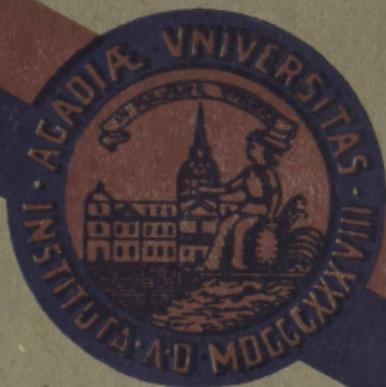


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Winners for the Month.

Poems—1st, Marjorie Harrington, '17; 2nd, Lalia Chase, '18.

Articles—1st, Ruth Woodworth, '17, Dorothy Alward, '17;
2nd, Lalia Chase, '18.

Stories—1st, Marjorie Harrington, '17; 2nd, Chas. Corey, '20.

Month—1st, Helen Starr, '19; 2nd, William McLean, '19.

Athletics—1st, Ira Clarke, '18. No second.

Personals—1st, Helen Starr, '19; 2nd, H. Lawrence, Eng.

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

Jokes—1st, T. A. Meister, '20; 2nd, L. B. Gray, '20.

The Acadia Athenæum

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1916

No. 1

To an Earthworm.

(Seen crawling over the snow in midwinter)

LONE traveler on a pearly waste,
 You crossed my path, I yours, today.
 I stepped—was't kind—above you there,
 And let you keep your tedious way,
 Perhaps to death,—I shall not know.
 But this I thought this sunlit morn:
 That you, small creeper, were not born
 To wander thus through ice and snow.

Did some vain instinct call you forth
 To launch upon this silent sea?
 Or was the power that bade you hence
 Some cruel, cold necessity?
 I fain would watch your way; the call
 Of Time forbade; we met and passed,—
 My day begun; perhaps your last;
 Who knows? Who cares? A worm, that's all!

Will that stern Fate—if Fate there be—
 That you upon this journey sent,
 Force you through life—though short—to know
 No more your native element,
 The untilled soil, that needs at best
 Your tunnelling, for moisture, light,—
 While you creep on to death and night,
 Mislaced, unused, chill, comfortless!

Perhaps Ambition challenged you!
 That snow-path stretched a great, white way,
 To some far goal. How glorious
 To stake the Future for Today!
 The die is cast; your Rubicon
 Forever crossed; the sordid toil,
 The menial delving in the soil,
 Gone! Ah, perhaps the best is gone!

And yet, today you spoke to me.
 And with your life, which others spurn,
 I felt a bond of sympathy;
 A fellow-feeling for a worm!
 You spoke; I understood;—'twas when
 I saw you reaching aimlessly;
 At last, I guessed, illusion free;—
 'Twas of a thousand thousand men.

Your fault, or not, you chose the way
 That promised most. What if you found
 Yourself astray; return debarred;
 A cold, white, cheerless world around?
 You still pressed on, and hoped, and then
 Faced death, with all its meant to you,
 As thousands of your kindred do;
 And as a thousand thousand men!

—J. G. MCKAY, '15.

If the day look kinder gloomy
 And your chances kinder slim,
 If the situation's puzzlin'
 And the prospect's awful grim,
 And perplexities deep pressin'
 Till all hope is nearly gone,
 Just bristle up and grit your teeth,
 And keep on keepin' on.

Christmas.

“Peace on earth, good will to men.”

HOW often we've read it, said it, heard it sung, and how little we've really understood. Now, when half the world is at war we may read a deeper meaning into the words.

Christmas is confused with our earliest recollections. Who has not crept down the dim stairs early Christmas morning to see the tree? Who has not felt for presents in the Christmas stocking? A vacation and presents: is not that the conception of Christmas of the school boy and girl? Special music in the churches, good things cooking in the kitchen, or laid away on the pantry shelves. Thus we *think* of Christmas.

Then the day waited for so patiently since December twenty-fifth of the year before arrives. Perhaps our dearest hopes have been realized and the snow wraps the world in a blanket of dazzling white. There is a peculiar clearness in the air, and far and wide ring out the bells. It is a day when family ties seem to draw us closer together. Each one tries to smile and speak the kind word lest the spirit of the hour be spoiled. There are packages to be untied with many exclamations of surprise and pleasure. Dinner follows, long drawn out, with its groaning board and gay laughter. Then the twilight hour, when thoughts like great white moths beat against our brains. Down the long vistas of the past we wander—

“And in this hour when soft the shadows falling
Blot out the stern realities of life,
Will come *this* year the sound of bugles calling,
The roar of battle and the rasp of strife.
Our boys “Somewhere in France” are serving,
May then stand true and loyal-hearted then,
And grant we too from duty never swerving
May strive for peace on earth, good will to men.”

—M. A. H., '17.

On Christmas Eve.

IT was Christmas Eve. Our sleigh was piled high with baskets and small Christmas trees, and as we drove along in the cold frosty air we almost believed that we really were Mr. and Mrs. Santa, just come from the North Pole.

Drawing up our "prancing reindeer" at the first house, we heard from within a sound of sobbing, and a child's voice saying, "Well, Mamma, couldn't he even bring me a drum?" The little voice was pitiful and how glad I was to think that he would have his drum! In our baskets were there not drums, and tin soldiers, and all the things that little boys adore?

In answer to our knocks a weary faced woman opened the door. "Why, good evening," she gasped in wonder and amazement. "Good evening, madam," said Jim, in the kind jovial voice that all proper Santa Clauses use. "We were sorry to have come so early this Christmas, but we have so many places to go, you know—"

While he talked, I watched the little boy. His face was radiant. He edged up to his mother's side and listened to every word of Jim's, as one in a dream. Had Santa come after all, and might there be something for him in that pack? The mother and child were speechless. We left our pack and wished them a Merry Xmas. From house to house we went, leaving behind us happy children and incredulous "grown ups."

Through the cracked window pane of one wretched little hut, we could see the ragged children, huddled up around a smouldering fire. A little girl was amusing herself with an old broken doll, and we heard her say to the older sister, who was trying to soothe a fretful baby, "Well, Mary, didn't Santa Clause *ever* come to our house and bring us a Christmas Tree, and presents like he does Helen Jones?" "I remember," the sister answered, "one time long ago, when you were a baby; he came and brought me a lovely doll with blue eyes and golden hair, and a pretty bracelet. But we didn't live *here* then. That was before father—"

When we walked into the house the little girl jumped up and cried out, "This is Santa Claus! You're come! Did you bring me a doll and a bracelet? She ran up to me, and catching my coat sleeve, wanted to know who I was, if I was a lady Santa Claus or Mr. Santa's wife. The others stood back and stared, but when

the meaning dawned on them, how their eyes shone! Santa had *really* come to their house, and they were going to have a Christmas just like Helen Jones.

We were at the end of our rounds. Without speaking we drove home under the quiet stars with hearts full of gratitude in the thought that not too late had we discovered the true meaning of Christmas.

LEAH WHIDDEN.



Coleridge says there are four kinds of readers. The first is like the hour glass; and their reading as the sand, it runs in and out and leaves not a vestige behind. A second is like the sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third is like a jelly-bag, allowing all that is pure to pass away and retaining only the refuse the dregs. And the fourth is like the slave in the diamond mines of Galconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, retains only pure gems.



The Universal Theme.

WOULD you have a rollicking song of the sea
 That has a salty tang,
 Or hear of the Artic's blazing lights
 Walrus and river-wolf fang.

Or prefer, perhaps, a tale of old,
 Of knights and ladies fair
 Of tilts and lists and tournaments
 For the lock of a beauty's hair.
 Would you take a trip to old Nippon
 Where the cherry blossoms grow,
 Or over the African desert,
 Where the hot winds ever blow.
 Would you hear of the City's teeming life
 Of poverty, pain and woe.

But whether I sing of the foaming sea,
 Or tell of the Arctic's glow,
 Or picture the silks and velvet cloaks
 And glamour of long ago;
 Or whether we pass through the cherry groves
 Or the desert's scorching heat,
 From East to West, from North to South,
 One tale they all repeat.

The salt breeze whispers it to the mast,
 The wolf howls it to the moon,
 The maiden breathes in her lover's ear,
 It sighs in the wild winds time,
 The sands whisper it to their brother sands,
 It breaths on the flower's breath
 The age-old, world-wide story
 Of love, and life and death.

M. A. H., '17.

Collateral Reading.

FOR the purposes of this article the word "collateral" will be used somewhat interchangeably with "general."

As students of Acadia we are more or less interested in Education, that is, in the pursuit of such knowledge and training as shall enable us the better to fulfil the duties, public and private, that shall one day be ours. But very often we forget the broader, fuller meaning of the word 'education,' and our activity becomes that of reading the pages of one textbook or making forty-fives, (or both)—counting ourselves fortunate at that. We are deluded into thinking that Trigonometry, Logic, Economics is through with when we can say, "There Creighton, Murray, Taussig, I have read your treatment of the subject, and for me, these subjects are done." Our failure is in thinking that any one textbook gives *all* that there is of a subject, in believing that we should be losing time were we to read additional texts.

How apt we are to lose sight of the fact that Knowledge is infinite, that its branches are correlative. A course in Botany will not, cannot mean the most to us without having a basic knowledge of Biology and the sub-sciences of Biology-Chemistry and Palaeontology. We cannot do efficient work in Trigonometry until we are well grounded in Geometry and Algebra; nor can we get the most out of a course in Philosophy until we have a basic foundation in Logic, Ethics, Psychology. In the same way we shall miss the true interpretation and value of English literature unless we know something of History, Biography, the Languages. That is; in order to understand a science or an art, we must know something of its sub and relational sciences or arts, as the case may be.

Collateral reading becomes necessary in any subject if we are to get the different viewpoints of the authors. And why the different viewpoints? The comparison of methods will give us the *modus operandi* that best suits us. Furthermore, the benefits of collateral reading will be patent when the time comes for examination, for then can we bring into play the reserve knowledge we have gained.

You have travelled through a densely wooded country and have remarked on its lack of beauty; but later on you have come to a knoll or a hill or it may be a mountain, and *then*, on looking back, you have seen the beauty of it all. Or you have listened to

a singer, and it was only as you heard from a distance that the song's beauty and the beauty of the voice became truly apparent. Or you have looked at a painting close at hand, and failed to see anything beautiful in it—no form, no harmony of color; but on viewing it from a distance you caught its beauty, the symmetry, the blending of color. So it is in our education. When we take one subject and work at it, there does not seem to be much to like, much to interest us, but when we place it in its relation to other subjects, *then* the interest comes, and what was beauty in the case of the wood, the song, the voice, the painting, becomes harmony and background in the case of the studies. Collateral reading gives us perspective and hence background.

One of the great ends of education is that we may be taught to judge, to discriminate. Although we have no one science treating thereon, we know that the power of judgment, of discrimination is gained through reading. We read biography and hear told the story of how certain men acted under certain conditions. Their lives differed from one another, but the point is: their failures, their successes are recorded and we are the better able to judge and discriminate because of our contact with these people. Or again: Collateral reading, as also general, teaches us to pick the important and essential points of any given discussion. There is a great danger here, however: that we judge ere we have read widely. Prejudice warps judgment and it is prejudice we see operating when we hear one hurriedly pronounce "Right" or "Wrong." An open mind is necessary in order that correct judgment shall be given, and collateral reading is a very great aid in that direction.

The benefits and hindrances of Specialization are discussed in Economics. From the discussion it would appear that the division of labor requires that one man know *one* department, that he be able to do and do efficiently, the *one* task. Well and good; but let us not forget that every department, every profession has its literature, oftentimes in other languages than English. The successful—really successful—architect, engineer, teacher, musician, tradesman is the one who is read in the literature of his profession.

Here we are confronted by the engineer who says, "My course is so time-absorbing that I have no time for reading." True. But is he not, in the shortening of the time of his course, missing the larger outlook, the fuller information that would be his were he to plan his course so as to have time for reading? Another thing:

The habits we form here will necessarily tend to mould our future manner of life. Hence, if our work gets to be narrowed, if our reading be not collateral and general, the chances are that our future will be marred in this respect. Let us bear in mind that the most interesting people are those whose interests are many, those who have the broader outlook, the greater perspective. Furthermore, let us remember that literature is the common meeting ground, a trysting place where we meet many people and gain enlightenment, guidance, inspiration.

There are other reasons for doing collateral reading, not the least important being that reading gives us a larger vocabulary, a requisite not only for the public speaker, but also for the man of affairs. Further, the world has lost to a very great extent that art of Conversation, and conversation is dependent on vocabulary.

Before I close this article I must mention the College library. Possibly there are Seniors who do not know just where to find that reference; who are unaware that by means of the Readers' Index they may have access to the magazine articles for years back; who do not know just *what* is in the library. It is for each one of us to spend time in the library, to become intimate with its books, to acquire an appreciation for literature. We shall find a deepening desire for a library of our own, and thus be led to systematically collect the books we find best in our particular department. In the words of one magazine writer, "The years of a college course are years freighted with golden opportunity." Let us not miss the opportunity for collateral reading.

CHAS. W. SPENCER.

A Trip to Muskoka.

ALMOST the first thing that comes to a Y. W. C. A. president in preparation for her year's work is a trip to the Y. W. C. A. Summer Conference, held annually at Elgin House, Lake Joseph, Ontario. Lake Joseph is one of the beautiful Muskoka Lakes, and no better place than Elgin House could be found for such a conference.

This year only two delegates from Acadia attended the Conference, both from the University Y. W. C. A. Neither of us had ever made this trip before, and it was all the more delightful on

this account. We planned to go by train to Montreal, from Montreal to Toronto by boat, from Toronto to Muskoka wharf by train, and to Elgin House by boat.

Ruth and I met in Moncton, and from there to Montreal we had rather a monotonous trip. Early in the evening we passed through the Metapedia Valley, which is quite as beautiful as the most enthusiastic descriptions of it—indeed, no description does it justice.

Montreal greeted us the next morning with a pouring rain, and during the four hours we were there we ventured out only occasionally between showers, as we did not wish to gain too bad an impression of a city which looked unattractive enough in the rain. However, by the time our boat left, the sun was shining again, and our spirits had risen considerably. We were able to stay out on deck and to enjoy the scenery along the St. Lawrence. Mount Royal was superb in the June sunlight, and we forgot the darkness and dreariness of the morning.

The "Rapids Prince" was rather a small boat, and the passengers were mostly brides and grooms, a most unfortunate combination, as far as we were concerned, as we decided after we had extricated ourselves from several situations which promised to be as embarrassing as they were interesting. However, even the picture of conventional bliss on every side could not prevent us from finding the canals very interesting. The Saulauges Canal was the longest, and we passed from it into the broad waters of Lake St. Francis. We were still on Lake St. Francis when we went in at night.

When we woke the next morning we were nearing Prescott, Ontario. Here we were to change from the "Rapids Prince" to the "Toronto," on which we were to make the remainder of the trip. As we had to wait two hours in Prescott we went exploring to see if we could find anything interesting. It is a very pretty little town, but there was not much to see and not much to do since it was Sunday and we couldn't even buy things. We were glad when the "Toronto" arrived, and we could leave Prescott for more interesting scenes.

This stage of our trip was through the Thousand Islands, and we saw them under all kinds of weather conditions. The sun shone, it was cloudy, it rained, it was still, the wind blew, it was warm, it was cold, in rapid succession; and under all circumstances the

scenery was wonderfully beautiful. When evening came we had left the Thousand Island region behind us and were entering Lake Ontario. There was a very strong wind, and the waves were almost Bay of Fundy-like in their threatening appearance. From this time until morning experience became purely personal for one of the delegates and scenery ceased to exist.

The heavens were almost as generous with rain in Toronto as they had been in Montreal, and the very early hour at which we had to leave the boat didn't make things look any more cheerful. After we had had breakfast and were comfortably established in our room at the Y. W. C. A. Toronto began to look better, and we really enjoyed our day there, though we reserved most of our sight-seeing for the return trip.

From Toronto to Muskoka Wharf was an uninteresting part of the trip. At Muskoka Wharf we met ten or twelve of the Ontario delegates, who were also going to Elgin House. The little lake boat was crowded, but we had all the more fun for that. We needed something to make us forget the cold, for the tendency was for the cold to make us forget the scenery, which was magnificent, and everything else as well. Elgin House gladdened us by its appearance at seven o'clock, and for the first time we stepped upon the island where we were to spend ten unforgettable days.

A. D. ALWARD, '17.

“Non ministrari, sed ministrare.”

“A man cannot fail without his own consent.”

—*Dr. A. J. Gordon.*



Blomidon.

O BLOMIDON! O Blomidon!
 The night is coming on,
 Across thy blue mysterious hills
 The fleeting day has gone.

O Blomidon! O Blomidon!
 Ceaseless the breakers moan
 Around thy rocky headland bold,
 In muffled monotone.

O Blomidon! O Blomidon!
 The salt waves lap thy shore;
 The sea-gull flying to his home
 Fears not the tidal roar.

O Blomidon! O Blomidon!
 The day was passing fair,
 The sparkling morning, the glittering noon,
 The soft sweet twilight air.

O Blomidon! O Blomidon!
 The golden clouds are gray;
 The crimson in the sun-set sky
 Has faded quite away.

O Blomidon! O Blomidon!
 Night's starry curtain spreads
 Its shadows o'er thy rugged peaks,
 Of amethyst and reds.

O Blomidon! O Blomidon!
 Thy magic charms remain—
 While Glouscap guards thy wooded slopes
 We turn to thee again.

O Blomidon! O Blomidon!
 For faith, and hope, and cheer,
 And all that makes a steadfast heart,
 To aid us through the years.

—L. B. C., '18.

The Muskoka Conference.

FROM Manitoba and all the Provinces East, girls gathered at Elgin House in June for the yearly Y. W. C. A. Conference. After the last delegation had been assigned its quarters in the annex, the leaders and other dignitaries assembled on the piazza while the girls grouped themselves on the grass. Miss Saunders, the executive of the Conference, with a great deal of mock ceremony, presented the leaders to the hostess, Miss McDonald. The girls were to consider that they had the right to greet anyone there without the formality of an introduction.

No time was lost in starting the work. The mornings were devoted to classes in Bible and mission study, and to technical sessions; the afternoons, supposedly, to recreation, although we found many other things coming in; the evenings, to addresses from the leaders of the Conference. There were three or four Bible and mission study classes, of which only one of each could be chosen. For discussion of methods, the city and student delegations met in separate sessions because there are wide differences in their work. Miss Margaret Wrong, who directed the student discussions, had an especially hard task in trying to keep the discussion around the point at issue. Many a time she tactfully reminded us that what we were saying had no real bearing on the subject. Our time was so limited, and the topics so comprehensive, that her splendid control of the groups enabled us to get many new ideas each hour.

As was natural, all discussions and lectures centered around the war. In the first evening meeting, Mr. Russell, of India, spoke on the subject, "The War and the Kingdom of God." He sounded the challenge to clear, deep thinking which was emphasized all through the Conference. It is demanded in these days when we are getting down to bed-rock in so many ways. By carefully stated arguments, he proved that this war is essential because of conditions still existing, and that, resulting from it, will come a purging and strengthening of our faith, and a correcting of our point of view. It is to be the beginning, not the end of things.

On the same evening, Professor Hooke, of University College, Toronto, talked on "Christ, the Power of God." In connection with the war he said: "There are all sorts of powers arrayed against us now. The outgrowth of the capitalistic class, for in-

stance, and the revival of the doctrine of brute force. It is because individuals have lost the faith that these have become so powerful."

Miss Saunders is the type of woman, who, once known, can never be forgotten. In her dignified, cheery way she answered hundreds of questions, made suggestions, or, if midnight pranks became annoying, admonished us. From morning till night she was at everyone's beck and call, and yet, never known to be anything but calm and gracious—a true English gentlewoman. "Women and the Dedication of the Nation" was the subject she chose, and, as she said, the natural one now for a world's Y. W. C. A. "Women are coming to the foreground, and being drawn together through suffering, which has prepared them to dedicate their nation. We had grown foolishly afraid of death, which, after all, is only the gate of life. Somewhere, somehow, God must be using the powers of those who die."

One incident she gave will bear repetition: "One officer returned to England from the trenches to spend a week-end. On entering his home he found his mother playing solitaire. She began a querulous tale of how tiresome and monotonous she found life since all her friends were too busy to play bridge with her. To that man, fresh from the land where war in all its intensity was raging, the words sounded frivolous, almost offensive. 'Why mother,' he cried, 'don't you know that over there in France nothing matters except God?'"

And so we might tell of all the meetings, full of life and inspiration; of Dr. Pidgeon's Sunday morning sermon on "The use of the Individual in the Kingdom of God"; of his excellent course in Paul; of Miss Broad's graphic description of American Y. W. C. A. work. In nine short days we heard addresses long and numerous enough to fill volumes.

Far-away lands were represented at Elgin House. Miss Big-nell, from Australia, was brim full of enthusiasm over everybody and everything. It was refreshing to hear a person from another land speak with such high appreciation of our Canada. Miss Griffin, a stately young New Zealander, seemed equally pleased at being a guest of the Conference. But Michi Kawai San, our little Jap, found a place in everyone's affections. She was droll as she could be, and so good-natured that she didn't mind in the least the peals of merriment that ensued after one of her quaint speeches. The proud little way in which she said "my people" made us feel that,

although she appreciated the advantages the West has offered, she has by no means forgotten her own land, and will return enthusiastic to do something toward helping her tiny sisters.

Meetings and discussion groups did not entirely fill the time. Provision was made for launch trips, when we explored charming and unexplored little inlets of the main lake, and for walks over country rivalling our ideas of fairyland. One afternoon was set aside for sports, when everyone abandoned any attempt at preserving dignity, and furnished entertaining "stunts."

Just at sunset one evening we gathered on the lawn, an excited group of girls, to watch the much-talked-of pageant, "The Wayside Piper," which won for its writer, Miss Edgar, a prize at the Panama Exposition. Miss Edgar herself played the part of the piper, and a captivating one she made, too. The strains of music which she produced from her pipe soothed the factory girls at their work, and called them forth to enjoy life at its best.

All too soon the last meeting of the Conference came. Miss Saunders spoke words long to be remembered by those who heard her. We left the little chapel, where we had spent so many hours together, almost sorrowfully, but stronger than the feeling of sorrow was our joy at having made so many new friends, and our determination to respond to the challenge so insistently sounded.

—RUTH WOODWORTH, '17.

Ikiu.

FIFTY years ago Karnizawa was not a fashionable summer resort for Europeans in Japan, but the quaintest of little Japanese mountain villages.

The only stream ran by the side of the road, through grove and plain, and lost itself behind the hills. In front of the little hostelry gleamed the tiny lily pond, and lining the village street, stood the little shops with their curious sloping roofs. At the end of the street was the fish shop where live fish swam in great tubs awaiting their purchasers. It is said that some particularly skilled chefs slice the fish alive, so that at a touch from the knife, the creature literally throws himself into pieces.

Around the village were the encircling hills—Hauari, with green velvet sides where the bears loved to roam; Assama, a minia-

ture volcano, violet at dawn, blue at noon, and purpled by the setting sun. Then there was Ouari with its stone steps leading up to the little shrine, almost overgrown with moss, the Cathedral Rocks to the east, and the ranges of the Togni.

In the middle of the village lived Roroshi. His father owned the grocery store, but Roroshi liked not his father's business, and preferred long tramps among the hills to waiting on tiresome customers. The path he chose most often was up the winding road to the top of Usui Togni. When he had wearily gained the summit he could always turn and look down on Karnizana lying asleep in the hollow of the hills. Sometimes the mountain mists would come rolling upon him, blotting out all the world around; but whether the afternoon sun flung her golden beams lavishly upon the earth, or the chill mist or rain fell upon leaf and flower, Horoshi took his way up the mountain, for Kiku (*Chrysanthemum*) at that hour worshipped her gods in the old Tonawe temple.

Her father was the Gomia (caretaker) of the temple grounds, and felt no pleasure in the thought of Horoshi as a son-in-law, so the only time the lovers could be together was at sundown while they prayed to the Shintu gods. Kiku would kneel close to the wooden image, her pale face showing ivory white against the dark red lacquer background—and a little further away Horoshi would pray. As they went out, they might pause a moment in the protecting shadow of the great arched doorway, and if no one was watching he would whisper how he loved her, or slip her a scroll whereon he had written a poem to her black eyes, or to the long eyelashes that guarded them so jealously. A touch of the hand, a look from the eyes, and they would separate, he to return to the village—she to climb the worn steps to the hut against the hillside.

Thus it had been ever since the Ugnurvees had first set the flower hearts vibrating with their poignant melody, and now already the harvest moon was in its second quarter.

Otori was not a man to let his daughter remain a blossom on the parent stem any longer than he could help. In Tomassi, the owner of the hostelry, he thought he had discovered an ideal husband, and Tomassi on his part thought no flower so fair as Kiku should bloom elsewhere than in his own garden, a companion to his roses and lilies. So Otori and Tomassi made all arrangements and set the wedding day, paying no attention to the protests of the bride-elect, as is the custom of the land.

It was one of October's golden days following a week of silver mists. The clematis still flung its creamy clusters over the thickets, twining its tendrils about each stem and branch. The bronze and orange azaleas made the hillsides gleam gold and red; and diamond dust seemed to scintillate in the ultra pure ether.

They were to be married in the temple at noon. The hour came and the crowd had gathered but no bride appeared. Minutes passed, seeming eternities. Otori slipped away to find out the trouble. In a little while he returned and spoke to the priest. There arose a slight murmur—heads were gently shaken and the crowd dissolved, leaving Horoshi and the father. The latter thrust a piece of paper in Horoshi's hand. He read the words mechanically, then a great light was born in his heart.

In Kosé woods where the road divides, tacked to the trunk of a pine tree, a Shogú monk found this note late that afternoon:—

“I, Horoshi Okamaru, having been called by the heart of my beloved, Kiku of the Silver Voice, go to offer my body a sacrifice to the fiery God of Asama, that my soul freed from this earthly prison, may seek my Heart's Desire in the great Unknown.”

—M. A. H., '17.

Bobby's Christmas Present.

IN a small house in London sat little Bobby Vincent in a large arm-chair, with pillows around him and shawls and blankets over him.

He pressed his face against the window pane and looked out on the dreary world. It was snowing—not a cheerful snow when the big white flakes come floating down and make one wish to be sleighing with the horse almost flying to the merry jingle of the bells; but a slow, dreary snow when one wants to be safely indoors by a large open fire. But there was no fire place and the room was cold.

Bobby was just recovering from an illness which had lasted one long month, and, oh! he did so want his mother. But he dared not even think of her, for she was thousands of miles away across the ocean and it would cost her so much to come to him. So he bravely tried to put away all thought of her,

It was the day before Christmas. His mother had left him with a lovely old lady, his aunt. Although she loved him and was very good to him, still he did so want his mother.

Bobby wanted to give a Christmas gift to his aunt, to Patrick the janitor, and to Nora the cook. But he had nothing to give them. The door opened softly and his aunt came quietly into the room.

"Aunt Mary," he asked, "what do you want most for a Christmas present?"

"Why, dear," she said, "what I want is something that I could use every day, but I know no one would ever think of it."

"Oh, well, tell me what it is anyway," said Bobby.

"I never can remember the day of the day, and I should like a little calendar to put on my desk," replied Aunt Mary.

Bobby smothered a laugh, for had he not a calendar packed away in his trunk? When his aunt left he got it out and printed on the back, "To my dear aunt, from Bobby." This took some time as the letters were so hard to make. Just as he had finished he heard a knock at the door. A few moments passed before he answered. Then the pillows in his chair looked somewhat disarranged as if he had hastily pushed something behind them. It was Nora with his supper. As he was eating it he questioned her about what she wanted for Christmas.

"I have such a poor memory, that I forget things very quickly," she said. "I should like to have a pad and pencil to write down things I want to do. Now, for instance, this morning I mailed a letter without directing it. But no one would ever think of giving me anything like that."

When she left, Bobby got some paper and made a little book and tied the leaves together with a pretty red ribbon. He then tied a pencil to it. His aunt gave him a pair of lovely warm mittens to give to Patrick.

When Bobby awakened the next morning his first thought was of his mother. How he wished he could see her! The day would not seem like Christmas without her.

Before the parcels were opened that morning Bobby made everyone wish for what they wanted. Aunt Mary and Nora each wished for what they had told him they wanted and Patrick surprised him by wishing for a pair of warm mittens to keep his hands from the cold.

Then Patrick asked Bobby what he wanted. He could not say. His face grew red and his lips trembled and he cried, "Oh, please don't ask me."

"Do you want a ball?" asked Aunt Mary.

"No!" he answered.

"An engine?" asked Nora.

"No."

"Well, what do you want?" they insisted.

"Oh, I want my mo-mother," he cried.

"Why didn't you say so at first and not keep her waiting?" said Patrick as he opened the door, and there all radiantly smiling stood Bobby's mother.

A. D. B., '17 (A. L. S.)

Don't get Behind!

IF you think you're behind in classes, you are;
 You've got to work hard to rise;
 You've got to know what you've had before,
 Or you never can win a prize.

If you think you're behind in sports, you are;
 Enter the game,—heart, body, and soul;
 If you don't do this, you are sure to miss,
 And never will win a goal.

If you don't think you're beaten, you're not;
 If you think you cannot you don't;
 But if you work hard, and don't think you'll fail,
 Ten chances to one you won't.

For the victories of life do not always go
 To the quickest or cleverest man;
 But sooner or later the man who wins
 Is the man who thinks he can.

—W. E. P., '20.

A Holiday of Mine.

WHILE stream-driving one Spring on Middle River I saw some excellent fishing grounds there and also unmistakable signs of an abundance of trout. As I was very fond of trouting I soon decided to spend a day there after the driving was done.

I finished driving one afternoon about three o'clock; ate a lunch at the camp; went to the nearest store, a distance of two miles; purchased the necessary supplies, and set out for an old, deserted driving-camp ten miles up stream.

Nothing unusual happened until I was about two miles from my destination when darkness overtook me, and stayed with me throughout the remainder of my walk. I must say, that I have had more genial companions; for now I stumbled over rocks and bumped up against trees and plunged into brooks and water-holes most pitifully throughout that two miles. But I was accustomed to the woods and knew about what to expect and how to proceed, and, after all, got along comparatively well; so I soon reached the camp where I was to stay for the night. I had no light and made no fire, but ate a cold bite in the darkness, and lay down on a bed of fir boughs to rest and wait for daylight.

I must have fallen asleep, for I remember starting up suddenly from some unknown cause, but with a dim consciousness that something was wrong. I was not long in suspense, for almost at once I heard something creeping about and sniffing the air or ground outside the camp. I always felt at home in the woods, but for a few moments just then I almost wished myself somewhere else. There was no safety in the camp from any wild animal, and the most formidable weapon I had was a small pocket-knife and the darkness was very dense. So, seeing nothing else to do, I sat still and waited for something to happen. My fright, however, was soon over, for I at once identified the slow, clumsy movement and snorting and grunting of my unwelcome visitor as those of a porcupine, and I knew porcupines too well to be scared by one of them.

The next event of any moment was about three o'clock in the morning when it got so cold I had to get up and make a fire. It was quite a job in the darkness to find something dry enough to burn, but somehow or other I got a fire started and sat by it until daylight, when I ate my breakfast and started out for a day of sport,

I did not hold myself closely to fishing that day—I could not, there were so many things calling me away from it—and from each other. There was so much to delight and interest me, so much to charm the mind and please the senses that I just seemed lost in a world of joy and life. All forms of vegetation were growing their very fastest and everything seemed to abound with animal life; even the sunshine and shadows that flickered down through the foilage overhead seemed to chase each other like living things.

Presently, I would come to some wild cataract where the waters dashed into a white foam against the boulders and ever sprayed the overhanging ferns and branches, and threatened to tear them from the rocks to which they clung. A little further on I would be greeted by a scene as notable for its serenity and peacefulness as the other was for its wildness and unrest. Half hidden by the great overhanging trees would lay a dark, deeply shaded pool with glassy surface, disturbed only now and then by the lazy splash of a trout when some unwary fly drifted too near him. This would of course remind me of the nature of my holiday, and I would fish for a while again; and I must say there is a fascination, that I have never found elsewhere, in catching trout. Perhaps the next thing to take my attention would be some strange looking rock or plant; or maybe an old partridge would come rushing at me with a remarkable display of feathers and ferocity, to draw my attention from her brood. Maybe the next thing I would see would be a flock of startled wood-ducks flying in their great, majestic curves. So the day passed, and I was as light-hearted and as free from care as when I was a child; it was with deep regret that, late in the afternoon, I turned from these happy scenes toward my home.

A further tramp of ten miles brought me home thoroughly tired out; and while others looked upon the three dozen fine trout I caught as the result of my holiday, I shall remember those few hours alone with Nature long after I shall have ceased to think of trout.

—T. A. M., '20.

Our great business is not to *see* what lies dimly in the distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand."—*Carlyle*.

Norman Duncan.

BY the recent death of Norman Duncan, the American world of letters has lost one of its most promising and brilliant figures. Though of the early age of forty-five years Norman Duncan had already won a high place in the estimation of literary critics.

He was born in Brantford, Ont., and was a graduate of the University of Toronto. After leaving the University he took up journalistic work, and in 1897 joined the staff of the New York Evening Post, where he won success as a writer of tales based on life as he saw it in the Syrian quarter of New York. These stories embodied in book form as "The Soul of the Street" were at once successful, perhaps because of the simple human element contained therein, but also because they were told with sympathy and dramatic power and possessed the unmistakable quality of art.

In 1901 Norman Duncan visited Newfoundland and Labrador, which later became the scenes of his most successful work. One critic has said of this period of his work: "No writer about the sea has ever probed its mysteries so deeply and faithfully." His second publication in book form was "The Way of the Sea." Then in 1904 came "Doctor Luke of the Labrador," which probably ranks as his most successful work.

As has been the case with many of our literary men, both past and present, the careers of author and educator were, in Norman Duncan merged into one. From 1902—6 he was professor of Rhetoric at Washington and Jefferson College, and for two years more he was adjunct professor of English literature at the University of Kansas. He was also correspondent for Harper's magazine on an Eastern tour through Syria, Palestine, and Arabia, but it is an author that Norman Duncan will be best remembered. Though America was destined through circumstances to be the scene of his literary labors yet he preserved throughout his early writings the background of his native Canada by which he climbed to fame.

—L. B. CHASE.

Acadia Boys in Khaki.

S. S. OLYMPIC, Oct. 14, 1916.

HERE I am fourteen hours at sea and not sick yet! Very few of us have been sick and everything is all serene. I left home on Tuesday. Wednesday morning we were up at one o'clock, had our breakfast by moonlight and spent our time in being checked for the voyage. Each man wore his check on his top button; this was our identification as we went on board. At five-thirty we left Kentville by two trains. When we reached Pier 2 three hours later, we took off our packs, put on our belts and went for a march around town. When we got back we went on board and soon had dinner. Our food is first rate, but there are so many of us that it is hard to "avoid the rush" at meal times.

As we came on board each man was handed a card which told him the number of his compartment and deck and also the number of his mess room. When we are below we would not know we were afloat for everything is done in the regular barrack-room style.

There are one hundred and eighty men in my compartment, but there is plenty of ventilation. Nearly all the troops sleep in hammocks. I crawled up into one but found it too short for comfort, and am very glad to have a bunk instead. The sergeants have the second class staterooms and the officers the first class. At night the decks are in total darkness. All the windows and portholes are painted black, then a coat of grey on the outside so that not a ray of light escapes. We all have to wear life jackets all the time and before we left the pier we had several alarms to get us used to them. On Friday morning we sailed up Bedford Basin, and that night at six o'clock we were just leaving the harbour.

Monday afternoon,

October 17, 1916.

This ship rocks like a rowboat away out here in the middle of the Atlantic, for some time this morning we reached the half-way mark. Our speed probably averages about 25 miles per hour and we have something like 3,000 miles to go.

The sergeants and officers live like regular first class passengers, English style. There are very few apartments that remain as they were when she was a passenger boat, but what are left are palatial. There are three or four stairways like those in large hotels

which lead from the boat deck—the top deck where troops are not allowed—down through A, B, C, D decks down to E deck. I am on F deck in compartment E. I think there are two troop decks below that again.

We heard yesterday by wireless that you people back home think the Olympic has been sunk, and that we dare not send out messages to tell you any different because then the enemy would be able to locate us. I do hope this is not so.

Witley Camp, England,
Friday, October 3rd.

Well here I am at last in England, and a most wonderful trip I have had. Last Wednesday morning we sighted land on the port side. It was the south of Ireland. Our escort had picked us up the night before, so now we had two torpedo boat destroyers, one on each side of us. They would sometimes start up and circle away out around and then dodge back again. They are small and low down in the water, burn oil and go like the de—.

Pretty soon we lost sight of land, then we could see the headlands of Wales. About six o'clock we began to go up the Mersey River. We could see the shafts of light playing across the sky, on the lookout for zeppelins. When we got up to Liverpool we dropped anchor at eight o'clock and lay by until daylight.

That night we did not get much rest for we had to have our packs ready to disembark early the next morning, and besides there was a good deal of excitement. In the morning we had to get busy and scrub up the floor, etc., for we must leave the boat as we had found it—clean. When we got up on deck we had docked and were ready to go ashore. The most remarkable thing about the place was that not a person was in sight except the officials, which seemed very strange for the size of the city. At nine o'clock we went aboard our train which was waiting for us at the dock. It was such a little insignificant train that we thought it would take a week at least to reach the south of England.

The trains are all divided into compartments, and eight men climbed into each compartment, baggage and all. We had two little bits of engines with fifty odd cars. To begin with, we went for miles through a tunnel; we must have gone under the city all the way for when we came out we were in the country. And such a country! It is impossible for me to tell you about it in words. We did not pass through any woods all day long, but everywhere were

green fields used for pastures. Large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle would be feeding in small fields and yet there would be plenty of green grass.

The houses in the country were all built of brick; they were mostly cottage style. We saw no barns like ours over in Canada but the hay was in ricks, that is, thatched stacks out by the stables. We never went very far without passing through some large city, then we would follow along the bank of some river or canal. All the towns looked the same; the houses were all built of brick and the streets were very straight. All the houses on one street would be built the same. The whole country seemed the work of one mind, one man instead of many people.

When we came to Birmingham we changed engines for a much larger type, but still they were a lot smaller than our D.A.R. ones. We had two Old Country men in our compartment, so the trip was very interesting indeed. Our route of travel was most crooked; we seemed to go the most roundabout ways, but always going about sixty miles an hour. We must have gone about 250 miles that day, always through the most interesting country and the most beautiful country in the world, I firmly believe. Pretty well south, we began to see some of the country residences of the gentry, the most beautiful places in the land. They were generally pretty well hidden with foliage trees, no spruce and few pines. No wonder there is a market for our apples over here,—I did not see an orchard all that day!

We did not pass through London, although we are now well south of it. I saw some of the most beautiful horticultural farms where the seed of flowers are raised for sale. Acres and acres of land would be nothing but gardens. As we travelled we noticed how few people there seemed to be in the country,—women sold papers, drove delivery wagons, were chauffeurs, dug and picked up the potatoes, ran the factories, and some in overalls acted as porters at the stations.

We passed through the city of Guildford, then four miles further we left our little bantam train, slipped on our packs and walked two miles down a pretty little country lane, all macadamized; up into the pine woods; along a very crooked road and at last arrived at our camp.

We are living in barracks. There are about 20,000 troops here and everything is very pleasant.

CPL. KARL D. WOODMAN,
C Company, 85th Batt.



ACADIA AND THE SOPHETTES NEED YOU!

**Freshette
Initiation**

Green recruits for the 1920 Donkey Battalion must report for duty at Headquarters (College Hall) at 6.40 p. m., Saturday, October 14th, 1916. Any delinquency will be admonished by detention. Full military dress is required—

1. Hair: Military cut, a la Donkey "Tails, at least twelve in number, each being confined by narrow ribbon (verdant).
2. Tunic—unconfined at waist.
3. Riding breeches.
4. Fatigue boots.

By order,

STAFF OFFICERS 1919 A. T. BN., C. E. F.,
Headquarters, Tully Tavern Bar,
Wolfville, N. S.

This imposing order decorated with specimens of the 1920 Donkey Battalion, and stamped with the seal of '19—caused no little comment in the Co-eds' waiting room on October 13th and 14th, and curiosity ran high. On Saturday evening the "little Freshettes," after having passed through certain stages of their trials (which were not made known to the public) were martialled before the waiting members of the Propylæum. Coming in two by two, their legs tied together as if for a "three-legged race," their eyes blindfolded, and their twelve donkey-tails each tied with green ribbon hanging dejectedly around their faces, they made a most impressive entrance. They were drawn up for parade, inspected and served to mess by the sergeant for the day and an hour of military activities followed. A bugler was appointed whose duty it was to summon both officers and privates to their respective tasks, "Par-

ade Preparation," "Officers Mess," "Fatigue Work," "The Highland Fling with bagpipe accompaniment," "A 219th Proposal" and "Field Sports" followed, after which those privates who had been given C. B. for various reason presented an entertainment in the form of a motion picture show.

When the duties were finally over the battalion was once more drawn up for parade and the colors, in the form of small green pennants bearing the inscription in white, "Slaves of '19," were presented.

The following is a copy of the rules, printed on battleship-grey paper and stamped with the seal and colors of the A. T. B'n., which were presented to each recruit.

REGIMENTAL ORDERS OF 1920 DONKEY BATTALION.

1. All headgear must be adorned by green band with battalion name and number, and green feather on the left side.
2. Swagger-sticks bearing regimental colors must be carried at all times when out of barracks.
3. Privates must not fail to present arms on meeting any officer of 1919.
4. Signed passes must be obtained by all those leaving barracks after 6 p. m. Passes must bear signature of officer of 1919.
5. Privates must report at barracks before 9 p. m. when all passes are to be turned in.
6. All town canteens are closed to privates. Rations will be issued at Tully Tavern mess only.
7. No decorations other than those signified above are permitted.

Any infringement of battalion regulations will be entered on the "Regimental Conduct Sheet Entry."

By Order,

STAFF OFFICERS 1919 A. T. BATT., C. E. F.,
Headquarters, Tully Tavern Barracks,
Wolfville, N. S.

At the beginning of the year the Cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. held a "setting-up conference" at which plans for the year's work were discussed. The chairmen of the different committees had mapped out their work during the summer so that it was not difficult to get the society in running order.

The first Sunday morning meeting was a joint one with the Y. M. C. A., led by Dr. DeWolfe. Since then the Sunday morning meetings have been held in the Club Room at the college girls' Residence, and have been in charge of different members of the society. At the meeting on November 12 the Social Service Committee presided and some of the Seminary girls were present.

On October 20th the Muskoka delegates gave their report of the Y. W. C. A. Summer Conference. The Professor of Biology kindly allowed them to use the lantern in order that they might show the snapshots taken on the trip.

The reception for the new girls took the form of a Hallowe'en party, to which the wives of the members of the Faculty were present.

Miss Winnifred Thomas, the Y. W. C. A. Secretary for the Maritime Provinces, spent the week from November 14 to November 20 with the University and Seminary Associations. Her meetings with the cabinet and committees have been most helpful, and through her visit the girls have gained a new inspiration and enthusiasm for the year's work.

Propylæum At our first meeting of the Propylæum this year, the following officers were appointed for the year 1916-17:—

President—RUTH WOODWORTH, '17.

Vice-President—NITA PICKELS, '18.

Secretary-Treasurer—ISABEL MAGEE, '19.

Teller—ETHEL RAND, '20.

The initiation of the new girls was well attended and carried through according to militia regulations. The new girls proved themselves true soldiers under fire. Where did the initiating committee learn so much about military procedure?

On Nov. 10th we had a Red Cross meeting. A paper on "Provisions Made for the Wounded Tommy Before He Reaches England," by Marian Giffin, was very interesting as well as instructive. The "Evolution of a Sock" was also shown.

Although we have fewer girls in our society this year there is no lack of interest and enthusiasm.

The work of the Y. M. C. A. has gone on as usual, although almost none of last year's leaders returned to college. Mr. W. R. Auld, the Secretary of the Maritime Christian Students' Intercollegiate Association, spent the first ten days of the term with us, and rendered invaluable service in getting our Association on its feet. The Y. M. C. A. Handbook was put out as in former years. On the first Friday evening of the term, the Association held their annual Freshman reception in College Hall. Toward the end of the evening, short talks of a very high order were given by Mr. Auld, and Drs. Thompson, Chute and Prof. Hannay. After the apples vanished, the usual programme of contests was held, and the "Gravenstein Reception" ended by the Sophomores giving the Freshman yell.

The following meetings have been held besides the regular Sunday morning prayer meetings:—

On Oct. 4, Mr. Auld, the College Y. M. C. A. Secretary of the Maritime Provinces, gave an address upon the "Square." In his discourse he likened the model life to a square with its four sides. The true life must be one of mental, moral, physical and spiritual growth.

On Oct. 11 Mr. Murray G. Brooks, Y. M. C. A. Secretary from Ceylon, India, revealed the distressing conditions that exist in darkest India. If there were any present who anticipate a life on the foreign mission field, they must certainly have felt the keen call of opportunity.

On October 18, Prof. Thompson spoke to us upon the topic, "Why am I here at College?" Upon first consideration we answer, to study and fit ourselves for the place we desire to occupy in the world. That is very important, but we are here also to exert our Christian influence upon those whom we meet and keep in association.

On Oct. 25 Mr. Densmore, our Vice-President, discussed the value of faith. When we consider what the Bible tells concerning the power of faith we realize fully how weak we are. We have probably all experienced its efficacy, but we are still ignorant of its marvelous possibilities.

On Nov. 1, Messrs. Smallman and Schurman presented their reports from the Conference at Northfield, Mass. Only those who have heard such distinguished men as Dr. Sherwood Eddy, Dr. Charles R. Brown and Robert E. Speer can appreciate their influence. Northfield has opened up to our representatives the true status of the Christian world.

On Nov. 8, Prof. Hannay addressed the Y. M. C. A. upon the subject of "Hymnology." He spoke first, of the relation of music to worship. He then presented a brief sketch of the historical development of religious music, and followed this by a statement of the criteria by which we judge a hymn—(Is it Scriptural? Is it devotional? Is it lyrical?) He closed by telling the story of the composition of "Rock of Ages."

On Nov. 15, Rev. N. A. Harkness spoke to us upon "Life's unfulfilled purposes." David gathered the temple material, but Solomon used it. Many of our parents loaked forward to a time when they might secure a well rounded education. Life's course seemed to steer them from the path. They did succeed, however, in giving us the opportunity. Their unfulfilled purpose became fulfilled in us.

**Society
Athenæum**

The work of the Athenæum Society has been continued along the same lines as on previous years. The first meeting was devoted to introducing the Freshmen to Acadia and her sacred customs. We commend the Freshmen for their good behavior and sportsmanlike attitude at this meeting. Soon after, a Mock Trial was held in College Hall. This, however, was successful chiefly in failure due to lack of preparation. A good series of inter-class debates are now being held. The officers of the Society are:—

President—R. B. SMALLMAN, '17.

Vice-President—B. G. SPRACKLIN, '18.

Treasurer—G. NOWLAN, '19.

Corresponding Secty.—F. DENSMORE, '19.

The Sophomore-Freshman debate was held in College Hall, Saturday evening, Nov. 11. The resolution was as follows:—

"Resolved, that a system of Conscription, whereby all men between the ages of 18 and 45 would be required to do military service, would be advantageous to Canada, providing that any man

whose services are regarded as beneficial to the community may be exempted by the Government."

The Freshman team consisting of Illsley (leader), MacNeil and Corey supported the resolution, while the Sophomore team, consisting of Hayford (leader), Armitage and Nowlan, upheld the present system.

The affirmative upheld the resolution from the standpoint of the present need of men, and because Conscription was the only fair means of getting men.

The negative maintained that Conscription was unfair to the aliens and the French-Canadians, which together make up forty-five per cent. of our population; and that a thoroughly organized effort under the voluntary system would raise as many more men as Canada easily produce; and that, all things considered, it was very inexpedient for the country to adopt Conscription at the present time.

The judges were unanimous in their decision that the Sophomore team had won the debate.

The Seniors debated the Juniors Saturday evening, November 18th, in College Hall on the subject: "Resolved, that the substitution of a tax on land values only for our present system of taxation would be beneficial for Nova Scotia." The Seniors, who upheld the affirmative, were hard pressed by the negative, but they received the decision of the judges on argument. The Senior team was composed by R. B. Smallman (leader), R. Coldwell, and J. F. Wright. The Juniors were H. Densmore (leader), B. G. Spracklin, and C. Robbins.

Academy Notes.

THE work of the school was resumed September 9th. The opening exercises took place in the Academy Chapel at ten o'clock. Dr. Archibald gave a very enthusiastic address, and welcomed the boys to Acadia.

The new teaching staff is as follows:—Rev. W. L. Archibald, M. A., Ph. D., English Literature; J. E. Howe, M. A., History, French; C. W. Spencer, Latin, English Subjects; A. C. Hayford, Mathematics. Every department of the school is in a prosperous condition, and a good year is expected by all.

The officers of the school are:—

President—E. C. DAVIS.

Vice-President—K. KEITH.

Secretary-Treasurer—V. H. MACNEILL.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. of the Academy opened on September 16th. Committee were appointed to carry on the work of the year. The following officers were elected:—

President—J. A. PYNE.

Vice-President—E. C. DAVIS.

Secretary-Treasurer—V. H. MACNEILL.

Pianist—E. M. WELLS.

LYCEUM.

The Lyceum was reopened on September 19th. Officers elected for the term:—

President—J. A. SMITH.

Vice-President—E. C. DAVIS.

Secretary-Treasurer—H. D. HAY.

Pianist—B. R. HAMILTON.

Regular meetings have been held and some interesting programmes have been given, which make the Lyceum meetings very enjoyable.

A. C. A. ATHLETICS.

Although the student body is very small this year, the Athletic Association is in a prosperous condition. The Association is deeply indebted to Mr. Howe, who has taken a great interest in Athletics, and has spent much time in training the boys.

Two football games have been played this season with Kings. The first game was played on Nov. 4th on the Acadia Campus and resulted in a score of 0—0. The A. C. A. line-up was as follows:

Forwards—F. McDonald, Welch, E. M. O'Brien, J. A. Pyne, J. A. Smith, V. H. MacNeill, McClelland.

Halves—K. Keith, F. V. Anthony, A. O. Ayer, R. M. Giffin.

Full Back—E. M. Wells.

Quarters—C. C. Fraser, J. E. Howe, H. D. Hay.

On Nov. 11th the football team accompanied by a number of rooters went to Windsor to play a return game. The weather was dark with occasional showers. The Campus was wet and slippery. Both teams played a good fast game, which ended in a score of 0—0.

We are anticipating a good hockey and basket-ball season.

Seminary Notes.

SEMINARY RECEPTION.

ON the evening of October 21st the young ladies of Acadia Seminary were hostesses to the students of the College and Academy. Contrary to the usual custom of using Alumnæ Hall for the annual reception, the Seminary dining room was tastefully decorated for the occasion.

Games which tested the ingenuity of all concerned were indulged in. "God Save the King" brought to a close a happy evening.

SENIOR HOUSE PARTY.

On Friday, November 8th, the Class of '17 entertained their friends at a house party given in Alumnæ Hall. The evening was spent very informally, one of the features of the entertainment being the series of "stunts" performed by the guests and their partners. If the heartiness of the college yells given at the close might be taken as evidence, we can safely say that the party was a success.

Luck is a great word, with U the most important letter.

These are stirring times when a pessimist will do about as much good as the Turk Navy.

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLIII. WOLFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1916 No. 1

R. B. SMALLMAN, '17, *Editor-in-Chief.*

A. C. HAYFORD, '19, *Month.*

RUTH WOODWORTH, '17, *Exchanges.*

A. G. SCHURMAN, '17, *Jokes.*

HELEN GANTER, '19, *Personals.*

F. ARCHIBALD, '19, *Mgr. of Circulation.*

HELEN CUSHING, '17, *Athletics.*

B. G. SPRACKLIN, '18, *Business Mgr.*

GORDON HERKINS, *Seminary.*

J. A. SMITH, *Academy.*

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



Editorial



“Let me but live from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils”

THE past is gone, the future lies before us with all its opportunity. Wherein shall we make advances over the past years? That is the urgent question that we must answer.

This year is unique in the history of Acadia in that not one of last year's leaders among the boys has returned. Some have been graduated, but far the greater number are either in England or France with our gallant Canadian troops. This has placed all the societies under a heavy burden, but nowhere has the burden fallen heavier than upon the ATHENÆUM paper. Not a person has returned who has ever been on the staff; only four contributors are back out of over thirty who wrote last year. In addition to this, a debt of more than three hundred and fifty dollars hangs over us. These things, however, do not discourage us; they are but a challenge thrown out to us to do our utmost. This challenge we have accepted. Since many of the editorships were left vacant and no units had been won in the empty departments by any person registered at College, it was found necessary to elect them. The fol-

lownig have thus been appointed:—Miss Ruth Woodworth, '17, Exchanges; Mr. C. Schurman, '17, Jokes; Mr. H. Hayford, '19, Month; Miss Gordon Herkins, Seminary; Mr. J. A. Smith, Academy. We wish to thank particularly Prof. Hannay, Dr. Spidle and Dr. Thompson for the assistance they have been to us in organizing and planning the work for the year.

Number of Issues

On account of the peculiar circumstances in which the ATHENÆUM is placed this year, coupled with the difficulty in getting subscribers and advertisers, the staff, after careful consideration, has decided that it cannot publish eight issues, have them up to the usual standard, and clear expenses. Therefore, it has been thought wise and advisable to put forth an extra effort to print five acceptable issues, namely:—Christmas, January, March, May and June. This we thought would be much more satisfactory to the subscribers than eight mediocre numbers. We are also confident that all true supporters of the paper will renew their subscriptions, and thus show their appreciation of the unusual conditions of the present year. Nearly 30 per cent. of last year's subscribers have not paid. *If you are one of these*, kindly send us two dollars which will clear the back debt and pay for your subscription for 1916-17. A bill is inclosed in each ATHENÆUM this month. Kindly notice that the terms are "paid in advance," and govern yourself accordingly.

Student Committee

The permanent Student Committee has started upon the second year of its life at Acadia. This year, however, a Co-ed has taken the place of the second Junior member; this arrangement will last until the close of the war. The first work undertaken was the collecting of the Universal Fee. The success of this effort was shown by the fact that fifty-five boys and some forty girls have paid up to date. An auditing committee of three was appointed to audit the accounts of all societies controlled by the Committee. Owing to the fact that it was found too expensive in war time to publish the new Song Book, compiled by the committee last year, and that a great need was felt for Acadia songs among the newer students, it was considered advisable to put out an edition of words only, of a selection of our best songs. This is now in the printer's hands, and will be off the press before this reaches you. If you desire a copy of these

Acadia Songs, you can obtain it by sending 25c. to Acadia Students' Committee, Wolfville. The following comprise the Committee:—R. B. Smallman, '17, (Chairman), Miss E. Starratt, '17, Miss A. Allen, '18, Mr. H. Densmore, '18, Mr. D. Grant, '19, Mr. H. Lawrence, Eng., and Mr. C. Ruggles, '20.

* * * *

Students, you have an unexcelled opportunity this year to show just what you can do in putting out a college paper. Remember, the ATHENÆUM is published by the students of Acadia. That means *you*. Get down to some real hard work and pass in articles for publication. Don't offer the excuse of inexperience. Not a person in college has had any experience. That is no excuse at all; it is but a reason why you should work harder. You will be liberally rewarded. Twenty-one units to your credit, of which not less than ten and not more than seventeen be in the Literary department, give you a Literary A—as great an honor as the student body of Acadia can bestow upon you. Only eight have won it up to date. You can be the ninth this year if you will try. Make the ATHENÆUM truly representative of Acadia, a bright, keen, and worthy production.

**Should
Students
Study?**

We have just come across an excellent article in the September number of *Harper's Magazine* written by President William T. Foster, of Reed College, Portland, on the subject, "Should Students Study?" It is a most impressive and fair discussion of the subject which every student should read. He commences his article with a motto often heard at Acadia, "Don't let your studies interfere with your college education." The student just entering college for the first time has certain ideas concerning its life. He has been told to get an all-round education, he observes the boys who return from college with their accounts of initiations, celebrations and pranks. They tell him to be a "good sport," but few elaborate on the joys of study. College stories also abound in football games, smokers, night-shirt parades, and all that but rarely mention the value of examinations. In fact, the new student gets the idea that it is not necessary to study. And then the jolly old graduate comes back with his stirring tales of his college days when the faculty did not try to run things. "Oh, in those days we used to enjoy ourselves."

“ You'll forget your Latin and Math. and all the rest of that, but there's one thing you'll never forget as long as you live and that is your College Life.” “ Go to it.” This is all along the same line.” The new tree of life—the painless education, by the do-what-you-please, when-you-please, how-you-please method which is said to have been imported from Italy. It is shown in the following college motto:—

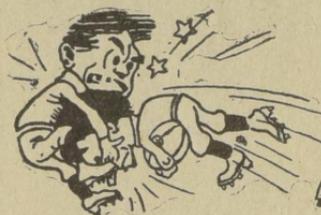
'Tis better to have come and loafed
Than never to have come at all.

President Foster then strives to discover whether all this is true or whether high scholarship is worth the effort. Is there any relation between success in studies and success in life? For answer to this he brings evidence from about one hundred colleges in U. S. A. and Oxford in England. He found that only one boy in five hundred who failed in high school work attained distinction in college.

But why should a student try for rank in college? Why not wait until the professional school is reached when one can really buckle down to life's work? Even those students who make miserable marks in college fully intend to get high marks in professional studies. But do they? In Harvard, for instance, of 340 who entered with conditions, only 3 per cent. graduated with honor degrees in Law. The same relation exists at Yale.

But does success in studies give promise of success in life? President Thwing of Western Reserve University, the historian of higher education in America, says that he has found no exception, in the record of any American college, to the general rule that those who achieve most before graduation are likely to achieve most after graduation.

We must then face the facts as shown; the “ good fellow ” in college, the sport who does not let his studies interfere with his education but intends to settle down to hard work later on, is almost a myth. If he be satisfied with a bare graduation from college he has only one chance in ten in comparison with those who graduate with high honor. Therefore, let every student who really wants to do something in this world consider the facts, tear down that sign, “ Don't let your studies interfere with your college education,” and substitute another, “ Don't let your College Life blank your future.”



ATHLETICS

THE small attendance at college this year has, of necessity, limited our activities in athletics. Although football in the college has been confined to practices, the Academy team have secured two games with King's Collegiate School.

The first of these games was played under ideal football conditions. The game was a fairly good exhibition of football, but was rather slow and characterized by fumbling.

The second game, played Nov. 11th at Windsor, showed much improvement in both teams. There was less fumbling and the game was faster. Both these games ended somewhat unsatisfactorily for the teams, since no score was made on either day.

The Boy Scout gymnasium has been secured for the use of the college boys four afternoons a week; and Mr. Andrew Watson as captain is doing all in his power to organize a basket-ball team.

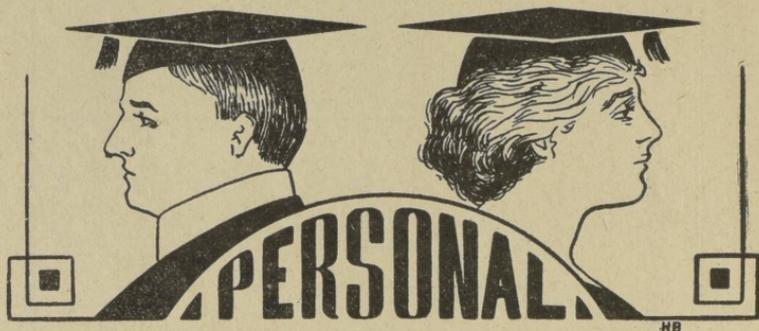
As usual, the college girls have secured the gymnasium two evenings a week. About thirty of the girls play basket-ball, and they are so organized that four teams get two practices a week. At the beginning of the year, there was very little left of the old team, but some good material has come in, and with Mr. Andrew Watson as coach, hopes of a good team are many degrees brighter.

On account of our athletic activities being so limited, it was decided to play off a tennis tournament this fall in addition to the regular one in the spring. Accordingly a schedule was drawn up. However, the men's singles were the only events played off since the snow stopped all further games.

TENNIS SCHEDULE (Men's Singles)

PRELIMINARIES	2ND ROUND	3RD ROUND	SEMI FINALS	FINALS	
Langwith '20.....	Burton.....	Burton.....	Riley.....	Cushing...	Cushing
Burton '20.....					
Illsley '20.....	6-3, 6-2.....	Riley (F).....	Cushing.....	Cushing	
Corey '20.....	Riley (F).....				Cushing.....
MacFadden '20.....	Schaffner.....	Clarke.....	Cushing.....	Cushing	
Riley '20.....	6-3, 7-5.....				6-0, 6-0.....
Dobson '20.....	Clarke.....	Cushing.....	Cushing		
Schaffner '20.....	6-0, 6-1.....			Cushing.....	Cushing
Longley '20.....	Manzer.....	Cushing.....	Cushing		
Clarke '20.....	6-0, 6-2.....			Cushing.....	Cushing
Manzer '17.....	Grant.....	Cushing.....	Cushing		
Floreain '19.....	(F).....			Cushing.....	Cushing
MacNeill '20.....	Cushing.....	Cushing.....	Cushing		
Grant '17.....	6-1, 8-6.....			Cushing.....	Cushing
Watson '17.....	Hayford.....	Cushing.....	Cushing		
Cushing, Eng.....	0-6, 7-5, 6-3..			Cushing.....	Cushing
Hayford '19.....	Smallman.....	Cushing.....	Cushing		
Archibald '19.....	Smallman..			Cushing.....	Cushing
Smallman '17.....	6-4, 8-6, 6-1..	Cushing.....	Cushing		
Schurman '17.....				Cushing.....	Cushing

ACADIA ATHENEUM



Ex '96—Capt. T. B. Schurman of the 193rd Battn., has been appointed assistant adjutant of the Highland Brigade and is now stationed at Witley Camp, Surrey, Eng.

'00—Rev. S. S. Poole has resigned his pastorate at Middleton, and has already taken up his duties at Germain St. Church; St. John.

'06—Rev. T. S. Porter, former pastor of Germain St. Church, St. John, is now in England acting as Chaplain in the 104th Battn.

'08—Mildred Black, M. A., is teaching Grade IX in the St. John High School.

'09—Rev. M. T. McCutcheon, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Montreal, spent his summer vacation in St. John.

'11—Rev. J. D. MacLeod has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Canso Church. The Paradise and Clarence Church, with which he successfully worked for the past two years, has received his decision with deep regret.

'12—At a service held recently in memory of Capt. H. H. Pineo, '12, addresses were delivered by Major G. B. Cutten and Rev. E. G. Dakin, '14.

'12—Billy Card, '12, is now studying at the Boston Conservatory of Music.

'12—Ross Collins has been transferred from the 219th Battn. to the 246th, where he is acting sergeant.

'13—The marriage of Harold R. Haley to Alice Maude Bachtet took place on Sept. 6th at Calais, Me.

'11—The marriage of W. A. Porter to Lu Zwicker, '13, took place at Bear River; the ceremony was performed by Rev. E. Gordon Dakin, '14.

'14—Guy Phinney, B. Sc. '14, is working in the office of Simms Brush Factory, St. John.

'14—Another Acadia wedding took place on Aug. 30th at Bear River when H. Gold Zwicker, ex '18, and Ellery G. Dakin, '14, were married by Rev. C. W. Robbins, '15.

'15—Grace Blenkhorn is teaching at her home in Canning.

'15—Wilda Outhouse is stenographer in the office of the Maritime Fish Corporation, Digby.

At the Digby County quarterly district meeting which was held at Weymouth, August 7th and 8th, the following Acadia men were elected as officers for the ensuing year:—Rev. N. A. Whitman, '15, President, and Rev. C. W. Robbins, '15, Vice-President.

'15—John Meisner, who was ordained by the Charlotte St. Church, St. John, on Sept. 28th, has accepted a call to the United Baptist Church at Chegoggin, N. S.

'16—Lieut. R. Murray Millet, '16, recently passed the exam. of the 11th Bombing Class for officers with the classification of "distinguished."

'16—Paige Pinneo is teaching at Lower Wolfville.

'16—Charlotte Layton is engaged in Y. W. C. A. work in Newark, New Jersey.

'16—Lillian Chase is teaching at her home in Church Street.

'16—Hazel Steeves is teaching at her home in Billtown.

'16—Mildred Schurman is teaching at Sheet Harbor.

'16—Arthur, '15, and Norm Rogers, '16, have returned from doing their bit overseas and have joined the 246th Battn. At present they are in Halifax at the Officers Training School.

'16—Sterling Stackhouse has been ordained by the Doaktown Church where he is now preaching.

'16—Ralph Gregg, '16, has been ordained by the Cross Creek Church and he is now preaching there.

'16—Violet Thorpe is attending Truro Normal School.

'18—Della MacLean, ex '18, is studying at the Newport Hospital, Newport, R. I.

Ex '18—Gladys Daniels, ex '18, is teaching at her home in Paradise.

Ex '19—Frank Smith, is teaching at Milltown, N. B.

Ex '19—Veta Collicutt is taking a business course in Truro.

Ex '19—Amy Kenney is teaching at Scott's Bay.

'17—Arthur MacFarland and Len Richardson, Eng. '17, are continuing their studies at the Mass. Institution of Technology.

Ex '18—John MacNeill, who went overseas about a year ago with the Universities Company, has won his lieutenancy.

Ex '19—Horace Read has been transferred from the 219th to the 246th where he is a sergeant.

Ex '19—Bernard Haley has recently finished a signallers course at Rockcliffe Camp, Ontario.

'15—T. C. Doty has been advanced to Lance-Corporal in the 112th, having completed his course of Trench Mortar work at Plymouth, Eng.

A. C. A. '12—Roland A. Durkee has been appointed attache of the United States Embassy at Constantinople. He is said to be the youngest man to ever win such an honor, being only 22 years of age. He headed the list of nineteen candidates who took the examination for the appointment.

'14—Sergt. Fred Bagnell of the original 14th Battalion is back from the front, having spent over fifteen months in the trenches. There he made an enviable record, and is now discharged having suffered the loss of his left arm.



IN spite of the fact that exchanges are sadly lacking, the Exchange editor is supposed to furnish a juicy bit of criticism for her department. If all comments are devoted to the *McGill Daily*, the other colleges must not feel slighted, but try to send their papers to Wolfville the rest of the year.

The McGill Roll of Honor has a very prominent place in the *Daily*, as well it should, but there seem to be plenty of fellows left to carry on college activities. Football appears to be an every-day occurrence, and work among the societies seems to be progressing finely. Even the Students' Council is active, and the Y. M. C. A. has a president. Debating has begun, with subjects at a good and proper distance from war topics.

McGill has recognized the wisdom of the policy of her sister colleges, and has lowered her pass mark to forty-five, in order to help out the overworked Science men.

Acadia men do make good elsewhere, and to satisfy curiosity as to when and where, look in the *Daily* of Nov. 9, 1916. Congratulations.

The *McMaster Monthly* has very small space devoted to the literary department, possibly if there were only five issues, the material at hand would make a better showing. The creative genius of the McMaster writers is still lying dormant, but may wake up in time for the November publication.

Some one must have a truly terrible complexion if he is so afraid to have bright colors next to his face. A special act of University Parliament should make it allowable for him to doff all reds and yellows. But in that case he should have to wear a placard telling of his high rank, and distinguishing him from less fastid-

ious individuals. His own system of stripes seems to hint somewhat of the military; if he put on khaki, possibly such considerations would no longer trouble him.

One particularly good feature of the *Monthly* is the department devoted to Military Service. If not beneath our dignity, the ATHENÆUM might invent something that would be for the same purpose, yet highly original.

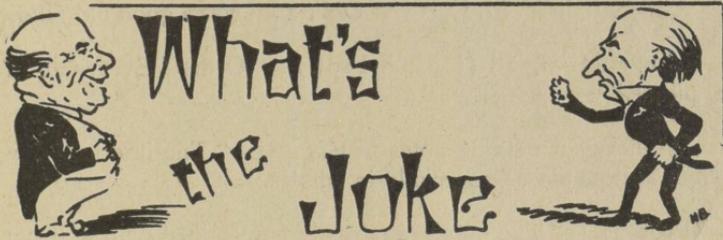
Are the McMaster students ashamed to wear their gowns. Or is it from motives of economy that they are thinking of using gowns as they do B. A. hoods every year at closing time? Like the joke column, gowns seems to be superfluous in war time.

At U. N. B. the literary department seems to be crippled, but the poetic genius burns brightly even in Freshmen. If these same Freshmen turn their hands to story writing, the value of the literary department cannot but be enhanced. Talent like that is rare and should be fostered.

In the social circles, the U. N. B. world is truly great: dances, dramatic societies, etc., but no initiation. Were the students too busy, or did they forget? The little Freshman's poem seems to be proof positive of this.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—
McGill Daily, McMaster Monthly, University Monthly, Queen's Journal.





A. St-k-ll, '19 (approaching Mrs. Rust at Sem. reception)—
 “Ahem, ah, pardon me, but you are Mrs. DeWolfe are you not?
 It's a fine school you've got here, isn't it?”

M-tt-n, '19 (after coolly listening to a lecture on manners)—
 “Well, anyway, I always quietly leave the table when I'm through
 eating.”

Fr- -man—“Yes, ‘Cyclops,’ that is about all you do leave.”

Bible Prof.—“Is there another question on the Sermon on the
 Mount?”

Freshman—“What was the text, please?”

Armit- -, '19 (discussing geology trip)—“Professor, shall we
 gather at—”

Cope, '19—“At the river.”

Librarian (to Illsley, '20, who has been talking loudly)—“You
 must remember, Mr. Illsley, that there is only low talk allowed
 here.”

Prof.—“Mr. Watson, do you know the most beneficial herb—
 in medicine?”

Watson—“The Angel plant.”

Prof.—“Why was Virginia settled before Ohio, Miss Bar- -s?”

Miss Bar- -s, '17—“Because the settlers first came to Vir-
 ginia.”

Cad (with apologies to Shakespeare)—“Yon Spencer hath a
 lean and hungry look. He sleepeth too much. Such men are
 worthless.”

Anders-n, in Y. M. C. A.—“ Old Satan was a good old fellow.”

Miss Add- -n, '18 (to Eng. Prof.)—“ Order ‘ Everyman ’ for me, please.”

M- -n W- -n (taking notes in Eng. 6)—“ The interlude developed in remote places, especially in whales.”

Prof. H.—“ The public was easily entertained or else it never would have put up with ‘ Love ’ and the ‘ Weather ’.”

A senior once ordered an ice
Fixed with dressing and cherries so nice,
But she jiggled her glass
And the cherries alas,
Flew out as if they'd been dice.

M- -n R- -d—“ What do you think of New Brunswick?”

Wm. M- -n—“ It's beautifully situated on the St. Lawrence.”

B- -g S- -t—“ I don't know what is the matter with me, I just daydream and daydream.”

Poole, '20 (throwing down his hat upon returning from town)
—“ I am discouraged, Longley.”

Longley—“ Why, Poole, what is the matter?”

Poole—“ This is twice I've worn my new hat and not a Sen has noticed it yet.”

Mitt. '19 (in his room after the Mock Trial)—“ All is lost save honor.”

Eng. Prof.—“ Mr. Meister, will you tell me the meaning of the word ‘ union.’”

Meister—“ Er—well—it's something like getting married.”

Prof. (after explaining a proposition)—“ Miss Addison, you are shaking your head. What is the matter with it?”

Miss Addison—“ I guess it's alright.”

Angus, '17 (at Senior Nickel party)—“ That's the music they used to play here when Adam was proprietor.”

Miss St- - -, '17—“ Who was Adam?”

FRESHETTE SONG—(Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my eyes, is the green of those first days,
When fond recollection presents it to view.

The hat-band, the feather, the swagger stick with it,
And e'en the broad smile that we all so well knew.

Hayford—"An editor is not without units save in his own department."

Smal-n, '17 (in Sacred Oratory)—"The flea flows over bolt and bar."

Cope (Hallowe'en social)—"Going down to the church to-night?"

Meist-, '20—"Really I don't know."

Cope, '19 (quoting Mr. Auld)—"You should develop the fourth side of the square."

Meist-,-—"I presume you are endeavoring to develop the fourth side of a straight line."

Dan McL. (at Sem. reception)—"Can you help me find my partner?"

Miss M-r-y—"Who is she?"

Dan—"Miss M-r-y."

Miss M.—"I'm Miss M-r-y."

Dan—"Oh, but Miss M-r-y was good looking."

Econ. Prof.—"Mr. Manzer, is this for, or against, or has no bearing on the case?"

Manzer—"Yes."

Prof.—"Yes, what?"

Manzer—"Yes, *sir?*"

George T. (at telephone)—"Hello, central, I'd like to see the bank manager, please."

Central—"Beg pardon, but this is a telephone, not a telescope."

Clar., '18, had to go to Windsor to arrange a game with Kings. There must have been something "Slack" about the arrangements.

A FRESHMAN CLASS MEETING.

The Freshmen met to organize their class
 In College Hall, room two, October last;
 It was a motley gathering—the men
 Were all bedecked in ribbons green—the ten
 Freshettes were members of the “Donkey Band,”
 For costume strange renowned throughout the land.
 They chose a man for president, but how
 To crown him with his office did not know.
 For parliamentary rules, to be fantastic,
 Let us supposed they used ecclesiastic.
 A few of them somewhere to church had been
 And had, while there, a christening service seen;
 Their president they all did then agree
 To christen to responsibility.

The old “Gray” “Bishop” slowly led the way
 To where a “Poole” of “Riley” water lay:
 Stopping upon the “Rand” he tried the water
 And told the “Stewart” he must make it “Salter.”
 But in the mud did sink this “Bishop” stout,
 They used a “Burton” for to lift him out;
 The mud then hung in “Dobson” (daubs on) to his shoes,
 And to postpone their meeting all did choose.
 Their first assembly they remember still—
 It brought upon them a tremendous “Bill.”

It is better to say: “This one thing I do,” than to say, “These forty things I dabble in.”

Evangeline Wink

SEASON TICKETS:

Men's, \$3.25

Ladies', \$2.75

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TUESDAY AND FRIDAY AFTER-
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