what you say about your new Gymnasium, in view of the fact that ours is nearing completion, and all the activities will be in operation by the time this issue comes from the press. Do you appreciate your exchanges? Your paper does not lack for wit and humor. We note that you are taking on a new form, and we look forward to the new Gazette with interest.

We sympathize with you in the death of the Dean Emeritus of your Medical School.

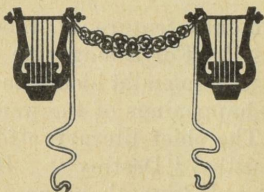
DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

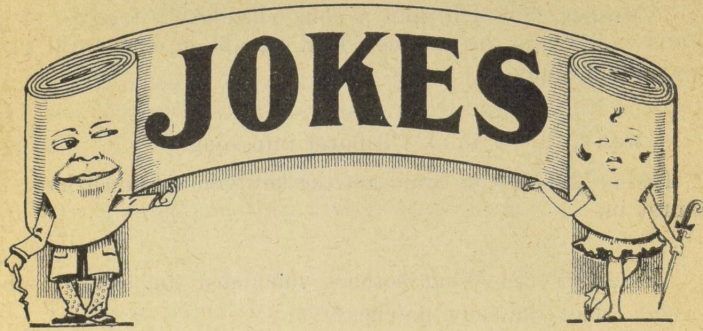
....

The most up-to-date feature of this exchange is the column "Stock Press". For a magazine of weekly publication this appears to us a splendid idea. In this column briefs of all the important happenings of the week may be found in a moment's time. The chief literary effort takes the form of a short story, entitled "Destiny". It certainly is of a highly seasoned and melodramatic nature, yet we have to admit that once we started it we felt like seeing the end, the arrangement being highly climactic.

ARGOSY.

We like your Christmas dress. We think it is a good idea for even a college magazine to give their friends a surprise at the Yuletide season. "A. D. 1920" is a noteworthy poem, while "Heard at the Freshman Feed" is lighter vein and pleasant reading. To use an old expression, there is more truth than poetry in your first paragraph of "Sacks and Bubbles". We heartily agree with the last sentence in your article on "Holidays". "Town and Gown" applies to Wolfville, as well as Sackville. We trust your competition scheme will prove as advantageous to you, as ours has to the "Athenaeum". Why not give each of your "Locals" a heading? The same may apply to Athletics. Good luck to you in your financial campaign!





FRESHMAN CHORUS

I wish I had lived when Methuselah did,
 When a man two hundred was only a kid;
 Then for Latin, I think, I'd have plenty of time
 To take all my sups and get thru in my prime.

D-yl—I don't know what to do with Parsons. He told
 the faculty an awful lie about me.

Anth-ny—You should thank him. What if he had told
 the truth?

Prof. at Ridge)—Humph, Sunday, is it?

By the look of the people you'd think it was Two's day.

Prof. B-le-m—The Pharisees are ridiculed a great deal,
 but they had at least one good characteristic—they were not
 afraid to take a front seat.

Dewey's ditty—"Bring back, bring back, oh bring back
 my Kitty to me."

Poole, '22 (at reception)—Will you have the pleasure of
 this topic with me?

Simpson, '21—What'll we do tonight, Jack?

Mosher, '21—I'll spin a coin,—heads we'll go to rink; tails we'll go to the movies. If it stands on edge we'll stay home and study.

McN-l, '21—I think I'll burst into song.

L-sl-e, '21—If you could get the key you wouldn't have to burst in.

Miss P. '22—What bothers you most in skating—the rough ice or the snow patches?

M-ll-r, '22—The skates.

Dr. R.—What does Shakespeare mean by the frequent use of the word “go to”?

Doyle—I thought he just stopped there because he din't like to finish the sentence.

Lank—This man's dead. How'll I address his Athenæum?

L-msd-n—Just old address and “please forward”.

What do the “giggling trio” do outside of Chem. I?

Prof. Whitelaw (to Ried after Mt. A. game)—Have an accident?

R--d—No, thank you, sir; just had one.

R-ch-rds-n, '21—While you were standing in the doorway bidding the sweet young thing “good night”, did it ever dawn upon you—

G-n-ng, '22—Oh, no, I never stayed as late as that.

Co-ed—I'll marry you on one condition.

Junior—That's all right—I entered college on three.

Prof. Whitlaw suggests that the "owl" train is so called because it travels by night, hoots much and flies little.

A wise man carries his coat in rainy weather, but Class '24 have Coates and Hatt always with them.

Prof. Perry—What do you call the last teeth we get?

C - - t-s, '24—False teeth, sir.

Peters, '23—I don't think the Co-eds and Sems. should be allowed to take languages—one tongue is enough for any woman.

Prof. McPhee (1st lesson after mid-year)—I suppose you are all saturated with psychology.

John M. '21—Yes, sir; we got well soaked in the exam., anyway.

Psychology Prof.—Dreams are made of experiences of the past.

Th-rst-n, '22—But, sir, we *do* dream of the future.

A SERENADE

'Twas cold and late on an Autumn date,
The mud and slush were cruel,
And the sticky fog had settled down
Over the college and over the town
As thick as oatmeal gruel.
There burst with a roar from the southern door
Of frenzied Willet Hall

And lined it straight for the postern gate
Of the Sem. a freshman tall;
Nor stopped till he stood as a cannon would
To bombard the place around.
Then he opened fire from foot to spire,
And lord, how that man could howl!
Not in volleys burst nor round by round,
But a steady rip and roar and growl
Of wierd, unearthly sound.
It rose and fell on the midnight air,
It startled the brave and frightened the fair,
And brought T - - d bristling forth from his lair.
(As a roaring lion prowls in power,
To capture and kill and tear and devour),
It burst o'er the Sem. and the 'kerchief'd heads
That slumbered there in the warm, white beds
And dreamed of Santa Claus.
For mother and dad and dolls they had,
And kittens and toys galore,
As they romped on the sod of the land of Nod
Or played on its nursery floor.
But when he cried like the whip-por-will
That bewails its lonely plight;
And the hooting owl, that omen foul,
In the forests of the night;
And Aetna's blast as she hurls her flame
From the bowels of earth with a roar inane
And a wierd and fearful light;
Then they sprang upright in the reeking night,
And instead of silent dreams
The Sem. was piled with terror wild,
And small spasmodic screams.
From the amorous call of a cat on the wall

To its wail in a dark recess,
And the lion's roar on the barren shore
Of a sea in a wilderness;
His sorrow spread like a sea of dread
O'er all the Acadian land,
As the weeping had risen when ships of war
From Grand Pré's village distant bore
Evangeline's stricken band,
Till the Sems. sank down like wilted flowers
On window-sills and chairs
From the nervous strain and the mental pain
Contracted unawares.
And all had died so young, and fair.
But he softened in the rain
And turned and fled where his back tracks led
To the Latin that crazed his brain.

T. A. M. '21



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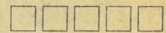
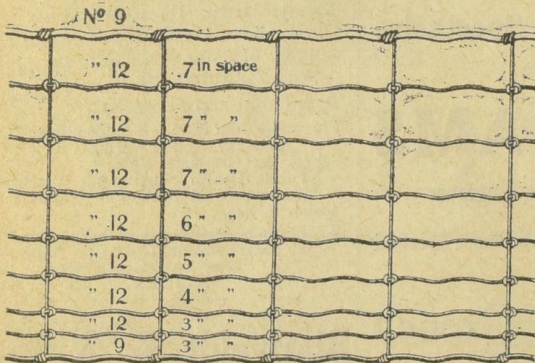
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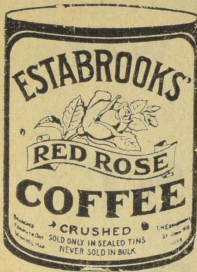
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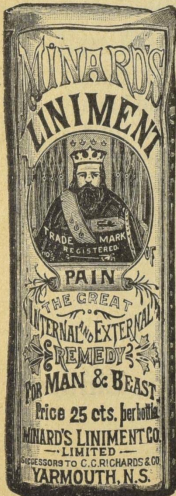
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