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Christmas Number

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Winners for the Month.

- Poems*—1st E. I. Clarke, '16; 2nd, J. S. Millett, '16.
Articles—1st, H. F. Lewis, '17; 2nd, Bessie Lockhart, '16.
Stories—1st, H. L. Porter, '17; 2nd, Charlotte Layton, '16.
Month—1st, H. L. Porter, '17; 2nd, Lillian Chase, '16.
Athletics—1st, F. W. Currie, '18; 2nd, I. B. Rouse, '17.
Personals—1st, Paige Pineo, '16; No second.
Exchanges—1st, H. L. Porter, '17; No second.
Jokes—1st, H. L. Porter, '17; 2nd, F. W. Currie, '18.
Literary “A” won by J. S. Millett, '16.

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Love's Gift Day

ANOTHER Christmas comes in robes of snow,
Though warm within as where the palm trees grow;
It comes with gen'rous heart and open hand,
To scatter gladness over all the land.
But what gives Christmas Day its joy most sweet
Is having those we love around us meet,
Feeling Love's tropic air about us blow,
Though even all without be wrapped in snow.
Within all joys are common to each heart,
Nor can one's little world revolve apart;
Age e'en forgets the past, youth what may be,
As from their own self-centres all are free.
The Christmas gifts, more precious than they seem,
That form the very life of childhood's theme
From morning's dawn to its last waking hour,
Are made thus dear by Love's enriching power;
For though they may be very little things,
Yet if the Love-bird only in them sings,
The simple card, or book, or trifling toy,
May bring to many a heart a world of joy.
Then speed, ye carriers swift, o'er sea and land,
And scatter wide your gifts on ev'ry hand,
For, howsoever poor, if but love-born,
They're kin to Heav'n's rich Gift of Christmas morn.

—REV. W. H. PORTER, M. A., '64.



Kultur

“MY, but it’s thick and nasty! We won’t be able to get into the harbor much before morning,” Captain Peter Ladd mused to himself, beating his mittened hands together, as he watched the sea, the sails, and the binnacle all at once, as a true mariner should. His schooner, the *Pretty Jenny*, from Philadelphia to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, with a cargo of coal, was pounding her way, under short canvas, into the teeth of a rising easterly gale. At three o’clock the Nova Scotian coast had been plainly visible some ten miles away, but now, half an hour later, a thick cloud of whirling snow flakes cut the schooner off from sight of anything but the nearby waves.

No wonder Captain Ladd felt blue. On the little strip of beach known as Yarmouth Bar, which separates Yarmouth harbor from the open sea, was his home, and there his wife, and his only daughter, little golden-haired Jenny, were anxiously waiting for him. They knew that his vessel was due, and doubtless had sighted her off shore before the snow came. They would expect him that night, and Captain Ladd had been looking forward eagerly to embracing them once more. Moreover, the next day would be Christmas Day, and there were certain carefully tied packages in the cabin of the *Pretty Jenny* which were intended to adorn the family Christmas tree next morning. How often all three had thought with joy of their being together for Christmas! Yet in the approaching darkness, the gale, which promised to be a stiff one, and the blinding snow, the captain knew it would be foolhardy to venture near that iron coast, beset with shoals, and swept by rapid, shifting currents. He would have to lie to and wait for morning. Perhaps, if all went well, he could then reach home in time for the Christmas dinner.

Turning to the crew, who were all on deck, he gave a few brief orders. There was a creaking of cordage, a rattle of blocks, a slatting and banging of sails, and soon the schooner was lying with her head into the wind, pitching jerkily, while nearly every wave washed her decks.

Suddenly there was a shout from the lookout, and all hands jumped to the starboard rigging, from which they could dimly see a low, dark object slowly taking shape out of the storm. What was

it? Wreathed and obscured as it was by the driving snow, it might be the upper part of some derelict, or perhaps a buoy which had gone adrift. Captain Ladd's curiosity increased as the object drifted nearer, and he realized that its outline, now more distinct, was like that of nothing he knew. A brief eddy of wind whirled the white flakes momentarily away, and revealed to his startled incredulous gaze the inscription on the side of the thing, "U-57."

A moment later a human head appeared out of the top of it, in a fashion so like that of a Jack-in-the-Box that he felt an excruciating desire to laugh, and a hail came, "Schooner ahoy! Heave to, or I'll put a shell into you!" Evidently the stranger spoke good English.

"I'm hove to already," Captain Ladd shouted back. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"His Imperial German Majesty's submarine cruiser 'U-57,'" was the reply. "I give you ten minutes, no more, to get into a boat and get out of the way before I sink your vessel. You can soon row ashore. Look lively, now!"

"But that's murder!" Captain Ladd answered. "You know as well as I do that no small boat can live to reach that shore through the sea there'll be tonight. If you must sink this vessel, take us aboard with you. Be a naval officer, not a pirate."

The reply was in a sharper tone. "You had better get your boat off, and not talk so much, or I shall shell you at once. You have only nine minutes left."

Seeing that protest was useless, those on the *Pretty Jenny* turned to action, and soon the dory in which they had placed themselves and a few provisions was climbing the waves at some distance from the schooner, though already it required all their care to keep their overloaded craft from filling in the terrific sea. The submarine rose higher out of water, a small gun seemed to be pushed up from her deck, and two shots were fired at the helpless *Jenny*. For a few moments these seemed to have had no effect, then the schooner plunged head-foremost into an advancing comber and did not reappear. The dory struggled on.

When her work of destruction was ended, the "U-57" submerged rapidly, and started northward. The mission on which she had been sent was to lie off the harbor of St. John and make things as unpleasant as possible for shipping in that neighborhood. The *Pretty Jenny* had been destroyed merely because the submarine

had happened to meet her as she travelled up the Bay, and her destruction had seemed such an easy and pleasant task. The heavy sea now running did not trouble the U boat, which passed beneath it, and her commander, rejoicing at the thought of the report he would make when back at Wilhelmshaven, whistled merrily as he directed in comfort the course of his vessel. Without warning came a shock which threw him backward, a crash, and a shriek, then a rush of clear, cold water. The submarine was split open from end to end, and the ebbing tide swept through her. Trinity Ledges had claimed another victim, and another man had learned too late that the currents about the Bay of Fundy cannot be trusted.

* * * * *

Christmas morning was clear and cold. The wind, though still strong, had shifted to the westward and the snow had ceased to fall. Mrs. Ladd had risen at dawn, and, without disturbing her little daughter, had stolen out on the beach. The harbor contained half a dozen schooners, but a quick glance told her that the *Pretty Jenny* was not among them. With quick steps she crossed the Bars to its other side, where she scanned the sea far and near for her husband's vessel, yet saw no sign of her. But the snow-clad mass of Cape Forchu hid much of the nearby water from her. Perhaps, if she walked up the beach a little distance, the familiar sail would appear from behind the headland. As she hurried along, the sun rose, lighting the troubled ocean and the clean, fresh snow, and involuntarily her pace slackened. The glorious morning after the stormy night seemed in keeping with the day. It was the birthday of the Prince of Peace. To her lips came the lines of the hymn:

"Peace on earth, good-will to men,
"From heaven's all-gracious King."

What a glad morning it was! Then her heart almost stopped. Ahead of her, on the beach, lay two stiffened, snow-covered corpses! Fearing, hoping, praying, she ran to them. She knelt by the first and brushed away the snow with trembling hands. No, it was not Peter, nor anyone from the schooner. It was a strange man, in an officer's uniform. On his collar were a gold eagle and the figures "U-57." Wondering, but with a thankful heart, she passed to the next body, ten feet farther on. Brushing away the snow, she turned the face toward her. "Peter!" The world turned black. For her, as for many millions, Kultur had ended Peace.

—H. F. LEWIS, '17.

Johnny

A CHARACTER SKETCH

HE is a short, wiry, little fellow with dark hair and complexion. His features are sharp and his eyes are bright, with a look of sly shrewdness in them that tells one it will be hard to get ahead of him. In all his movements he is quick and nimble, and he is always on the alert to better his worldly condition. At first glance one would call him a sober fellow for he never smiles, but those who know him well say he really has a bright, contented disposition and shows his happiness by the twinkle in his eye.

Nevertheless he has many odd characteristics. He frequently visits the homes of both his friends and his enemies. The latter have much to say against him. They tell how he will come to their houses when they are away, go in and make himself comfortable, and even walk into the pantry and taste the good things that are there. They dislike his shrewdness and his nimble ways, and the fact that he does not always wash his face before he goes calling is especially offensive to them. His friends, on the other hand, are very fond of him, and even go so far as to pet and spoil him. They give him cake and candy, for like most human beings, he has a fondness for sweets. He is quite at home in the house of his friends, for often when they come in they find him sitting comfortably in a rocking-chair. But since he is too polite to occupy the only rocking-chair in the room, he gets up as soon as any one enters, and graciously leaves it vacant that others may enjoy it.

Both his friends and his enemies admit that he is intolerably inquisitive. It is impossible to hide anything from him. Even though one put things in such an unusual place as the waste-basket, he is sure to discover them before he has been long in the room. This quality alone makes many people dislike him.

Clever, polite, inquisitive and selfish—a peculiar combination is Johnny, our little grey mouse.

—CHARLOTTE H. LAYTON, '16.

Christmas Night

Softly the snowflakes fall one by one,
 Gently they hide from the eye of the sun
 The red stain on the earth;
 Night spreads its soft covering o'er.
 Two figures listen at Heaven's door,
 This night of Christ's birth.

From here there rises to those that wait
 Listening for it from Heaven's gate,
 The peal of the Christmas bells.
 But yonder comes confused blur
 Of cannon's roar, and awful whirl
 Of death-dealing shells.

And one of the watchers turned impatiently
 To the other whose face was sad to see.
 " Oh, Master," he said,
 " Why do we hear such sounds this night,
 Why is there on the earth this sight
 Of Thy people dead?"

" Was it in vain Thou didst live and die;
 Do Thy people on Thee rely,
 Or trust in might?"
 The Master's face was compassionate
 As he checked the voice of the other's hate
 And looked out through the night.

He spoke and the words again brought
 Great Hope and faith to the troubled thought.
 " The promise is the same.
 Some time all will know the Christmas story,
 On earth will be peace, to God great glory
 And praise to His name."

—E. I. CLARKE, '16.

How Christmas Came to the Meanest Man

HENRY Strong was the meanest man on the face of the earth. His men said it, his neighbors said it, and his wife knew it. He had the finest farm in the community, but, while he himself used all the best farm machinery, his wife did her own work, baking, scrubbing, dress-making, without receiving as much as the poorest paid servant on the farm. To be sure, he was kind to her in a certain way, but she lived in absolute dependence on him and his selfish whims. Everyone said, "If Mary Strong had an ounce to go to her, she'd never put up with that man's meanness. Why doesn't she put up a fight? But, then, she's too poor-spirited—perhaps it wouldn't do any good anyway."

It was two days before Christmas, and Mrs. Strong had no money. The children had been guessing gleefully as to what Santa Claus was going to bring them, and their mother's heart was heavy. How could she ask her husband for money? Once, a few weeks after her marriage, she had timidly suggested that she might have the money from the sale of the butter. Her husband had gazed wonderingly at her: "What in the name of creation would we do for groceries if I let you have the butter money? If you ever need any money, why don't you keep poultry?" From that day, she had never asked her husband for a cent, but with patient care had added to her already heavy burdens, the care of large flocks of turkeys and geese, and in this way was able to provide clothing for herself and the children. But the spring before, some mysterious disease had carried off all the fowls. Throughout the summer, she had grown shabbier and poorer; a few weeks before the last of her money had gone to buy winter clothing for the children. Christmas presents were easily obtained, for she could knit bright colored mittens and manufacture truly wonderful rag dolls. In her husband's absence, she could make candy, but what could she do for a turkey?

All day long, the turkey problem burdened her mind. At four o'clock her husband came in hurriedly. "Get supper quick. I have to get a carload of hay off to Halifax—won't be back until ten o'clock."

When supper was over, and the dishes were washed, she sat down to mend Henry's socks. Over and over came the question,

“How can I ask for money to buy a turkey? Why can't I have the butter money like other women? But then I suppose we do need it. I wonder why we are so poor?”

In the midst of her thoughts, the clock struck seven. She must put the children to bed. “Oh, mama, tomorrow night Santa Claus will come down the chimney! Are we going to hang up our stockings? What do you suppose he will bring us? Oh, my! We just can't wait to get hold of that turkey! Say, mama, can I have the wish-bone?”

“Well, we'll see about that. Good-night, dears, Santa will surely come if you are good.”

When she went back to the kitchen, through the open pantry door she caught sight of the brimming cream crocks. Tomorrow would be churning day. A sudden wild thought struck her. Did she dare? Could she do it? What would Henry say? No, she did not care. It was Christmas, and the children had a right—yes—she must think of the children—she did not care. She would do it—so there! And Henry would not be back until ten o'clock; there would be plenty of time. With many a furtive glance, she pulled out the churn, scalded it, and then went back to the pantry for the cream. For half an hour she churned to the tune of “What would Henry say? Well, the children must have Christmas! And I don't care! I don't care!” The butter came in beautiful, golden balls, and, by the time Henry came home, it was moulded and put safely away. The buttermilk she left in the churn. “Oh, Mary, tomorrow's churning day. Are you too busy to churn?” “Yes, I will be. But I'll get everything ready for you.”

The next morning, before Mrs. Strong arose, she heard Henry churning the buttermilk. As she went into the kitchen he turned towards her, saying, “There doesn't seem to be much cream this morning. I thought the cows gave as much milk as ever this week.” Mary busily stirred the porridge, and was saved the necessity of answering. After nearly an hour's churning, Henry sat down to breakfast. “What in creation do you s'pose is the matter with that cream? We can't afford to lose a whole churning of butter.” After the meal, he tried again. The sweat rolled over his face, as he vigorously plied the handle in the hot kitchen. After an hour and a half of hard work, of pouring hot water and cold water, of grumbling and muttering fearful words to himself, he handed

the business over to his wife. There she stood and churned while he put on his cap and mittens for a trip to the woods to haul timber for his new barn. As soon as he was gone, she went on with her own work, and, when the dinner was well under way, she made molasses candy to help fill the children's Christmas stockings.

At dinner time, the first question that greeted her was, "Butter come yet?" "No, it hasn't. I don't believe it will come today," and, to her guilty heart, she said, "That isn't a lie—and, anyway, it's for the children." "Well," said Henry, "if you get time, you churn this afternoon, and if you don't maybe I can get it to come tonight. We can't afford to lose it. Guess maybe I can try now, though." It was of no use. Not even Henry Strong could bring butter out of buttermilk. At length, in despair, he gave up, and retreated to the barn to harness his horses, the best horses in the county, for he must get his load of timber to the mill before dark.

Mrs. Strong breathed a sigh of relief when the sound of the bells had died away. The day of reckoning would come soon enough, but "the children should have their Christmas, and it won't hurt Henry to churn buttermilk; he's been mean with money to me all my life; I guess I can be mean to him just once, especially for the children." She hurriedly put on her shabby winter coat and walked to the corner store, where she sold the butter for two dollars. This done, she walked a mile towards the town and bought a turkey from her sister. She was too loyal, outwardly, to talk about her husband, but she did not want him to suspect what she had done. "Janet," she said, "when Henry comes back from the mill, you take this out to him, and tell him you're sending it to me for a Christmas present. "For goodness' sake, Mary, what are you talking about?" "Now, Janet," she pleaded nervously, "just you do what I ask you. Don't tell anybody, and it'll be all right."

All the way home, her heart smote her, but she calmed it with the same thought, "I don't care. I don't care. It's for the children's Christmas, and I don't care."

At dusk, the sound of bells heralded Henry's approach. When he entered the kitchen, he carried the turkey under his arm. "Janet sent this to you for a Christmas present. Such foolishness! Why don't you sell it? Other folks can afford to eat such things better

than you." Then Mary Strong did what she had never dared to do in the ten years of her married life. She faced her husband, her eyes blazing. "Sell it! Sell that turkey! The children's Christmas turkey! You dare—you dare—Oh! I'm glad I did it! I'm glad! And it served you right that you had to churn the buttermilk. Why haven't I a right to have the butter money to spend for the children? I'm your wife and you've always treated me like a hired girl, only you never paid me!" Then, suddenly breaking down, she sobbed, "It was for the children, it was for the children."

When she looked up, Henry was gone. "Well, if he will be angry, let him be; we'll have the turkey." And, again defiant, she moved about getting supper ready. Six o'clock came, but on Henry. Supper was waiting. She thought she could see his lantern in the barn. Still he did not come. "I don't care, I don't care," still rang through her brain, although anxiety was fast getting the upper hand. The children were wondering why their father was so late. "And it's Christmas Eve, too, but father doesn't seem to like Christmas as well as mama does. Oh, what do you suppose Santa Claus will bring? And, will there be a wish-bone for each of us in the turkey?"

"No, only one, but you each need only half to wish on, don't you? Now, you must go to bed to leave everything clear for Santa Clause when he comes down the chimney."

As she came downstairs, she heard her husband's step on the frosty snow. "Oh, what will he say? What will he do to me?" And now he was standing inside the door. "Mary, Mary, I'm—I'm sorry. I guess I never realized. I've tried to think it all out. Mary, tonight's Christmas Eve, isn't it? And if you'll go with me, we'll go for a sleigh-drive, and we'll go to town and buy the stores out. I guess I've forgotten all these years about Christmas, but if I ever forget again, whether it's Christmas time or not, I hope you'll—you'll give me a dose of buttermilk."

—E. BESSIE LOCKHART, '16.

Somewhere in France

There's a mother, old and grey,
One who's yearning night and day,
For the lad that's far away,
Somewhere in France.

There's a spirit, sad and lone,
In a country all unknown,
Dreaming now of friends and home,
Somewhere in France.

There's a stricken, smitten form,
Health and vigor from it shorn;
For our sakes it all is borne,
Somewhere in France.

There's a soldier, strong and brave,
One who died that he might save,
Hidden in an unknown grave,
Somewhere in France.

—J. S. MILLETT, '16.

The Lobster Industry

ONE of the leading industries of the Maritime Provinces is the lobster industry. Some nine or ten thousand men are now engaged in preparing gear which will soon be put into the water for another season.

Although lobsters have been too high in price for the ordinary purse in former years, one can buy them today at very reasonable rates. This is due to the fact that thousands of cases which would ordinarily be shipped to the German market are now being placed on the markets of North America, and will continue to be placed there for some years to come. Thus a review of this growing industry is of special interest at this time.

The lobster is found in abundance about our coasts. It is usually found in shoal water, although it is often caught in water

twenty fathoms deep. As it comes to us fresh from the water, it is not red, but green in color. It will remain alive out of water for several hours. I remember one day when I was a little fellow that I saw a crate of lobsters which had been caught on the previous day. Since I was curious to see how active they might be, I placed a finger between the claws of a large one. Suddenly I became the active one, as the lobster, feeling something within its claws, tightened its grip upon my finger. Howling with pain I ran hither and thither, trying to dislodge my unwelcome friend. An old fisherman watched me for several minutes, then said, "Well, sonny, have ye larned ter mind yer own beesness now?" He then took the lobster, and by pressing in upon its eyes (an old trick) caused it to relax its hold. I went off, a wiser boy, while I carry the marks of that bite to this day.

An enormous amount of labor is necessary to fit out a fleet of boats for this work. In the first place, each fisherman has to make from one hundred to two hundred traps. These are built of laths, and have a little door at each end. The lobster enters the door, but seems unable to find his way out again. Each trap has about thirty fathoms of rope, to which is attached a large wooden buoy. Each man must have his buoys painted differently in order to distinguish them from those of his neighbor, which may be only a few yards distant. In each trap is placed a little bag of bait, to entice the lobster within.

Twice every day the hardy fishermen go out upon the deep to haul their traps. The men are all equipped with up-to-date motor boats, built for this one purpose. They carry a hauling engine to assist in pulling the traps. This engine has only been on the market for two or three years, but is now used by all, on account of its great saving of labor.

Let us now see what becomes of the lobster that has made its way into the trap. The fisherman skilfully grasps it behind the claws, where it cannot bite, and places it in a box. Soon it finds itself on the dealers' scales. If it is a large one, it is placed in a crate with others and shipped to Boston, where it commands a large price at the hotels and restaurants. But we shall deal with the small lobster which is canned in our factories.

discharged, and fortunately were all proceeding home upon the same boat.

Our spirits were high. It was the month of December, and the old boat was due to arrive in St. John on the 22nd. All were looking forward to Christmas with the home folks, and well did we know that much preparation was going on at home for our arrival at this festive season. The passage had been a good one for this time of the year, until we were about one hundred miles from Nova Scotia. Then we ran into fearful weather, and every hour it became worse. On the night in question we were just entering the Bay of Fundy. The steamer had been delayed, and it was the evening of the 23rd. However, we were near home, and since we would arrive in St. John at daybreak, we hoped to make connections so that all might be home by Christmas Eve.

It was a wicked night when we entered the Bay. The waves were mountains high, it was snowing heavily, and never was there a darker night. The captain, who should have kept well out from the treacherous reefs and bars on that part of the Nova Scotia coast, was running too close to the shore in his anxiety to reach St. John before Christmas. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, came that awful crash. We did not know where we were. The tide was about half ebb when we struck. Soon, on account of the extremely high tide on that coast, we were well up out of the water. But we knew our danger when the tide should commence to rise. It was suicide to attempt to launch a life-boat, even had we known in what direction to row. We then began to carry some provisions up to the pilot house on the hurricane deck, since we knew that all might be submerged when the tide arose.

The steamer carried freight and passengers, and on this trip had three lady passengers only, and the fourteen soldiers. It was fortunate that the passenger list was no larger. The crew numbered twenty-seven. Soon the tide began to rise. After about three hours the fires were put out. Slowly the water rose above the lower deck, then the upper deck, and at last just touched the hurricane deck. We soon found that when forty-four people were crowded into such small quarters, there was little room for extras. However, we boys had passed through other difficult times, and now so near at home, we somehow felt that the All-protecting hand would again come to our assistance.

Bobbie had brought up our heavy overcoats, which had kept us warm so many times in France. We wrapped the women in the warm coats, and longed for daylight to come. Never have we spent such a night. The trenches were no comparison. The storm continued to rage, and soon the ship was one great iceberg, for the thermometer was at zero, and every sea froze as it broke over us. We would keep no fire. We had only a little food. The wireless operator had barely been able to send out the S.O.S. call, when the wireless fell, and he had no time to give our position, even had he known it. We hoped that out in the darkness some vessel had heard our call.

In some way we passed the night. Jack had enlivened many an hour in the trenches by his witty stories, and tonight he did his best to keep up our spirits. At last daylight came, but still we could not see land through the snowflakes which continued to fall. Here we were, somewhere in the Bay of Fundy, almost home, yet in terrible straits. And it was the day before Christmas. Would we ever see home again after all the sacrifices we had made by going to the front at the call of our Empire's need? Would all the preparation for our Christmas homecoming be for naught? Would we, who had passed through many battles, have to die so near to our loved ones?

The day passed, and Christmas Eve still found us there. Would we ever see another day? Had our one feeble call been heard? Were people searching for us? Where were we? Could we survive another night without heat and with only a little food? These and a thousand other questions surged through our minds. We thought of our comrades in the trenches and wished that we were there. Anywhere, anything, but here! What a Christmas Eve, in comparison with the other we had planned! We learned later that two plucky captains had taken small tug boats, and had risked their lives in searching all day for us in the raging storm, but could not locate us. Had it not been for Joe, I dare not think what might have been the result of that night's sojourn on the hurricane deck. About one hundred feet from the pilot house was another cabin, in which was kept a good supply of blankets. But how could we reach them? And without them some would perish before morning. At last Joe said, "Boys, I'll try it. If I'm lost, tell mother that I remained true to her last request that I should live

a clean life, and that I died trying to save others." Then he got into a tub which happened to be floating nearby. After he had tied a rope about his waist, he began to paddle across the deck to the other cabin. The waves were rapidly subsiding, and the moon had come out, yet it was still a most dangerous undertaking for one in his physical condition. But some unseen help seemed to be with Joe, and at last he reached the locker, filled his tub with blankets, and made the return trip in safety. Thus we were enabled to keep warm during the night.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear. And what a sight! The ship was one mass of ice. It was a beautiful picture, yet awful in its grandeur. But what revived us the most was the fact that only about a quarter of a mile away stretched the shores which we had not seen for over a year, and which we now viewed from a most unusual position. Soon we were seen by those on the shore. In about an hour a steamer came into view, and a cheer went up as we saw that a watery grave was not to be the reward of our fighting in France. The last man was taken off about eleven o'clock. How good the warm dinner tasted, and how nice it felt to walk again the shores of dear old Canada!

Joe and I were only about eighteen miles from home. Soon we were speeding on our way to loved ones. We took Bobbie and Jack with us, since they could not make connections to leave for home until the following morning. One can easily picture the happy scenes in our homes on that Christmas night, as the soldier lads were once more welcomed in the home land. Never did we spend such a Christmas. And yet, when we thought of the past year, we all agreed that it had been worth while.

—H. L. PORTER, '17.

Future Football Under New Regulations

ON the fifth day of the moon, of the calendar episode of November, in the year 1937 A. D., I alighted from the train at Wolfville, and knowing from previous observation that Acadia and Kings would meet upon the gridiron to do battle in football, I decided to see the game, and note what worthy improvements had taken place in twenty-one years.

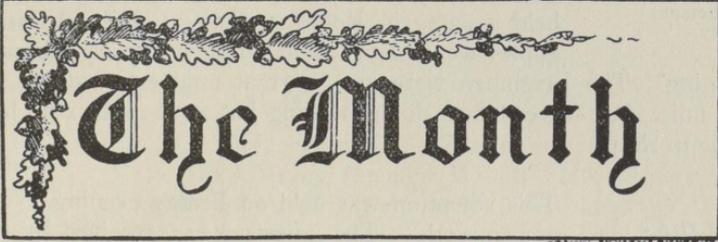
I thought I would try and pass the guards at the tennis entrance, but upon approaching this port of admission I found my way blocked by a discarded electric car, which bore two signs, one of which read, "Donated by the Moncton Street Railway Co." and the other read, "Pay as you enter." So I paid and entered, and after walking some distance I found myself in the bleachers of the grand stand. "Horrors!" I said to myself, "this is no place for an ex-veteran. I should occupy a box seat next to the Faculty box"; but as the game was about to start I immediately became seated, preparatory to watching the game.

I noticed a great improvement in the campus, which I afterwards learned was due to the kindness of heart of the Pope, who upon his death left, as he said, a small "incidental" donation of three hundred and nineteen thousand dollars, which was to be expended solely upon the campus. Hot and cold water was established on every twenty-five yard line, electric fans and mirrors at every ten yards, and a large tea room adjoining the grand stand.

The pig-skin was tied with Acadia ribbons, and the Acadia captain with a profuse bow marched forward and offered it to the Kings captain who modestly refused it, saying he urged it upon the Acadia captain to make the first score. Consequently the Acadia captain, after combing his hair and fixing his tie, and bowing to the grand stand, started with the ball in his hand for a touch. The Kings men bowed low as he passed, and when finally the ball was placed behind the bars, a mighty cheer arose. The score was now 3—0 in favor of Acadia. The Kings captain must now score. So after basking for a few minutes 'neath the electric fan and being cooled after the excitement he also made a touch. Great was the rejoicing. The score was now a tie. At this opportune time the College bell rang, terminating the game, whereupon all the players adjourned to the tea room where five o'clock tea was served.

I walked away disgusted, and recalled to mind November 13, 1915, when Acadia played Kings in a mud field, and as refreshments mud pies were served each team, duck from the players' boots at a velocity of approximately 217 feet per second.

—By a VET.



The Month

NOW that the football season is over interest in athletics is about dead, since we have no gymnasium in which to play basketball. Inter-class debates are now the order of the day. About 50 boys are drilling at regular periods each week, under the leadership of Draper and Lewis.

Y. M. C. A. The Y. M. C. A. is taking a much larger place in our college life than usual. Bible study groups have been formed, and are doing much for the boys. The Sunday morning 9.30 meetings are fairly well attended. A series of special services are being conducted, which we hope will result in permanent good. A number of the professors have led short half-hour services, which have been helpful to all.

On Nov. 3rd Rev. Mr. Harkness, Pastor of the Wolfville Baptist Church, gave us a very helpful talk on "Prayer." Mr. Harkness is winning the esteem of all the students, and we appreciate the help he is rendering us. He is now leading half-hour services each night, which we trust will result in a large ingathering.

Recognition Service. At chapel on November 4th, President Cutten read letters from Norman Rogers, '16, of the Sixth Mounted Rifles, and from Fred Bagnell, '14, in which they gave a clear account of their work, and told of the jolly times which Acadia men have whenever they meet at the front.

Fitting reference was made to the death of Capt. Leon H. Curry, '05, of the 40th, who was killed during his first hour in the trenches. He is the first Acadia graduate to die upon the field of battle. Dr. Chute closed this service of recognition by offering prayer for the sorrowing family.

**Sophomore
Party.**

On Tuesday evening, November 9th, the Sophs. held a party in Room 2, College Hall. Various games were played, and all spent a very pleasant evening. The Freshmen were out in great numbers, judging by the noise, but succeeded in doing nothing but awaken all who had gone to sleep.

**Y. M. C. A.-
Y. W. C. A.
Reception.**

This reception was held on Friday evening, November 12th. The guests were received by the presidents of the two societies, Miss Layton and Mr. Mitchell, and by the chaperons, Mrs. Chute and Mrs. Archibald.

In the course of the evening, Grady, '19, who had recently volunteered for overseas service, was presented with an address and a wrist watch as a token of remembrance from his class. The evening passed all too soon, while everyone seemed to enjoy themselves to the utmost.

**Senior-
Junior
Debate.**

On Saturday evening, November 13th, in open Athenæum the series of inter-class debates was opened by a debate upon the following subject, "Resolved, that for the settlement of international disputes, an international tribunal, backed by armed force, would be better than the present methods, namely, appeal to the Hague Arbitration Tribunal, or resort to arms by individual nations."

The affirmative was upheld by the Juniors. McNeil, in opening the debate, showed the evils of war. His arguments were forceful, and his delivery well up to his usual high standard.

Wood opened for the negative. He showed that the Hague had been successful, and that its only drawback lay in lack of international good-will. He had a good argument.

Lewis, leader for '17, continued for the Juniors. He brought forward a plan for an international tribunal by which war between individual nations would be abolished. He had a sound argument.

Stackhouse, '16, showed that the nations of Europe at the present time would not permit the formation of such a court. Mr. Stackhouse is always at home on the platform, and his sound arguments, with clear presentation, greatly strengthened his side.

Rouse was the last speaker for the Juniors. He had a well thought out argument, and is improving in delivery.

Mitchell for the Seniors showed that the international tribunal, even if formed, would be a failure.

Both rebuttals were good, and showed careful study on the part of the leaders. The judges awarded the debate to the Seniors.

**Fire
Brigade.**

On the evening of November 17th the cry of "Fire" rang through Willett Hall, caused by a blaze in a chimney near by. The boys who form the fire brigade were soon out with hose and chemical. Although these were not needed, yet the boys show that they intend to be on hand whenever there is a call. The wind was blowing hard, and had the blaze caught, the building might have been destroyed before the town department could have prevented it. The boys plan to be "on the spot" this year when anything is doing in that direction.

Recital.

The first of a series of recitals to illustrate seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth century music was given in College Hall, Thursday evening, November 18th. Each number was intensely interesting. Miss Madeline Bryant, violinist, was heard for the first time in Wolfville. Her interpretation of "La Folia" greatly delighted the audience. Miss Dura Gilbert, contralto, was instant appreciation, especially in her rendering of "He was Despised." Mr. McKee at the piano, and Miss Frost as accompanist, were both at their usual high standard, and their playing was enjoyed by all. One-half of the net proceeds goes to Red Cross work.

**Health Lectures
Under Auspices
of Y. M. C. A.**

On November 5th, Dr. C. E. Barker of Washington, former medical advisor of ex-President Taft, delivered three lectures at Acadia: one in the afternoon to the men, another at five o'clock to the College women and the Seminary girls, and a third in College Hall in the evening to the public. He gave five rules for happiness:—

1. Cultivate the habit of always looking at the bright side of every experience.
2. Accept cheerfully the place in life that is yours, believing that it is the best possible place for you.
3. Throw your whole soul and spirit into your work, and do it the best you know how.

4. Get into the habit of doing bits of kindness and courtesies, to all those who touch your life each day.

5. Adopt and maintain a simple, childlike attitude of confidence and trust in God as your Father.

Dr. Barker had a radiant personality, and is a living, convincing example of the doctrines that he teaches.

To keep in good health, he said, one should take regular, systematic exercise every day. At the close of the lecture he demonstrated the exercises that he recommended.

Worry, he said, is as great a sin as drunkenness; we should trust God as our Father.

**Life in the
Residence.**

On the whole we are living together peaceably despite the fact that such momentous questions as, "Shall we take our knitting to debate?" or "Shall we wear caps and gowns to church?" or "Is our board worth an extra twenty-five cents a week?" occasionally agitate our minds.

Class tables have been formed and the girls can now enjoy their meals in company with their intellectual equals. Does it necessarily follow that the more one knows the noisier one grows? We are merely thinking of the Senior tables.

The Grievance Committee decided a short time ago that there was too much noise in the evenings. Since they could not close the transoms they decided to stop the noise. "Silence monitors" were appointed on each corridor. In order not to make the burden unfair, new monitors are appointed every week. The plans has worked beyond the wildest hopes of its progenitors. During the whole evening not a sound can be heard save the scratch of the mice and their nimble feet running through the walls.

**Girls'
Basket-Ball.**

Our basket-ball, ordered so long ago, has come at last. We have rented the Boy Scouts' Gymnasium and practice is held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The under-class women have resolved to get up class teams. They should be a success, for there is plenty of good material among the new girls. Under the enthusiastic guidance and efficient management of Coach Moore and Captain Eaton the first and second teams are working up well.

Rev. Mr. Harkness conducted short prayer meetings on November 18th, 19th and 20th in the club room. These meetings were well attended, and much help has been received from them. They are being continued in College Hall in connection with the Y. M. C. A.

On Sunday morning, November 21st, the regular Y. W. C. A. meeting was led by Dr. Chute. His theme was, "God has a plan for every life." He said that every one has the power of choosing God's plan or going her own way. He urged everyone to get the most out of life by choosing God's plan.

On November 6th a Red Cross meeting was held in the club room. The following program was heard:—

"The History of the Red Cross"—Dorothy Alward.

"The Canadian Red Cross Work in England"—Hettie Chute.

"The Work of the Red Cross"—Esther Clark.

"Synopsis of Current Events"—Paige Pinneo.

After these addresses were heard the Secretary called the roll and the girls answered by saying what work they would do for the Red Cross. Cutting, sewing and knitting have occupied all the spare time of the workers since this meeting.

On November 3rd Dr. M. Elliott began a series of First Aid lectures in the club room. The lectures are practical and instructive. Almost every member of the Propylæum has elected this course.

On November 19th woman suffrage received another crushing defeat when the new girls took the subject for a debate. Ina Dorman, '18, led the affirmative; the other speakers in its favor were Kathleen Knickle, '17, Annie Allen, '18, Helen Satrr, '19, Muriel Cann, '19. The affirmative was led by Dorothy Schurman, '19, supported by Jean Goucher, '18, Francis Smith, '19, Helen Ganter, '19, Marion Reid, '19. The speeches were well prepared, and some of them were delivered in a particularly forceful manner, notably those those of the leaders. The judges, Miss Chute, '16, Miss Layton, '16, and Miss Woodworth, '17, delivered the decision in favor of the negative.

Sophomore-
Freshman
Debate.

On November 20th the debate between Freshmen and Sophomores was on the subject, "Resolved, that trade unions are, on the whole, beneficial to Society." The resolution was upheld by the Freshmen while the Sophomore took the negative. Mr. J. F. A. Armitage opened the debate and presented his case in full, relying upon his colleagues to fill in the arguments. Mr. Armitage seemed perfectly at home on the platform and his delivery was good.

Mr. Titus, leader for the negative, presented a clear and concise account of things as they now stood, and suggested many remedies for the existing evils. He spoke well and had his subject well in hand.

Mr. White and Mr. Copeland, the other speakers for the negative, showed the good effects of trade unions on wages, capital, and on the moral side of life. Their speeches were good, but were not sufficiently well committed to memory.

Mr. Boyer and Mr. Curry supported Mr. Titus on the negative. Both of these had strong speeches upon wages, closed shops, and evil moral effects of trade unions.

After strong rebuttals by both leaders, we listened to the decision of the judges, which was in favor of the Sophomores.

THERE seems to be a bit of misunderstanding or misrepresentation on the part of the ATHENÆUM paper, regarding the Engineers' Class vs. Universal Fee. In the Editorial department of the November ATHENÆUM there appeared an article calling the Engineers kickers and quitters for not paying the Universal Fee. The Engineers' Class may be kickers if they do not think a thing is right, but they don't kick behind people's back, but they are not quitters.

This article is for the benefit of outside people, as the majority of the student body are acquainted with the true facts of this case.

In a meeting of the student body here the first of November a motion was made stating that all who did not pay their Universal Fee be not allowed to represent Acadia on the football field. The Engineers' Class voted against this, but not against the Universal Fee; because, as the class minute book will show, the class had already adopted the Universal Fee. But this is probably where the Editor got his information that the Engineers' Class were kicking against the Fee.

As the ATHENÆUM paper shows, until the first of November about 60 members of College had paid their Universal Fee. Of these, 12 were Engineers; and as there are five classes, it doesn't bring the Engineers much below the others, it being about forty per cent. of the class membership.

The Editor says the Engineers are willing to accept a portion (fifteen cents) of the fee going to the Science Society, paid *practically* by the Arts men. Naturally is every man has to pay his fee, and the Engineers' Class being one class against four Arts' Class, it is not hard to see that the Arts men would have to contribute more than the Engineer to it.

I would like to see this unfair criticism acknowledged, as the Engineers' Class are no more quitters than any other class in college, which has been shown in previous years.

L. RICHARDSON, *President.*

NOTE.—The above article calls for several comments. In the first place, the ATHENÆUM paper was not laboring under any misunderstanding or doing any misrepresenting, as we shall endeavor to show. The statement was made that the Engineers were the largest body of kickers; that does not exclude other kickers, and nothing was said about the Engineers in particular being quitters; the shoe simply fitted and someone put it on. Any man, whether he be Engineer, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, or Senior, who fails to pay the Universal Fee, except in case poverty, *is* a quitter, and we stand on that with both feet.

Comparing the monitors' list, of those fellows who are now in College, with the list of those who have paid the Universal Fee, we find that out of thirty Seniors, twenty-eight have paid, leaving a remainder of two who have not paid; of twenty-four Juniors, twenty-two have paid, leaving a remainder of two who have not paid; twenty-six out of thirty-four Sophomores have paid, leaving eight not paid; out of fifty-five Freshmen, thirty-nine have paid, leaving sixteen not paid; and out of twenty-eight Engineers, eleven have paid, leaving seventeen not paid, the largest number in any single class, one more than the Freshmen, who have a class of fifty-five; nine more than the Sophomores; fifteen more than either the Juniors or Seniors, who have a class of twenty-four and thirty respectively; in other words, the Engineers have five more men who have

not paid the Universal Fee, than the Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores put together, with a membership of eighty-eight, as compared with twenty-eight.

Regarding the motion not to allow men to take part in games, etc., who have not paid the Universal Fee, it is sufficient to say that if the motion had not passed it would have been a death blow to the Universal Fee, and the Engineers voted against the motion as a class.

The writer points out that the amount given to the Science Society is only fifteen cents, and that has enabled the Society, in view of the fact that it is carrying on no active work that involves great cost, to have a surplus in the bank, of seventy-five dollars (\$75.00), while the Athenæum Society is in debt one hundred and fifty dollars (\$150.00), the Athletic Society, one hundred and seventy-five dollars (\$175.00), and the ATHENÆUM paper is in debt four hundred dollars (\$400.00). This explains the change in distribution.

The writer seems to be worried about that word "quitters," for he keeps harping back to it. The only way in which the Editor called them quitters was in the fact that they were the largest body who had not paid the Universal Fee; as such they would claim greater honor along that line than any other class.

We take back no statement we made in the last issue, but again would say to all the students, as we did before: "Acadia men! Don't be quitters! Pay the Universal Fee, and take your share of the work with the rest of us."

S. W. STACKHOUSE, *Editor*.

Seminary Notes

THE Senior Class of Acadia Ladies' Seminary held their annual House Party on Hallowe'en night, October 30th, 1915. The usual Hallowe'en decorations were used and Hallowe'en stunts performed. A good time was reported by everybody.

On November 20th, 1915, the annual Y. W. C. A. Fair at Acadia Seminary was held in the usual way with its Fancy Work, Banner, Candy and Fortune Telling Booth, Fish Pond, Tea Room, and last but not at all the least, the Side Show. Everybody was surprised yet pleased when it was announced that over \$190 had been made.

Academy News

DURING the month student activities in the Academy have been dull. The school Y. M. C. A. has been co-operating with the College branch of that Society in holding special services in College Hall. A fuller report of these services will be found in the report of the College Y. M. C. A.

In the Lyceum much of interest but little worthy of note has transpired. Besides the regular entertainments one Senior Class debate was held in Lyceum. The resolution read, "Resolved, that Wellington was a greater man than Napoleon." Messrs. Payne and Webb spoke for the affirmative, Ganong and Parks for the negative. The decision went to the negative on point of argument.

The third, and what is expected to be the last football game of the season, was played on the home campus, November 19th, between the Academy and Dalhousie University's second fifteen. The day, considering the season, was mild, and an interesting game was witnessed. The first period was fast and clean, ending without either team making a score. The second was somewhat rougher, Dalhousie wearing down the Academy by greater weight and better team play; several of the A. C. A. players were hurt; J. A. Smith being carried off the field in a semi-unconscious condition. These misfortunes, combined with the fact that Scott, the Academy's fastest forward, was out of the game, accounts for the final score being 14—0 in favor of Dalhousie.

In the Bulmer Relay race November 20th, the A. C. A. track team finished a close second. Several of the runners had played against Dalhousie the day previous, and were consequently in poor condition for the race. The names of the Academy eight will be found in the report of the College Association.

Not often during the Academic year has it been necessary for us to report a change in our teaching staff. The present war, however, has come home to us by claiming in the person of F. C. Chute one of our most popular teachers. Mr. Chute was just beginning a second year of most effective service when he heard the call of country. True to his noblest instincts he responded, and is now serving as a member of the Dalhousie Medical Corp. On the eve

of his departure Mr. Chute was presented with a military wrist watch by the school. The presentation was made in the dining-room of the new Residence on the evening of November 5th. Speeches were made by representatives of the Academy classes and Faculty. Mr. Payne in making the presentation expressed the high esteem in which Mr. Chute was held; voiced the regret of the school because of his departure, and wished him God-speed and a safe return. Mr. Chute replied in few but telling words.

Mr. Chute's classes are now in charge of Messrs. Draper and Titus.

We are pleased to report that the northern section of our new Residence is now occupied; Butt Inn has been closed, and we trust the Annex will suffer a similar fate in the near future.



STUDENTS'
COMMITTEE.
ACADIA
UNIVERSITY.
1915-16.



C. L. Moore, '17. Vice-Pres.



H. M. Chute, '16.



D. McLean, '19. Sec.



R. S. Gregg, '16. Pres.



F. W. Curry, '18. Treas.



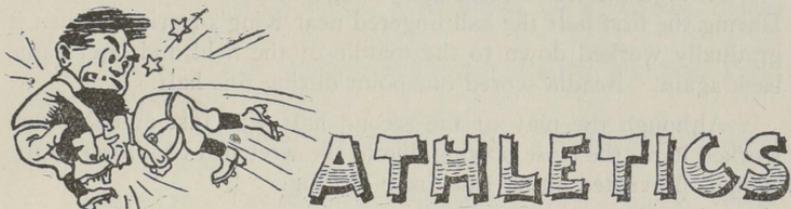
S. W. Stackhouse, '16.



W. M. Moore, Eng.



J. A. Draper, '17.



THE Athletic Association of U. N. B. has proposed that Mt. A., U. N. B., and Acadia continue the league games for the Clark Trophy; also that St. Francis, Dalhousie and King's form another league, and that the winners of these two leagues play on neutral ground for the Maritime championship. They suggested further that we introduce Upper Canadian football. Owing to the abnormal conditions of the present, there is little use of instituting these changes.

ACADIA, 8; KING'S, 0.

The first game of football for the season took place at Wolfville with King's on Wednesday, November 3rd. Classes were suspended in order that all might witness the contest. The Royal Acadia Band played several selections during the game, which was an exciting one. The scrim was very evenly matched, but when it came to passing Acadia had the advantage. Grady played a splendid game. During the first half Harlow made a touch down which was converted; then in the second half Grady obtained another touch down for Acadia, which gave her a final score of 8 to 0.

ACADIA, 1; KING'S, 0.

The chances for a return game with King's seemed to be ruled by an unlucky fate. As sure as we planned to go to Windsor it would rain. Twice a special train had been engaged; twice the engagement had to be cancelled. Finally, on Saturday afternoon, November 13, a special train carrying about a hundred and seventy football enthusiasts, including the Band, left for Windsor. All the previous night it rain. Anyone who has ever visited the campus at King's may easily form an opinion as to what kind of a field the boys had to play on.

At 2.30 the teams lined up. King's kicked off with the wind. During the first half the ball lingered near King's territory; then it gradually worked down to the middle of the field and later came back again. Acadia scored one point during this half.

Although the play of the second half was fast and the men worked hard, the close playing due to the wretched condition of the campus prevented either side from scoring.

The following was the line-up of players in the two games:—

KINGS	ACADIA
Forwards.	
Spencer	Walker
Cribb	Sharp
Fowlow	Steeves
Ernest	Holmes
Harris	Millett
Smith	Frazer
Jones	R. Harlow
Halves	
Markham (Capt.)	Stewart
Ratchford	Eagles
Crerar	Rogers
Spence	Harlow
DeCarteret	Grady
Quarters	
O'Brien	Richardson
Winter	Rouse
Lingham	Pickles
Full Back	
Scarf	Pickles
Spares	
Burchell	Boyer
Taylor	Elderkin

THE BULMER EIGHT MILE RACE.

The annual race for the possession of the Bulmer Track Trophy took place on the campus Saturday afternoon, November 20th. Four teams representing Seniors, Juniors, Freshmen and Academy, entered. After the first mile the Freshmen took the lead and held it throughout the race. They have several promising runners in their class. Prescott made the fastest time for the Freshmen; he ran his mile in 5 minutes and 23 seconds. Elderkin, who ran for the Juniors, made the fastest mile of the day, finishing in 5 minutes, 9¾ seconds. The aggregate time for the Freshmen was 44 minutes, 58 seconds. The following men composed the teams:—

SENIORS—Millet, Mitchell, Stackhouse, Cook, Evans, Bleakney, Wood, Harlow.

JUNIORS—Draper, Porter, Schurman, Rouse, McPhee, Peck, Coldwell, Elderkin.

FRESHMEN—Copeland, Prescott, Corey, Pickles, Bentley, Harnish, Fraser, Reed.

CADS.—Frail, Taylor, Snow, Fitzgerald, Hay, Johnson, Webb, Parks.



The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 2

S. W. STACKHOUSE, 1915, Editor-in-Chief.

B. G. WOOD, '16, Month.

LILLIAN CHASE, '16, Exchanges.

ESTHER CLARKE, '16, Personals.

HETTIE CHUTE, '16, Jokes.

J. S. MILLETT, '16, Athletics.

L. F. TITUS, '18, Mgr. of Circulation.

H. F. LEWIS, '17, Bus. Mgr.

G. B. GANONG, Academy.

MYRTLE MORSE, Seminary.

E. D. MCPHEE, '18, and H. W. WALKER, '19, Assistants.



Editorial



The Spirit of Destruction

In every community there is a destructive element as well as a constructive, and oftimes it seems that the former by far outnumber the latter. In our observation the last few years we have noticed that many College men, seem to take delight in destroying anything that belongs to the College. Why do College men fit a brand new code of ethics, and system of conduct to themselves, the very moment they get back to College? This question has been puzzling us for some time. On several occasions we have spent periods of time with our fellow-students, in their own homes, and we never witnessed more careful fellows in the handling of the home property. When leaving a room the light would be switched off unconsciously, and the very same fellows at College, would go out of a room leaving two lights burning for several hours, and would even go to bed with the light burning, that they might be wakened in the morning.

This same spirit is carried farther by others, and manifests itself in the breaking of windows, lights, or doors, and yet if one used *their* personal property in a similar fashion, they would be most severe in their criticism.

This spirit is not peculiar to Acadia. In conversation with men from other college, we find that this same spirit is present to a more or less degree. And it is not confined to the few men which every college is unfortunate in having, but exists among men who are universally respected, who hold high places in class work and in the social life of the College, and whose ideals on almost any line are high.

We are not attempting to get at the psychological explanation for it, but we would point out a fact, which we believe is responsible for the fostering of this spirit among college men, and that leads us to consider—

A MISPLACED SPIRIT.

College men despise a "tattler"—but what constitutes tattling? It seems evident to us, that there is a great deal of ambiguity about the name. To tattle is to talk idly or triflingly; to prate; to tell tales or secrets. If a man is a criminal, and therefore an enemy of society, any respectable citizen would feel it his duty to report such a one to the police, and a college man would even feel called upon to aid in the capture of such a man, and hand him over to the authorities, and *miribile dictu*, he would not consider himself a "tattler"; but if a man in college destroys some college property, is he any less an enemy of society, than the man who wilfully destroys property that does not belong to the college? Still if a man reported him, in the eyes of many, he would be a "tattler,"—another psychological problem.

This spirit of shielding a man who destroys property that does not belong to him, is misplaced. Accident will happen; we do not refer to these cases. What we mean is deliberate destruction. We believe that the time has come for Acadia men to make a stand against immoral acts, and stand shoulder to shoulder in an effort to stamp out this spirit of shielding the wilful destroyer. If we are true Acadia men we will remember that our College has a few claims upon us, and one claim in particular is protection against wilful destruction and petty exploitation.

A Piano The club-room at Willett Hall is a cheerless place without a piano. We have made strenuous efforts to get one, and have failed. We mention this in the hope that some good friend of the boys may have an extra piano taking up space somewhere, collecting dust, and causing extra work; that same piano which he does not use would be a God-send to us, and we would gladly keep it free from dust, and use it constantly, even to the wee sma' hours.

Now, somebody be a good sport, drop your nickel in the slot and see the piano work. Several years ago an appeal similar to this was made by the Editor, and in two weeks we had a piano in old Chipman Hall. May history repeat itself.

Drill Captain Manning, finding it necessary to leave College for a couple of months, left the command of the military drill in the hands of Lieut. J. A. Draper. Messrs. Rouse, Vaughn and Coldwell were then promoted to lieutenants and Mr. Lewis to adjutant.

Some difficulty was experienced for a time in getting the men together, and arranging suitable hours for drill without conflict with classes, but finally forty-five men were formed into squads, and are now drilling three hours a week. Everyone is called out on Saturdays for company drill. The men have already had about one month of drilling, and each man is expected to put in forty hours, for which he will be credited one and a half units on his College work.

We have been unable to secure a drill sargeant, but still have hopes of getting someone who will be able, at least, to give lectures, but in the meantime the responsibility is placed upon the shoulders of last year's men.

**Committee
The Student** The Student Committee has regulated the allotment of the Universal Fee again this year. Some of the Societies are heavily in debt, and by a new adjustment more money was given the Societies bearing the heaviest burdens and withheld from those having a surplus in the bank. Now, the Athletic Society receives two dollars and twenty cents, the Athenæum Society eighty cents, the ATHENÆUM paper one dollar and sixty cents, and the Science Society fifteen cents. The extra twenty-five cents goes to pay the expenses of the Committee, and any surplus is divided among the Societies at the end of the year.

We are printing the picture of the Committee in this issue.

The following Constitution has been adopted by the Student Committee:—

ART. 1.—This organization shall be called the Students' Committee of Acadia University.

ART. 2.—The Committee shall have power to deal with all matters of general student interest, such as procuring of college pins, college flags, collecting and distribution of the Universal Fee (\$5.00 for fellows and \$3.75 for girls), etc. Amendment: 25c. from each for Committee.

ART. 3.—Each recognized club, society, or organization of the students of the University shall, through its secretary, present to the Committee for inspection, at their business meeting in May, a written report of the year's work and financial condition, and shall, if requested by the Committee, make a full report of all or any matters appertaining to such club or organization.

ART. 4.—The Committee shall call a meeting of the whole student-body the first Monday of each month, and give an opportunity for questions regarding the business of the Committee.

ART. 5.—The Committee shall consist of eight members: three Seniors, two Juniors, one Engineer, one Sophomore, and one Freshman.

ART. 6.—The members of the Committee shall be chosen in May, and shall assume office at the opening of the Fall Term; the incoming Freshman Class shall choose their member within seven days after the opening of the term.

ART. 7.—The officers of the Committee shall be: President, a Senior; Vice-President, a Junior; Treasurer, a Sophomore; and a Secretary, a Freshman.

ART. 8.—The Committee-elect shall meet and elect their own officers within seven days after the opening of the Fall Term. The meeting shall be called by the Secretary of the previous Committee.

ART. 9.—Five of the members of the Committee shall constitute a quorum.

ART. 10—Two auditors shall be chosen by the Committee from the student-body to audit all accounts of the Committee.

ART. 11—Any surplus money on hand at the close of the year in May shall be given to the different Societies according to their need.

ART. 12—Amendments to this constitution may be made by a vote of not less than two-thirds of the members present at a meeting of the Committee, after at least one week's notice has been given concerning the proposed change. Any amendment shall be reported at the regular monthly meeting of the student-body.

**Rayner
Hall**

The new Academy Residence is a beautiful building from the standpoint of architecture. It surpasses by far any other in the University Block. Of course, we speak of the building itself, and not what it contains, else we should be compelled to give all the credit to the Seminary and Tully Tavern.

Each room contains hot and cold water, which is a great improvement over the former large lavatory. The rooms are very much superior to those in Willett Hall. The Academy Home bears the same relation, in point of beauty and convenience, to Willett Hall, that Willett Hall bears to the late Chipman Hall.

**Special Prize
Contest**

Mark B. Shaw, '86, of San Bernardino, Cal., has offered twenty-five dollars to the ATHENÆUM for a special number. Fifteen dollars will be given in prizes, for the best story or article, written from personal experience.

Mr. Shaw was of a venturesome disposition while at College, and had some thrilling experiences in the Maritime Provinces, and he desires to read of similar experiences, written up by the College men and women of today. To this end we offer ten dollars (\$10.00) for the best story, and five dollars (\$5.00) for the second best. This competition is open to members of the College, Seminary or Academy.

The following subjects have been suggested by Mr. Shaw: "A day on Minas Basin," "A trip through the Bras d'Or Lakes," "Cherry time in Weymouth Falls," "A day among the mackerel off Cavendish," "Skating on Lake Rosignol," "A day on the blueberry barrons," or "Snaring rabbins on Cape Cobequid," etc., etc.

A contributor can write on anything he desires, the main conditions are that it has been an actual happening, and has occurred in the Maritime Provinces.

REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Contributions must be in the hands of the Editor-in-Chief, not later than December 20th, 1915.

2. Only students in the three institutions who are subscribers to the ATHENÆUM shall be eligible as competitors.

3. The article contributed must be an actual event in the life of the contributor, and must have taken place in the Maritime Provinces.

4. All articles submitted must be signed with a *non de plume* only, and mailed to the Editor-in-Chief.

5. The title of the article, the writer's real and fictitious name, enclosed in a sealed envelope, marked "Prize Competition," must be mailed to the Business Manager before the date of closing of the Contest.

6. All articles submitted shall belong unreservedly to the ATHENÆUM, and may be published at the discretion of the Editor.

8. No prize shall be given any article not worthy of publication in the ATHENÆUM.

Seminary Fair

The fair held in the Seminary on November 20th was a huge success. The account given in the Seminary Notes is extremely modest. Everyone had a most delightful time. The fortune tellers were evidently well posted on current topics, and the private history of the male students, and this knowledge was used to the best advantage. The big hit, however, was the side show, the performers deserve the highest praise for their classical (?) program, and the "Humbug Orchestra" was calculated to dispell the blues with lightning rapidity.

Poems

Our would-be poets at Acadia are very scarce. The contribution this month, however, was somewhat larger than usual, but unfortunately the eliminating process left only three for publication. Several of those contributed contained good thought, but bad meter. A great many seem to think the essential thing in writing poetry is to get

an end rhyme, and to this end they slaughter both thought and rhythm. There are a score of students in College who could write poetry if they would make the effort. Read over a dozen or so good poems, observe the meter, rhyme, and harmonious rhythm throughout. Write out in prose the thought you wish to express, and then write your poem. Scan it after you have finished, and be sure the meter is right, for the Editor has not time to correct the meter. Make the effort for a New Year poem next month.

**House
Committee**

For the first time Willett Hall is under student management. At a mass meeting of the students residing in the Hall it was decided to adopt the rules, which were in force for so many years in Chip. Hall. The following were elected on the House Committee:—S. W. Stackhouse, '16, (Chairman), A. H. G. Mitchel, '16, B. G. Wood, '16, J. H. McNeil, '17, Stewart Arbuckle, Eng.

The following were the rules adopted:—

1. A committee of five, composed of three Seniors, one Junior and one Diploma Engineer, if there be one in the Residence, or if not, of three Seniors and two Juniors, known as the House Committee, shall be charged with the oversight and administration of order. The Dean of the Department of Arts to be *ex officio* member of this Committee.

2. The Committee shall be elected by ballot from double the number of nominees of each class from which Committee is to be chosen. The Chairman of the Committee to be elected by ballot from the three Senior members chosen. The election shall be conducted by the Senior members of the retiring Committee on the second last Saturday for the school year. Those already in Residence who have applied for rooms the following year shall be eligible to vote.

3. THE DUTIES OF THE COMMITTEE.

(a) To superintend the selection of rooms and assignment of the same. Rooms to be selected according to seniority of class. Students of all classes already in Residence having precedence of choice over non-residents.

(b) To maintain order and protect the interests of the student body as a whole and of the Governors of the University.

(c) To recommend to the Faculty the expulsion of any whose residence in the Hall is not conducive to good order.

4. Each student admitted to the Residence shall, by order of the Board of Governors, deposit with the Treasurer of the College, at the beginning of each year, the sum of five dollars, as a guarantee against damage to the property of the Board in the Residence, beyond reasonable wear and tear. Should such damage take place, the deposit of the student responsible for the same will be taxed for prompt repairs. Should the Committee be unable to ascertain the person or persons responsible, the assessment for repairs will be made upon the aggregate deposit of the students in residence. Failure to return key of room will involve a tax of 50c. At the end of each year the deposit in full of each student, or such portion as has not been taxed, will be returned to him.

5. SPECIAL RULES.

(a) Orderly and gentlemanly behavior is expected of all residents and guests.

(b) Students are expected to abstain from anything that would disturb their fellow-students during study hours, and to reduce all noise to a minimum after eleven o'clock at night.

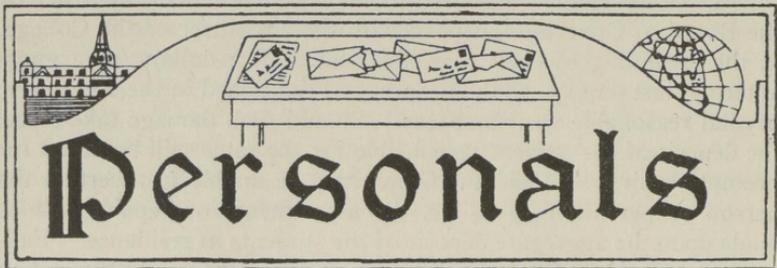
(c) Gambling and the use of spirituous or malt liquors are forbidden.

(d) With a view of reasonable economy, students are expected to turn off the electric lights in their rooms when not needed. A charge of \$5.00 each will be made for extra lamps or lamps of higher candle power. No other electrical apparatus shall be attached to the wires without permission.

(e) With a view of the reasonable preservation of the rooms from disfigurement, students must not drive tacks, pins, or nails into the walls and woodwork, but hang all wall decorations from the picture moulding. Damage done by driving nails or posting pictures or marking or defacing walls will be charged against the deposit. Special care has been taken in providing attractive rooms and furniture, and equal care is expected in preserving them. No trunks shall be kept in the rooms. A place will be provided by the Janitor for them.

(f) Rebate on board will be allowed only for absences of one week which have been approved by the Faculty.

(g) Students entertaining guests at meals are required to give notification of the same beforehand to the Matron.



'91—Rev. J. H. MacDonald, D. D., Chaplain with the 5th Field Ambulance, writes as follows: "Am enjoying life here so far. The weather is horrible and the trenches are knee deep these days. The boys are in fine spirits just the same, and giving a good account of themselves. Eric (ex-'14) is still in hospital and I have not seen him yet."

'10—Arthur Chute is attached to No. 1 Casualty Clearing Station, France.

'10—Stockwell Simms is a Lieutenant in the 26th Battalion.

'12—Ralph Donaldson and Ernest Barss are with the Princess Pats.

Harvey T. Reid is with the King Edward Horse.

'13—Frank Chute recently joined the Dalhousie Medical Corps.

Raymond R. Haley is in the trenches with the 26th.

Jack Smith is on active service with the 6th Mounted Rifles.

'14—Fred Bagnall is attached to No. 1 Casualty Clearing Station.

Walter Lawson is in the 26th.

V. K. Mason enlisted from Oxford and joined the other Acadia fellows in No. 1 Casualty Clearing Station.

The following men enlisted with the 4th Universities Company of the P. P. C. L. I.:—Lieut. Frank Higgins, '14; Sergeant Murray Millett, '16; Corporal Burton DeWolfe, '16; Lance Corporal Don Chase Eng, '16; Max Saunders, '16; Charlie Fitch Eng, '16; Harold Bishop, ex '17; John MacNeill, ex '18; Leyman Wood, ex '18; John Mosher, ex '18.

Among the undergraduates in the 85th are the following:—
A. Douglas Borden, '16; Hugh Crawley Eng, '16; King Grady,
ex '19; Ross Parsons, ex '16; Frank Christie, ex '16; E. C. Leslie,
ex '17; Carl Woodman, ex '17; Lieut. Ralph Layte, ex Eng. '16;
Archie Foster, ex '17.

Other Acadia men with No. 1 Casualty Clearing Station are:—
John Feindel, ex '16; R. E. Horne, ex '16; Ned Hunt, ex '15;
Clark McLeod, ex '17; Durland Fletcher, ex '17.

Raymond Acker, ex '18, has been transferred from the Con-
valescent Home at Monks Horton.

Milton Gregg, ex '17, has been appointed Sergeant. The
Propylæum Society received valuable hints from him in regard to
Red Cross work.

Walter Smith, Eng. '14, is in the Divisional Ammunition
Column.

G. Cliff Smith, Eng. '14, has joined the Canadian Overseas
Railroad Construction Corps.

Those enlisted in the 64th are:—Vernon Vanwart, ex '17;
Claire Cox, ex '17.

The following are attached to the Dalhousie Medical Corps:—
W. H. Chase, '16; Paul Tingley, ex '17.

Lee Blackadar, Eng. '16, and G. S. Atkins, ex '16, have
joined the Queen's University Company.





WOULDN'T it be a good proposition if the ATHENÆUM staff decided in order to do really good work the Exchange Editors should be sent on a visit to each of the different colleges with whom we exchange. We would stay three or four days at each college and get a glimpse of college life as it is lived in other places. How they work. How they conduct their sports. How they meet their problems if they have any. Wherein their viewpoint differs from ours. But burdened as our staff is by its huge debt, it cannot consider such a beneficial scheme.

Let us by reading over the exchanges imagine that we have taken this trip.

We would have visited King's first because it is nearest home. We would have attended the Haliburton Club and listened to C. A. Simpson's original paper, "Heliotrope." It has an uncanny atmosphere and reminds us of the articles in "Physical Research." We would have enjoyed Rev. Canon Vernon's lecture on "Modernism in the Church of Rome." He said: "The Catholic Church, calling herself the Fountain of Truth, today opposes the search for truth when her foundations, the sacred books, the formula of her dogmas, her alleged infallibility, become objects of research. To us this signifies that she no longer has faith in herself. The Catholic Church, which proclaims herself the channel of light, today falters, and stifles all that is youthful within her; today seeks to prop up all that is tottering and aged within her. To us these things mean death, distant, but inevitable death."

We would have travelled on to Halifax next and visited the new Dalhousie buildings. We would have had the opportunity of witnessing a football game or two, because Dalhousie can find teams to play against without leaving Halifax. Among her opponents

have been the Army, the Navy and the Wanderers. We would like to have been able to shake hands with the man who said, "The 'knocker' is perhaps the most unbearable and despicable creature with whom we come in contact at college. He it is who picks everything to pieces, who finds or pretends to find, flaws in every college society, but has not sufficient brains or energy to make one useful suggestion."

To visit the "Stone College" and the "White House" at Mt. A. would indeed be a pleasure. We wonder if G. O. W., '16, the author of "College Slang" would have been willing to show us around.

It would have been interesting, if not instructive, to have had a little talk with the U. N. B. man who say, "The course of study at U. N. B. is more difficult than in most Maritime Universities." How does he know? Has he ever attended any other Maritime University?

If we were studying at McMaster we would have the chance of winning \$10 for story writing. But since we were only visitors we could not compete. The Editor complains that students won't write for the love of writing, but sometimes they will for the love of money. Students at McMaster must be as hard up as students at Acadia. We would do most anything, even write for the ATHENÆUM, for money.

A visit to the University of Saskatchewan to get their viewpoint would be unnecessary, for listen: "Let us make our paper a mirror of students activities. There are certain great events taking place in our halls which pass practically unrecorded. This is a shame." It certainly is. The funniest things, the most vital things and the things that we think about are never written down. We are afraid to let ourselves go. We hide behind conventional phrases, trembling lest we utter something new; and the world should see us as we are.

The *Argosy* begins the year with 1914 "Graduation number." The issue is attractive in appearance. Even an outsider would enjoy the individual "write-ups" of each member of the class.

The *McMaster Monthly* presents an article entitled "Switzerland in War-Time." This was written by an eye witness, and is well worth reading.

The *Brandon College Quill* has sent us its May commencement number, giving cuts of the various members of 1915, with class history, prophecy, etc. It is gotten up in good style, and is a credit to the class of '15, who produced this special number.

The *University Monthly* states that U. N. B. had no imitation of Freshmen this year. They think this step is a good one. An article on "Engineering Camp" is worth reading. More work of a literary character would improve the paper.

The *Sheaf* comes out with an attractive cover, while a perusal of its pages would indicate a very readable magazine during the coming year. Several interesting letters from the boys at the front are published.

The *Xaverian* presents a good sketch of the class of 1915. The Exchange Editor states that "the college magazine is primarily a work for the students, and as such should receive the support of each and every student. This support is of two kinds, subscribing for the magazine and contributing articles to it for publication." Acadia students might profit by this suggestion.

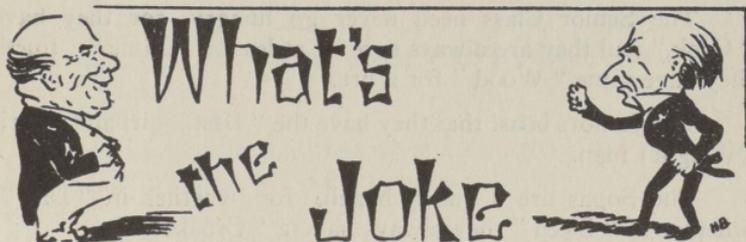
We acknowledge with thanks, *The Quill*, *The McGill Daily*, *The Queens Journal*, *The Xaverian*, *Argosy*, *McMaster's Monthly*, *University Monthly*, *The Sheaf*, and *The Rocket*.

Universal Fee Paid

R. W. Davis, C. E. White, J. H. McNeil, C. S. Beals, F. W. Currie, C. G. Copeland, C. W. Coow, C. W. Spencer, Guy L. McPhee, C. C. Prescott, Elinor Johnson, Charlotte Layton, H. G. Evans, C. F. Bleakney, J. F. Armitage, G. D. Hudson, E. A. Therrien, Lillian Chase, Hettie Chute, Esther Clark, Doris Crosby, Marie Danielsen, Gertrude Eaton, Ora Elliott, Bessie Lockhart, Alexes Messinger, Paige Pineo, Blanche McLeod, Mildred Schurman, Violet Thorpe, Mildred Brown, Elizabeth McWinnie, Beth Addison, Dorothy Alward, Flora Best, Lalia Chase, Myra Barnes, Helen Cushing, Marion Giffen, Marjorie Harrington, Kathleen Knickle, Faye Marshall, Muriel Cann, Veta Callicutt, Minta Hatfield, Marion Reid, Dorothy Schurman, Elizabeth Starratt, Ruth Woodworth, Evelyn Fox, Villa Alward, Annie Allen, Margaret Chase, Ina Dorman, Gladys Daniels, Esther Gould, Jean Goucher, Hazel Morse, Della McLean, Vera Ogilvie, Nita Pickles, Muriel Roscoe, Violet Sleep, Marion Weston, Goldie Zwicker, Helen Beals, Helen Ganter, Amy Kinney, Francis Smith, Helen Starr.

Acknowledgments

\$1.00: Miss Eileen Bentley, Miss Deborah Crowell, Miss Anita Elderkin, Rev. C. A. Eaton, J. E. Eaton, F. C. Higgins, James Green, Wentworth Lewis, Everett Leslie, Sargeant G. M. Morrison, Mrs. D. A. Morrison, John Mosher, J. G. McKay, R. A. Poole, Miss Hazel Smith, Mark B. Shaw, W. R. Walker, A. M. Wilson, Rev. F. H. Wentworth. \$5.00: M. G. Saunders. \$2.00: Rev. P. J. Stackhouse. \$1.00: Miss Annie Langley, Carlos W. Dalplane, H. G. Cox, Dr. Spidle, G. W. Thorne.



WHY is a good joke like a greased pig? Because it is so hard to get hold of.

Eng. Prof.—Miss L-k-t, I am unable to follow you.

Miss L-k-t, '16—Yes, I know you are.

G-e-g, '16 (at table)—Millett, when I get married I hope you will never come to visit me. (M-l-t has an appetite).

H-d-n, '16—I live down by the Annapolis River. When you come down drop in.

C-p-l-d, '19—Do you believe everything you read in the paper?

H-n-h, '19—Why do you ask?

C-p-l-d, '19—Well, not long ago I read that John Bunny was dead. It is all falsehood. He has only died to his life as an actor, and is now taking up theology.

FOR SALE.

A limited supply of hair. May be used for plastering or stuffing furniture.

DELGLISE, 'VT, and PARKER, '19.

Student in Soph. Bible: The Israelites descended from Ham.

Prof.—Are you establishing a new theory of evolution?

Some Freshettes coming out of Bleakney's store: "O girls!" said one, "I just love Bleakney's kisses." Then she blushed. I wonder why?

Miss Schurman, '16 (on Geology trip)—I would like to find an amethyst.

Miss Pinneo, '16—Yes, but I would rather find a diamond.

Miss Schurman, '16—Cheer up, Paige, he'll send it some day.

The Senior Class need never go hungry, for they have a "Cook," and they are always sure of at least a "Bone." Further, they have some "Wood" for a fire.

The Juniors boast that they have the "Best" girl and the right (Wright) man.

The Sophs are a queer bunch, for whether in "Day" or whether in "Sleep" they always have a "Croaker."

Miss M-s-n-r, '16 (at table)—I just hate gooseberries, don't you, Billy?

Miss L-y-n, '16 (in despair)—I just simply can't find a minister.

Maid—Miss C-n, you are wanted at the 'phone.

Miss C-n, '19—O my love!

Miss M-r-l, '17—Don't you think Charles Messenger is awfully interesting to talk to?

Miss B-r-s, '17—I can't say that I do. He always reminds me of one of the Admiralty wharves in Halifax.

Miss M-r-l, '17—Admiralty wharf?

Miss B-r-s, '17—Yes, he certainly is a dry dock (dry doc.)

BUCKLES IS SURELY HOPEFUL.

Day to Buckles the Younger—You plan on making the practice of medicine your profession?

Buckles—Medicine is right.

Day—Do you ever despair of building up a practice?

Buckles—Not at all.

Day—But you will admit that the profession is already overcrowded.

Buckles—Oh, perhaps it is, but I propose to graduate in medicine just the same, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances.

1st Eng. (at the forge)—Monk Steeves strikes like lightning.

2nd Eng.—Why, because he is so swift.

1st Eng.—No, lightning rarely ever hits in the same place twice.

Lic Curry at Hantsport—I beg your pardon, I thought you were Mr. Bank.

I am Mr. Blank.

Then I am glad to find that when I thought I was mistaken I was mistaken in thinking I was mistaken.

Hey?

I say when I thought I was mistaken I was mistaken in thinking I was mistaken, and being mistaken in thinking I was mistaken when I wasn't mistaken I was glad to find I was mistaken when I thought I was mistaken because I wasn't mistaken—so, rather, I was mistaken when I thought I wasn't mistaken. Well, at any rate, I am glad.

Looks like rain, doesn't it?

Mitchell in Bulmer Relay Race—Pardon me, but may I pass you?

Senior—How did you enjoy the reception?

C-p-l-d, '19—The prettiest girl there gave me her first topic.

Senior—Yes, she told me that she wanted to get the disagreeable things over with as soon as possible.

H-l-y, '19—Have any of you fellows a jersey without arms?

M-t-n, '19—Yes, we have one on the farm.

W-l-n, '18, has gone into the "Cann"-ing business.

Miss M-r-e, '18 (conducting class in English)—How would you ask the question, Mr. Clark?

Clark, '18—It would all depend upon circumstances.

T-t-s, '18—I would like a fair of fears.

T-t-s, '18—I would like a pair of pears.

B-y-r, '18—I would rather have a date with a peach.

A sure sign of damp weather: A Freshman with his head poked out of a lower window in Willett Hall; above on the third floor, a Sophomore with a bag of water.

There was once a student, Frank Wright,
By his professor was told to write right.
He said, "Boy write Wirght right,
Is is not right to write Wright awry
Try always to write Wright aright."

C-a-r B-l-k-y to Miss P-n-o, as he raised the umbrella—It's all up with us now.

No, she replied, you mean it's all over between us.

McPhee (Fresh.-Soph.)—I don't like to brag at all, but it's easy enough to teach English to Freshmen.

Boyer—Say, fellows, I hear Ira Clark is getting "Slack" in his studies.

Listen: To the "Curbstone Quartette" anywhere around the Sem., at any time.

D-p-r, '17—What course is L. M. St-vs taking this year?

V-u-hn (Eng.)—He's taking "Carpentry" at the Sem.

Miss S-r-t, '17—Speaking of cats, reminds me that Lillian Chase has caught three mice.

Mr. C-p-m, '17—Some cat.

Haley, '19—Any mail for me, Wood?

Wood, '16—None today, Haley.

Haley, '19 (in a thoughtful mood)—Gee! Mt. A. Ladies' College must have burned down.

Ralph Smallman (observing four Freshettes sitting in a row, whispers to Miss Schurman—Cann *Helen* Reid the Starrs?

Miss Schurmann, '19—No, but Joey mite.

Draper, '17—Say, boys, tables One, Two, Three and Four remind me of those well known words, "gabble, gobble, git."

Wood, '16—Mostly "gabble."

Bentley, '19—Did you hear about William the night we were after the Sophs.?

Corey, '19—No. What did he do?

Bentley, '19—He stayed out so late they locked him out of his boarding house and he had to go to the hotel. Now he wants to charge up fifty cents to the class.

Walker, '19—Who was the girl in Tully Tavern that made a date with a fellow, and waited all evening for him?

Rust, '19—I wonder! I wonder!

What Cad. was docked ten for taking an extra doughnut?

Dagleish, '19—Did you hear about Mitton?

Moore, '18—What about him?

Dagleish, '19—His great, great, great grandfather left him fifty dollars on condition that he would wear his collars.

Boyer, '18—Who were the girls in Tully Tavern, that were reported for being out more than two nights in the week?

McNeil, '19—You know as much about it as I do, Joe.

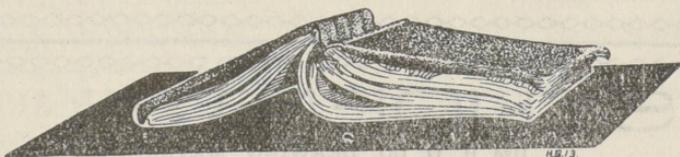
Dr. DeWolfe (in Freshman Latin)—Miss Cann, *can* you give me the paragraph headings of Part II.?

Miss Cann, '19—I don't think I can.

Dr. DeWolfe—It is not a case of *can* but *can't*, Miss Cann.

C. E. McLeod, '19 (after he had walked home with Miss Ganter, while the rules were on)—Say, Boyer, you might fix it up with Day, like a good sport, so he won't do anything about it."

Boyer, '18—Day! Why he hasn't anything to do with it. I'm the man.



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