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Winners for the Month.

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

Articles—1st, Lalia Chase, '18; 2nd, Myra Barnes, '17.

Poems—1st, W. E. Poole, '20; 2nd, T. A. Meister, '20.

Month—1st, William McLean, '20; 2nd, Marjorie Harrington, '17.

Athletics—1st, Marjorie Harrington, '17; 2nd, C. F. Ruggles, '20.

Personals—1st, Helen Starr, '19; 2nd, Muriel Roscoe, '18.

Exchanges—1st, Myra Barnes, '17; 2nd, Violet Sleep, '18.

Jokes—1st, Katherine Knickle, '17; 2nd, Lalia Chase.

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16-17
ACADIA
UNIVERSITY.

GRAHAM

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLIII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1917

NO. 3

The August Festival

BLACK Night has drooped her rustling wings
The last tired Ugueis has gone to sleep,
A feathered minstrel of love's litany
The Mourning Bride has blurred her blue
Into the pulsing purple of the night.
Like ghosts of yellow phosphorescence gleam
The waxy blossoms of the Morn-flower plant
A tiny troubled breeze still haunts the grove
And sobs among the ancient sighing pines
Which guard so well their silent sleeping charge

So still, so quiet sleep comes a-floating down.
Then like the torrent of a mountain stream
Sound discordant and harsh beats 'gainst my brain,
It fills the night and blots out everything,
Highwails that seek to tear the veil of heaven.
And as accompaniment the beat of drums
That grows—sets every echo throbbing—dies away
Once more into a muffled monotone;
And in the grove a hundred torches flash
Throwing grim shadows on the hoary graves

And white-robed priests glide 'midst the silent pines.
New voices every moment join the din,
An added skirling to the waves of noise.
Now all the country round seems in a rush,
A mighty tide of raging, seething sound;
Up, up the tumult rises to the heaven,
Minutes or hours sense of time is gone.
Abruptly as it rose the tumult dies away.
Peace reigns supreme and all the tattered rays
Of midnight's silence, rudely sundered, reunite.

—MARJORIE HARRINGTON.

Somewhere in France.

AS consciousness returned to Martin he slowly reviewed the events of the night before. He thought of the sodden trench where he and his comrades had fought for hours hemmed in by the enemy; then followed the command at nightfall to charge the German trench only thirty yards away. The Canadian line had never wavered though the Germans had opened a murderous fire, and in the midst of this seething, fighting mass of humanity, Martin had fallen.

Now he raised himself painfully on one elbow, and in the early morning light contemplated the scene before him. It was the typical sight after an engagement upon which men look at first with growing horror and faintness, later with hardness and indifference. Beside him lay three motionless Germans. Martin murmured reminiscently, "Those must be the three fellows I did for last night. Well one of them nearly did for me—both my legs are perfectly useless. I wonder," he went on grimly, "if Madge would mind marrying a cripple." He fumbled at his pocket and presently drew forth the picture of a fair-haired girl with laughing eyes.

"Guess I'll just keep you out here for company, Madge," he said.

The eyes of the nearest German had opened and were fixed intently upon him. Perceiving that the man made a sudden movement, Martin reached hurriedly for his revolver.

"Why, hello, Fritz, I thought you were dead long ago."

Then he saw how grievously the man was wounded and he replaced his weapon with an ashamed look.

"Oh, I say. I didn't know!"

The German continued gazing at the young man a moment, and with just a ghost of a smile on his face, he said slowly in English:

"Is it that we postpone hostilities for a little while?"

"Let's; you've got an awful hole in you, and I can't stand, so we'll make the best of it till someone finds us," said Martin cheerfully. He knew that such a wound as this man had, meant death "Poor beggar!" he murmured to himself.

The German spoke again in his precise English: "Was it not a picture that I saw you look upon before you saw me?"

The other colored a little and pushed the picture towards his companion. "It's the girl I'm going to marry—if I get back to Canada. Her name's Madge, and she's the sweetest girl you ever saw," he added fervently.

The German studied his face thoughtfully. "Ach, she is indeed beautiful"; a tender look stole over his face; "I too love. I shall wed my Lottchen when I return victorious to the Fatherland. I have with me her likeness also." His clumsy fingers opened a little gold locket that hung about his neck, and revealed the miniature of a very pretty girl who gave the impression of health and robustness. "Ach, I think of the small, pretty house we shall have on the green banks of the Rhine—and the vineyard. We shall be happy, yes."

The Canadian nodded. "She looks like a mighty fine girl—oh, I say! What's up?"

His companion's head had fallen lower and an ominous dark stream gushed from his mouth. But he was not dead, and Martin was relieved to hear the faint voice again. "It is nothing; but I am very tired."

Martin pulled himself up by his hands to a sitting position. "Look here, I think you'd be a heap more comfortable if you had your head a bit higher," and he pillowed the German's head in his arms.

"Feel better?" he asked cheerily.

"You are very kind to a prisoner," was the reply.

"Prisoner? Nonsense! We're both perfectly helpless."

"I am weary and would sleep but a little while to dream of Lottchen," and the voice trailed off into nothingness.

"Do the poor chap good to get a nap," said Martin aloud. His mind was becoming clouded again; he hated the awful stillness only broken now and then by the distant rumble of artillery.

The hours wore on, and in the gathering darkness, shadows took strange forms. He fancied that it was Madge who came to him through the mist and that he folded her in his arms. Then he seemed to sink in the shadows that enveloped them.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Hastyn, the surgeon, was speaking to an orderly: "And how do you suppose we found him? Unconscious, and holding in his arms as tenderly as a mother, a dead German. What? Oh, yes, he'll pull through all right." —M. A. W., '16, A. L. S.

With the Military Y. M. C. A.

TO tell the complete story of the military Y. M. C. A. would require a special edition of the ATHENÆUM. To limit it to an article which a careful editor of this magazine would deem not too long would mean that a meagre outline only could be given, a mere aggregation of statements and statistics. To avoid either result the writer will attempt, after a few general statements with regard to the broader field of this great work, to confine himself to a more or less detailed account of one summer with the Y. M. C. A. in Aldershot Camp. This camp is chosen for several reasons: Although it is among the smallest of the camps of Canada, it represents fairly in general outline the type of work carried on in all the summer camps; it is nearest to the hearts of Nova Scotians, who are the principal readers of the ATHENÆUM; and it is nearest to the heart and to the experience of the writer, who will be pleased at a later date to supplement this article with the story of the overseas work.

A book which will tell of the work of the Y. M. C. A. in relation to this war will probably come to an already book-burdened public after the restoration of peace. It will tell the story of how the door was opened to the English "Y" along the Western battle front by the General Y. M. C. A. Secretary of India, and his men who came almost as stowaways on the first transports from India, and made themselves so indispensable that Kitchener, on request, allowed them to enter France and follow the troops; of the invitation later from Lord Kitchener to the English Y. M. C. A. to investigate and counteract conditions which were rapidly demoralizing the men at the British base in Rouen; of its wonderful success in this undertaking, and the subsequent gift of £15,000 from the British Government, with an invitation to continue the work there, and to introduce it in other centres; of opposition from the French authorities even after French women had recognized the value of the Y. M. C. A. and wept because their men could not have the advantages which the British "Tommys" were enjoying; of the complete and genuine conversion of the French Government, and the widely opened door to service with the French troops; of the rapid spread of the organization through all the countries at war. Whoever the writer may be he will have material for a book of absorbing interest.

The first contingent of Canadian troops was accompanied by Y. M. C. A. men who followed it up to the firing line. With the Y. M. C. A. firmly established along the fighting front, it was thought that the whole emphasis of the work should be placed there because of the manifest and pressing need. But when Major Gerald Birks of Montreal went across to look over the field he reported that conditions in and about the Canadian camps in England were such as to create an imperative demand for Y. M. C. A. service there. It is well known in military circles today that temptation to our boys in England exist in kind and degree undreamed of by the majority of people at home. It was necessary then to get a grip before the men went to France or they could not be reached there. Later, the emphasis was again divided as the significance of the work in home camps became more apparent. Men who become acquainted with the Y. M. C. A. in Canadian camps, will look to it as a friend when they go to England, as a savior when hard pressed in France.

About 500 persons are now engaged in this service with the Canadian troops. Over sixty men with the rank of captain are on duty in Europe. Of these twenty-four are in France, where two others have laid down their lives in the service. There are forty-three branches of the Y. M. C. A. along the Canadian fighting front, and a strong organization in every Canadian camp in England and at home. Several men are on duty as conducting officers on the transports, accompanying our men on their journey to England, and getting personally in touch with each returning soldier on his way home, with a view to assisting directly or indirectly in his adjustment to some useful place in society, or at least to gather information that will be of immense value in any comprehensive scheme which may be adopted for the discharge of our obligation to the returned soldier.

In Aldershot Camp during the greater part of the summer of 1916 there were about 6,000 men, of whom the greater number were our own lads of the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade—"Siol na fear fearail"—truly as fine a lot of fellows as ever went overseas to fight for Canadian ideals, and the common rights of man. With them there was no lack of enthusiasm, that prime essential to all successful work; nor failure of co-operation on the part of the either officers or men. A summer in the Y. M. C. A. with such men cannot be other than a pleasant memory.

The work of the organization has throughout a religious aim, namely, the enlargement of life in all its phases. Its methods differ radically from those of the Puritans of either the seventeenth or the twentieth century, who, perhaps, would deem very little of its work actually religious. For the purpose of classification, however, the work may be divided into three departments, business, social and religious, and under these heads it will be considered here.

First, the business or commercial phase. In every military camp in Canada, England and France the Y. M. C. A. has a canteen, or "refreshment booth," to give it its official title. These canteens carry a stock of soft drinks, chocolates, fruit, ice cream, etc., besides a number of articles in constant demand by the soldiers. The purpose of the canteen is twofold: to earn money which is used to carry on the religious and social work; and more particularly to accommodate the men, to provide a point of contact with them, and to encourage them to visit and to use the Y. M. C. A. buildings. In all camps these canteens have been found a strong asset to the general work of the Y. M. C. A. In fact, it is doubtful if it would be successful at all without them. There are several side lines of business activity followed out in the larger camps, such as barbering, watch repairing, etc.; but apart from small commissions from telephones, developing films and printing of pictures, the canteen was the only profit-making activity indulged in by the Y. M. C. A. at Aldershot. In view of certain criticisms that have arisen from a watchful but not-to-well-informed public in the vicinity of some of the larger camps, the writer feels gratified that this phase of the work in Aldershot has been given a fair and necessary prominence, but no more.

The social side of the work looms large. It is said that two out of every three letters written by a soldier come on Y. M. C. A. paper, and are, for the most part, written in Y. M. C. A. tents or huts. Certainly with a distribution of about 1500 envelopes with paper each day it seemed that a good proportion of the correspondence from our 6,000 men came from our quarters. In these buildings about 200 men could be seated to write comfortably, and the tables were usually full all through the evenings and on Sundays. One of the great missions of the Y. M. C. A. is to keep the boys in touch with their homes, and with other homes, that the influence of these may follow them, and, perhaps, save them. Hun-

dreds of Nova Scotia homes which never before were acquainted with the Y. M. C. A. have come to love it through these weekly or daily letters. While a boy is writing home regularly and frequently it is safe to judge that his life is not going very far astray.

The question of what to do with the long evenings is one which sooner or later becomes a serious problem to the soldier. One cannot write letters every evening, nor yet read, nor rest in idleness. There is too much energy stored up from the absorption of the substantial army fare, from the sunshine and air of God's great out of doors, from the regular drill, the route marches, the "P. T." and all the rest of that which makes up a soldier's life, for him to be satisfied with that. He needs entertainment. If this legitimate and natural demand is not met on the camp ground it is sure to be met elsewhere, perhaps in questionable, dangerous ways. So the "Y" provides a series of entertainments in which the best talent of the country has an opportunity to exercise itself for the benefit of the soldiers, and without charge to them. This does not by any means signify a complete dependence of our soldiers upon entertainment from without the lines. Few battalions are without their group of professional or amateur entertainers whose service the Y. M. C. A. is glad to enlist for their own good and that of their fellows. Some of the choicest memories of good old times at Aldershot centre about our inimitable "Jock," our "Harry Lauder," our Gaelic singers and dancers and pipers, as well as about the persons who from Kentville, Wolfville, and even from far off places which we need not mention, came to entertain our lads, and to have the unforgettable experience of looking into the happy faces of men whose names they might soon expect to read in the long lists that cause so many heartaches in these days.

Then, as in all other camps in Canadian territory, we had a moving picture outfit. The screen was set up in an auditorium as large and grand as any in Canada, in the open air at the foot of the hill where hundreds or thousands might come on any evening in the week, Sunday excepted, and see up-to-date "movies."

There was a circulating library, too. We called it "circulating," although the current ran much stronger in one direction than the other, for it is difficult for men to keep books from straying in their tents. However, many enjoyed these books, and some remained at the end of the season. Quantities of magazines were kept in stock, and to these the men helped themselves. A Y. M.

C. A. man returned from the front tells how he found a fellow one day in a trench poring over a telephone directory. In reply to a query regarding its dryness he replied, "Oh, it's all right; I might find the name of someone I know." Perhaps, then, we may forgive the kindhearted persons who sent us for distribution among the men, Farm Poultry Magazine, Women's fashion sheets, Etudes, etc.; though it must be admitted that the tastes of the men in the camps of Canada do not run as strongly to such material as they may in the trenches.

Space will not permit more than a reference to athletics, nor to a dozen minor services which have in one way or another meant much to the men. Letters were registered and receipts held; a banking business was conducted, enabling the soldiers without inconvenience or cost to have their money deposited, their bank books cared for, and withdrawals made on demand. Paper, and twine were provided free for the wrapping of parcels, and the wrapping done when necessary.

One of the most interesting features of all Y. M. C. A. work is that in connection with the field hospitals. The "Y" man becomes a regular daily or twice-daily visitor at the wards. He carries with him the newspapers, a supply of reading matter, stationery, stamps, etc. He distributes these where needed, and speaks a word of cheer to all as he passes. The demands upon him grow as he wins the confidence of his men. He has an opportunity to do anything, from the lending of his own hard-earned money to the giving of directions how to write a letter to a prospective mother-in-law. If he sees a fellow in bed attempting to shave with a dull razor he assumes it his privilege to take it down to the "Y" and hone it. If he knows the business well, he will never lack a supply of razors; and one who can make a razor shave smoothly stands a good chance of getting nearer to the owner's heart. Then there is the mailing of letters, the carrying of messages, the distribution of flowers, the provision of gramophones and records, the holding of song services in the wards, and many other things which constitutes a real service to men unable to help themselves. Sometimes when life is ebbing there are words of comfort or assurance to be spoken; sometimes a vigil to keep; perhaps a letter to write to someone who will care. And these, of course, do not at all exhaust the opportunities for service in this field.

Back of all these and through all these services runs a purpose, spiritual in nature, which finds more definite and adequate expression in that which we have termed the "religious" phase of the work. Our men in the army today are not interested in theories, nor in doctrinal dissertations; they want a practical religion—"the word made flesh." The religion which appeals to them is that which meets them in the midst of conditions which they find surrounding them. When reporting an interview with a returned "Y" man who told of the immense quantities of pork and beans sold through the Y. M. C. A. canteens near or in the trenches, a New York newspaper appeared with this headline: "Y. M. C. A. preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ with American pork and beans." At the front where no other canteen will risk its goods within range of the Germans guns the value of this service is so genuine that the above headline seemed not too strong. Its practical service to men has given the Y. M. C. A. a wide avenue of approach to the spiritual needs, which, after all, are the ultimate needs of men. A word about this phase of the work and the story is ended.

In all camps religious services are held once or twice during the week, and on Sunday. At Aldershot on Wednesday night prayer meeting usually called out three or four hundred men; the Sunday services nearly double that number. These meetings started off with a song service led by a Y. M. C. A. man; then an address followed, usually by one of the chaplains, who throughout the season worked in heartiest co-operation with the Y. M. C. A. The messages given were simple, straightforward appeals to the finer feelings of men who had already fought out in their own hearts the great question of their responsibility to God and their fellow-men for the maintenance of truth and justice, and had considered their lives not too great a price to pay for these. The unity of spirit that prevailed in these meetings reached its highest expression in a Communion service near the close of the camp in which all Protestant denominations joined.

A Bible Class led by one of the chaplains was conducted on Sunday afternoons under the pines in the rear of the buildings. From this sprang the Soldiers' Service League, a simple organization of men in the battalions pledged to live exemplary lives, and to assist their fellows in their own spiritual development. During the summer some seventy fellows signified their acceptance of the Christian ideal, and their intention to conform as nearly as pos-

sible to it. Some of these cases were interesting and extremely gratifying. For example, two boys came together, without solicitation, after their discharge from the field hospital, and pledged themselves to service for God. About three hundred signed the temperance pledge.

These things, however, must be considered as indications of the general effectiveness of the co-operative work of the Y. M. C. A. and the chaplains, rather than as results of their efforts. The actual results of work of this kind lie for the most part in the inscrutable recesses of human lives. On this soil there is no set season of harvest. There are no means of knowing just how much this work has contributed to the efficiency of our men as soldiers, to the personal enrichment of their own lives, and through these things to the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth. But the trend of the work appears to be such as to justify its promotion, and to merit the sympathy and support of our people whose chief interest today lies in the army which on European battlefields is spending its life in defence of the things which we value most, and winning for Canada an immortal name.

—J. G. MCKAY, '15.

There and Back.

OH, how dark it was, and how foggy! The rolly-polly old sea captain going on ahead was only marked out by a dancing will-o-the-wisp that on an ordinary night would have been a very prosaic lantern. Down the hill we went, stumbling and slipping on the damp stones, shivering with cold and excitement, for weren't we going out with the tide in a beautiful little white yacht, for a trip across the Bay of Fundy?

As fog weaths drift before the breezes, the little white boat slipped phantom-like out of the harbour and into the placid bosom of the water. The Bay was in her quietest mood, albeit she was shrouded in mist, and there was hardly a quiver of motion to be felt on deck. Only the lap, lap, lap of the gentle swell breaking on her boat sides, as the "Nile" moved slowly along; and far off, dimmed by the distance, came the sougning boom of the whistle on the Isle d'Hant. At times, thro' a rift in the fog-bank, a star would shine, seeming but the flicker of a candle, and then as the fog closed in

again, came the soft moist blackness that shut us in from all the world but ourselves.

With the peep of dawn, the mist lifted and before our eyes, not two hundred feet away, bathed in a glowing, pulsating, rosy splendour were the towering bluffs of the Cumberland shore. Their summits, crowned with evergreens, darkly black against the ruddy sky, made a fit frame for the picture beneath them. The blue water, changing ever with the shifting light, sissed the foot of the scarred and channelled rock-banks, and in the hush of early morning, all nature seemed to hold its breath while the glory lingered.

But all too soon the old adage, "Red sky in the morning, sailors take warning," was verified. The sun was hidden behind swift greying clouds, the water took on the sullen, ugly tinge so nearly the color of smoke, and soon a drizzle began to fall, swiftly followed by a heavy downpour of rain. The cozy cabin and the fire were most grateful then, and we began to wonder if our trip was doomed to foul weather, when we noticed our little boat was beginning to dance at her anchor. Our funny old captain said wisely, "Ah! ha! now, that will be a bit of a breeze, I'm thinking. I shouldn't wonder if you girls will git a taste of what the Bay can do in the line of a sea even yet." As we were courageous in our ignorance, we rejoiced.

Sure enough, when we went on deck we found the rain had ceased, the wind was whistling in the lines as tho' it meant business, and 'way out on the bay we could see the white caps already tossing madly. We hove anchor quickly and put into Spencer's Island for a few minutes, then started on our trip across.

As we made out around the point, the captain told us we should likely see the Dory Rips, as the tide was running so fast he could not possibly avoid going thro' the edge of them, but we had more than he promised us, for between wind and tide, the "Nile" was soon wallowing in the heaped-up, tossing, choppy seas of the Rips, and here our troubles began.

Snap! flap! flap! and a dull thud as the boat dove into a towering wave, and we saw the flying jib waving in the breeze, free from the mast altogether. "No time fer that now, just tie it up," roared the captain. Tied up it was, but our troubles did not end. Boom! boom! something more serious was wrong now. The throat-halyards of the mainjib had parted company, and if we were going

to get home that night, new ones had to be put in. The captain unceremoniously thrust the tiller into my hand, and sent his man up the mast to look after the trouble there (the captain's climbing days were about over, as he measured something over a yard around the waist) while he went for'ad. There and then I took my first lesson in steering any sailing craft larger than a cat-boat, and I don't care to repeat it under the same circumstances. Every time a wave came along, and they did so with horrible frequency, I had visions of the man pitching headlong from the mast-head to the sea because I had let the boat jibe, and I'd close my eyes until we came up out of the smother. It's a wonder something worse than a wetting didn't happen to us, but after ten minutes or so of terror on my part, the sail was set again, and we were walking briskly along in mid-channel.

The sun was setting slowly and without a hint of rosy glow, nothing but a scintillating radiance, dimmed a trifle by a mist like a bridal veil, slivered the waters, which heaved and tossed, now showing white lacy plumes on the wave crests, now sinking into cool green shadows in the troughs. A path of light led seemingly straight to the sun, a path that waxed the fancy's wondering feet to dance along its bosom. Gradually the sun sank lower, the light became more golden and the waters seemed to take on a hint of blueness in the shadow; in the distance loomed the dark mass of the shore, ever nearing, ever brightening. The blackness of the woodland and the lighter splashes of the tilled fields, dotted here and there with snuggling white farm houses, became visible; then the grey old wharf stood out, and our own cottage on the crest of the hill.

Swiftly as a homing bird the little yacht glided on, slipping gently into her nest just eighteen hours before she had left so slowly and so stealthily.

—M. C. B., '17.



The intent and not the deed
Is in thy power; and therefore, who dares greatly
Does greatly.

—Brown.

War's Aftermath.

OH, the bitter war that's raging,
Breaking many a noble heart;
Causing many a tear of anguish,
As from friends they have to part.

Vacant chairs, how very many,
Over all our land are found;
And the faces so familiar,
Never more be seen around.

Over in their graves in Flanders,
Sleep the humble, and the grand;
Who have done their duty nobly,
And have joined the last great band.

To the mothers, sweethearts, sisters,
To the thousand ones distressed;
We unite with them in sorrow,
For the loved ones laid to rest.

And at last when life is ended,
And earth's troubles all are o'er;
May they meet again their loved ones,
Over on the other shore.

—W. E. P., 20.



A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

The Dawn of a New Day.

SINCE the declaration of war in August, 1914, when humanity was shocked by the suddenness and magnitude of the calamity, war prophecies have filled the air. So numerous, so varied have been the predictions that small ground is here left for prophecy. In consequence, those desirous of delving into things yet to be, turn to that field of infinite possibilities, "After the war."

Whether one finds himself comfortably housed somewhere in America or somewhat uncomfortably situated in a dug-out "Somewhere in France," ever and anon, he meets that most perplexing of problems, which is not when will be the end, but what will be the result of the war,—not the immediate result, but the after effects of this gigantic struggle upon civilization.

During some fifteen months' service with the Canadian forces in Canada, England and France, opportunity has been afforded to study the attitude of men, both Old Countrymen and Colonials at home and in France toward the war. The Englishman, in whom we are most interested, for it is he from whom we take the pulse of the Allies, is strong in his conviction of final victory. If asked when this triumph is to be achieved he replies "Success cannot be measured by the watch." Then with a sagacity almost shocking he invites the discussion of post-bellum problems; the adjustment of industry, trade relations with Germany, the revival of the Irish question or the probabilities of an Imperial parliament. This unwonted optimism backed by the hereditary determination of a race, dispels doubt, waylays fear, enthuses the most pessimistic, while it finds its national expression in the words of Lloyd-George: "We know not when, but we know how the war will end."

The growing strength of the Allied nations, Britain's new war Cabinet coupled with Germany's recent bid for peace all point to a not too far distant termination of the war. Let peace come when it may, its dawn will find many changes. Belligerent nations shall have become bankrupt, neutrals shall have grown rich—such effects are trivial—commerce will in time adjust itself; wealth will again be distributed, flowers will again bloom in ravaged Belgium; myriads of birds will make their homes in new trees and new forests; but old times, old dogmas shall have passed away.

The fundamentals of modern civilization are to be found in the freed and Christianized genius of man. Our democratic institutions are the product of his liberated ability—ability which necessity set free. During the early centuries, a few controlled the state—aristocracy ruled the world until feudal lords, through force of financial circumstances, sold freedom to individuals, towns and cities. It was then that latent talent was set free; ambition was aroused; progress began. The struggle has been long, steady and severe but victory is almost complete; the elevation to the premier-ship of the world's greatest nation, of the world's greatest democrat marks democracy's greatest triumph.

Again necessity has broken time-honored customs. Women for a generation has sought her place in the world—man on every hand has opposed her, demanding that she "make good" while relentlessly denying her the opportunity. In the face of unwarranted opposition she has conquered the stage; held her own in the world of letters and made marked progress in the field of science. War necessity proved her golden opportunity—it has given her her day; the chance she sought came upon its declaration; loyally she answered the challenge; glorious has been her success.

War's demand upon the man power of the nations has been so great that, in England alone, there are millions of women workers. In all branches of industry woman has proved herself indispensable to the nation. Hundreds are employed as railway clerks, tram conductors, taxi drivers; thousands are engaged in all departments of the civil service; millions are manufacturing munitions to maintain the armies of Britain in the field. Through their co-operation, the then Minister of Munitions solved the munition problem, the wheels of industry are kept moving, the channels of commerce open.

However much we appreciate the services thus rendered we cannot forget there are other fields in which woman has shown her worth, perhaps with a truer portrait of her nature. Those not engaged in commercial or industrial pursuits have organized into almost innumerable societies whose mission is to minister to the comforts of the fighting men. Princess, Duchess, Baroness and Lady have laid aside their robes to assist in the care of wounded or provide clubs for the entertainment as well as the convenience of troops. Possibly colonials appreciate more fully than do Imperials

such thoughtfulness. Be that as it may, it is safe to say, there is not a man on the sea, on the land or in the air who has not benefited from these organizations. Stretching beyond the belligerent domain, the long arms of these societies reach to neutral lands, there finding a response in the hearts and from the purses of those who know no neutrality when a suffering humanity calls.

Little more than half a century ago, when Florence Nightingale sought to bring a little light into the darkness of war, she had all the forces of tradition marshalled against her,—war was for men alone—the battlefield a place to suffer, bleed, and die: a vale of miseries wherein woman was forbidden to go. Unaided, yet undaunted, out into the gloom of war's deepest night, went the Red Cross pioneer; thousands have followed until today the Red Cross is a factor in the fight—facing danger with a calmness unsurpassed by man, enduring hardships with a fortitude unexcelled, suffering unto death that others might be relieved, woman has imprinted upon war itself some semblance of her nature. Having thus brought into man's most infamous production some element of sanctification, can we deny that she would elevate less blackened spheres of his degenerate civilization? No! the days of speculation are past; woman has made good; she is entitled to the franchise.

Evolution is slow; woman may not receive her due immediately on the termination of the war; years may elapse before she can legislate to protect her sons and save her daughters. Nevertheless that day lies in the not far distant future—opposition which a century's persuasion could not erase war blotted out in a night. Can it be that aristocratic England will be the first nation to nationally proclaim the equality of sexes? Such is well within the range of probability. What the conquest of England would mean to Germany this will mean to woman—the ultimate domination of the world.

The rising sun some morning will shine on a peaceful, devastated Europe—for a few years the ruins of Ypres, Albert, Arras will mark the path of destruction—for a generation fields white with crosses will tell of the mothers who weep,—cities more beautiful than the old shall then arise; the mourners of today will be numbered with the dead they mourn; these bloody days of conflict will be a glorious past—the epoch of an age.

Christendom never has, never will, pass through such an ordeal to merge untouched, unchanged. Into the fabric of civilization

there shall be woven a new thread, a modifying, beautifying, harmonizing thread—the altruistic nature of a woman. This is a time of transition, the breaking up of the old, the ushering in of a new day—the advent of woman's era.

—C. KIERSTEAD GANONG,

France, Jan. 20th, 1917.

A. C. A., '16,

Canadian Heavy Artillery.

Might Versus Right.

In fair Europa Serbia lay,
 A country small, but rich in all
 That makes a nation great.
 Her plains were white with autumn grains,
 Her hills with echo'd laughter sang,
 Her valleys slept in peace.
 Close by her side, as fair as she,
 And calm, slept Macedonia,
 Kissed by the azure sea.
 The world quiescent, basked beneath
 A sunlit sky unmarred by cloud:
 All nature seemed at peace.
 The busy hum of industry,
 And music as the workers toiled,
 Filled many happy lands.
 And while they prosper'd, in the north
 With jealous eye the Kaiser watched
 Each mirror'd bay and port.

Keen-eyed, alert, like bird of prey
 That emblemized his empire great,
 An eagle-hearted man:
 With undisputed sway he ruled
 By iron hand and merciless:
 A monarch absolute.
 Long had he dwelt amid the peaks
 And pinnacles of fame and power
 That art and culture show.

In science he had reached such heights
 That filled his head and heart with pride,
 And fanned his smould'ring greed.
 Upon his 'blazoned arms there shone
 An image of the king of birds,
 As he was king of men.
 The freedom of the birds he craved,
 Without a boundary to stay
 His power, and cage him in.
 His land possessed the best in art,
 In science, poetry, "kultur,"
 In music, and in song.
 His was the land whence ev'ry good
 Which blessed humanity had come,—
 Thus his the hand to rule.
 He had a god, and by its aid
 The nations of the world should bend
 Their necks beneath his yoke.
 He had a creed, and men must bow
 Beneath his will, accept his creed,
 Pay homage at his feet.

His fancy taking reckless flights
 He saw Europa wrapt in ease,
 Himself, alone, alert.
 He plumed himself, bared beak and claw,
 Like eagle watching when to strike
 And rend its victim's heart.
 And, turning toward the setting sun,
 He saw the huge leviathans
 The peaceful commerce spread.
 He saw afar an island gleam
 Like jewel in the northern sea,
 The fairest prize of all.
 His eagle eye swept o'er the isle
 And marked each mountain, vale, and fort;
 Observing, too, its shores.
 He spread his wings, and from his throat
 Broke forth a raucous cry of rage,
 For there a lion crouched.

The British lion growled to hear
The din of conflict near his lair,
And shook his Empire-mane.
Stirred by his neighbor's cry for aid,
With bristling mane and anger roused
He roared, and lashed his tail.
The Prussian eagle sought to stay
The roused lion and his cubs
By blustrous arrogance.
But Leo heard the sobs and moans,
The heart-rung cries of anguish 'neath
The eagle's blood-stained claw.
It was enough. He to the fray
With mighty bound and valor dashed,—
His offsprings at his side.
The king of beasts, the king of birds,
In deadly combat strove and bled
Amid the hell of war.

War, with its tears, its broken hearts,
Its saddened homes, its lonely lives;
Allied with gruesome death:
Its misery and anguished pains
Of thousands murdered in its name,—
That sad, dread name of war.
Where once the cultured city reared
Its Gothic spires unto the sky,
Now lay but smoking ruins.
Where once the fertile plains lay stretched
To feed the peaceful hamlet homes,
Sad desolation reigned.
A million homes in mourning lay
Where mother-heart grieved for her boy,
And widow's tears were shed.
To satiate a lust for power
The jagged wounds, the bodies maimed,
A million hero-tombs.

Yet still the blood-gorged eagle fought
 With desperation, Hades' gift
 To crush the Prince of Peace.
 Yet, growing wearied oft he yearned
 For respite, and for where he once
 Had spread his wings unchecked.
 At last exhausted, beaten, bruised;
 His gaudy plumage plucked and torn,
 The conquered eagle lay.
 With pinions broken, talons cut,
 The once bright eye now glaz'd in death,
 In humbled pride it fell.

O mighty foe, we needs must weep
 To see thee humbled in the dust,
 Whom once the world admired.
 We watched thee soar in cultured flights,
 And, in our blindness, sought to reach
 Those fascinating heights.
 Alas for power that knows no love.
 For wisdom shorn of grace and truth,
 And clad with brutal force.
 Alas for life with honor dead,
 A life self-centered and depraved,
 Which knows no God save Might.

—HERBERT J. BLOSSE,

A. C. A., '15.

Doctor Pringle.

DOCTOR Pringle came to Sydney fresh from the Canadian North. There he had carried on a great work, acting in the double capacity of minister and physician.

In 1909, St. Andrew's Church extended a call to this man, having heard much concerning his character and work. The first intimation we had of his presence in our city was the sight of a tall, powerfully built man, who walked down the street with swinging strides as if he truly enjoyed life, and who wore a perpetual smile

for everyone whom he met. On meeting and talking with him, one would be immediately struck by his great personality. He was a man of about fifty-five years. He had a strong, erect figure, face strong and tanned by exposure to the elements. Born in Prince Edward Island, he had spent the greater part of life in the Northwest Provinces, and while there he had done a marvelous work among the natives and settlers.

Bearing all manner of hardships and privations, he had continued at this work purely from his love of mankind and his desire to reach the natives of our Northwest and to win them to the Christian religion.

When we consider the fact that he was doing all this work with scarcely any chance of remuneration, we can form some slight idea of the bigness of the man and his noble character. But all through his life he constantly chose the work which was the hardest to perform, the work which called for the most sacrifice on his part.

I have listened many times to the stories he told of the many adventures he had while in the North. Travelling for days with scarcely any food, he would drive his team of dogs through the wildest storms and over unbeaten trails to answer the call of some half-breed or settler who had sent for him in his trouble. During all the time he was working in the Northwest he has never once refused to answer the call of anyone who required his aid, no matter what the circumstances or dangers involved. Such was his work in the wilds.

When he accepted the call to the church in Sydney, he did so because his health was failing and the work which he was previously doing was becoming too strenuous for a man of his age. So he began his work among us. Here, surrounded by vastly different conditions, he nevertheless, quickly proved himself as efficient in handling church affairs as he had been in his missionary work. His work was immediately felt in the community. He was recognized as a tireless worker and an interesting preacher. Larger and larger crowds gathered to hear him, and after he was there one year it became necessary to build a larger place of worship. The new St. Andrew's Church was opened in the summer of 1911, and today stands as one of the most modern edifices of its kind in Eastern Canada, a monument to the man who through his tireless efforts made possible its erection.

Having established his church to his satisfaction, he next turned his attention to the remedying of conditions existing throughout the city at that time. Absolutely fearless and unmindful of consequences, he pitted himself against the City Council, the rum element, and every other manner of vice which was rampant in the city. He denounced man and sin alike, not fearful of bringing the highest officials to task for their slackness in enforcing laws and their indifference to social conditions. The effects of his work were soon felt. Having the people behind him he succeeded in remedying many of the conditions which were a disgrace to our city.

In the very midst of his great work the war broke out. Shortly after, everyone was astonished at his offering himself for military service. He was rejected for active service but accepted as a chaplain. Resigning his pastorate immediately, he enlisted and went overseas with the first contingent from Valcartier. Except for one visit this last summer to Sydney, he has been on active duty ever since.

His work in France seems to have surpassed any of his previous efforts. Boys write home speaking of him in the highest terms, and many a mother of our city, sorrowing for the loss of her boy, has been comforted to some degree by the words of consolation sent from "Our Chaplain."

On his last visit the people received him with open arms, and in every possible way tried to show their appreciation of his work. He spoke twice to audiences such as are seldom seen in the city and in each address showed his love for the work he is doing and his desire to return to the battle front.

He had changed considerably. One could still see in his face the love which he bore to his fellow-men. But added to this, one could see a certain determination to carry out the work which he had set himself to perform, and to accomplish which, he was at any time willing to give his life. His stay with us was very brief, and after a great demonstration given in his honor he left once more for the front, and today he is working among the boys who have answered their country's call for aid in this great war.

The people of Sydney eagerly look forward to his return, and to his resuming his interrupted work among them. In him they recognize a man among men, one who always puts service to his fellowmen above everything else.

And now his work is accomplished in the great Northwest. His labors are still going on on the battlefield, only to be culminated by his death or the end of the war, and if he returns safely, we all feel sure that he will be ready to take up his interrupted work among us, and give his people a larger and broader view of Christiani and personal service.

—R. M., '20.

“The Mother of a Nation.”

IN all countries and to all races there has ever been one city, town or hamlet which has stood out from others in importance and influence. To the English race such is Winchester, which must ever dispute with London the right to call itself the oldest city in the kingdom. Be that as it may, Winchester was in turn the British, Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman capital, and the Empire today owes much to its past influence on Church and State.

Somewhat earlier than the Christian Era the trade of Winchester was represented by a small British coin of base silver, of date B. C. 50, found in excavations in the High St.

At the coming of the Romans Winchester was a Celtic stronghold, but the Roman engineers remodelled it into a strongly walled parallelogram of about half a mile each way, and made it an important military station. The city as it looks today is almost identical with what it was when the Roman cohorts were stationed here. The High St. was the “Principia” and many Roman remains are found in and around the old City Wall, the City Bridge, and in an old well of the Cathedral Crypt.

The Saxons at their coming to Winchester forsook their nomadic life, and welcomed the security afforded by the Roman walls, cultivating their square acre tillages outside the city gates.

During the earlier Danish invasions their hosts hurried past the strong walls of Winchester. Later on after a long siege the city was sacked by the Danes but was not entirely destroyed. King Cannute made it his capital and with his wife, the good Queen Emma, lived there many years.

The Normans repaired and strengthened the walls and rebuilt the Castle on the south-west hill. The walls withstood the ravages of time and war for centuries, and were almost intact down to 1760.

The city has survived the turmoil of centuries, and much of historic interest is to be seen amid its present day buildings and streets.

Of the many places of interest to be seen in the quaint and venerable city, the place of greatest interest is undoubtedly the Cathedral. It was originally the Church of the Abbey of St. Swithun and was built on the site of, at least, three Saxon Cathedrals. It occupied four centuries in building—from the Conquest to the Reformation—and though largely Early Norman in Architecture, it contains examples of Transition, Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular, Tudor, and Renaissance styles. In spite of these variations, however, the whole effect is quite harmonious.

Vast as it is, no Cathedral is so small in appearance. It has but one tower and that barely overtops the roof. To the west it has no conspicuous facade to make it look imposing. In fact, the present West Front does anything but prepare one for the vast interior, the grandeur of which is enhanced by the raised Choir.

Bishop Walkelin was the man chosen by William the Conqueror to build a church befitting the capital of his new domains. Walkelin began work in 1079, and in 1086 a grant of oak was made by the King, no doubt for the roofs, where several in good condition still remain, especially in the transepts. The first part of the work was consecrated in 1093 and included the north and south transepts much as they are today.

The next stage comprised the work of Bishop De Lucy in the East end, most of which is in the Early English style. The only trace of work by Henry de Blois, the greatest of Winchester's Bishops, is a doorway of queer fluted columns.

Work then came to a standstill, and when it was renewed the reconstruction of the Nave was undertaken, the Norman Nave and West Front having become delapidated. The work was begun by Bishop Edyndon, and was carried on by his successor William of Wykeham, who completed the West Front and erected the Perpendicular Columns in the Nave. This Nave is of exceptional interest. First, for its vast length of 12 bays 250 feet each. Secondly, because its Gothic vesture is little more than skin deep, the solid core of every pier and every wall from pavement to roof being Norman. It is just this combination of the massive solidity of Romanesque with the grace and elegance of Gothic which makes it what it is, the finest Nave in the country. William of Wykeham did not destroy the Norman work, but veneered or encased it, while the old oak

roof is hidden by the splendid groined vault which crowns his design, and is rich in heraldry and the grotesque ideas of the old carvers.

Passing up the Nave will be seen the great black marble font of the 12th century, probably the gift of De Blois, the Conqueror's grandson.

Passing on, one comes to a superb Arcade in the Decorated style, and beyond, the Choir stalls of foreign oak and beautiful in design, to which the efforts of the Tudor carvers are a curious contrast. In the centre of the Choir is a marble tomb where William Rufus was buried, "Many looking on and few grieving," and nearby lies his brother, Prince Richard.

At the far East end and over the High Altar, extends the superb modern Reredos, an excellent example of Perpendicular work, executed in soft white stone and unsurpassed in its ancient beauty and modern statues. Above this the light streams softly through the fine stained glass of the East windows giving a touch of mellowness to the whole.

Among the old Cathedral records is one to the effect that Edward the Confessor was consecrated King of England by two Archbishops in 1042, and this was the first occasion of a Coronation sermon being preached. Another record shows that William the Conqueror was recrowned in Winchester Cathedral by three Papal Legates, in 1070. Further on, Richard I. was recrowned with unusual magnificence in this Church on Low Sunday 1194, and again, Phillip of Spain was married in this Church to Mary of England, 25th July, 1554.

Though the Cathedral is without doubt the dominant feature of interest in Winchester today, mention should also be made of several other medieval institutions.

Winchester College was founded and chartered by William of Wykeham in 1393, and though one of the smaller, is still considered one of the most popular of English public schools.

The "Great Bishop" Henry De Blois founded St. Cross Hospital "to support entirely thirteen poor men, so feeble and so reduced that they can with difficulty support themselves," and one of his successors, Cardinal Beaufort, designed a new foundation to be called "The Almshouse of Noble Poverty." This was for those "who had everything handsome about them but had suffered

losses," i. e., people of gentle birth or those who had been employed in the Cardinal's service.

The Great Hall completed about 1235, is a portion of the Ancient Castle of the fortress built by William the Conqueror, and the records show that it has been the scene of great and important events. The Hall was originally Norman but was transformed into Early English by Henry III, and again altered by Richard II. In it the Parliaments of England sat for 400 years. The King's Commission has been executed there for upwards of six centuries; some of the most important laws have been passed there and some of the greatest trials heard in it, notably those of Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lady Alice Lisle. Old remains of stonework at one end, formed a portion of the dias on which the King sat, delivered judgment, and listened to debates of Parliament. Above the dias is a trough which runs through the wall called the King's ear, and enabled him when in his private apartments to hear what was going on in Parliament.

At the West End of the Hall there hangs a circular disk or wheel of fortune, which bears the names of King Arthur and his Knights, which, whether we accept as history or tradition was undoubtedly the forerunner of the Order of the Garter.

The far famed, and at one time wealthy Hyde Abbey, was built by Henry I. to replace the new Minister which had been founded by King Alfred inconveniently near to the Cathedral. The Abbot and Monks took possession in 1110 and removed with them not only the relics of the saints, but the remains of King Alfred as well, and where they now rest is an open question.

At the foot of St. Giles hill, where in Walkelin's time was held a great Fair which attracted merchants from all Europe, there stands today a statue about eighteen feet high. The poise is easy and graceful. The right hand held aloft grasps the cross-hilted sword, symbol of Christianity which was to combat heathenism. On the head is a Saxon helmet. The left foot slightly raised, rests on a raised block. The left hand rests lightly on a circular shield. The cloak is thrown back over the right shoulder and reveals a well knit kingly figure. On the front of the bronze base is the inscription

Hamo Thronycroft, R. A.

Sc. 1900

while below on the pedestal is the one word eloquent in its simplicity
Ælfred.

Could that figure return in the flesh, what would he say of his former capital? Much is changed, but his reign was one of enlightenment, and he himself one of the foremost spirits of the time. So perhaps he would say with Bishop Thorold, "The hills yet stand around our Jerusalem: the hills which have seen so much and said nothing: the hills over which William of Wykeham's students still gaily roam: the hills which have looked down upon sieges and conflagrations, and on the Black Death: on stately buildings slowly rising, on stately festivities, and on "tragic mockeries" of justice: the hills which we may still look on as the Psalmist of old looked up at his hills of Judea, as a sort of inspired testimony of the righteous government of God, and of indestructibleness of His Church."

—L. B. CHASE.

Ode to the Class-Bell.

OH, little bell, how well you tell,
 The passing time o' day.
 How many times, your little chimes
 Have let us out to play.
 It must have been the class of '10
 That put you where you sit,
 For in a place, upon your face,
 The number "10" is writ
 The teacher's eye is cast on high
 When chime on chime rings thin
 And some do scowl and start to growl
 About the awful din.
 But we, oh bell, do love you well
 For oft you've saved the day;
 And if we find the donors kind
 Our thanks to them we'll pay.

—V. M. S., '18.

Study Well, Sleep Well!

HEADS were nodding. Brains were bursting. The subject of the essay to be written for English the next day was "Temptation." Each "Sem." was seriously pondering over the great temptations of the world—of sons, who become prodigals; of fathers, who become drunkards; for temptation to them was a far off mystery—something huge and black, to be dealt with in the future.

This subject to one fair "Sem." however, was not at all appealing, so she wandered disconsolately around, with a blank pad in her hand. A sudden thought flashed across her mind, "Why write anything?" As this thought possessed her, the moment sped past, and with a shrug of the shoulders and a self-satisfied smile, she drew the warm fluffy covers over her.

After the carefree girls, who were snugly tucked in their warm beds, had become weary talking over all the day's happenings and next week's receptions, their thoughts vanished from all things earthly. Not so was it with the girl who had decided not to write her essay. Weird visions floated before her eyes. Black demons pointed at her and said, "Don't do your lesson. Why study?" She saw the soft eyes of her teacher filled with disappointment and felt the scorn of her classmates, when the next morning she should have nothing to hand in.

All night she tossed and turned uneasily in her bed. At every creak and sound, she would cringe, and curl up in a heap with fear. Long before the rising bell, she was awake trying to rid her conscience of its awful load of guilt.

Strangely enough all the uncanny sensations of the night had resulted in a grim determination to get up and write. And, lo! she had discovered a subject for her essay—"Study well, sleep well!"

—EVELYN COGSWELL, '17, A. L. S.



Necessity is the mother of invention and opportunity is its father. The only way to have a friend, is to be one.—*Ralph W. Emerson.*

A Paper of State.

"I AM Huruki the jinricksha man. My stand is on the Bund opposite the Grand Hotel. It is the best stand in Yokohoma, for there are always rich fares to be taken home from the big hotel, and usually they are too sleepy to trouble about asking the price but just toss me a handful of silver.

Oh, yes, one sees a great deal of life when one is a jinricksha man on the Bund. Always there are big ships riding at anchor out in the harbor, or tied to the pier, and the lights streaming from them across the water at night are very beautiful. You ask do we know everything that happens? Most certainly; are we not awake all night, and is not night the time when life is full of mystery. You want me to tell you of some of the things I have seen? With much pleasure, my most gracious lord, will your humble servant try to comply with the request of the honorable gentleman.

Do you want something light and pretty like champagne in a lotus cup, or a tale that will make your heart stand still? Whichever I like?

This story took place many years ago before the Russo-Japanese war. I was a newcomer at this stand then, and couldn't grasp so quickly the different currents of life flowing around me.

I had been busy ever since I came on the stand at eight o'clock, and was smoking a pipe of some choice tobacco my son had sent me from Osaka. The harbor was very beautiful that night. A lot of foreign warships were in, and the French were giving a big ball on board "Le M—." The whole battleship was a mass of varicolored lights, and the music from the band came floating across the water on the night breeze.

About eleven o'clock a tall gentleman hailed me. By his side stood a small slender figure wrapped in a dark cloak and veiled. Just at the throat the heavy cloak had dragged a little apart and I caught the gleam of diamonds.

I called Kito and our fares climbed in, and we received the order "No. 73 Bluff."

We sped swiftly along the Bund, leaving behind us the brilliant harbor, and the sobbing strains of a waltz. Arrived at their destination our charges alighted, went up the steps and rapped on the door. It swung noiselessly back and they passed in. Kito and I sat down to rest and talk.

Moments passed and the peace of the quiet street remained undisturbed, then from afar came the pad-pad of running feet and a jinricksha passed. A few instants later I noticed the shadows across the street seemed blacker and drew Kito's attention to it. He suggested I warn the people in the house, so I rapped on the door and upon its opening slid within.

Around a table in a big dimly lighted room stood four men in uniform. A paper lay before them with the ink of their signatures still wet. The figure of the diamond collar was evidently of high rank for his breast was covered with medals and orders. Even as I was warning them we heard angry voices at the door and four or five men rushed in. Instantly all was darkness and confusion. In the midst of this there came the cry "The Police!" and all fled. On my way towards the door I stumbled over an obstacle. It was the body of the young officer. Assuring myself that he still breathed, I dragged him out and under some bushes back of the house. Then step by step and with infinite difficulty I half dragged, half carried him down the steep bank that fell sharply away below the garden. I called a jinricksha, and holding him as carefully as possible drove to the pier. There I ordered a sampan (small boat) and started for "Le M—." The revelry was at its highest pitch when we reached her side. We were challenged and I gave the password for the night "Baton-Rouge." Then leaving my charge I climbed on and asked for the Admiral. At first I was refused, but I persisted and at length was led to him where he stood talking with his dancing partner. As well as I could I explained. His face became very stern, and he curtly ordered a couple of men to see the boy was carried on board. I drew back and watched. They laid him on a divan and applied restoratives. Soon he opened his eyes and met those of his superior, then tried to pluck something from his breast. They drew out a paper which the Admiral read. His face took on a grim smile, and he said in a tone half chiding, half admiring, "I suppose I'll have to forgive you since you have rendered your country a service, but I ought to court martial you for this disobedience."

The play seemed about over and I was slipping away when the boy recalled me and pressed a purse into my hands with a weak "Merci, mon brave."

I keep one of the coins for a souvenir and the rest—ah, the good saki, and the tobacco to smoke when one is not so young as he was once.

The great lord is too kind to his humble servant who is rejoiced that his humble effort has pleased. May all the gods of your country continue to pour gold into your pockets and happiness into your life."

—M. H., '17.

Mr. Campbell.

IN the little village of Nova Scotia where I began my existence, there lives a man about whom I am going to tell you. Has he a biography written about him? Oh, no, he is just a plain farmer, faithful to his daily tasks. His home is on the slope just above the little white parsonage where I was born, and all my life I have known and heard of him. Where he came from or who his parents were I do not know, and I do not care. I know him only as he is and has been for the last fifteen years or so.

Soon after my birth, we moved away from this village, but we have known Mr. Campbell and his family as well as if we had continued living next door to them through all these years. Many are the times that my mother and I have visited them in their home, and how well we have been welcomed, only those know who have also been entertained there. They are always the same. What they have, they are willing to share with all, and everyone who goes there is put perfectly at ease by their kind hospitality.

Mr. Campbell is what we might call a prosperous farmer. He has a large farm and a fine orchard. He has always been enterprising and up-to-date. He is never content with work half done. If it is to be done at all, it must be done well. Many exhibitions have seen his vegetables and fruits with the first or second prize tags on them, and many places have his farm products been sent to.

All this, of course, cannot be accomplished without labor, and he has not been afraid of that. Often, especially during the busy season of the summer, he must rise at peep of morning and work until late at night. But does he dislike it? Not at all. He enjoys his work, and although he is often weary at night, a good night's sleep can refresh him, and he is at it again early the next morning.

Mr. Campbell, or Uncle John, as he is commonly known by one and all in the place, has also always been a leader in the community. A strong Christian, he has always occupied a leading place in the church. Now as the Sunday School Superintendent, now as a Deacon, he has been looked up to by all.

Another point wherein this man has excelled some of his neighbors is that he has not been content to let day after day, year after year slip by without knowing but very little of what was going on outside his own little sphere. He has never "got in a rut." The best papers and magazines have always found their way into his home, and they have not been laid aside for the dust to gather on either. His children have been sent away to school and educated, and he himself has tried to keep up with the times. When many others would think they had too much work to leave, he arranged matters so that he can leave them, and goes away for a little trip. At agricultural gatherings, Mr. Campbell is always a central figure, always seeking for new ideas to put into practice on his farm, and finding them, because he looks for them.

Now Mr. Campbell is getting well along in years. His hair and beard are snowy white, so that he makes an excellent Santa Claus for the children at Christmas. His shoulders are stooped, and he does not walk with so light a step as before, but his interest in everything that happens is just as keen as ever, and he is still one of the most important characters of the community.

—P. P., '20.

The Shower Bath.

Gently trickling, violent sprinkling, harshly swishing
Shower bath.

Hot descending, cold contending, never ending
Shower bath.

Curl distressing, dirt depressing, unmixed blessing,
Shower bath.

Chill inducing, flesh reducing, wail producing
Shower bath.

—M. H., '17.

A View from a Hill in Alberta.

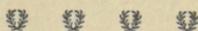
IT is a sunny afternoon in August as I look westward from the top of a high hill in Alberta. From the base of the hill a large level tract of pasture land and farms stretches away towards the Rocky Mountains. In several fields the binders are cutting the golden grain. One can just see their long moving arms as they bend the grain to the knife. Two men behind each binder pick up the sheaves, as they are thrown from the machine, and place them in stacks. Here and there stand a few granaries to which teams are drawing the grain as it is being threshed by a nearby threshing machine.

Most of the sloughs in this broad tract are surrounded and shaded by willow bushes, yet a few lie like a piece of glass reflecting the rays of the sun. Flocks of ducks fly from one slough to another or mount high in the air and disappear in the distance. A coyote trots in and out among the bushes, stopping at intervals and looking around to see if all is well.

As I look westward beyond this low, level plain, I see the outline of the mountains against a dark background. This background grows darker and soon an immense black cloud comes slowly drifting above the mountains. The men in the fields see it and leave their work. The cloud approaches: all becomes white beneath it. The deafening roar tells of the havoc being done in its path. It comes within a mile of the hill, then turns and follows the valley southward. The air has turned cold and the trees are swaying in the wind.

In twenty minutes the storm has passed, but the scene on the flat is different now. The ground is white and the cattle are huddled together among the bushes. The grain that was standing a few minutes before is now broken to the ground and white with its covering of hail. The sun comes out again, but everything is cold and lifeless. The whole flat seems to have been plunged from a sunny day in August to a dreary day in January.

—H.D., '18.



If you want to know what a dollar is worth, try to borrow one.

Literary Notes and Comments.

The War and Literature.

ONLY when the mind can pursue its thoughts untroubled by outside distractions, can there be written the great works of literature.

This war, as every war, so fills the minds and souls of men with itself that there is no room for the careful thought and work necessary to literature. Great inspirations are born but remain dormant. When peace has again spread her mantle of prosperity over the nations the great drama or novel will be written that will reveal the soul of all that this war shall teach us.

Everywhere we see lists of war literature, but it remains to be seen how long these works will endure after this generation of those naturally prejudiced and interested in this literature has passed. How much of the cosmopolitan, how much of real greatness has it.

War poetry has not been of great bulk or of high quality. Among a number of poems we occasionally pick up a gem. But it is short, and its appeal is rather to our hearts crushed by the awfulness of what has gone, than to the critical intelligence.

Then shall we say that the war has crushed literature in the contending nations and dimmed it in the rest of the world? Yes, but we hope that from this death will arise a new and more beautiful life. Surely those nations who have most suffered will give out in their literature what they have received of refining and strengthening, for a nation's literature is the mirror of the aspirations and evolution of her people.

—M. H., '17.

Verner Von Heidenstam.

PROBABLY to almost everyone the name of Verner von Heidenstam was as vague and shadowy a thing before the awarding of the Nobel prize in 1916 as the name of Tagere was previous to 1914, yet now that our attention has been compelled

to this man, it behooves us all to learn to know him. For to all of us, whatever our tastes may be, there is a side of his genius that will appeal, there is a note in the harmony of his song which even the dullest of us may sense and enjoy.

His work is two-fold, that of his earlier productions being the direct antithesis, that of his later achievements, and it is in this later work that he becomes truly great. He becomes in this the mouthpiece of the spirit of his country, he is the good that serves to drive the nation to self-realization and to ultimate triumph, and for this his people love him and find him worthy of all honor.

Born in 1859, of an aristocratic Swedish family, Verner von Heidenstam, first and before all, was not a poet of the people, but rather, an idealist, a dreamer, a mystic whose work in both poetry and prose expressed himself in his idealism. In 1888 his first lyrical volume "Pilgrimage and Wanderers" was published and was an instant success. These lyrics reflected the personality of their creator, but in addition they were a relief from the exaggerated realism of the time and in their setting and theme they caught the fancy of the literary public. Later a novel in the same idealistic vein of thought was given to the world, and since then, the larger bulk of his work has been produced.

After Heidenstam had permanently settled in his native country, his work shows us that a change was gradually taking place in the man; he was no longer the self-centered realist, but the man who sunk self in his country, who gave his best to raise his people to their best, and who showed the torch in the night of national self-complacency and sloth. It was then that he became great, and it was then that his poetry became the poetry of the northland.

The poet has realized the potentialities of his land, he knows the heights to which her sons can reach if once they are shaken from their apathy, he must call on those latent forces that lie slumbering and stir into being the genius of Sweden. In his later work, then, there is a self-abnegation which is remarkable when it is contrasted with the introspective and self-analytical production of the first period. It seems beyond credulity that the man who wrote—

"Lone the dove of thought goes lagging
Thro' the storm with pinions dragging"

with its languid, wearied, yet morbid and disturbing suggestiveness could write the soul-stirring cry of "Invocation and Promise." Yet

Heidenstam, the man of two-fold genius, is the creator of them both.

Can we fail to recognize his desire and his agony for his country's rebirth when he cries:—

“I ask not a year of sunshine bright
 Nor for golden crops I importune,
 Kind fate, let the blazing thunderbolt smite
 This folk with a year of misfortune.
 Yea, smite us and lash us into one,
 And the bluest of springs will follow.
 Ye smile, my folk, but with face as of stone,
 Ye sing, but your joy is hollow.”

Can one fail to realize that Heidenstam has caught the vision, that with sight denied to men of lesser mould, he has glimpsed the goal of progress, and that he is the expression of the spirit of regeneration to his people and to his native land.

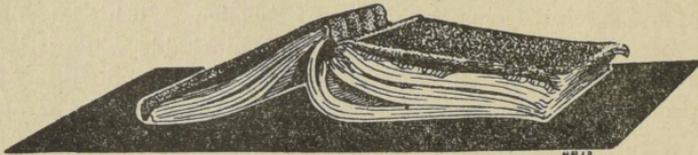
—M. B., '17.



Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and a few to be chewed and digested.—*Bacon*.



Those works are the most valuable that set our thinking faculties in the fullest operation.—*Colton*.



Acadia Boys in Khaki



THREE ACADIA COLLEGE MEN HONORED.

IN the list of honors for our soldiers at the front are three Acadia College men. The first, who gets the bar to Military Cross, is LIEUT. ROY AUBREY SPENCER, of Glace Bay, Engineers. He displayed great courage and skill in countermining against enemy galleries, and on one occasion was cut off from our lines for twelve hours.

The second is LIEUT. ROBERT ROY MURRAY, of Springhill, Engineers, who gets Military Cross. He displayed great courage and skill in countermining against enemy galleries, in which task he was on one occasion cut off from our lines for twelve hours.

SERG. A. W. RICHARDSON, of Deer Island, N. B., who get the D. C. M. He displayed great courage and skill in countermining enemy galleries, in which he was cut off from our lines for twelve hours.

It is in this way that the official report announces the Acadia men's honor. The three men were undoubtedly in the same enterprise—a thrilling experience for the fellow-students.

Capt. Barry W. Roscoe, '02, now Major, second in command of the Fifth Mounted Rifles, of Bridgetown, N. S., son of W. E. Roscoe, K. C., Kentville, who had been mentioned in despatches by General Haig, has been promoted on the field and given the D. S. O. (not Military Cross as stated in January issue).

Prisoner of War,
 B. D. Chase,
 No. 475363 P. P. C. L. I.,
 2 Kompagnie Nr 4868
 Kreigs, Gefangenen lager,
 Stendal, Germany.

Dear Mother—

We have quite a large camp here which consists of men who have been wounded, French, Belgians, Russians and English are here and things are quite comfortable. There is very little to write about, and will look forward to letters. Please do not put matches or writing papers in the parcels as they are not allowed. Besides the large cook house where the food is cooked for the camp there is a small one where the prisoners may cook anything they wish, many of the fellows get rice, rolled oats, corn meal, tea, sugar, cocoa, etc. Bread will not keep, but biscuits, cookies, plum loaf and some kinds of cake keep all right.

Received your letters of July 10th and 25th yesterday. I saw Will Elderkin before I went into the trenches but that was the last. Please number parcels and I will acknowledge them by number, thus keeping account of them. One thing about the Germans they seldom touch our parcels, one seldom goes astray.

You ask how I employ myself. At present am doing light work on the camp farm, am not very strong yet and this gives me enough exercise to keep me in shape. In our company we have two dogs, a crow and a kitten and all the pets are badly spoiled. I can only write one post card each week, a letter every two weeks, but by now you have a good idea of what to send. Plenty of biscuits, tea sugar and milk are very welcome, also rolled oats, corn meal, rice, etc. The fellows have found that nut bread and plum loaf comes better than bread. The Red Cross send bread from England.

Sept. 14th.

Well, mother, you don't know how glad I was to get your letters. Every other night I help a French Sergt. with English, and when the cold weather comes think I will learn to knit. I have been doing some electrical work in camp, it is very nice and something to take up my time. The (un ter fizer) in charge of the electrical work here had our pictures taken with him. Will send one if I can. None of the letters I have received so far have had anything scratched out. Try sending longer letters. Received first

parcel from home yesterday. It was direct. The cookies were fine, good as the day they were made. Parcels and letters come from Canada better than from England.

Nov. 14th.

I have received several parcels since I last wrote. One from Lady Fitzroy containing socks, gloves, scarf, etc. The socks were made by H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught; four or five others of our battalion have received socks or scarfs made by the Princess or her mother. You ask me to write what I do from the time I get up till I go to bed. Mother, I cannot. It would not pass the censor, but two of the Canadians made Switzerland and they are going to write to the papers in Canada re conditions and treatment. I know the fellows and their reports will be true.

Well, if this should reach you before Christmas, I wish you all a Merry Xmas. We will make the best of it here. Love to all.

Dec. 15th, 1916.

Dear Mother,—

You likely know the ins and outs of the new parcel system. Please arrange with some firm in Denmark or Switzerland to send me extra parcels, including bread. Also please send me some electrical books as I have a fine chance to study. At present we are putting the lights up from the town of Stendal to the camp. Please send me an "Acadia Catalogue."

I don't think I have told you about our mess. We have a mess of four. W. G. Ashdown, who was in the same company of the "P. Pats" with me, an Imperial Army Corporal who has been 10 years in India, and who was captured at Mons, a Corp. Barry who was taken at Ypres during the first gas attack, and last but not least, a Russian who looks after our washing in return for what we do for him at meal times.

Jan. 1st, 1917.

Dear Mother,—

I have recently received a number of parcels. Please thank the people around home who sent them. I wish they could see how much we enjoy them. I also received the snaps, they were fine. You know that post card of the "Apple blossoms" Mary sent me while I was in the trenches, well I still have it and your picture, which they decided were of little military importance, and let me keep.

Canada will have plenty of French and Belgians after the war. I know also of an Australian who is going out after the war. He received a Red Cross parcel containing a "Canada First" brand of beans that turned him. Well, I hope you all enjoyed your Christmas. We had a splendid concert here.

DONALD.

Lance-Corp. B. Donald Chase, ex. Eng. '16, enlisted in the fall of 1915 and went overseas with the 4th University Company, P.P. C.L.I., in November of that year, in the machine gun section. The following February the detachment was sent to the front, and in the terrific and memorable Second Battle of Ypres, June 2nd to 4th, though wounded himself, while giving aid to a more seriously wounded officer, both were taken prisoners.

Bardon, Eng.

I was very glad to hear from you and that you and the Class of '17 were progressing so well. I did not have as good a time with the Acadia boys at Witley as I had been expecting when going there. As you know, when a fellow is in the army he is not his own boss, and we could not see one another as much as we would have liked. Milton Gregg was up at Witley one Sunday a little over a month ago and we had quite a reunion that day. We were planning on getting together somewhere at Christmas for an Acadia reunion, but our plan did not materialize on account of the difficulty in procuring passes. They gave us passes to return to our units, but as no permission was given to travel by rail we had to walk it—about ten miles from here. Xmas day passed off very quietly and pleasantly at Witley Camp. In the afternoon our battalion had its colors presented by Mr. Sumner, the Agent General for New Brunswick. We had a swell dinner in our sergeants' mess that evening. During the dinner most of us were called on for speeches, and I was called on to respond for Acadia.

Since writing to you before I was up to Scotland on pass. I had a fine time up there at Edinburgh and Glasgow. Edinburgh is a very pretty place. I visited the Castle there, Holyrood Palace, the Scottish Museums, and was out to the Firth of Forth bridge.

Wishing you the best of luck with your examinations,

SERGT. V. B. VANWART,

No. 709033, D Co., 104th Batt., C.E.F.



The Month

WE are now well launched upon the second term of our college year. The mid-year examinations are a thing of the past. The only way we remember them now, if we do at all, is with regret because of some low mark we made, or because of some "Supp." we have to write soon. The better part of the winter is behind us, and now we are looking forward to the spring with expectations.

There has been very little competition in the Month department this time. Different appeals were made by the Month Editor, but either because of indifference or because of a lack of interesting things to write about, very little material was passed in. We would urge every student to begin early to prepare for the next issue of our paper, in order that it may be a success.

Senior Parties.

On January thirtieth the Senior Class were entertained at the home of Mrs. Schurman. It was a perfect evening and everybody was in the best of spirits.

Senior Parties.

To start with, we had a delightful game of "Dan Tucker." All knew it, and joined heartily in the fun. Then came the pretty, graceful "Sir Roger de Coverly." Some of us had never done it before, but we soon caught the idea.

A novel game was an "Ode-writing" composition, in which five minutes was given to write an ode on the class. Certainly they were varied in form and subject matter, and lots of unknown talent

was brought to light. Then refreshments were served; but my humble pen is incapable of doing them justice. I can only say we enjoyed them "ever so."

To close we sang the old songs that grow dearer with every year at College, and gave the "Seventeen" and College yells.

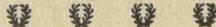
We all hated to leave, the evening had been so charming. Two "Odes" may be taken as typical of the genius displayed by such learned people as the grave 17's of '17.

The bonnie class of Seventeen
Is gathered here tonight,
Enjoying now a jolly time
With pleasure still in sight.

Our bonnie class we have no doubt
All others will outshine,
And every member famous be,
Here and across the brine.

This good old class of Seventeen
Has seventeen members all,
Who now for nearly four long years
Have slaved 'round College Hall.

And now our sojourn hastens on,
And soon we have to part,
Our happy days all past and gone,
Tho' cherished by each heart.



Heed but the beckoning of the stars,
O class of Seventeen,
Leave in the past the poisoning bars
Before a fairer scene.

Let die in peace all faults we've made,
Tomorrow is our own;
But never let the memories fade
Of happy times now gone.

In years to come, when in life's stream
We struggle for the prize,
May perseverance be the gleam
That enables us to rise.

One night before Mid-year, the Seniors were entertained at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Perry. A very enjoyable evening was spent. Our hosts had prepared a complete system of entertainment, which was as unique as it was pleasurable. We were also entertained in music by Master Ralph and Miss Grace, both of whom played well on the violin. Neat and enticing refreshments were served, and, after some college songs and yells for the

host and hostess, we departed for home, a few moments before the stroke of midnight.

To Professor and Mrs. Hannay the Senior and Junior classes are indebted for a very delightful evening spent at their home Friday, March 2nd.

Entertainment. After the guests had found out their partners by a number system, each pair was given a card on which were several questions. Half the cards had questions concerning authors and the other half about nuts. The answers were rather hard and required concentration to discover. Original prizes were given to the winners of the contests.

Delicious refreshments followed, and while they were being enjoyed, Prof. Hannay and Dr. Thompson amused the crowd by asking connumdrums. We only wish we could remember all of them to amuse some other people some time.

Then the party was divided between the two rooms and charades acted. "Antagonize" and "Infatuate" were the hardest to guess.

The evening which passed so pleasantly ended with college songs and the yells.

On Saturday evening February 24th, the trial debate for the Intercollegiate took place. The speakers were for the affirmative: Densmore (leader), Hayford and Robbins; for the negative: Smallman (leader), Illsey and Nowlan. The resolution was the one which will be used in the Intercollegiate with Mt. A. on March 30, "Resolved, that the Government of Great Britain is more democratic than the Government of United States."

Trial Debate. For once in the history of Acadia the meeting opened on time. This was so unusual, that only one judge was present, and even one of the speakers had to walk sedately to the platform long after the meeting had been called to order.

The judges, Profs. Balcom, Coit and Thompson did not consider it advisable to give a decision. Copeland acted as critic. If the Acadia students cannot sing any better on the night of the Intercollegiate Debate than they did that evening, they had better not try at all.

Thursday, February 22, was the day of prayer for the colleges, and in the morning a union meeting of the three institutions was held.

Day of Prayer.

After prayer by Mr. Harkness, Dr. Manning described Acadia life fifty years ago. He fully portrayed the life here, when the old college building crowned the hill, and dwelt especially on the fact that the students had to saw wood in those days, while now all they have to do is to walk up and down Main Street and make eyes at the Sems. The meeting broke up with the singing of God Save the King.

A most enjoyable evening was spent on Friday night, February 9th, by the members of the Sophomore class, when Dr. and Mrs. Chute entertained them in their home. In spite of the night, which was decidedly disagreeable, a large number attended, and those who were not present missed a jolly time. Games and competitions of various sorts made the evening pass all too quickly, and after enjoying dainty refreshments and singing the National Anthem, it was a hilarious and grateful crowd that set out into the storm once more.

Sophomore Parties.

Another enjoyable evening was spent by the Sophomores in the home of Mrs. W. A. Archibald. When they assembled in her parlor all carried some article representing the title of a well known book. After the girls, disguised as valentines, had been auctioned off to the highest bidder, some time was spent guessing the book represented. Several games followed, and the evening broke up with Acadia songs and a rousing yell for the hostess.

“The sleighs are here. Is everyone ready?” “No, I’m not; wait just a minute.” That minute lengthened into at least fifteen, so it was after seven o’clock when the Juniors, well chaperoned by Professor and Mrs. Hannay, and Dr. and Mrs. Spidle, left the College Women’s Residence for Church Street. The rain-coats and hats which some members of the party wore, we presume, were calculated to protect the wearers from the cool breezes which swept across the “dyke.” We might suggest that heavy coats would have been more suitable.

Junior Sleigh Drive.

In due course of time, we reached our destination—the home of Miss Margaret Chase, '18—where the next few hours were spent in games of different kinds. Charades proved especially enjoyable and revealed marked ability. Mention might be made of the effective way in which Professor Hannay played the juvenile's role.

Toward the close of the evening refreshments were served, and then songs and yells heartily indulged in. Soon we were on our way back to Wolfville and singing everything from "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall" to "One Grasshopper Sat Upon Another Grasshopper's Back." According to regulations, the party arrived home by 12 o'clock, after an evening which will stand out in the memories of "Eighteeners" as one of the most enjoyable on record.

On January 17, Mr. Gelhart, an Acadia graduate of 1908, who has been in Y. M. C. A. work in China for six years, spoke upon the spread of the Gospel in China. Mention was made of the work done by scientific Christian men in China, and of the success of Professor Robertson in the Lecture Department of the Y. M. C. A., who prepares the way for the missionary preacher by delivering popular Science lectures all over the country. China is adrift in agnostic literature. These lectures prove that a scientist can also be a Christian. There are very noticeable results from the work of Dr. Peter, who gives health, sanitation lectures, etc. The whole country is ready to receive Christianity. The officials favor and even help the work. The type of missionary desired is the trained educated man or woman.

On January 24, Dr. DeWolfe conducted our meeting. His subject was "The Choice of a Profession—The Ministry as a Life Work." Jesus said in the ever memorable prayer "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done." A minister is a man or woman with a vision of Jesus Christ. One should go into any profession to help bring about the kingdom. The Christian Ministry has its advantages. It offers the largest and most permanent results in character and life. A minister has influence and power. A minister's life is filled with supremest satisfaction. A minister has plain living and the highest kind of thinking. Are you trying to usher in the kingdom? What are your qualifications for the ministry?

On January 31, Rev. G. D. Milbury from Gaspereaux, who has had the opportunity of hearing Rev. William Sunday, told us of the wonderful results that powerful man of God is having in his campaigns. Mr. Sunday gets marvelous responses from colleges men. There has been a great increase in pledge cards—pledges of right living. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., says that he believes no living man can do so much in New York as Mr. William Sunday. Mr. Sunday's success is due largely to three things: He talks with God; he lets God talk to him; he talks to someone else about God.

D. M. C. H.

On February 7, Dr. Gates came to us with an old and yet ever new subject, "The Bible." We should do two things: Study the Bible conscientiously, and commit a portion of Scripture to memory. From the Psalms, the Gospels, and Paul's letters we can find very appropriate parts to commit. The first book that ought to be read is the Gospel of John, the most philosophic book of the four Gospels. In John there are twenty-one chapters, and it would be well to know the content of each chapter by remembering the outstanding event in each chapter. In this chapter we learn of John the Baptist. He was a witness. The qualifications of a witness are three: He shall have knowledge of the case, understanding, and be morally good and truthful. John's testimony lessened his own popularity. "He must increase, but I decrease." Jesus had better testimony than that of John. "The works and signs of the father he gave me to do." We should be living testimonies.

On February 14, Miss Dorothy Alward, '17, and Ralph Smallman, '17, had the meeting in charge. The hour was devoted to a consideration of the opportunities for Christian workers in Mohammedan lands. Miss Alward spoke of the Christian work open to women. Mr. Smallman closed with a few words showing the need for men.

On February 21, Dr. Smith, a former Medical Missionary in China, one who looks forward to work in that field again, addressed us upon "The Possibilities in a Meeting." In Edinburgh a group of young college men, Dr. Smith in the number, got together for the

purpose of converting other college men. They advertised their meetings. They were very successful. Little did they think that this group would constitute the beginning of the Great Students Movement of the world. There are marvelous possibilities in all religious meetings.

On February 28, Mr. C. C. Copeland, '18, spoke to us upon the topic "Service." Each letter has special significance. S—Service, E—Earnestness, R—Righteousness, V—Virtue, I—Ingenuity, C—Christ-likeness, and E—Everlasting. There are two kinds of service, conscious and unconscious service. The meeting closed with a consideration of Christian work in the army for Y. M. C. A. workers.

FRIDAY evening, February 16, College Hall was the scene of a Pupils' Recital under the auspices of the Acadia Seminary Conservatory of Music. A large and enthusiastic audience listened with appreciation to the splendid rendition of the following program:—

Evening Song	MURIEL CUTTEN	
Dance of the Fairies		Porter
Valse, Arabesque		Lack
	MIRIAM COIT	
The Swallows		Cowen
	MINERVA MURRAY	
Story: Tommy's Girl		Sears
	EMILY MacLEAN	
La Kangourou		Wack
	MARIE HANRIGHT	
One Act Play: Neighbors		Gale
	LEAH WHIDDEN	
Violettes		Klein
Nocturne		Karganoff
	LAURIE BARRON	
It is Better to Laugh Than be Sighing		-Donizetti
	MURIEL STARR	
Polonaise		Chopin
	ELMO SELFRIDGE	
Monolog: How Gentlemen are Made		Cooke
	GORDON HERKINS	
Florence, Valse de Concert		Liebling
	LILLIAN RUSSELL	
Musica Proibita		Gastaldon
	EDITH STAPLES	
Duet: Hungarian Rhapsody		Liszt
	HELEN KITCHEN, LILLIAN KITCHEN	
	GOD SAVE THE KING	

Academy Notes.

THE work of the school is progressing favorably, and so far 1917 has been a successful year. On February 12th the students and Faculty were honored by the presence of Judge Longley at dinner, after which he gave a very interesting speech, which was enjoyed by all.

On February 18th, Misses L. Giberson, M. Miller, L. H. Birmingham of the A. L. S., took dinner at the Students' Residence, guests of Mr. J. E. Howe, M. A., after which an enjoyable afternoon was spent in the club room.

Rev. Dr. Martell of Kings University and Rev. Mr. Dixon of Wolfville met the students in the Chapel room on March 1st. Dr. Martell gave a very interesting address, taking for his subject the word "Watch." He was followed by Mr. Dixon, who also gave an interesting address.

Dr. Martell and Mr. Dixon were present at dinner on the same day, in the A. C. A. dining hall. After dinner Mr. Dixon told about his school days in England, which was very interesting to all. Dr. Martell, much to the delight of the students, requested the Principal to give them a half holiday, which was heartily granted.

On Thursday, March 1st, Rev. Mr. Dixon, gave a lecture in the Chapel room on the Tudor and Stuart Periods.

On March 5th Mr. Geldert gave a splendid address on China.

The hockey team has been doing splendid work. A game was played with Truro on January 26th which resulted in a score of 6—5 in favor of A. C. A.

The A. C. A.-Freshmen game was won by the Freshmen, score 6—4.

On March 1st the A. C. A. and Digby teams met in Evangeline Rink. Both teams played a good fast game, in which A. C. A. defeated Digby by a score of 12—3.

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLIII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1917

No. 3

R. B. SMALLMAN, *Editor-in Chief.*A. C. HAYFORD, '19, *Month.*RUTH WOODWORTH, '17, *Exchanges.*C. G. SCHEURMAN, '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



"Gratis accepistis, gratis date."

THROUGH the activity of (President) Major Cutten, Acadia is to receive another important addition to her fine library, namely, the collection of Canadiana which Mr. J. Plimsoll Edwards has been for many years gathering, and which today is probably the best collection of Canadiana outside of Government ownership. It consists of about 9,000 books and about 5,000 pamphlets together with a very large number of unbound newspapers and magazines. A very large percentage of the books date previously to 1800 and many more previously to 1850. The subjects are grouped around the following historical events:—

Our New Library

Early Settlement of America.
Louisburg.
Fall of Quebec.
French and Indian Wars.
Form of Government for Canada.
War of 1912.
American Revolution.
Boundary of 1812.
Rebellion of 1837-38.
Confederation, 1867.
Maritime Provinces.

Red River Colony.
Hudson Bay Co.
Newfoundland.
Oregon Boundary.
British Columbia.
Riel Rebellion.
Fishing and other Commissioners.
Canadian Literature.
Almanacs.
Magazines.
Newspapers.

The library is invaluable for reference workers in Canadian affairs. W. C. Milner, Agent for Canadian Archives for the Maritime Province, says:—"The whole collection is quite unique and is unequalled in the Maritime Provinces. I am doubtful if even the Parliamentary Library in Ottawa is so rich in Eastern Canadian literature. The historic libraries in New England and elsewhere in United States are very strenuous in their efforts to secure literature of exactly this character. I have no doubt that Major Edwards could realize a much larger sum than \$10,000 if he offered it for sale there. It would be a great misfortune to this country if our students were deprived of the advantages it would afford in the line of historic research and investigation."

The sum that has been asked for the collection is \$10,000, and the added expense for steel stacks, etc., would be about \$4,000. Owing to the increased expense of running the College during war times, President Cutten does not feel like asking the Governors to handle the responsibility for payment—he himself is shouldering that, and is relying on the loyalty of the Alumni and friends of Acadia to look after the financial part. An appeal is thus made to all lovers of Acadia to make their contributions for this purpose as generous as possible in order to secure the \$14,000 required. The collection is worth much more than the money value asked: it is to Acadia's advantage that she seize this opportunity to obtain it: and therefore we are confident that your support will not be lacking.

In regard to our library as it stands today much fault is to be found. With the exception of the magazine room and the possible exception of the History and Psychology departments, there is not a department in the library that is at all adequate or up to date. The English shelves are most meagre, with almost none of the standard authors or any of the modern writers of merit. The Chemistry shelves are shamefully lacking, and those of Science are in the same condition. The professors, under the present system, each receive the minute sum of \$20.00 a year to buy books for their subjects. This sum amounts practically to nil and accounts largely for the limitations of some departments. It seems a pity that funds could not be obtained in some way to give each professor anywhere from \$200.00 to \$1000.00 to bring his subject at least practically up to date in the Library. The Edwards collection is certainly worth the money, and it is to Acadia's advantage to get possession of it because its value will steadily increase as time goes on, but at most

it can only be used by the students for research and investigation along work in Canadian history. Probably not one student in ten will take the pains to open the covers of the books—but there is immediate need that other subjects be complete enough to give the students help in preparing the required work of their courses.

The opportunity is open. For the time being don't neglect to send along your contribution for the Edwards' collection, and if at all possible, in the immediate future let Acadia have your help in more completely suiting her library for the needs of her students.

We are pleased to report that the College Faculty have taken the right action regarding the course in Elocution that was advocated in our last issue. A course in public speaking has been pre-

Elocution.

pared for which all students may receive credit towards the College degrees. Nine young men are now taking advantage of the opportunity presented by the course, but many others would have joined had they not already been taking their required nineteen units. Next year we hope to see a large class in this department. Acadia at the present time is greatly in need of trained platform speakers among the students. May we hope that when once this course has become a fixture, Acadia will never again feel handicapped by the lack of qualified speakers.

Does there not seem to be a spirit of egoism among Acadia students this year? Perhaps it is no more present than when more glorious days were here; but it does seem particularly difficult to

Altruism.

unite the students in any work whatever, whether it be the financing of a Song Sheet, the preparing of a Debate, the attending of Song Nights, the raising of a Band, or writing for the ATHENÆUM. The question that is heard on every side when advocating these activities is, "What is there in it for me?" "How much can I get out of it?" Now we know that we can never accomplish anything if we take that attitude towards either our college activities or towards the sterner realities of life. We must take the altruistic view of life. We can only get out of life what we put in. We can only be happy as we make others happy. We can only accomplish great things by uniting with others, dropping our trifling differences, and all working together towards the common goal. The power of altruism is felt more strongly now than ever before. We, too, must apply its principles in our

colleges activities, for only then can success crown our efforts. There are yet two months of college in which, as matters look at present, little will be accomplished if we continue as we have begun; but we can do wonders if united. Why can not we adopt that little leaven of altruism which is so necessary for our advance in life? Remember, "In unity there is strength"; therefore, let us get unity not only in word but also in action.

The ATHENÆUM, after a long search, has been most fortunate in obtaining the sum of twenty-five dollars that was necessary for a special prize competition. Ten dollars is to be given as first prize, five dollars as second prize, and ten dollars to cover the extra **Special** expense in putting out the issue. The donor of the prizes **Prize** is Mr. W. H. Chase of Wolfville, and the **May** **Contest** ATHENÆUM will therefore be known as the "W. H. Chase Prize Number."

The subjects of the articles or stories for the contest must be along the following lines. The topics suggested are of general scope and so any phase under them may be dealt with.

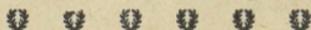
1. Industrial Problems and Possibilities in Eastern Canada.
2. The Problem of Employment and the Returned Soldier.
3. Educational Reform in the Public Schools of the Maritime Provinces.
4. Ways and Means of carrying the University to the People.
5. Historical and Literary Backgrounds in the Maritime Provinces.
6. Days Wise and Otherwise.

The contest is open to College, Seminary, and Academy. Let there be a hearty response because here is the opportunity not only to help along the ATHENÆUM but, what perhaps is more appealing, the easy opportunity to win five or ten dollars. The ATHENÆUM considers itself happy in being able to present this contest to the students. We hope that they will strive to gain the money, honor, and benefit that this competition offers.

REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Contributions must be in the hands of the Editor-in-Chief not later than May 2nd, 1917.
2. Only students in the three institutions who are subscribers to the ATHENÆUM shall be eligible as competitors.
3. All articles submitted must be signed by a pen name only, and mailed to the Editor-in-Chief.
4. 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 the contest.
5. All articles must be written on one side of 8 by 10 paper.
6. The length of the article should not exceed 1500 words.
7. These articles shall not count towards a Literary "A."
8. All articles submitted shall belong unreservedly to the ATHENÆUM, and may be published at the discretion of the Editor.
9. No prize shall be given any article not worthy of publication in the ATHENÆUM.

The ATHENÆUM committee are the judges.



Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.—*Proverbs III.*



A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men.



ONCE the Ice King has arrived, nothing short of a fire in the Rink can prevent time and energy being spent in that most fascinating of games, hockey. Probably there do breathe souls dead to the lure of the puck, but they are few and far between.

The College boys started out bravely for the winter's sport; appointed R. B. Smallman, '17, Business Manager, and Don Stewart, '19, Captain; drew up a contract with the Rink Management for a series of games, and altogether spent over \$35.00 on practices. The Faculty, however, saw differently, and without stating any reasons, refused to allow any games whatever. Thus this large sum of money was spent without any benefit being derived by the students in general, and without any chance of putting on games to pay off the expenses. The boys thus have had to content themselves with pick-up games played once in a while.

A. C. A., 6; TRURO, 5.

The first hockey game of the season took place January 26th between Truro and A. C. A. The ever present pessimist said, "This is going to be weary; the Truro boys can skate circles around our boys," but in a few moments it was easy to see that such was not the case, for the Cads scored a couple of goals in rapid succession. There was a lot of good dribbling, and the puck had a decided inclination to remain down near the A. C. A. goal.

At the end of the first period the result seemed too certain to be interesting.

In the second period Truro worked well to catch up and almost succeeded. There were a good many off sides and very little brilliant work. . . .

The third period was exceedingly exciting. The play was fast and up around the A. C. A. goal. The bell rang with Acadia one point ahead. Score 6—5.

Line-up was as follows:—

A. C. A.		Truro.
	Goal.	
J. Trenholm	Point.	W. Barrett
A. Ayer	Cover Point.	V. Hopper
K. Fraser	Centre.	G. Fraser
D. Stuart	Left Wing.	R. Lauthers
O. Porter	Right Wing.	G. Denter
G. Harvey		E. Pattillo

On February 2 there was a game between the Boys Scouts and the Freshmen. The teams were well matched. Two of the Scouts were especially good and kept the Freshman defence busy. Snook as usual was a fine goal tender. It was an interesting game, and ended in a tie.

On February 8 the Senior Girls played the Senior Boys. Owing to the costuming of the teams and the handicap imposed on the Boys' team the audience was much amused. Slim Copeland in his character of Referee Dandy proved very harsh to the "Skirts" and kept the penalty box filled.

'AngeLina was a "bird" and flew gracefully over the ice. Adamante and Dreadnought starred in the Girls' team, while Ora Tory and Linna Mint were "birds of ill omen," flapping up to the puck, and Rae C. became so light-headed that he floated upward from the goal, leaving Pie Retes a solitary guardian angel of that important post. With the aid of the referee the Girls won, score 2—1.

FRESHMEN VS. A. C. A.

On February 13th the Freshmen defeated the Cads with a score 6—4. It was a hard fought game all through, as the teams were evenly matched.

At the end of the first period the Freshmen by their combination work and clean playing led by a score of 2—1; Burton and Riley scoring for the Freshmen; Ayr for the Cads.

In the second half the Cads started off with a rush, and after two minutes of play Delaney scored. Riley put the Freshmen again in the lead and was later followed by Delaney again tying the score. A dispute arose at this point, the Freshmen claiming a goal which Robertson shot; but the goal judge refused to allow it. There was no more scoring now until about two minutes before the closing of the second period, when in a pretty combination play between Langwith and Burton, Langwith scored. This period ended 4—3 in favor of the Freshmen.

The Cads started things a-humming at the beginning of the third period, and it was not long before Harvey netted one. The score was again a tie, and the spectators were kept at the highest pitch of excitement.

Burton made an end to end run at this period and took a shot at Trenholm who stopped it, but Langwith, catching it on the rebound, put the Freshmen again in the lead.

The Cads were trying their utmost to score now, but it was of no use. The Freshman team were working like a machine, and Langwith soon tallied another one for them. The final period ended with the Freshmen victorious by a score of 6—4.

The teams lined up as follows:—

Freshmen.	Goal.	A. C. A.
Steeves	Point.	Trenholme
Burton	Cover Point.	Fraser
MacNeill	Centre.	Ayr
Langwith	Right Wing.	Delaney
Riley	Left Wing.	Mackeen
Robertson		Harvey
Referee—Harry Fraser.		

KENTVILLE, 8; A. C. A., 4.

On February 14 A. C. A. played Kentville at Kentville. The game was fast and everyone did his best. The score ended 8—4 in favor of Kentville.

Acadia lined up as follows:—

Acadia.	Goal.
Steeves	Point.
Ayer	Cover Point.
Fraser	Left Wing.
Porter	Right Wing.
Harvey	Centre.
Stuart	

PORT WILLIAMS, 18; A. G. A. A. A., 12.

On February 17 the Acadia Girls' Basket-ball team played the Port Williams team at Kentville. The sleighing was good and all enjoyed the drive up after supper.

The line up was as follows:—

Acadia.		Port Williams.
	Forwards.	
Helen Cushing		Lillian Chase
Bessy Starratt		Daisy Colmar
	Centres.	
Muriel Roscoe		Helen Kidston
Dorothy Alward		Pearl Lingley
	Guards.	
Page Marshall		Queenie Regan
Violet Sleep		Millie Falconer

The game started late. Having to keep within "bounds" troubled both teams, and the slippery floor was another source of worry.

It was soon seen that the sympathies of the Kentville people were with Port Williams, and a perfect roar went up every time they scored a goal. Port Williams had a splendid combination worked up, and Daisy Colmar was a wonder at shooting free shots.

As two of our girls were playing for the first time in a game and a third was playing a different position from the one she always plays, it is little wonder that Acadia didn't have much combination.

The first period ended with the score 13—3 in favor of our opponents.

In the next half the side centres were taken off. This made the game faster and harder. Both teams played a splendid game. Acadia kept gaining points until she was only four behind the Port.

Betty did some fine shooting this period, and the forwards did good passing whenever the ball came down to them.

The second period seemed far too short. The final score was 18—12. A small crowd of rooters accompanied the team. After the game some went to rink and some for refreshments. All enjoyed the drive home, and as usual, Acadia spirits remained undampened by defeat.

This was the third basket-ball game that Acadia has played against Port Williams this year, and in total score Port Williams is three points ahead.

A. C. A., 14; DIGBY, 2.

On March first Digby came up to Wolfville to play A. C. A. hockey.

At first there was no combination work. The boards were played, and the Cads were quick at getting out the puck. The Digby centre dribbled well but was not swift enough. There was a good deal of wild play, but few off sides. Then they speeded up only to start going in circles around the Digby goal, which ended in a goal for Acadia.

Next came a good rush up the ice by Porter, and the second goal for Acadia was shot.

Digby tried a little combination and took the puck up just missing a goal by a head that was Skook's.

The second period started with a goal for A. C. A. Then the puck flew wildly from goal to goal for awhile.

Two more goals for A. C. A. Then Clyde Robbins, Acadia '15, shot a goal for Digby.

Another goal for A. C. A. Skook stopped one well planned shot, but another got in, giving Digby the second goal.

In the third period the Digby goal-tender seemed to wake up and take in the situation. He did some good work at stopping the puck.

Another goal was score by Digby and several by A. C. A., making the score 14—2 in favor of the Cads.

Acadia lined up as follows:—

Acadia.	Goal.
Steeves	Point.
Ayre	Cover Point.
Fraser	Centre.
Stewart	Left Wing.
Porter	Right Wing.
Harvey	

An inter-class schedule of game has been arranged which we hope will bring out some good playing and new material. Let us be participators in the game and not on-lookers only.

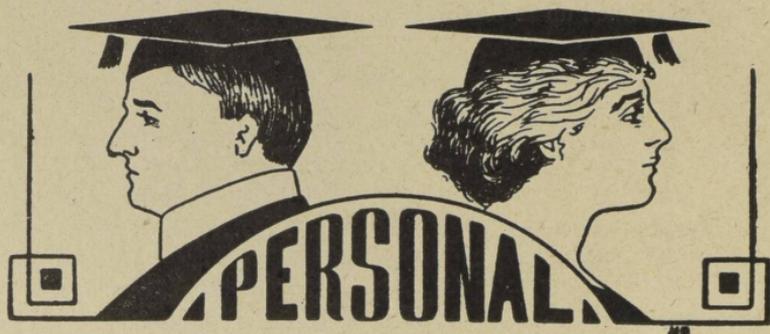
On March 5 the Seniors and Engineers played the Freshmen in hockey. The first and second periods were fast and interesting, but in the third the play was too one-sided. The game ended 8—2 for the Seniors-Engineers.

The line up was as follows:—

Sen. Eng.		Freshman.
Shock Steeves	Goal.	C. Corey
R. Smallman	Point.	V. Burton
A. Watson	Cover Point.	R. McNeill
A. Cole	Centre.	F. Langwith
C. Schurman	Right Wing.	R. Salter
B. Angus	Left Wing.	E. Robertson



Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.—*Cowper.*



'76—Rev. E. W. Kelly of Rangoon, Burmah, is on his way home on furlough.

'89—Rev. H. T. DeWolfe spent Sunday, February 18, in Fredericton.

'03—Rev. Ritchie Elliott has resigned his pastorate at the Surrey group of churches to accept a call to the Main St. Church at Marysville.

'10—Lieut. Arthur H. Chute, who recently returned from the front and spent a few weeks at his home in Wolfville, has left for South America, where he will remain for some time.

'12—Austen Chute is teaching at Hackley School, Tarrytown, N. Y.

'12—Corporal Ernest Barss, who was wounded in the third battle of Ypres, has been invalided home. We regret that since his return to Wolfville he has been confined at home with mumps.

'12—Ralph Davidson, after spending ten months in the trenches with the Princess Pats, has received a commission in the 52nd Batt.

'12—Congratulations are due Mr. and Mrs. Percy Everett on the arrival of a daughter Feb. 9, 1917.

'14—Lieut. Walter Lawson has been awarded the Military Cross. He went overseas with the 26th Batt.

'13—Anita Elderkin spent a few days in Wolfville last month.

'14—Rev. A. A. Hovey has resigned from the Newcastle Bridge Church and plans to study at Colgate.

Ex '14—Lieut. Eric Dennis has been awarded the Military Cross for heroism on the field. He went overseas with the 40th Battn.

'15—Arthur Rogers has been appointed Lieut. in C. Co. of the 246th Battn.

'15—We were glad to see Clyde Robbins in Wolfville on Mar. 2nd.

Ex '16—Norman Rogers has been appointed Lieut. in B Co. of the 246th Battn. He has been seconded for a few months recruiting duty.

Ex '16—Burton DeWolfe has been recalled from the front and is to be given a commission. He went overseas with the Princess Pats and has seen some hard fighting in France. He is expected home soon.

'16—A recent issue of the Maritime Baptist contains a most interesting letter by Bessie Lockhart written from India where she is studying Telegu in preparation for evangelistic work there.

'16—Alexes Messenger and Gertrude Eaton were visitors at the Tavern last month.

Ex '18—Lieut. J. MacLeod Boyer recently led a draft of 50 men from the 65th Battery to England, and is now stationed at Ross Barracks, Shorncliffe.

Ex '19—Edna Pickels is spending the winter in Florida.

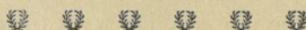
Eng. '8—Percy Bentley and Wallace Betts were in Wolfville for a few days last month.

'15—Miss Evelyn Smallman and her mother are spending the winter at Orlando, Florida.

Eng. '14—Carlos W. delPlaine is now a corporal in the Saskatchewan Railway Construction Co., which has just recently sailed for England. Carlos had been attending the University of Minneapolis where he made many friends. He was a member of the University Cosmopolitan Club, the Minneapolis Apollo Club and sang in the Olivet Baptist Church. The choir presented him with an engraved gold ring as a token of the appreciation in which he was held. Our best wishes accompany "del" as he goes to fight in the great war.

'04—We are sorry to learn of the death of Miss Edith M. Kierstead, a student of the Seminary in 1904, who died in November last. Miss Kierstead was the daughter of Mr. Ira B. Kierstead of St. John.

CORRECTION.—'18—We are relieved to hear that W. R. Acker, although he has become a Sergt.-Major in the St. F. X. Unit, has *not* been married since going overseas.



Make thyself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.—*Carlyle*.





SOME artistic soul has decorated the cover of the *Argosy*, doubtless thinking that first impressions are everything; and if one can believe that, certainly the impressions will be good. This magazine is quite thick this month, and perhaps the cause of this thickness is the number of extracts from military letters. Doubtless it is a relief to the poor editor's brain to be able to fill so many pages without taxing his own ability. Henceforth, when we glance at a housetop we shall expect to see an editor "hiding his modest blushes as best he may." Let's hope that the housetop is not sooty, or the effect, when the poor, shrinking editor finally gathers up courage enough to descend into society again, will be such that probably he will be able to "blush unseen." (By the way, how does the editor reach the lofty housetop? Is it by scaling a ladder or by squeezing his "poor, inoffensive shape" through a window in the roof?)

May we be blessed with meeting the person who wrote those "Good Resolutions," and—mark this well—who keeps them three hundreds days of the year. It would indeed be a treat.

I wonder if the author of the story "The Last Night" remembered that Biblical verse "Take no heed for the morrow"? Evidently he or she did not. It is well written and has the power of arousing the sympathies of the reader. The kiddies stay up rather late, but doubtless that is on account of the special occasion.

The King's Record evidently believes in the "two-in-one" idea—not shoe polish, you understand, but just two months in one.

We would thank the *McGill Daily* for the appreciation shown in regard to Acadia literary ability, but we would suggest that in polite literary society it is almost always customary when borrow-

ing verbatim from another paper at least to acknowledge the fact. Perhaps it was only an oversight that the article on "Jack London" was not attributed to the ATHENÆUM; we shall give the editor the benefit of the doubt. Lots of hockey at McGill this year, but as usual, trouble goes with it.

The *University Monthly* has a wicked though interesting and original sinner dreaming for its benefit this month. We would suggest a religious revival for his especial uplift, yet possibly he would cease to charm if altered. The *Monthly* continues to improve with every issue, and if it were a little more voluminous it would be a very creditable college paper. There seem to be some people with the "literary bug" here as elsewhere, and, so, while we should never criticize a fellow exchange writer, we would like to suggest that he get over being such a peevish chap, as he never in this world will live to grow up if he minds so terribly a little friendly criticism that is only meant to help out his college paper. Basketball fills the horizon at present, and hockey is a thing of the past and future.

Evidently one of the Christmas articles has strayed into the January number of the *Xaverian*, but that does not hinder it from being a well written affair, although coffee is usually "drunk" and not "devoured" in the Occident as well as in the Orient. The literary quality of the magazine is high all through, and all that seems to be lacking is some work from the pens of the students themselves, alumni and professors being exceedingly well represented. A track meet in November may be interesting and funny, but when one thinks of the temperature, oh my! Some of the jokes are actually funny to other people besides the St. F. X. students. This is indeed an achievement.

The *Managra* is also something new to us, and we can welcome it for the very beautiful cuts of natural scenery if for nothing else, but for a technical magazine, the whole thing is very readable and interesting. Evidently there are quite a lot of interesting doings among the students that might be used as suggestions by other universities, and there is a lightning sketch artist with an eye to the ludicrous as well as another original soul who pours forth his *Love's Labor Lost* in melting and expressive verse. The best part of the

locals is the title, but that is enough to make them famous and cause people to laugh.

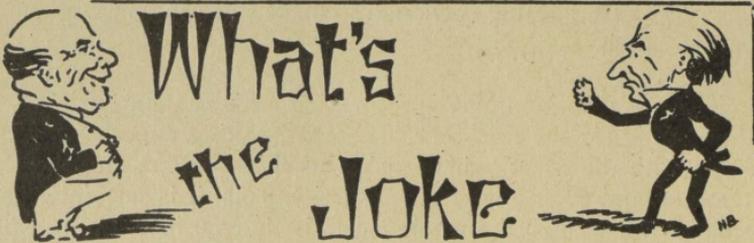
The *Collegiate Outlook* is something a bit new on our shelves, and seeing it for the first time is a breath-taking experience. Beginning with the cover, which makes us think of crossing the Bay in a storm, and ending with the advertisements, it is certainly "different." But though the whole paper is chappy, it is all the work of the students, and shows that there is originality, at least, in plenty. There must be humorous people there too, judging from the jokes and personals. Does the Joke Editor have as hard a time as some others we know of?

Novelty again in the shape of the *Maritime Students' Agriculturist*, and such novelty! Who ever could rejoice at the idea of milking at 3 a. m., and what kind of snowflakes do they have where that man comes from? "Where snowflakes fall on the stable wall with a dull and sickening thud." A snow storm must be a dread thing indeed. Novelty again: the editor and his contribution on the front page, probably to make sure of the attention that might be doubtful later on, as the tone of the paper is quite too awfully technical for the uninitiated reader, though no doubt it is full of highly useful information. The "Hayseeds" and the Social Notes are alone intelligible to the ordinary mortal.

The following we acknowledge with thanks: The Argosy, Xaverian, Managra, King's Record, U. N. B. Monthly, Jobberwork, Varsity, Gateway, N. S. Agriculturist, Dalhousie Gazette, Queen's Journal, McMaster University Monthly, McGill Daily, Collegiate Outlook.



To write well is at once to think well, to feel rightly, and to render properly: it is to have, at the same time, mind, soul, taste.—*Buffon.*



Prof. in English, reading Dr. Faustus—"For where we are in Hell, and where Hell is, there must we ever be."

Voice over the 'phone—"Miss Barnes, how would you like a sleigh drive on Sunday?"

Miss Barnes—"Oh! I'd just love to go, but who's speaking please?"

Prof.—"What do you think of Shakespeare's style?"

Miss Ad-s-n, dreamily—"I don't know. He never made a dress for me."

Illsley, '20—"Where could I grow some of this *Lunaria annua*?"

Densmore, '18—"Why I should think the Matrimony plant would grow finely in the sunny windows of the library."

CHOICE QUOTATIONS FROM LATE AUTHORS.

To fate and fortune now resign,
Cease to worry, cease to Pine.

—M. BARNES, '17.

Through all life's StRuggles and woes
The virtuous man serenely goes.

—H. GANTER.

What is my life from hour to hour
Naught but a striving after Power.

—M. GIFFIN.

Oh, should I gae Langwith thee
We two ud make guid companee.

—D. SCHURMAN.

Wot son! It ill behooveth thee
To speak of angels so knowingly.

—S. HERBIN.

If in life I needs must make my mark,
I fain would rise in court to be a Clark.

—M. REID.

Science Prof. (in lab. schedule discussion)—“Ethics! What’s Ethics?”

Junior—“Some necessary evil.”

Judge—“And in future see that you keep out of bad company.”

Discharged prisoner—“Thanks, yer honor, yez won’t see me here again.”

Heard at Tully Tavern tables:—“You can’t expect to get a square meal off a round table.”

Miss O., reading—“There’s only one edition of love but many copies.”

Miss D.—“Mine’s a pocket edition.”

Miss G.—“Mine’s Everyman’s.”

Porter (on Mr. A. trip)—“Harvey, got a match?”

Doc. A.—“What for, Mr. Porter?”

P- -—“I’ve got a sliver in my foot and I want to light the electric lights to get it out.”

FRESHMAN “BURNS.”

Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us
Tae see oorsel’s as ithers see us.
Or better still, make ithers swells,
See us as we see oursel’s.

French Prof.—“Mr. H-n-a, what is the plural of enfant?”
H-n-a, '20—“Jumeaux.”

“By the way,” said the waitress at Artie’s, “how would you like to have your eggs?”

In Biol. Lab.—Miss M-g-t—“Oh, Marian, why did you cut that poor worm in two?”

M. O.—“Oh! just because he looked so lonely.”
At A. C. A. meal:

Waitress—“I’m sorry, sir, but the coffee is exhausted.”

Cole—“I’m not surprised. It’s been very weak for some time past.”

C.—“Is he out of danger?”

D.—“No, the doctor is still around.”

Soph.—“I’m very fond of coin collecting?”

Miss — — “Indeed, and have you the Latin Quarter of Paris.”

Why is it that the angels never have whiskers?

Because most men get into heaven on a close shave.—Tonsorial papers please copy.

LOST, DR. CHESTNUT—This nut is lost, so please return to keeper.

Robbins, '18 (night before trial debate, starting to pray)—
“Mr. President, Honorable Judges, Ladies and ——?”

Copeland, '19 (after skating)—“Say, Bobbie, have you seen my Sem. teacher go out yet?”

Robertson, '20—“Why, Cope! I didn’t know that you had a Sem. teacher.”

Copeland—“Oh, yes! and she is here tonight, too.”

Poole, '20—“How is it that Porter can play on the Academy hockey team. He is only registered in one subject and never goes to classes.”

Covey, '20—"Why, don't you know? Porter has been attending the Academy for nearly the past ten years, and now they consider him a life member."

Miss Starratt, '17—"Billie, is there anything I can get you down town?"

Miss Alward, '18—"Yes, you can get me a little male."

Miss Starratt, '17—"You'll have to go and get him yourself."

Howe to O'Brien, A. C. A.—"Give me the imperfect of esse."

O'Brien—"E-ram, e-ras, e-rat."

Howe—"Hum! Keep on and you'll have a whole circus parade."

MacNeill, A. C. A., who made a high mark of 37 in History exam., has been appointed Historian of the Class of '17.

Davis, at the dinner table—"It looks like rain."

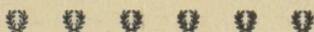
MacNeill, glancing at his plate—"Yes, but it's supposed to be pea soup."

Mr. Robinson, '06, Inspector of Schools—"What text book are you studying in Economics this year?"

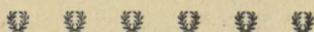
Miss Weston—"Oh! a little brown book."

Miss Sleep, '18 (at Hannay's party)—"Is hatch an animal?"

Prof. Hannay—"That's according to the success of the sitting."



Be not simply good; be good for something.—*Thoreau.*



Every man is the architect of his own future.—*Alpius Claudius.*

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