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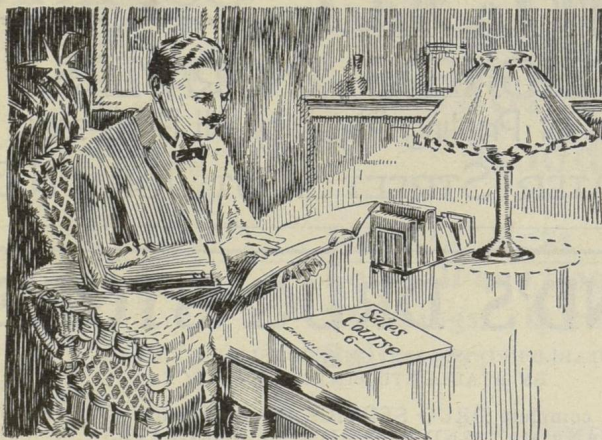
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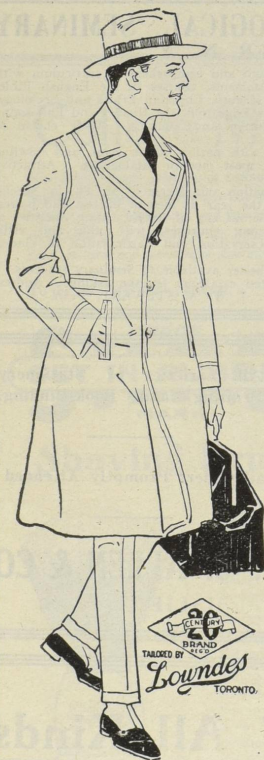


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# The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLVII

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1921

No. 5.

## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems—H. S. Thurston, '22, First Place; H. D. Fritz, '22, Second Place; M. E. Grant, '21, Third Place.

Articles—E. R. Fash, '21, First Place; E. C. Prime, '22, Second Place.

Stories—E. F. Layton, '21, First Place; A. B. Corey, '22, Second Place.

Science—F. R. Cole, '21, First Place; T. K. Cleveland, '22, Second Place.

Humor—H. H. Wetmore, Eng., First Place.

Athletics—L. Crossman, '21, First Place; H. G. Groucher, '22, Second Place.

Month—W. J. Miller, '22, First Place; M. Fitzpatrick, '23, Second Place.

Personals—E. F. Layton, '21, First Place; E. Goodwin, '23, Second Place.

Exchanges—J. W. Lank, '22, First Place; E. C. Prime, '22, Second Place.

Jokes—E. R. Fash, '21, First Place.

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## SPRING

SOFT voiceless measures born of leaves and shades  
And murmuring echoes through the glassy glades  
With gurgling melodies of brooks o'erflowed  
That run, half-hidden, through the sheltering wood  
Form harmonies that charm the listening ear  
With woodland music, soft, yet wondrous clear.  
The anthem of the trees, the dells and streams,  
Like mystic rhapsodies revealed in dreams,  
Or like the far-off sound of tuned strings,  
By fairy fingers plucked where magic springs  
Gush forth from rocks of purest white, and glide  
In tiny wavelets o'er the boulder's side,  
Rings like the echo of a wingèd thought  
That enters into life full-grown, unsought;  
Like Venus, daughter of the foamy wave  
That Cytheris' broad shore doth ever lave.  
The music of the forest, soft and clear,  
The vocal burdened southern breezes bear;  
That mystic air of subtle promising,  
Are Nature's gayest, sweetest garment ,  
Spring!

H. D. F. '22.



## THE WISH

"Good day, Sir!"

I looked around and discovered a young Egyptian by my side.

"I give good tip, Sir," he said.

"What do you mean?", I queried rather harshly.

"I know good horses, Sir. I give good tip, Sir," he repeated.

To those who are fortunate, an afternoon at the Helio-polis horse races proves to be of decided advantage. Alas that I was not born under a lucky star! Thus far my gains had been entirely counter-balanced and overbalanced by my losses. I was getting into a decidedly bad humor. In this mood any diversion was pleasing or to say the least, less irritable than my own thoughts. Thus I fell for the boy's advice, rewarding him to the extent of a few piastres. His information proved worthless, his winners invariably proving themselves no better than able to gain places, and his places being among the "also rans". Betting on another horse according to my own opinions proved of no avail until in the race before the last, the horse I had backed, won paying me well and for the most of my previous losses. The gambling instinct had now grown strong within me, so I tried again and won. I felt that I must find something else that was interesting and exciting, and before I realized what I was doing, I was being conducted by him who had been appraising horses that were worthless, to view the life of the underworld. His tone had been that of half entreaty when he said to me, "Mister, come with me. I show you something good." Curiosity had got the upper hand, and in my ardent desire for adventure, I had forgotten all prudence and had followed on.

By circuitous routes, he led me to Luna Park, which lay not far from the race track. After passing through a door in the side of a wall, we advanced through various hallways until we reached a small door. My guide, by some means quite unknown and unnoticed by me, opened it, and we pass-

ed into the room beyond. The strange smell within, immediately caused me to sicken, for it was an opium den. Soon my interest in my surroundings overcame my physical weakness. Looking around I discovered a very old man (some might have said that he was over one hundred years old), more wan than any I had ever seen. He was small and shriveled up but in his eyes there was the fire of an unquenchable spirit. His face was a replica of that of a mummified king of an ancient régime, setting forth all the strength and wisdom of bygone ages. Here was no ignorant, but one lettered in all the lore and traditions of his forefathers, who had fought and won, loved and hated, envied and coveted.

My guide conducted me to him.

"My friend will have some hashish or some opium?" he asked.

"No thanks," I answered, as I offered to pay him for the privilege of seeing others smoke these foul drugs. The Oriental would accept nothing, much to the evident disgust of my youthful guide, who at once, disappeared, probably in search of others to fill up the few vacant couches.

Perhaps it was my abtemiousness and my refusal to smoke the opium that made the mummy-like person in front of me take an interest in me.

"You are wise, young man," he said, "but you have not yet attained the wisdom of our manhood. You belong to a degenerate race, a race that has ever held up to ridicule the traditions and lore of the past generations of the East and West. You say you do not believe in the power of the heritage, whether for good or for evil, that our forefathers have passed down to us. Yet, in mercy, for I have seen the fullness of years, I must show you that your wisdom is but foolishness and your ideas but superficial conceptions and transient dreams of the people of this, and the past generations."

With this he reached among the folds of his flowing garments and produced from thence a small piece of silver.

"Behold," said he, "a remnant of what was a once famous charm, worn smooth by the handling of many, many people in all the ages that have been, before the pomp and



glory of Krish-hna, before even the time of the oldest Chinese empire. It was made by the skill of Craftesmen whose ingenuity for the fashioning of fine pieces of silver and gold, has long since been lost to mankind."

He held it up to my view and most certainly at first sight, there was nothing to distinguish it from a plain piece of silver. Later, when looking over it very carefully, I found there were faint traces of the most delicate and finely carved work it is possible for man to conceive. There was a pause, an almost oppressive silence, as I looked from the old man to the silver and back again. The sheen of the charm was reflected in his eyes, mocking at me with my western culture and training, seeming to tell me that it was pure sham, that he who he'd the disk had always lived and known the minds of men, and always should. Suddenly, as if roused from reverie, he spoke again.

"My friend, you behold what none of your race or creed have ever before beheld. I now bequath it to you and to those of your race into whose hands it may fall, that you may learn that charms such as this are not without their value, that the people of the West have many lessons to learn from those of the East, if they will but learn and receive them in the spirit in which they are given. This little charm grants but one wish to each of its possessors. No wish may be granted for something harmful to yourself or mankind. Beware then how you wish. Take it and may it prove the greatest blessing of your life."

I reached out and received it as if it were a messenger proclaiming my fate. While examining it more closely, a slight movement on the part of the old Hindu in front of me, caused me to look up. His eyes were closing, giving me the impression that he was tired and wished to sleep after the termination of work well done. A servant came through the curtains behind him, called to him, but received no answer. He touched his master on the shoulder, first lightly, then more firmly and finally shook him. In a moment or two there came from the menial's lips a low moan and then the death wail. His master's spirit had passed out to the great unknown.

I left at once, not wishing to be involved in any evidence regarding his death nor of the den of which he was the seeming proprietor.

The next time that races were held at Heliopo'is, in accordance with the general spirit of racing that was in the air, I found myself at the track half an hour before the scheduled time of the first race. I intended to win all or lose all. Some months previously, gambling on the stock market cost me my entire fortune, and lately I had been forced to get along as best I could. In the course of the afternoon I became penniless. True I had a return ticket to Alexandria, but I had not even the price of a meal. Never before had the actual want of a meal fallen to my lot, and now that it had, I felt I was at starvation's door. That was hard enough, but it also meant that I should probably have to close up my office, dismiss my staff, and take poorer apartments. I, who had been looked upon as an equal, could no longer look my friends in the face, dine with them at the clubs, and attend the accustomed parties and dances. This final act of mine had brought degradation and ruin. How I wished that I might start all over again, fight a man's game in a manly way, and not let all the vile dissipations of life enter in to mar the work of years, mar a reputation well-earned for honesty, sobriety and integrity.

The last race was about to commence. The ticket-windows would soon be closed. How I did want to have a last fling! A win meant that I should get on to my feet once more. A loss was entirely discountenanced at the time. Then I bethought me of the charm. I had always carried it with me with the hope that some day it would prove a Panacea for all my troubles.

Some one tapped me on the shoulder. "I have only a minute to spare," said he. "Brothers asked me to give you this as soon as I saw you. He said it was a small debt he owed you." and he handed me four five pound notes.

It was a loan that I had made some time previous y and the surprise at receiving it at such a time was too great to leave me properly balanced in my then state of mind. Two minutes more and the ticket-windows would be closed. I



looked over to where the five-pound tickets were being sold, rushed over, and fell in behind the short line of would-be purchasers. I heard the names of competing horses being shouted in every direction and learned that Rainbow was the favourite. As I was waiting my turn, I was wondering what to do, which horse to back, or whether I should stake my all on this foolish, hazardous game of chance, on this last race of the day. The man ahead of me was moving away from the wicket. Frantically I snatched the charm from my pocket. It seemed to urge me to go on and not stop just then. Quickly, I passed those four precious pieces of paper over the board, and, glancing at the name of a horse which no one had backed, I shouted, "Four wins on Carmarthen". Four small pieces of red paper were handed to me and the window was closed.

Frienzied with excitement I rushed to the grandstand. The horses were on the track. I could see that Carmarthen had drawn number one on the inside of the track. I looked at the charm. "Little piece of silver," I whispered, if ever you made a wish come true, give me mine now." Then I rubbed it and squeezed it and wished again and again, while the more I did so the more excited I became.

The horses lined up but there seemed to be some trouble. Carmarthen pranced around and would not get into his place. "A good sign that", I said. Then the tape went up, the race had started. Carmarthen shot ahead. A general murmur of disappointment arose from the crowd. Rainbow had started badly and was quite three lengths behind the rest. But Carmarthen was leading. I alone had backed it to win, and my joy knew no bounds. I jumped and shouted, was unable to hold myself in check. Some one grabbed me and forced me to sit down. A minute later the race was over. Carmarthen was numbered among those who run but do not win.

Grief, anger, disappointment were rife within me. In a paroxysm of rage, I was about to dash the little charm to the ground when an apparition presented itself before me. It was the old, old Hindu. I can almost see him now. In his eyes was still the fire I had seen months before tempered

with that spirit of knowledge and compassion that comes to him who has analyzed human weaknesses and has learned much of the ways of men. He was smiling and his smile seemed to be the wisdom of centuries.

“You won,” he seemed to say with a distinctness which I could not doubt. “Your earnest, instinctive wish was to recover your manliness in a man’s way by the use of manly weapons. Had Carmarthen won, it would have been the gratification in the moment of excitement of a test wish. Would that have been a victory for you? Could such a start as that ever have led you up that trail to manhood which you so desire?”

In my heart I knew the answer to be No,” and I passed the charm on to a friend.

A. B. C. '22.

---

## CHOOSING A VOCATION

ONE of the most critical times in the life of a young person is when he comes face to face with the vital matter of choosing his life’s work. It is something that no one can do for us. It is a matter that has to be decided between the man and his inner self. Advice, tho given in all sincerity, may be the most harmful.

We need only to go back as far as the time of our fathers to see that very little thought was even given as to what the young person should do for a life’s work. Vocation was a word quite unknown to them. True, in a great many cases, the youth of the country were needed at home to help carry the burdens under which the parents were laboring. The young man had little to say as to what he would do for a living. From a sense of duty, he felt obliged to give of his help to the support of “the old folks”. He was given “the place” for his services, and he just naturally came into his life’s work. Generally the young man followed the same occupation as his father. There were exceptional cases, however, as there are in everything.



Today we see a changed condition. There are still some, of course, who continue to follow in the footsteps of their fathers, and there can be no objection to this. We could not progress without the same kind of workmen that we had in our father's day. We *must* have farmers, but the young man who becomes a farmer today, does so because he *wishes* to make farming his life's occupation. He does not labor under the same difficulties as our fathers did. He has modern machinery to work with, and has become acquainted with all the modern methods of work, by taking a course of training in the Agricultural College.

We *must* have carpenters today, but now the carpenter does not work from daylight till dark for a mere pittance. He has chosen the carpenter trade because he has felt drawn to it, largely due to the fact that he has a six hour day and a good living wage.

Although men are thinking and trying to get a glimpse of future possibilities, more than ever before, even more stress should be laid upon it.

A large part of the difficulty lies in the fact that many young men begin work too young. There is a period in the life of a boy, when money appears to be about the biggest factor in life. That period is generally while the boy is in High School, and in too many cases he is allowed to leave school; he enters the office or the factory and begins his life's work. He has given no further thought to it, other than that on Saturday night he will receive a pay envelope. At the end of two or three years he finds the work monotonous and he begins to look for another "job". He seeks easier work, shorter hours, and more money. He finds what he is looking for, only to repeat the process every few years. That man has no idea of what vocation means. Vocation to him means an easier time and more money. I do not mean to infer that a young fellow should necessarily stick to the first job he has during his whole lifetime. I believe that at least one change is good in order to learn how to appreciate the things that otherwise he would not do.

It is encouraging, however, to know that at present, greater emphasis is being laid upon this matter of choosing a vocation, than ever before. The child hears it taught in the schools. The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. devote a great deal of time and money to encourage it. The colleges aim to promote it, and the up-to-date minister tries to instill the importance of it, into the young lives of his congregation.

The man who merely drifts into the line of work that eventually becomes his life's work, is not the happiest man. He is not happy because his work does not receive his undivided attention. He has not felt an ever impelling voice calling him to that particular work. He has accepted it because someone recommended him for the position. He is longing for something, he knows not what. Whatever that is, he is not apt to find it.

He is in many cases unsuccessful. His luke-warm interest makes it difficult for him to do the best work possible. His work is not an essential part of him.

If he is unhappy and unsuccessful, why then does he "stick to the job"? Because he finds himself in a rut. His salary is gradually increasing; it is customary for the firm to grant small pensions to those who remain in the service for thirty or forty years; he has recently married. For these reasons and others he is obliged to "stick".

Each and every man has a place in life to fill. No one can fill that place for him. It is his duty to contribute of his best to the world's welfare. To do this he must have definite convictions in relation to the way in which he shall serve mankind. Just as truly as God called those fishermen by the Sea of Galilee, just so is he calling men today. Not only does he call them to be preachers and teachers, but he calls men to the farm, to the shop; to the office; to the professor's chair—to the humble position as well as to the mighty.

It is the duty of every older person to endeavor to impress upon the younger ones, the importance of choice in relation to their life's work. They must be impressed with the fact that money, work and position are not the only things



worth while, but that happiness and satisfaction find expression in consecrated service. "Where there is no vision, the people perish".

E. C. P. '22.

---

## THE CALL

THERE'S a thrill in the air  
And a spell on the sea,  
And a voice that's calling  
Calling to me  
"Come out; come out;  
On the foaming deep,  
Where the lashing billows  
Toss and sweep;  
Come out; come out;  
In the air and sea  
And follow the wave  
'Along with me.'"  
Oh, to sail away  
On that unknown trail,  
To follow some gleaming star,  
To hear a bird  
With its long, low wail  
As it clings to a drifting spar.  
To look and look  
Away and away,  
And see no trace of shore,  
Oh, this is the thrill  
Of the ocean wave  
That I long for more and more.  
I would I could fly  
Like the winging bird  
That skims o'er the deep blue sea  
I'd fly and fly  
To the ends of the world  
With that voice still calling me!

M. E. G. '21

## JOHN RICHARDSON AND THE FIRST CANADIAN NOVEL

NATIONS ever-changing, grow and develop, while their literature marches in step with the advancing times. Our Canada, a new country, in comparison with European lands, has not a background of inherited romance and mystic legend. It thus has but seen the dawn of a truly great and representative literature. We have leaned on the learning of the United States and depended on our Motherland, so that the backbone of our own national consciousness has not been stiffened. We are but beginning to make our Canadian writings truly our own. When we as a people realize that we have something to encourage, then the raw material which has been undeveloped within our country will be shaped into works of high literary value. The voice of a people whose thoughts have been true, noble, and beautiful, will be expressed truly through their literature.

It is wise that we should spend time with former Canadians if we are to aid in the struggle toward perfection. It is for us to learn the true value of their offerings and discover in what their contributions have failed. With halting step, yet acquiring certain precision of technique, John Richardson contributed to the making of Canadian literature. There is accorded to him the honor of producing the first Canadian novel. William Kirby is credited with the best novel of Canada, "The Golden Day". Emily Montague wrote descriptions of Canadian conditions. Other subsidiary writers have helped to bring the novel into the arena of our literature.

But the life and work of John Richardson have a peculiar fascination and interest. He was born near the foaming and turbulent Niagara River at Queenstown, in 1796, the same year as Haliburton, who is also famous in the literature of that time. When he was but fifteen years of age, with a boy's detestation of school, he volunteered for the war of 1812. As he himself says, "My exchange Caesar's commentaries for King's regulations was with rejoicing—a



glorious transition". He was actively connected with the army for a long time, which placed him in a position of observation during a period when the sharpest and most lasting impressions are made. He was taken prisoner at the Battle of Maraviantown, October 5, 1813.

After his dismissal we find him in England, where he married. Later, after a lengthening of his military career, he spent ten years in Paris, amid the fascinations of the most polished capital of Europe. Here his literary career began with "Tecumseh", a narrative poem, which was a sort of prophecy of his future plots, as it showed that his interest was centered in the Indian subjects, made popular at that time by Cooper. He was not satisfied with the result attained and later confined his works entirely to prose.

Richardson longed for an opportunity to return to his native land and welcomed joyously the position as offered him by the London Times during the rebellion of Papineau. Owing to his high code of honor he was again thrown on his resources, as he wrote what he believed right politically. This was not the first time that he had stood firm in the question of his convictions. In his "Personal Memoirs" we find him defending himself against those who had cast aspersions upon his military position, and of which he was entirely innocent.

After this time Richardson was engaged in a variety of pursuits. "The New Era", a newspaper without advertisements, was published, and later other papers. He wrote a "History of the War of 1812" for schools. He was Superintendent of Police for the Welland Canal, for a time, but all these did not keep him out of pecuniary difficulties. Canada at this strenuous period was a place in which it was well nigh impossible to publish books, and when published the circulation was limited. The writer was thus forced by circumstances, to seek the United States. Here he tried to adapt himself to his new environment, but with only partial success. "The Fall of Chicago", or "Hardscrabble", "Westbrook", and "The Monk Knight of St. John" and a recast of "Canadian Brothers" were all products of his pen after leaving Canada.

Richardson died in poverty and neglect in New York in 1852. A few weeks before his death it is said that he entered a book store, accompanied by his faithful dog. This dog, who alone was true, had to be sold to obtain food for his master. So the life of the first Canadian novelist was much the same as that of the early English novelists, who suffered severely in their own land. No one knows where the grave of this talented and faithful man is. His works are his only monument.

"Ecarté", the first work of Richardson to appear, came in 1829, and was severely criticised. In part this can be accounted for by a quarrel between the publishers and the desire to use harshly the next book which should appear. But Richardson's style was undeveloped, and shows a bewildering mixture of Dickens, Lytton, and himself. He had, however, an appreciation of the wishes of the public and could catch their whim. In this book the reader gets some of the "realistic sordidness" of *Oliver Twist*, while the life of the Parisien soldier is well depicted. The story tells how Ecarté Dormer, one of the characters, and Clifford Dulmaine, the hero, met in Paris, after years of separation, and Dormer describes his experiences since they were schoolmates. The events coincide closely with those of the author's life.

Critics differ as to the value of our author's work, but all agree that "Wacousta" is the best. It is a historical romance published in 1837, inspired by the thrilling tales of romance told him by Mrs. Askin, his grandmother. She had been an inmate of Fort Detroit as it was besieged by the wily Pontiac, great chief of the Ottawas, and could narrate each startling incident with the talent of a true story-teller. When but a child, Richardson had dreamed of writing a book and setting forth these border warfares and Indian dangers.

The story tells of the revenge of an Englishman upon a British colonel because he stole away his love, how he became Wacousta, a great Indian chief, and by this means accomplished the desire of his heart. The story, as it commences with a trial scene, attracts attention immediately. It then carries the reader rapidly through hair-raising episodes that



leave him breathless at the close of a few chapters. The suspense heightens and each incident comes as a bolt from the blue. There is a tendency toward melodrama, but thrilling incident must have been characteristic of an age when a few whites held Canada and were scalped or led captive by marauding bands of Indians who considered their country as stolen by these white people entrenched in a few scattered forts.

The style of the author may be easily characterized by this one novel, his best. With unconscious logic he builds up clause on clause, phrase on phrase. There is no straining after rhetorical effect. He is a born artist. As he had worked so long as a journalist, he took advantage of every opportunity for effect, and this mode of writing naturally colored his works. His strongest point was description, which was, for a large part, taken from his own experience as a soldier. He does not revel in Nature; his interest lies in men and women. He is familiar with Indian customs and manners and the psychology of the red man's action. He gives a brilliant delineation of their life. "Many a time, while but a boy, as an interested spectator, he would wander along the shores of the Detroit to watch large fleets of canoes or to see the Indians leaping, wrestling and playing ball."

His accounts of martial experiences are his best, and in them he shows the spirit of his ancestors. Here he stands in many respects unrivalled among English writers. The fight of the Indians on the bomb-proof forts of Michil-mackinac and Detroit, and their strategies to enter, are so realistic that the reader mingles with the escaping ones. The arguments of Pontiac and De Haldimar in war-council—a master stroke—and incident after incident are depicted with startling realism.

As we read, "It was that soft and hazy season peculiar to the bland and beautiful autumn of Canada, when the golden light of heaven seemed as if transmitted through a veil of tissue," we detect a mind atune to the beauties of Nature. Again we read of the red coats of the British, with his plumes, contrasted with the lithe, brown, muscular forms of.

the Indians with their war paint, brandishing the scalping knife and tomahawk.

The evil characters are far better depicted in this novel than the ordinary ones. Wacousta stands out, as does the governor, also, first with his defiant confidence, and later with his manifold submission to Fate. The women characters are weak. They faint and implore when true heroism might have been displayed.

Critics have accosted Richardson with the fact that his history is not accurate as shown in the scene where the Indians capture the rescue boat of those fleeing from the Fort of Michilmackinac. The river is made too narrow. To this he replies that he sacrificed the situation for the sense of Art. Others say that Richardson was merely a plagiarist, that he copied the works of James Fenimore Cooper and was not original in himself. It may be true that he gained a certain inspiration from reading "The Last of the Mohicans", but the incidents described are not those of a copyist, but of creation after experience.

In Wacousta the writer creates intense interest, produces vivid Dramatic situations, and leaves with the reader a rare sense of reality.

"The Canadian Brothers" is a sequel to this book. It is significant in that it gives a description of the Indian chiefs who sided with the British in 1812, a description to be found in no other place, yet in it the strength and vigor of his former work is lacking.

With all his faults, Richardson had reached a standard in "Wacousta" which had not been obtained before in the realm of Canadian fiction. He represented the Canadian people of this age, and gave expression to pent-up nationality. Through his warm appreciation of the conditions of his times and his journalistic ability to depict them in strong color, with character sketch and pleasing narrative, he is worthy of the place attributed to him in Canadian fiction.

E. R. F. '21.



## THE END OF THE RAINBOW

THE shower is almost o'er, and in the west  
The cloudy curtain parts, as if some hand  
Grasped it with fingers rude; or, as the veil  
Within the holy place was rent in twain,  
So now the billowy clouds asunder part,  
And through the transient rifts, once more the sun  
Looks forth and shows his glowing countenance.  
And as he smiles upon the passing shower,  
See, how in radiant tints, and matchless hues.  
The eastern sky responds, as o'er its face  
Spreads the great arch which years ago was giv'n  
As token of God's covenant with man.

How oft in childhood dreams, I sought and found  
Far to the east, where earth and heaven meet,  
That mystic vessel, filled to overflow  
With brightest gold, th' eternal lure of man,  
Which, legend says hangs at the rainbow's end.  
And, as with greedy hand I seized the prize,  
Seeking to make my own, what ne'er before  
In all the misty ages of the past  
Had been revealed to mortal's envious eyes,  
Faded the glittering mass before my gaze  
And in my grasp was naught but worth'less clay.

Gone is my childhood dream; no more I roam  
In useless quest, to seek the gilded store  
Which turns to dust and scatters on the wind.  
But when the bow of promise fills my sky  
Clad in a radiant splendor all its own,  
Its beauty unrevealed to other eyes,  
I look and find a prize more precious far  
Than sordid gold, or aught that gold can buy.  
This prize, I safely guard within my heart—  
'Tis Love, the magic key to happiness.

H. S. T. '22.

## HIS HEART'S DESIRE

(*A Tale of the Early Days.*)

**J**OHN MacDonald paced the shore, troubled in spirit. His small log cabin stood strongly built against its background of close-set ever-greens. Shut in on all sides by the dense forest, the only outlook was toward the blue waters of the basin, an arm of Pictou Harbour. He could hear Nancy's cheery song floating from the windows as she rocked the bairns to sleep. The late summer sky was alight with a golden afterglow that shone upon the highest treetops.

The summer had been a very happy one. It was indeed a bonny country when the flowers bloomed and the crops grew. Donald and Flora played together on the shore, and Nancy often sat on the log doorstep and knitted. Wee Donald came running to his father's side:

"What will you be thinking, father?" he asked.

"I will be thinking of the time when I would be a boy like you and my father built the big ship and called it 'the Glencoe.'"

"Will we ever be going back to Fort William, father?"

"I would not be saying that we will not, but it will not be likely whatever. I think you would better be going to the house and to your bed, laddie."

Left alone with his thoughts, the father continued to ponder. Winter would be on them before he knew it. The crop of potatoes and wheat would hardly be a sufficient supply for the winter, and money was none too plenty in the little cabin. The bairns must be fed. He must travel to Truro to buy supplies, and Nancy must spin and weave warm garments. The work in the ship-yard would not give him enough money to meet expenses unless—his heart gave a great thump—could he break into that sum which he had so carefully saved in the hope that even in a new land the gift of his Highland ancestors had not departed from him? Must he do this? Was he unworthy of the name John MacDonald? Why did not the guardian spirit of his fathers come to him?



An approaching footstep aroused him from his musing.

"Good evening, Mr. MacDonald!" came the kindly voice of Dr. McGregor.

"Good evening", responded John, heartily. "Nancy would be saying only this day, 'Surely the minister will be coming to see us the week'."

"'Tis a grand welcome she always gives me," answered the good man, "but what is in your mind my man? You look troubled."

"Perhaps the good Lord has sent you to me the night. I am sore perplexed to know what to do, but come ben the house. You will be hungry, and Nancy will be getting you some supper."

The two men walked together to the snug cabin where Nancy sang over her knitting.

"Is it the good doctor himself?" she exclaimed as they entered. "The bairns will be glad to see you. They would be saving you some sweeties from Scotland. We got a whole pound of good tea, and some sweets just yesterday."

Dr. McGregor knew Nancy's cooking of old, and with an appetite whetted by expectation, he approached her table. In his many trips through the country, he had varied experiences. Sometimes he shared a scant meal eked out only by a cordial welcome. This failed to satisfy the inner longings, but the good man went on his way, forgetting his bodily wants in his untiring efforts to minister to the souls of the people. In the McDonald cabin, there was often a special dainty set aside for the minister's coming,—the last handful of good tea, or the last spoonful of sugar. John McDonald usually managed to procure what passed in those early days for an ample sufficiency and Nancy's thrifty ways found many devices for making things spend.

"And now, John," said the minister, as he turned away from the table, "you must be telling me what was troubling you when I found you on the shore."

"Let us first have a word from the good Book and then a word of real prayer in the Gaelic," John answered.

Silently Dr. McGregor took the well-worn Gaelic Bible. The words that he read were from the Psalms: "O rest in the Lord." This thought brought strength to the heart of the hardy Scotsman, and when the man of God read the verse "And he shall give thee thy heart's desire," a great light shone on John's usually stern face. When the Gaelic prayer was finished, Nancy hastened away to prepare the minister's bed.

"The doubts are gone," John exclaimed. "I see it now. He will answer my prayer."

Then he told the good doctor of his home in Fort William, Scotland; of the trip to the new land; of his hopes and fears; of his father's ships.

"In the old land," he continued, my father seemed to have a guiding spirit, which would come to him on the shore and tell him the plan of a vessel. When I would be a wee lad about the age of our Donald, he built 'The Glencoe' and sailed away to the wars. My mother was sore afeared he would not come back, but he came again, decorated with a big medal. Often he would be telling me how his father and his grandfather built the ships and the spirit, or person, or whatever it be, always told them the plan. It seemed as if the good God would be sending his angel to show them how he would be having it done."

Dr. McGregor looked into John's honest face. He was a Highland Scot himself and despite his college training, he could not wholly disbelieve the visions of his Celtic kin.

"Yes," John was saying, "I was afeared I must take the money I have saved for the building of a ship, but the good Book says, 'He shall give thee thy heart's desire. No I will not spend it.'"

The minister opened his mouth to speak and closed it. The good-nights were said. Despite his weariness, Dr. McGregor lay awake pondering. Should he discourage this man in his belief in this spirit (a belief so characteristic of the Celtic race) or should he encourage him to trust in the promise? Long he thought, and at last fell asleep.

But John McDonald thanked his God for the message which had come to him, and slept the sleep of the just. In



the morning, the light of promise still shone in his eyes. The minister still pondered.

He put the problem aside as he talked to Nancy and the bairns and heard them repeat selections from the good Book and the Catechism. Then he received the bit of candy, and was taken to see the wee calf. When the good-byes were said, John walked along the way with his spiritual counsellor and thanked him for helping him regain his faith. As they shook hands, Dr. McGregor said:

“Remember, John, ‘His ways are not our ways’.”

“But his promises are sure,” and again the blue eyes shone and the stern face was alight with joy, as he remembered the words, “He shall give thee thy heart’s desire.”

But John’s desire was not to be fulfilled that day. All day he went about his work. When the sky was bright with the last rays of the setting sun, he went again to the beach. A week passed. Each evening he went to the beach when work was done. Sometimes Nancy went with him, knitting as she walked. After wee Dona’d followed him, and sometimes Flora came toddling to his side.

On the Sabbath he did not seek the shore, for the good God would not send his angel to plan the work on the Sabbath. Monday was a busy day at the little cabin. John worked hard all day, and darkness had come when at last he finished his chores. He turned wearily toward the house. Then he caught a glimpse of the moon just peeping over the tops of the forest trees. He turned and walked toward the water, which was fast becoming a sea of gold in the moonlight.

The minister’s last words suddenly came into his mind. In his weariness, he wondered. Was he right? Would the good Father fail to give the real desire of his heart? Then with a prayer that he might be forgiven this unbelief, he turned again toward the little home in the forest. He glanced back, then stood perfectly still. Someone came toward him along the beach. It was not an Indian, nor yet a Highlander. This person seemed clothed in a long, light, garment. Eagerly John looked, yet as it came nearer, he could not tell

what manner of person it might be, nor could he ever afterward describe this strange visitor.

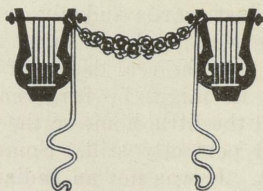
As in a dream, John found himself listening to wonderful instructions. He seemed to see a ship growing under his hands. Occasionally he asked a question, but he scarcely recognized his own voice, he was so intent on the plan of the vessel that his companion described. When at last all was clear in his mind, the visitor moved away toward the waves. John started homeward. Looking back, he could see no signs of his strange helper.

When Dr. McGregor next visited the McDonald home, he said smilingly to his host:

"They tell me John its a wonderful vessel you're building. There has never been the like of it in Pictou Harbour, and they tell me you carry the plan around in your head and know every spar and line."

"The Lord himself sent me the plan, sir," said the big Scotsman reverently, with a mystic light in his eyes.

E. F. L. '21.





## CURIOSITY

ONE of the most curious things in this world is curiosity. Curiosity has been with us now for some odd thousands of years, and still it is not really understood. That it is older than the human race is shown scientifically by its presence in the lower animals. This curiosity among the animals is frequently mentioned in my favorite literature, such as Kipling's stories for children. There is that interesting account of the young mongoose, Rikki-tikki-tavvi, the motto of whose family was "Run and find out",—a beautiful example of real curiosity. I recall that that same curiosity made Rikki stick his nose in the ink and burn his paws on a lighted cigar. An even better example of this curiosity is the Elephant's Child. You doubtless recall that touching passage that took place on the bank of the 'grey-green greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever trees:' "My parents have spanked me, and my brothers and sisters have spanked me, and my big aunt the hippopotamus has spanked me, and my hairy uncle the baboon and my tall uncle the giraffe have spanked me, and on account of my insatiable curiosity. So if you don't mind, I would rather not be spanked again."

"Then what are you doing here?" asked the Rock Python.

"I must find out what the crocodile has for dinner", answered the Elephant's Child. "I have travelled all across Africa to find out?"

We have here a piece of animal curiosity that will be hard to equal and impossible to surpass. Still this does not tell us when or how curiosity first spread from the lower animals to the human race. There are a large number of explanations in circulation. Among them, the one that I believe would be most acceptable to an intellectual college like Acadia, and which is certainly the most poetical one, is to be found in Shakespeare's "Reminiscences of early Greece." It seems that many years ago, when the gods and men were friends, there was no curiosity on the earth. No one cared

about what anyone else was doing, and so everyone was happy. Then one day Jupiter was walking on the earth, and noticed his wife Juno being kissed by a mortal named Aegeo. Needless to say, Mrs. Aegeo did not know what her husband was doing. In a terrible rage Jupiter swore that no other man would get a chance to kiss Mrs. Juno. To accomplish this he cursed the earth with Curiosity, so that in future the women would always want to know what their husbands were doing. Thus curiosity came into existence.

Let us consider this new trait in greater detail. There is one species of it that we may call Inventor's Curiosity. It is the kind that makes a man so curious about some new thing that he goes and invents it. For instance, there is the man who invented sleep. Try to imagine what a strange curiosity must have inspired his action. He may have been seeking a substitute for work, or something to do when it was too hot to go fishing. Or perhaps he was seeking for the earthly paradise in which some of the ancients believed, as the followers of Demagogue and Soprano. But it is far more likely that his curiosity was stirred by the need of finding some relief from a scolding wife, and so he invented sleep. But whatever his motives, it is certain that sleep is the crowning achievement of the influence of curiosity on mankind.

There is one species of curiosity that is painful to witness. It is enough to draw tears from a grave-digger to see a maiden of forty odd summers trying to find out from a ouija board whether her long-departed lover still cares for her like he said he did, years before. I have an aunt thrice removed, who is somewhat that way. Her "beau" went to Australia to make his fortune before he married her. After about a year he stopped writing, and she has not heard from him since. Every Sunday evening after church she asks ouija if he is still alive. "Yes" is the answer.

"Is he doing well?"

"Does he still care for me?"

At that question ouija hesitates. It must tell the truth if it can, but it hates to. Then its good nature overcomes



its conscience, and it lets her thin old fingers push the pointer to the spot marked Yes. Yet ouija knows as well as I do that her lover married a girl in Australia two years after he landed. That story illustrates what we might call the tragedy of curiosity,—where a person wants to know something that it is not good for him or her to know.

Of course all people do not possess much curiosity. In fact it is frequently considered a lady's attribute. We often hear such expressions as "lady-like curiosity." This fact is strongly corroborated in the classic narrative I quoted above, where Jupiter gave curiosity to the women, but not to the men. A certain coed whom I met at a reception about a year ago told me that all children possess curiosity, but the boys outgrow it. In further proof of this fact, I was waiting one evening in the hall at Tully Tavern, and could not help overhearing a certain conversation in the reception-room. One of the Freshettes asked a boy if he didn't care just a little more for her than for the rest of the girls. The boy took a strangle hold on his Adam's Apple, and soon got it back into place, then he asked her why she asked. "Oh" she replied, "I was just curious". What more convincing proof could we ask than that, that curiosity is peculiar to the female?

But is curiosity any good to us anyway? In other words, what would happen if we had no curiosity? I am sure you recall those impressive lines:

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
To get her poor dog a bone.  
But when she got there the cupboard was bare  
And so the poor dog had none.

We assume on reading the poem that the poor dog starved to death. The important part for us to notice is this: "But when she got there the cupboard was bare". If that woman had possessed one particle of curiosity she would have asked herself the day before: "I wonder if there is a bone in the house for Fido?" Then she would not

have been caught with an empty larder on Saturday night after the meat-market had closed. In other words, the poor dog would not have starved to death.

But in our righteous indignation over the untimely death of dear Fido, we must not forget the proverb: "Curiosity killed the cat". Since curiosity killed the cat, and lack of curiosity killed the dog, how is mortal man to choose which is the better?

H. H. W. Eng.

## THE BUILDERS

BESIDE the moonlit ruins of College Hall  
 I stood with wondering heart as one might stand  
 And hold a child before Niagara's lure.  
 Each fallen stone was decked with silken frills  
 Of light, with silvery gleam that flashed and stood  
 And shone like small Auroras lunar born.

Then something stirred and o'er those charred remains  
 Spread Order, Form, a Beauty unexcelled.  
 For memory brot great stones from other days  
 All polished by the distance they had come,—  
 And Fancy placed them—each to best account.  
 That, as in sacred lore a structure rose  
 Without the hammer's sound, or any tool,—  
 By silent power creative, this appeared.  
 Here four swift years of college life were piled  
 In rich profusion by an art unknown.  
 Scene after scene was brot, class after class,  
 Debates, receptions, parties, prayers, exams,—  
 Pleasures and triumphs,—all swung into place.  
 Bright "closing" days each lofty storey marked;  
 And soon there stood before my awe-struck eyes  
 A temple, word-defying as a trance  
 Tall ivory columns reaching with a proud  
 Heroic mein, like priests that offer heaven  
 Sparkling minarets of fame and gold.  
 The corners capped with turrets marble-white  
 Like king'y hall, and burnished architraves



And spires, all resplendent, set on high,  
And partly screened by groves in flower and fruit.  
Above all this a hemisphere of light—  
A crystal orb, shone like an ice-clad peak  
That runs immutably in morning sun  
From forest fringed base to light of heaven.  
The stones that blocked the entrance when I came  
Four years ago, disintegrated by  
The elements of life, now strew the path  
With sand as white as by a coral sea.  
Untrammelled scene, where ancient Babylon's boast  
And Agra's pride were small, cold, concrete things!

I stepped inside as one might walk in dreams.  
Those painted portals rose on either side.  
High overhead a sprangled dome outstretched,—  
The light of glowing heart emblazing all.  
On every side like stars in heaven set  
Were souls that I had known. Stout hearts long still  
Shed steady beams down vistas of the past  
Like fixed stars to light my college days.  
Contemporary vitalizing fires  
Blazed out like suns thick set in nearer heaven.  
They warmed the scene and charged it all with life,  
The other lights of milder magnitude  
Traced four-year arcs and passed beyond my ken.  
Great constellations coursed, bold comets flashed,  
With fiery gleam arear, sought other fields  
In eruditial space, and flamed afar.  
The mighty pillars all were garlanded  
With laurel wreaths carved in white adamant.  
Successes, halo-like, hung everywhere,  
And trophies from a thousand lands and lives  
Festooned the place, and breathed illustrious lays.  
Triumphant walls, rich in victorious lore  
Gave way to niches where enshrined from old  
Stood gratitude of generations gone.  
Or curtain modesties veiled trophies new,  
Borne, every day, whence great Acadians toil.  
At intervals rich fountains splashed and sang


Where everlasting truths leaped into light,—  
Formed tiny globules of a million tints  
That high and wide an arching bow bespoke  
An ancient vow, and hope for all the world.

Transfixed with admiration long I stood.  
Before the gleaming ardor of my soul  
Those galaxies of golden glories blushed  
The mellow mild reaction of a first  
Self-conscious maid, and then all flushed withdrew.  
Those tall majestic columns and their pride  
Passed like the lingering of a lovely dream.  
As morning's misty veils of white are pierced  
By black persistent crags that stand and grow  
And merge till all is stone, and black, and bare,—  
This beauty passed, and I was left alone  
By silent moonlit ruins of College Hall.

T. A. M. '21





A decorative border with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork at the corners and midpoints, enclosing the word SCIENCE in a rectangular frame.

# SCIENCE

## GERMAN CONTROL OF AMERICAL CHEMICALS

THE field of chemical industry in America before the war was saturated through and through with German influence. In no branch of human endeavor was the myth of German invincibility more firmly fixed in the public mind. The German chemical industry, which had so thoroughly penetrated and permeated our own, was gigantic, perhaps the strongest and certainly the most remunerative of all Teutonic industries.

In order to understand how Germany was able to control the manufacture of chemicals in America, it is necessary to look over the history of the German chemical industry. A combination of natural advantages and national characteristics led to rapid advance of this industry about the middle of the nineteenth century. Scientists, especially research men, were more highly regarded than in other countries through honors conferred by the government. The universities turned out a large number of research men, whose services were available to the rising chemical industry. The number of these men available was such that the inevitable competition for places made the average salaries exceedingly small. The German chemical manufacturers had there an advantage over the manufacturers of other countries.

German advantages were less in the heavy chemicals than in those which are made by complicated processes. Take the case of sulphuric acid. This is used in such large quantities and can be produced at such a low cost that the cost of transportation is the controlling factor. In the practical application of organic chemistry, however, Germany attained

a world monopoly in the manufacture of dyestuffs and medicinals.

The complexity of the manufacture of dyestuffs as a business proposition is almost beyond belief. Hundreds of separate steps are necessary to be taken in the manufacture of some of the dyes. This means that by-products are being produced all through the process. The manufacturer cannot avoid producing large quantities of certain materials in order to secure smaller quantities of others. Unless the end product can be sold at a very high price, some way must be found for finding a market for these innumerable by-products.

In a large dyestuff factory there is an unavoidable production of considerable quantities of substances which are directly available for conversion into explosives. For example, in the production of sulphur black, one of the most important dyes, slight alterations in the final steps of the long and complicated process of manufacture will transform the ultimate product into picric acid. Again, the technical skill required for the manufacture of explosives is precisely that possessed by the chemical staff of a dye works.

It is apparent, then, that unless the manufacture is limited to a few simple dyes, it must be carried out on a large scale with the aid of immense resources in the way of capital and technique. There must be large research laboratories to find methods of disposing of the by-products or their conversion into useful chemicals. The necessity for large-scale production is borne out by the fact that the business is concentrated among a few important companies.

Many of the manufacturers' own chemists were allowed and encouraged to proceed with researches which had no probable immediate commercial utility, but added to the knowledge of organic chemistry, in which the dyestuff concerns were operating. Its connection with the explosives industry resulted in government assistance and control of the dye industry.

The improvements in processes, brought about by research, emphasized the value of quantity production. This led to overproduction among the different companies which



caused them to turn to the export trade to solve this problem. The government's tariff kept the prices up at home so that it was to the advantage of the manufacturer to produce more than he could sell in the home market, even if his export trade had to be carried on at a loss, when by doing so he could use a process so economical that his profits on home trade would be largely increased. German dyestuffs began to appear in every country at prices which domestic manufacturers could not meet, thus stopping their manufacture. As soon as their competitors were put out of business, prices were raised and large profits obtained. At the same time the military power of Germany was strengthened by having on hand or ready to manufacture large quantities of munitions.

Advantage was also taken of the patent laws. About 1,200 patents were accumulated in the United States by just one of the six German concerns in the name of subsidiary companies. These patents were obtained to prevent the formation of an American dye industry and to make impossible importations from other countries. So successful were they in preventing competition that at the opening of the war Germany was supplying nine-tenths of the world's dyes.

The German houses were not content with underselling, but used many corrupt means to obtain business. Bribery of the dyers was carried on in the various mills on a large scale. Dyes made by certain firms would be so manipulated that they would produce poor results. It was then easy for the dyer to have the manager try out other dyes. Against such methods it is, therefore, not strange that until the outbreak of the war the American industry was of little importance.

Subsidiary companies established in America by the German concerns acted principally as sales agents, although a restricted number of chemicals were manufactured by them. After the war began, however, the industry became a center, not only for espionage, but of propaganda, and of direct government activity. Profits from the sale of chemicals were used for German propaganda. Chemicals which could be used for explosives, were cornered and converted into harmless medicinals and other substances.

Property known to be German owned has been taken over by the American government and either liquidated or sold outright. Patents held by these concerns have been sold to an association of American chemists, who have formed a corporation known as the Chemical Fundation, Inc., in which practically every important American manufacturer will be a stockholder.

The organization of this institution is the most important step that has been taken for the protection of the new industry. Tariff protection has proved unavailing in the past. This institution promises to be of great benefit to the dye and chemical industries and to the whole American manufacturing industry. Through the opportunities it can offer it may well, therefore, form the nucleus of the greatest research organization in the country.

F. R. COLE, '21.

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## NEW PROFESSOR OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES

**P**ROFESSOR Cavicchia's retirement from the Acadia Faculty has caused widespread regret. During the seven years that he occupied the chair of Romance Languages he won the admiration and esteem of the entire student body. Altho removed to another sphere of service, he is followed by the sincere good wishes of his Acadia friends.

We are very fortunate in securing as Mr. Cavicchia's successor, Mr. Cipvivano Montoliu. Mr. Montoliu received his early education in his native town, Palmas, Spain. He continued his studies at the University of Barcelona, graduating in 1904. Here, by his distinguished work, he won the London Scholarship. He afterwards took post graduate courses at Berlin and Paris. Previous to coming to Acadia he taught Spanish at Yale.

Mr. Montoliu is also a valued contributor to the principal Spanish and foreign reviews, especially to the "Estudio" and the "Civitas", the latter being founded by himself.



His extensive study and travel should render his work at Acadia of high order. The Athenæum wishes to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Montoia a very cordial welcome to Acadia.

V. L. P. '23.

### IN LOVING MEMORY

THE death of Licentiate Lewis S. Bezanson at his home in Goldboro, N. S., on March 16, shed a gloom over the large circle of relatives and friends. He had just completed the twenty-fourth year of his life, and would, but for his illness, have completed his studies at Acadia for the B. A. Degree this year.

"Lew" was reared in a Christian home, the atmosphere of which permeated his life from start to finish. In early youth he made an open confession of Christ. He got a B. certificate from Goldboro High School. In the autumn of 1916 he came to Acadia to study for the ministry, where rather than anywhere else, he felt God would have him work. He straightway became a most reliable worker for his class, the Theological Club, the Y. M. C. A., Acadia Evangelistic Band and whatever else presented opportunities for real service, whether it made for fame or not. His first summer vacation was spent in Home Mission Work at New Annan and River John, N. S.

At the close of his Sophomore year he went into the army and proceeded overseas. After the signing of the Armistice, he carried on his studies at the Khaki University, Ripon, Yorkshire, returning to Canada late in July, 1919. All thru his military career he maintained the integrity of his character, winning the respect of his entire company and becoming the confidante and counsellor of those troubled in heart or mind. He was ever a prominent figure in that group who, despite their environment and circumstances, were always striving to be true to the best in life.

Owing to ill health he did not return to Acadia until January, 1920. A most hearty welcome was accorded him by all

who had learned to appreciate his worth, or who had the inner life of Acadia at heart. During this term he gave himself as a "student volunteer" for the foreign field. Toward the end of the term his health began to fail and immediately after the "closing" he went to the Sanatorium, at Kentville, for an X-Ray examination which resulted in his staying there for treatment. This however was ineffectual and in February he returned home to spend the last weeks of his life with his parents. All thru his illness he maintained his wonted cheerfulness and optimism and was never once known to complain or question his lot.—So great was his faith in God, who, he believed, rules all and knows more than we do. For years one of his favorite and most frequent quotations was:

..                    God holds the key to all around                    ..  
                          And I am glad;  
 If other hands should hold that key  
 Or if he trusted it to me  
                          I might be sad.

He was an only son, and, at the time of his death, an only child, his one sister having died some years before.

His death came as a personal loss to all who knew him. Acadia sent a representative to be present at the obsequies, and warmest tributes in flower and word came from numerous sources.

He shall live in our memory as one who did not hesitate to lay upon the altar of his highest convictions all the strength and riches and promise of young manhood.

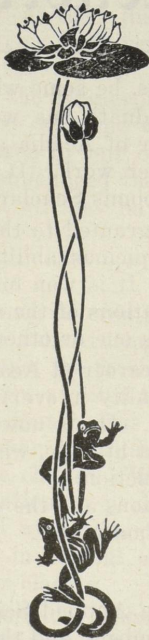
A golden bowl is broken but its content is not lost. It is implanted into the lives of those he met and is there bringing forth the "fruits of the spirit."

We wish to extend our sincerest sympathies to all those who feel this loss yet more keenly than we do.

'Twas not for name, 'twas not for fame  
 He sought, nor wealth nor power  
 But simple service gladly given  
 A soul in needy hour.



Not food, nor praise, nor length of days  
Nor jeering yellow gold  
He gave me while I walked with him  
Where hills were bold and lights were dim,  
But when I feared the pathway's bend  
He did stoop down and whisper, "Friend."  
T. A. M. '21



# The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 5

C. B. LUMSDEN, '21, *Managing Editor*.T. A. MEISTER, '21, *Literary Editor*.R. H. WETMORE, '21, *Science*.H. H. WETMORE, Eng., *Athletics*.E. R. FASH, '21, *Personals*.C. M. SPIDELL, *Academy Representative*.K. FITZPATRICK, '21, *Staff Artist*.E. C. PRIME, '22, *Month*.D. D. CAMERON, '22, *Exchange*.C. I. MACPHAIL, '22, *Jokes*.HORTENSE GRIFFIN, *Seminary Representative*.J. W. LANK, '22, *Business Manager*.H. GRIMMER, '21, *Circulation Manager*.

## Editorial



THERE may, perhaps, be some who do not know that another Acadia graduate has won a unique distinction redounding to the honor of Acadia as a college, and testifying to the quality of her work. D. D. Foster, Acadia, '20, has recently won the Loomis Scholarship at Yale University.

This fellowship is granted to the post graduate student showing the most conspicuous ability in the department of Physics or Chemistry. It is won only by successfully passing competitive examinations of the most rigid nature, covering the complete field in one or other of these sciences.

Thruout his whole career at Acadia "Don" showed himself to be of sterling quality in every respect, with a definite leaning toward Physics. He is now pursuing post-graduate work in that department at Yale, where he has so early won this most enviable distinction.

Hearty congratulations and the very best of wishes go to you, Don, from your Alma Mater.

Some years ago the Applied Science class feeling themselves to be large in numbers, and their interests to be some-



what different from those of other classes, and being troubled by the literary genii, developed an organ known as the *Survey*. This took the form of a weekly pamphlet, with a magazine issue at Christmas, and one at "closing."

The Athenaeum and *Survey* had much in common, in many places they overlapped. One very embarrassing "common" feature was difficulty to "make both ends meet." Many sources of revenue, such as advertising, were shared between the two when there was really not enuf for one. For these, and other reasons a change has been made this year. The *Survey* is confined to the weekly leaflets, and, as was announced in December the Engineers are substituting the May issue of the *Athenaeum* for their magazine issues of the *Survey*. The *Athenaeum* thus gaining complete control of these sources of income, and the Engineers still have the "printed page" at their disposal.

This arrangement seems to be very agreeable to all concerned. We trust that the fund of merriment, witticisms, write-ups, and etc., that the Engineers always produce will afford our readers a very welcome variation from the serious weighty material borne by our other issues.

As was previously announced the June number will be open to competition, that all may have the usual chance to win their "A's."

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We are glad this month to credit the Sophomores with two units. There has been a distressing lack of literary activity in this class and amongst the freshman this year, and we were wondering what future awaited the Athenaeum at their hands. But the last two months has somewhat allayed our fears. There has been a very creditable amount and quality of competition from these classes. What is even more promising is their determination to persist. While none of their "literary" material won units this month it must be said that it stood high,—in several cases outclassing some that came from the upper classes.

Welcome, Sophomores and Freshmen. Soon the Athenaeum with its proud reputation will be entirely in your hands.

Then there are "Literary A's." and class, and college honors to be won by your pen or to go to someone else. Success!

With pleasure we announce that Miss Elsie Layton '21, has fulfilled the requirements for winning the "Literary A". Congratulations, Elsie, and welcome to our enviable circle!

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### U. N. B.-ACADIA DEBATE

ACADIA added another laurel to her debating record when she defeated the U. N. B. representatives on the evening of March 31st, in the Baptist Church. Mr. Sears '21, Mr. Jones, '23, and Mr. Bridges, '22, represented U. N. B. while the Acadia team consisted of Mr. Lumsden, '21, Mr. Lank, '22, and Mr. Elgee, '22.

The subject was "Resolved, that the excise taxes, or so-called luxury taxes, and sales taxes, imposed at the last session of the Federal Parliament, were justifiable legislation." Acadia supported the affirmative. Dr. Spidle was in the chair, and after reading the resolution, called upon Mr. Lank to open the case for the affirmative.

Mr. Lank stated in introduction that a government is justified in imposing taxes for one of two reasons, or for both. If revenue is necessary or if it is deemed advisable for the best social and economic interests of the country, a tax may be imposed either upon individuals or objects. He then stated that the need for more revenue was the motive behind the sales tax, and this together with the necessity for curbing reckless expenditure, was the motive for the luxury tax. He then proceeded to show that, at the time these taxes were imposed, the need for immediate increase in revenue was imperative, and that any criticism of these taxes was worthless, if it advanced no alternative to meet the need.

Mr. Lank's speech was well-constructed, delivered in a clean-cut manner, and clearly placed before the judges, the case for the affirmative.



Mr. Sears opened the debate for the negative and gave a splendid account of himself. This is Mr. Sear's third intercollegiate debate and he showed himself to be thoroughly at home on the platform. He doubted the necessity for the imposition of these excise taxes, and called upon the affirmative to prove five propositions before they could expect to maintain this point.

Mr. Elgee followed for Acadia, and although new to the public platform, appeared quite at ease. He dealt with the sales tax and argued that this tax gave an immediate and more substantial increase in revenue than any other scheme proposed. He showed that the opportunities for evasion were slight, the expense of collection small, the effect upon industrial and social life negligible, that the tax was universal and equitable and that the returns had been large. Mr. Elgee's arguments were well delivered and forceful.

Mr. Jones, the second speaker for U. N. B. attacked the luxury tax as violating every principle of taxation. He dealt at some length upon the difficulty of collection due to complexity of the tax itself and the opportunities for evasion. He characterized the tax as being very expensive to collect and yielding comparatively small returns.

Mr. Lumsden continued the argument for the affirmative, and defended the luxury tax, stating that conditions in the early part of last summer necessitated the imposition of the tax. Since labor and capital were attracted into the production of luxuries, the cost of production of essentials had increased and bad social conditions had resulted. A continuation of these high prices would have meant industrial disaster for Canada, killing her export trade, preventing payment of her foreign debt and accentuating the adverse rate of exchange between her and U. S. A. He pointed out that this tax was not responsible for the business depression and consequent unemployment that set in last fall, since the depression was world-wide, and felt in all lines of business. In closing he dwelt upon the value of the tax as an educative agent, in drawing the attention of the individual to the need of the nation, whenever he bought an article on which the tax was levied.

Mr. Bridges, the last speaker for the negative took up the matter of the sales tax. He argued that there had been considerable evasion. Also, that where the tax shifted it laid too heavy a burden upon the poor man, and where it was not shifted it sometimes took as high as forty percent of a merchants net profits. He stated that the present advocacy of the tax was due to propaganda sent out by American business men to the end that this tax be substituted for the income tax. Finally, he argued that, being a tax on necessities, it increased the cost of living and hence resulted in bad living conditions, and that historically the tax had proven a failure in other countries.

Mr. Bridges had a well prepared speech and his delivery was forceful, though possibly a bit too rapid for efficient debating.

Mr. Sears, in rebuttal, brought out several good points. He attempted to show that the luxury tax, by causing unemployment in one branch of industry, curtailed consumption as far as that group was concerned and hence caused depression and unemployment in other branches. He also reiterated the arguments of Mr. Jones in regard to the sales tax, and closed his rebuttal with an appeal to the report of a committee of tax experts in the U. S. A. dealing with the question of a general sales tax.

Mr. Lumsden, in his rebuttal, pointed out a number of inconsistencies in the arguments of the negative, both in their criticism of the taxes and in their alternative schemes for raising the revenue. He showed how all their criticism of the sales tax was either based upon present conditions where the merchant was caught with a falling market, or only applied to the scheme of a general sales tax and not to the Canadian tax with its large number of exemptions. He finally pointed out that the luxury tax had only checked the consumption of luxuries, and not stopped it entirely, as evidenced by the revenue the tax brought in.

The judges, Mr. D. McGillivray of Halifax, and Rev. Fr. Tompkins of St. F. X., retired and after a few minutes deliberation, awarded the victory to the affirmative.

Immediately after the debate the two teams were banqueted in the Royal Hotel. After a sumptuous repast, Mr.



Richardson, President of the Athenaeum Society proposed a toast to the King; after which toasts to the vanquished and the victors were proposed and responded to. Short speeches by each of the judges, brought the festivities to a close.

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## ACADEMY NOTES

### THE KING'S SCOUT OF CANADA

It is perhaps not known as widely as it should be that Acadia Academy numbers among its students the king scout of Canada. Vincent Carl Schofield, of White Rock, N. S., joined the first Wolfville Troop of Boy Scouts in October, 1916, and since that has become the leading Scout in Canada. He passed his second-class test in August, 1917, and his first-class test in the following October. He qualified for his King's Scout Badge, with all-round record in November, 1917, and was also awarded both the 28 days and the 100 days war service badges. In the spring of 1918 he organized a Patrol of Scouts at his home in White Rock, which he attached to the Wolfville Troop. He was awarded the King's Sea Scout Badge the same year. The total number of his badges is forty-seven, which is the largest number of badges held by any Scout in Canada. He is a fully chartered Tuxis Scout, and is at present a student at Acadia Academy. The Academy wishes Schofield a very successful career.

### THE ACADEMY PLAY

The play presented by the A. C. A. Dramatic Club, at the Wolfville Opera House on the night of March 15th was a marked success, being the first play ever attempted by Academy students. It marks a stepping stone in the history of the Academy. From the rising of the curtain until the grand finale there was not a flaw in the proceedings. The acting, which was of a high order for amateurs, was greatly appreciated by the large and enthusiastic audiences. The

orchestra, which was composed of college and Academy students, rendered several selections both before the raising of the curtain and during the intermission. During the intermission Mr. Roy Evans sang two selections which were greatly appreciated. Mr. C. B. Evans also sang two selections during the last act. The success of the play was largely due to the director, Miss Mae Churchill Deane, of the Seminary Faculty. The proceeds went to the Acadia million dollar drive.

### ST. F. X. HOCKEY GAME.

March 8th the Academy hockey team went to Antigonish to meet the St. Francis Xavier's team in a sudden death game of hockey, to decide the Inter-scholastic championship of Nova Scotia. The game was played on the night of the 9th. The weather being mild, the ice was soft, making skating very difficult. Despite this handicap, the spectators witnessed a fast, clean and well played game. It was all straight hockey. McLean and Beaton combined for our first goal. McCarthy tied for St. F. X. two minutes later and Lane put the Xaverians in the lead. Monkley scored and the first period ended 2—2.

At the beginning of the second period Monkley scored on a pass from Kennedy. Lane tied the score for St. F. X. The performance was repeated on both sides, and the period ended 4—4.

The Xaverians took the lead in the third period, Meagher scoring from a mix-up in front of our goal. McLean evened the score for us, and Kennedy a little later put us in the lead. Two minutes before the gong Meagher scored again, tying the score. It had been a hard struggle from the start and overtime was expected, when the end came suddenly. McDonnell's shot from the wing was stopped by Elderkin, and in the mix-up that followed the goal was scored which gave the Inter-scholastic Championship to St. F. X.



The line up:—

*Acadia*—Goal, B. Elderkin; Defence, K. Beaton (Captain), R. McLean; Center, W. Monkley; Forwards, G. Rand, W. Kennedy; Spare, G. O'Neil.

*St. F. X.*—Goal, L. Kirwin; Defence, E. Kelly (Captain), "Doc" Ryan; Center, G. Meagher; Forwards, J. McDonnell, C. Lane; Spares, L. Keating, C. Stewart.

The Acadia boys were tendered a banquet by Mr. Sullivan, business manager of the *St. F. X.* team.

Dr. Archibald was unable to accompany the boys, owing to illness in his home. So Don McKeigan was chosen to look after the interests of Acadia during the trip. The boys returned home Thursday morning, well pleased with the treatment received in Antigonish.

March 5th the King's Collegiate hockey team arrived in Wolfville on the morning train to play a return game with our team. The ice was in good condition and the game was called at eleven o'clock. Our team immediately invaded the King's territory with the puck, where it remained during the greater part of the game. The game was clean, but rather slow, until the last, when there was an occasional burst of speed. The game ended 8—1 in favor of our team. The King's boys had dinner at the Academy and returned home on the afternoon train.

March 7th the Business Class met the middle class in a basket ball to decide which team would take the floor against the seniors. The game began at 4.30. The first period ended 8—2 in favor of the Business Class. The Middlers returned with a determination to even the score, which they very nearly succeeded in doing. The game ended 16—15 in favor of the Business team.

At 9 p.m. the Business and Seniors entered the Arena. This time it was the Business team that suffered defeat. In

spite of the hearty support of their class mates from the gallery, they could not stop the rush of the seniors. At the end of the first period the score stood 12—6 in favor of the seniors. The Business team returned to the battle with renewed hope. But, despite the progress they made, the game ended 17—12 in the senior's favor.

### THE LAZY LOVER

*(Easter Holidays)*

School opens up tomorrow morn,  
 Hi-yo, says Wy-ee-o.  
 I wish the blessed thing would burn,  
 S'help me, Jimmy Johnson-o.  
 But hark! the wind begins to blow,—  
 The waves roll high, the boat won't go  
 As long as this keeps up, I know—  
 I'll stay with my fair lassie—o.

Tomorrow morn comes with the dawn,  
 The lover stretched and yawned, hi-yo,  
 The wind blows strong the sea upon,  
 The deck's too wild for Wy-ee-o.  
 But comes anon a perfect day,  
 The lovesick laddie sails away,—  
 Gets seasick crossing o'er the bay,—  
 But comes at last to school-ee-o.

C. M. S.

### SEMINARY NOTES

#### BASKETBALL.

**D**UE to lack of proper gnasium room there has been little or no interest taken in basketball in the Seminary for a number of years. With the new gymnasium there has been, of course, a revival of itnerest in this sport and the Sems are practicing hard in order to be able to hold the cup. This cup was donated to the Sems and Co-eds in 1913-14, by Dr. DeWolfe. The winners of the best two out of



three games are to be the holders. As yet, only one game has been played. The Sems were victors.

The spiritual life of the school has been greatly deepened by the helpful and inspiring daily talks given by Dr. DeWolfe during the two weeks previous to the Easter vacation. Several of the girls have consecrated themselves to Christ and the influence of the meetings has been felt by all the girls.

#### Y. W. C. A.

The regular meetings of the Y. W. on Sunday evening, March 13 and 20, led by Mrs. Wilson of the College Women's Residence, also proved to be specially helpful and uplifting.

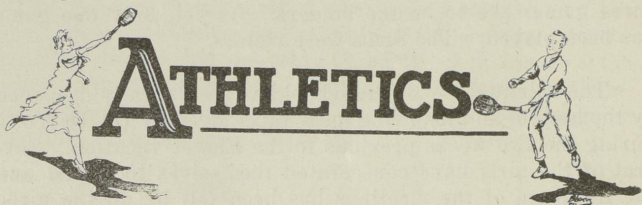
#### RECITAL.

Music lovers were given a special treat on the evening of March 10th, when Miss Helen Choates of Boston, gave a recital in the Baptist Church. Miss Choates possesses a voice of exceptionally pleasing quality and every number of the programme was artistically rendered. Miss Anna Schydner of the Seminary Staff added to the pleasure of the evening by her excellent accompanying.

#### MRS. SOUTHWICK'S RECITAL.

An appreciative audience gathered in the auditorium of the Baptist Church on the evening of Feb. 27, to listen to Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick give a most excellent interpretation of "The Servant in the House". The expectations of all were more than realized. Mrs. Southwick's eloquence and wonderful character portrayals coupled with her charming personality made the evening one long to be remembered. Mrs. Southwick is the wife of the president of the Emerson School of Expression. The Pierian Society was fortunate in being able to procure her services.

E. H. G.



ACADIA'S hockey closed with the first week of March, when the College team met King's at Windsor. Altho Acadia did not produce a championship team this year, their record shows the brand of hockey put up by them to be of high order. A tie game was played with the champion Wanderers of Halifax, Mt. Allison went down to defeat at Wolfville, and U. N. B. was victorious only after twenty minutes overtime play. At the beginning of the new year the material turning out for hockey was raw indeed. The improvement shown as the season progressed is greatly due to the efforts of Coach "Ted" Stackhouse.

With hockey over for the year, basketball has come to the forefront, and the inter-class, as well as the College teams are taking full advantage of the excellent facilities offered by the new Memorial gymnasium. The College team has played several practise games with outside teams, and altho to date they have been unsuccessful in defeating their opponents, yet we have the material, and with continued practise another year should bring forth a fast team. Since the burning of the old gymnasium in 1914, Acadia has not had a chance to take part in inter-collegiate basket-ball, so it is rather difficult to obtain a champion team with the short time that the gymnasium has been open for practising.

## HOCKEY

KINGS, 5; ACADIA, 1.

On Saturday evening, March 5th, the Acadia and Kings hockey teams met in an exhibition game at the Windsor rink.



Contrary to expectations, the game resulted in an easy win for King's.

Acadia seemed to have the better of the play in the first two periods, but, owing to poor shooting, was unable to score more than the one goal. Kings scored once in the first period, once in the second period, and three times during the third period.

The game was an exceptionally clean one throughout, there being not a single penalty inflicted. Eric Boulden refereed in a very satisfactory manner.

The line-up was as follows:

*Acadia*—Goal, Steeves; Point, Fraser; Cover Point, Wetmore; Centre, Parker; Right Wing, Mason; Left Wing, Beardsley; Spares, Murray Monkley, Kennedy.

*King's*—Goal, Harris; Point, Dunlop; Cover Point, Parnell; Centre, Ruggles; Right Wing, White; Left Wing, Moulton; Spares, Burchell, Hickman, Ross.

HALIFAX Y. M. C. A., 35; ACADIA, 22

Acadia's basketball team played their first game of the season against the Halifax "Y" team on Wednesday evening, March 2nd.

The game had not been in progress very long before it became apparent that Acadia was being outplayed by the more experienced visitors. The Acadia forwards missed several chances to score, while the "Y" men seemed to make every shot count.

The spectacular playing of Clarke, the visiting centre, was a feature of the game. The line-up:

*Acadia*—Forwards, Dobson, Murray, Robinson; Centre, Flemming; Guards, Corey, H. H. Wetmore, Lewis.

*Y.M.C.A.*—Forwards, White, Holmes, Carty; Centre, Clark; Guards, Jacobson, MacLeod, Frew, Whitlock.

## ST. JOHN "TROJANS" 31; ACADIA, 11.

On Tuesday evening, March 8th, the St. John "Trojans" met the College team in an exhibition game. During the first period it was anybody's game, the play going back and forth from basket to basket. This period ended 9—7, with the "Trojans" in the lead. On the resumption of play, the St. John team got away to a good start, and altho the Acadia five worked hard, they were unable to stop the clever combination and accurate shooting of their opponents. Captain Urquhart, of the "Trojans", and Fraser, of Acadia, starred for their respective teams.

*"Trojans"*—Right Forward, Cross; Left Forward, Urquhart; Centre, Malcolm; Right Guard, McGowan; Left Guard, Kerr; Spare, Shaw.

*Acadia*—Right Forward, Murray; Left Forward, Dobson; Centre, Flemming; Right Guard, Fraser; Left Guard, H. Wetmore; Spares, Lewis, Corey (Capt.), Bishop.

## DALHOUSIE, 26; ACADIA, 14.

On Friday evening, March 11th, Acadia suffered her third successive defeat in basketball, this time at the hands of the Dalhousie senior team.

Dalhousie doubled the score in the first period and kept it doubled until near the close of the game. Acadia played a good combination game, but the passing was slow and not effective.

The line-up:—

*Acadia*—Forwards, Dobson, Murray, Robinson; Centre, Flemming; Guards, K. Fraser, D. S. Wetmore, H. H. Wetmore.

*Dalhousie*—Forwards, Ferguson, Laing; Centre, Carter; Guards, Muir, Frame, McNeil.



## INTERCLASS BASKETBALL.

Interclass basketball is creating considerable interest this year, due to the excellent brand of basketball played by the different class teams. There are six teams in the league, representing all the classes in the University, and a picked team from the Academy.

## SENIORS, 12; JUNIORS, 14.

In a close, fast game, the Juniors defeated the Seniors in the opening game of the interclass league. The first period was characterized by rather rough play, due to fouling by some of the contestants. The game settled down to a nip and tuck battle, however, and the outcome was always in doubt until the final whistle. The star work for the Seniors was done by Beardsley and Bishop, and for the Juniors by Dobson and Cameron.

## ENGINEERS, 45; ACADEMY, 7.

The Engineers team administered a severe defeat to the lighter, more inexperienced Academy team. The superior combination of the Engineers stood them in good stead, for they walked away from their opponents at all times during the game. The Engineers have a very strong team, several of their players being members of the college five.

## ENGINEERS, 30; FRESHMEN, 15.

The Engineers and Freshmen met in a battle royal, both teams aspiring for premier honors in the league. Through lack of guarding on the part of the Freshmen, the Engineers piled up a big score of 12—0 in the first five minutes. However, when the Freshmen did settle down, they put up a splendid game, and kept the score fairly even for the rest of the game.

## SOPHOMORES, 15; FRESHMEN, 41.

This game resulted in an easy win for the Freshmen. The Freshmen seemed to have a fast, well-balanced team, and, although the Sophs held them down to a small lead in the first period, the former easily outplayed their opponents in the second period and piled up a large score. Clarke was the heavy scorer for the Freshmen, while Phinney scored most of the points for the Sophs.

## SENIORS, 35; SOPHOMORES, 15.

The Seniors won easily from the Sophs in the fourth game of the League, on March 14th. The fast work of the Senior forwards was too much for the Sophs, and shot after shot went in without any effort to stop them. Beardsley and Bishop, forwards for the Seniors, played a heady, combination game, and certainly are a great asset to their team.

## CO-EDS BASKETBALL.

## KINGS, 35; ACADIA, 34.

The Acadia girls took a trip to Windsor on Saturday, February 19th. There they played the first game of the season and met in the King's girls, worthy opponents. The game was fast and clean throughout, and was quite undecided till the very last. Both teams showed that they had been well trained and did credit to their individual coaches.

## ACADIA, 38; KING'S, 24.

The first basketball game to be played in the new Memorial Gymnasium was on the following Saturday, when the King's Co-eds played a return game here. During the first period King's had quite a decided advantage in the play. At the beginning of the second period the Acadia girls started playing together, and as a result came back strong.



They soon had a lead which they steadily increased until the end of the game. In both of these games, Acadia, as in those against Mount Allison and Dalhousie, was represented by the following team: Forwards, M. Wickwire and I. C. Murray; Centres, J. Foote and M. Brown; Guards, G. Spicer (Capt.) and M. McCurdy.

MT. A. CO-EDS, 8; ACADIA CO-EDS, 7.

The next game of interest was held in Acadia Memorial Gymnasium, Thursday evening, March 3rd, when the Mt. A. girls played the Acadia girls. This game was of special interest, as it was our first game of the League, which was formed early in the season between Dalhousie, Mt. Allison and Acadia.

The visiting team arrived on the ten train, and were immediately escorted to the College Ladies' Residence, where they were entertained during their stay.

The game was called for eight p. m. and promptly at the appointed hour both teams came on the floor. The first period which was refereed by Mr. Russell was a tie with the score 3 to 3. The second period refereed by Miss Leslie was a tie again 7 to 7. It was decided to play overtime with the team scoring the first basket to be decided winners. In a few minutes Mount Allison scored a field goal from a miss-judged play by the Acadia guards and the game was over.

During the entire game the audience was especially interested in the work done by the Acadia guards Miss Spicer and Miss MacCurdy. Each class of Mount Allison was represented by a rooter. After the game the girls of both teams gathered informally in the reception room at Tully where they were served with hot chocolate, sandwiches, and ice cream. The visiting team left on the eight train the following morning for Windsor where they were to play the King's co-eds. Line-up:

*Acadia*—Forwards, Miss Wickwire, Miss Murray; Centres, Miss Foote, Miss Brown; Guards, Miss Spicer, Miss MacCurdy.

*Mount Allison*—Forwards, Miss Dargie, Miss MacMillan; Centres, Miss Moore, Miss Clarke; Guards, Miss Eaton, Miss Ashkins.

#### DALHOUSIE CO-EDS 29; ACADIA CO-EDS 8.

The second game which the Acadia Co-eds played off, their own field was played at Dalhousie, Halifax, Saturday, March 12th.

Our team went to Halifax Friday afternoon and the game was played Saturday at 12.30 in the H. L. S. gym.

Although the gym. was smaller than ours a good game was played by both teams, resulting in an easy victory for Dalhousie. Acadia's best work was done during the first period.

After the game the Dalhousie girls entertained the Acadia girls for luncheon at the Green Lantern.

The team returned home on the mid-night, Saturday and despite the early hour the station platform was crowded with students who gave the yell in such a manner as to assure the returning team of their hearty support regardless of victory or defeat. A return game with Dalhousie will be played here the twenty-first and it is looked forward to with much interest.

*Acadia*—Forwards, Miss Wickwire, Miss Murray; Centres, Miss Foote, Miss Brown; Guards, Miss Spicer, Miss MacCurdy.

*Dalhousie*—Forwards, Miss Armitage, Miss M. Mader; Centres, Miss Wilson, Miss Clarke; Guards, Miss E. Mader, Miss Bond.

#### WILDCAT HOCKEY.

It seems unfortunate that the weather could not have remained colder for a few days more than it did in order that the remaining games in the Wildcat Hockey League could have been played and the championship thus definitely decided. As it stands now no one team can claim the championship.



Certain teams whose chances seemed good for first place in the League are almost shedding tears due to the fact that that this year the winners were to be presented with a silver cup.

This cup was donated by Mesrs. Bates, Potter, Black, McKenzie, and Delaney, Eng. '20, and now students at McGill. It is a token of their interest in athletics at Acadia and particularly wildcat hockey.

The cup itself stands about ten inches high, and on one side is finely engraved with the picture of a large wildcat.

At the request of the donors, Drs. Coit and Wheelock have been appointed trustees of the cup.

### BASEBALL.

The week of March 5th—12th was so warm and spring-like, that everywhere on the hill and campus groups were continually out 'warming up', preparing for the coming summer's sport. On Saturday, March 12th, a game of baseball took place on the campus between the Engineer's team and a picked team from the rest of the College. Considering it to be the first game of the season, the game was a good one. Most of the chaps found difficulty in getting an eye on the ball, but naturally that is to be expected, following a winter of such eye-straining study (?). Both teams fielded the ball exceptional well. The Engineers were victorious, 5—3.

With an early spring predicted, a full schedule of inter-class games should be run off before College closes.

An Intercollegiate Baseball League has been suggested, providing Spring comes early enough. Here's hoping for an early Spring.

### TRACK.

Hockey is over with, Basketball soon will be, and the next thing to claim attention will be Track.

As yet, nothing definite has been decided about an Intercollegiate Track meet, but there is plenty of time for that.

However, Acadia is not going to lose any time in getting down to training for such an event. Under the guidance of Mr. Russell, our gym. instructor, a training class for track athletes has been started. This class will probably be limited to about twenty-five, and the training received will be very thorough.







# The Month

DRAWN BY HENRI BISHOP

WITH the passing of this month, we have had to bid farewell to sleigh-rides, skating, and hockey. Interest has been centred on basket-ball, both intercollegiate and inter-class. But the work of all our regular societies has gone on splendidly, and we have even had time for a few social affairs.

## *Chapel .*

A deep sense of appreciation was manifest in the student body, when the announcement came that chapel would be resumed on March 10th. The loss of College Hall has taught us that the chapel services are most essential to college life, both directly and indirectly. These are the only occasions upon which the student body meets together, and it is a part of our life that we have missed since the fire.

The gymnasium is to be used for these services, every Thursday morning at 9.30 for one hour. Music is furnished by the College Orchestra, and following the religious services, the remainder of the hour is placed at the disposal of the student body for class or society meetings, singing college songs, or whatever is desired. We look forward with pleasure to the continuation of these exercises.

*Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.*

Sunday. Feb. 27th, being Universal Day of Prayer, for Colleges, a joint service of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

was held in the Baptist Church. The speakers of the evening were G. N. Vincent, '22, and E. L. Curry, '23. Special music rendered by the Seminary Glee Club helped to make the service one of pleasure and benefit.

The united meetings of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have been held on Wednesday evenings as usual, and our recent services have been particularly inspiring and helpful.

Mar. 2.—Mrs. Wilson was the leader, taking as her subject "Addition."

Mar. 9.—Prof. McPhee conducted the service, and gave a very interesting talk on "Self Education."

The Sunday evening Y. W. Services have for the most part been under student leadership, and have been well attended.

Feb. 20.—This meeting was led by Miss Ella Warren, who spoke on "Religious Agencies."

Mar. 6.—The leader for this evening was Miss M. Fitzpatrick. As this was our regular Missionary Sunday, the subject chosen was "Missions in Latin America."

Mar. 13.—The service was conducted by the president, and Rev. E. S. Mason gave a splendid talk.

The Monthly Missionary Service under the joint auspices of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. was held in the church on the evening of March 13th. Rev. H. E. Stilwell of Toronto, general secretary of the Foreign Mission Board was the speaker, and he presented in a forceful manner the needs of the foreign field. A choir of Acadia students led the singing, and Miss Josephine Harris, '22 and Miss Mabel Nicholls '22 sang a duet in their usual good style.

#### *Political Club.*

The monthly meeting of the Political Club was held on Monday, February 21, at 6.45, in the club-room. The speaker for the evening was Prof. Ba'com who gave a most interest-



ing and instructive address on the subject of the Political parties in Canada. He discussed the history of the different parties and their various policies, and made the question seem one of vital interest, rather than the dull and complicated subject we are so apt to consider it.

### *Sophette-Freshette Debate.*

On Friday, February 18, the Sophette-Freshette debate was held in the club-room. Subject, "Resolved that the English were justified in the Expulsion of the Acadians." The Freshettes supported the affirmative and the Sophettes the negative. The speakers for the latter were Marjorie Fitzpatrick (Leader), Edna Sanford and Margaret Sylvester; for the former—Helen Archibald (Leader), Gertrude Edwards and Louise Morse.

The speakers showed careful preparation and the teams were very evenly matched. The judges, Dr. Thompson, Dr. Rhodenizer and Prof. Balcom awarded the decision to the Freshettes. Congratulations, Freshettes, on winning your first debate!

### *Freshettes Propylæum.*

Monday, February 28, was the night for the eagerly-anticipated Freshettes Propylæum. It is always interesting to see the dramatic talent awakening in the new students and this entertainment certainly justified our expectations. The carefully designed programmes showed the following:—

Clause I.—Synopsis.

Clause II.—"In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy...."

Clause III.—Chorus.

Clause IV.—Reading.

### *Propylæum.*

The regular meeting of the Propylæum Society on Monday, March 14, took the form mainly of a musical evening, and was greatly enjoyed.

The programme was as follows:—

Clause I.—Synopsis.

Clause II.—Reading—H. Benesch.

Clause III.—Solo—I. MacPhail.

Clause IV.—Duet—A. Prescott & I. MacPhail

Clause V.—Exercise—"John Brown's Baby has a cold upon its chest."

Clause VI.—Duet—M. Nicholls & J. Harris.

Clause VII.—Duet—G. Edwards & E. Norton.

As good things always come together, so our only two sings came on the same evening, March 6. The sing at Dr. Chute's was fairly well attended, though the evening was unpleasant. Special numbers were given by Miss Prescott, Miss McCurdy, Miss Edwards, Mr. Parsons and two mixed quartettes.

The second year engineers, with their chosen friends, also had a sing at Dr. Wheelock's. The feature of the evening seems to have been the "fire-light", but when this had been sufficiently praised we were able to hear that they were also entertained with solos by Miss J. Harris, and Miss Nichols, and some selections by the Rhodes Hall quartette.

*Lecture by Mr. Adams.*

On Tuesday, February 8, Mr. Thomas Adams of the Dominion Comuission on Town planning lectured before the Engineers and members of the Sociology Class. He gave a brief history of the movement and examples of good and bad town planning, illustrating his lecture with lantern-slides of European and American cities and towns. We look forward to having Mr. Adams visit us again and give us a series of lectures on this interesting and important topic.

*Freshman Party.*

A skating party had been planned, but owing to bad weather the freshmen had to look elsewhere for an evening's



sport. The "Y" basketball game happened to take place the same evening. To this they journeyed in a body, and afterwards made paths to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock. They eagerly participated in the games and songs; and even more keenly did they share the bounteous lunch prepared for them. "Such Eats!" and "That's the best feed we had yet!" emerging from freshmen next day, testified to their appreciation of the hospitality of their host and hostess.

#### *Co-eds Tea.*

On Wednesday, March 9, Dr. and Mrs. Thompson, and Professor and Mrs. McPhee were the guests of the Co-eds at tea. Directly after tea the girls adjourned to the Reception Room where Professor and Mrs. McPhee were presented with a reading lamp and electric iron, after which the girls heartily gave the Co-eds's yell for their guests.

#### *Rink.*

Again the weather man has put aside his frosty garb, leaving with us only thrilling memories of cutting corners, jostling with the crowd, and even an occasional fall. Much to the dismay of all, the season has been rather short, yet to make up for that the attendance has been exceptionally large.

Owing to so many hockey games there was no carnival, and only the junior class had a private skate. Two others were planned, a joint one by the Seniors and Juniors and one by the Freshmen. These could not be carried out.

The management merit much praise for their efficiency, and for the time they have freely given. Music furnished by the college band has always been in keeping with the high character it has exhibited on all other occasions this year.

#### *Theological Club.*

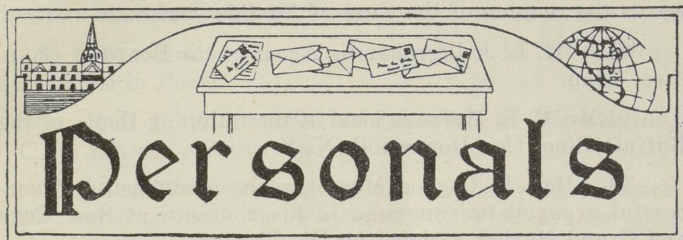
Since the loss of College Hall the Teeologues have been holding their weekly meetings in the vestry of the Baptist Church. Interest is greatly increasing in these meetings.

and the club is well represented with members both from the College and Academy. Addresses were given by Mr. Maxwell, Mr. McLeod, and on Friday evening the club was fortunate in having Rev. H. E. Stillman address them. Mr. Stillwell is the general secretary of our Foreign Mission Board, and has spent over twenty years as Missionary in India.

His address was very helpful and inspiring. He gave us the need, call, and claim of India, especially since the termination of the great war.







'55. The wife of D. M. Welton, Ph. D., D. D., died recently at the home of her daughter. Dr. Welton taught theology at Acadia for many years and was also a professor at McMaster University for a quarter of a century.

'70. Dr. Wm. A. Newcombe has recently died after a long illness.

'81. Rev. W. F. Parker who thru wounds received in France was compelled to retire from the ministry, preached at Emmanuel Church, Truro, on March 6, at the 31st anniversary exercises. He was their first pastor. Rev. Mr. Parker is now post master at Sussex, N. B.

'82. We extend sympathy to Dr. S. P. F. Cook of Gloucester, Mass., in the death of his father, Mr. Jas. P. Cook, of Milton, Queens Co., N. S.

'84. Dr. H. Bert Ellis is a consulting surgeon in Los Angeles, Cal.

'86. Rev. William B. Hutchinson, former Pres. of Acadia University, is continuing his pastorate at Hutchinson, Kansas.

'88. Dr. J. W. Armstrong is now a member of the local government of Manitoba. He resides in Gladstone, Man.

'91. William J. Spurr is the head of a large controlling concern and renders important service in the Mt. Morris Baptist Church at Manhattan.

'91. Dr. McDonald is putting forth every effort towards the reunion of the class of '91 this year.

'91. Mr. L. J. Ingraham is Agent of the Board of Charities, Minn.

'91. Mr. C. E. Morse is head of the Shipping Dept., of the Buffalo Steel Co., Donawand, N. Y.

'91. Rev. R. Osgood Morse has been conducting a successful evangelistic campaign in his churches at Seal Cove and Grand Harbor assisted by Dr. Tingley.

'92. Rev. E. H. Borden is at present stationed at Beaumont, Texas.

'92. Mr. O. P. Goucher of Middleton, Gen. Agent for the Manufacture's Life Insurance Ltd., is now in Tupon Springs, Florida, attending the annual meeting of the company.

'92. Mr. W. Halloway has had a story published in the February Century.

'92. Mr. A. V. Pineo is a solicitor in Victoria, B. C.

'92. Mr. C. E. Seaman is a Professor of Economics and Commerce in Los Angeles, Cal.

'92. Dr. Wilfrid Starratt practices dentistry in the Magdalene Islands.

'93. Rev. J. B. Champion is filling a large place in the life of White Plains one of the popular suburbs of New York, where he is pastor of the first Baptist church.

'93. Dr. Ernest S. Harding is secretary of the Tuberculosis League of Montreal.

'93. Dr. Arthur Jost is Inspector of Health for Halifax, N. S.

'94. Dr. E. H. Cahoon is attached to the Medfield State Hospital, Harding, Mass.

'94. Dr. H. S. Davidson is situated in St. Albuquerque, New Mexico, in educational work.



'94. Rev. F. C. Ford is pastor of the Madison Ave. Christian church, Cleveland, Ohio.

'95. Mrs. Stanley Herriage (née Miss M. W. Coates) now resides in Paris.

'95. Mr. F. A. Coldwell is employed in Washington, D. C., in railway executive work.

'95. Rev. W. H. McLeod has given up his pastoral work and is connected with the Prudential Life Insurance Co., Oakland, Cal.

'95. Rev. R. E. Gullison writes from India that Mrs. Gullison is suffering severely and they fear a return of serious illness.

'97. Rev. A. C. Archibald has recently resigned his pastorate in Brooklyne, Mass., due to ill health. He is now resting in Oregon.

'97. We sympathize with Mr. Burpee L. Bishop in the death of his father, Mr. Gustavus Bishop, of Greenwich, Kings Co., N. S.

'97. Mrs. MacDonald (née Miss Staleria P. Colwell) is principal of the Woodland Park Schools, Auberndale, Mass.

'97. Rev. D. E. Hatt who lives at Digby, N. S., has recently had a book of sonnets published.

'98. Miss Carolina W. Blair is now Professor of English in the University of Brooklyn, N. Y.

'98. Rev. N. B. Rogers has closed his pastorate at Canton, Mass., and accepted a call to Chicapee.

'98. Rev. A. F. Newcombe is now in Los Angeles, Cal.

'99. Mrs. E. C. Harper (née Miss E. C. Cook) is teaching Oratory and Music at Maulton College, Bloor Street, Toronto.

'99. Rev. I. B. Hardy is in Sanford, Me.

'00. Rev. F. L. Cann is now in one of the New York city churches.

'00. Mr. A. H. Chipman is employed in the firm of Faurliesson & Nutchell, Vancouver.

'00. Mr. E. L. Franklin is in the employ of the Turnbull Public Service Co., Electric Block, Warren, Ohio.

'00. Dr. V. L. Miller a retired medical missionary is now in Halifax, N. S.

'00. Mrs. M. White (née Miss I. E. MacLeod) lives in Pretoria, South Africa, where her husband is an educationalist.

'00. Mr. E. N. Rhodes of Amherst has been made a member of the Privy Council. He will thus have the title of honorable for life.

'01. W. I. Hutchinson has been promoted to a staff position in the Dept. of Forestry, Wash., D. C.

'02. Mrs. C. Goodspeed died at her home in Paradise, N. S., Feb. 14. Dr. Goodspeed was the Editor of the Maritime Baptist for the first ten years of its publication.

'06. At Tekkali, India, on Nov. 1, to Rev. and Mrs. Gordon P. Barss, a daughter.

'09. Annie M. Eaton is Vice-Principal in the public schools of Revelstoke, B. C.

'10. Evelyn Shock is doing social service work in New York.

'10. Born to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Eaton, a son, Feb. 10, 1920.

'12. Minnie Shaffner is nursing at Camp Hill Hospital, Halifax.

'12. Ernest Barss is attending the University of Michigan.

'13. William LeRoy Kinsman is at Crack, Alta.



'13. Mr. John MacDonald, M. P. P., has been appointed Pres. of the Good Samaritan League of the Canning Bapt. church.

'13. Under the care of Rev. E. M. Bleakney, Hyde Park church has been progressing greatly and one hundred and six added to its members. One hundred dollars was recently presented to Mr. and Mrs. Bleakney as an expression of goodwill.

'14. Blanche Thomas is teaching at her home in Canning.

'14. Owen Graves has entered the firm of M. W. Graves & Co., Bridgetown, N. S.

'14. Ethel Wigmore sailed for China on March 10th, to act as Librarian for the Rockefeller Foundation.

'15. Rev. E. A. Kinley has been royally received by the First Baptist Church, Truro, N. S.

'15. J. A. Green is at present connected with the Maxwell Motor Sales Corporation at Detroit, Michigan.

'15. Rev. I. M. Rose, pastor of the Baptist church at Mahone, N. Y., is now editor of a new paper started in that city.

'17. Miss E. C. Starett was graduated as a nurse from the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on March 2.

'17. H. F. Lewis has a position of Bird Warden for the Prov. of Que., and Ont.

'17. Ralph Smallman has returned to McGill.

'17. Herman L. Porter has recently been appointed a member of the school board of the Prov. Examinations for the Prov. of Alberta.

'18. Miss Margaret Chase is visiting her sisters Miss Lillian Chase '16 at Toronto University and Miss Susie Chase at Guelph.

Ex. '18. To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Balcom (née Gladys Daniels) a son.

Ex. '18. Mr. W. H. Rust is now a Highway Engineer in Kentucky.

Ex. '18. Mr. H. M. Walker has recently returned from an extended trip thruout U. S. A. He is now employed at his former work in New Waterford, C. B.

'19. Ernest Boyle is attending McGill.

Ex. '19. Donald Stewart is practising law at Summerside, P. E. I.

'20. Victor Burton led his class at Harvard.

'20. Paul Tingley expects to leave shortly for Scotland to study medicine at Edinburg University.

Eng. '20. Edward Bishop is attending the Univ. of California.

Eng. '20. Ralph Bates led his class in civil engineering at McGill during the last term.

'20. To Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Holmes (née Muriel Cann,) a daughter, Elizabeth Cann, March 2.

'21. We are glad to report Mr. E. C. Leslie much improved. He is at present at the Sanitorium, Kentville.

Ex. '21. Mr. William Buchanan has been appointed a representative of the Faculty of Dentistry on the Student's Council for Dalhousie for 1921.

'21. Lorne Crowe is recovering from an attack of diphtheria.

Ex. '21. Miss Dorothy Smith is now teaching at Aylesford, N. S.

Ex. '21. Mr. D. H. Messenger has finished his course at the Normal College, Truro, and has taken a school at Tenne-cape, Hants Co., N. S.



Ex. '21. Eldon Henshaw has gone to New York to study music.

Ex. Eng. '22. Mr. and Mrs. Amos Ayer are to be congratulated on the arrival of a son.

'22. Evelyn Colpitts is at her home in Dorchester, recovering from a recent illness.

Ex. '23. Madge Musgrave is attending the New Eng-Conservatory of Music.

Ex. '23. Walter Harlowe is attending Dalhousie and came second in his class in Dentistry in the mid-year exams.

Ex. '23. Olivia Lamont is studying music at Acadia Ladies Seminary, Wolfville, N. S.

Ex. '23. G. W. Calhoon is attending Dalhousie Univ.

#### A. L. S.

'14. To Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Kitchener (née Lou Cross) a daughter.

'18. Ella Shaffned is dietician at Camp Hill Hospital, Halifax, N. S.

'19. Doris Bagley is stenographer at the Royal Bank in Liverpool, N. S.

'20. Edna Kennedy is stenographer with the Broughton Hardware Products Ltd., Liverpool.

'20. Edith Jenkins is taking a business course at her home in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Ex. '20. Bertha Bennett is at her home in Alberton, P. E. I.

Ex. '20. Francis Colpitts is training for a nurse at Roosevelt Hospital, N. Y.

Ex. '20—Violet Holden was a recent guest at Kingston, N. S.

Ex. '20. Ruth Tuplin is at present in Jacksonville, Fla.

'20. Muriel Brookes has a position in a bank in St. John.

'20. Marjery Hilliard is training for a dietician at Toronto General Hospital.

'20. Theo Sears is teaching Domestic Science in Calgary, Alta.

'20. Kathleen Kennedy has a position with the Estey and Curtie Co., Hartland, N. B.

'20. Molly Somers is teaching music in Halcombe, N. B.

'Ex. '20. Jessie James has recently entered the nurses' home, Rhodes Island Hospital, to train for a nurse.

'20. Charlena Hopkins is working in an Art Studio in Framingham, Mass.

'21. Ruth Manning has been obliged to give up her studies owing to a nervous breakdown.

'21. Olive Burill recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at Westwood Hospital.

'22. Audrey Vaughn has had to return home due to a recent illness.

#### A. C. A.

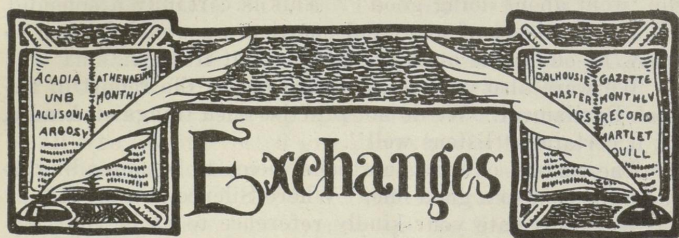
'20. P. D. Nicholl is working in Boston.

Ex. '21. George Makinson is attending Kings School, Windsor.

Ex. '21. William Stairs is attending N. S. A. C., Truro, N. S.

Ex. '21. Thurston Syson is at his home in Settler, Alta.





## ARGOSY

WE hasten first of all to offer our sincere sympathy to Mt. Allison on the loss of Lingley Hall.

While many of the articles still tend to be too short and sketchy, there are two notable exceptions this month, for the article, "Leisure Hours with Dickens", as well as that entitled "Omar Khayyam" are both very good. These articles are written in a pleasing style and show a rare appreciation of the literary values of the authors whom they are discussing.

There is a great improvement in poetry this month, at least, as far as quantity is concerned, though the quality still seems to be rather mediocre.

The cartoon, "When a feller needs a Friend", should find a place in the hearts of all.

## DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

The chief point of interest in the "Gazette" this month seems to us to be the report of the work of the Y. M. C. A. for the year that has just passed. We like particularly the way in which the aim of the social service department is set forth, so much so, in fact, that we wish to quote a part of it. The writer says: "Regarded objectively our aim has been to do something for others that would make their life brighter and happier. Looked at in the other sense, the opportunity is given to students to do something in the spirit of the one

who 'went about doing good'." This is certainly a splendid aim for any body of men, and one that we would do well to follow be our name or organization what it may.

We were also very much interested in the report of the Mock Parliament. We do not practise such things at Acadia, but it certainly "listens well".

The custom of using cartoons seems to be spreading as we find here also a good one, "Where Silence is a Myth".

We appreciate your kindly reference to us in your Exchange column of March 9th.

### "KING'S COLLEGE RECORD"

The January-February number of the "Record" is a well-balanced issue. Apparently, the four-fold development is being adhered to by King's this year. "Naval Matters" is a timely article, full of interest, and shows careful preparation. Two historical sketches, "Parts from an Old Diary", and "The Windsor of Haliburton", are full of local color, and would be especially interesting to graduates of King's. "My Friend Bill" is a good story, but in a college magazine, how disappointing to get to the last paragraph, only to find the italicized words, "To be continued". We think this practise should not be fostered.

### "MANAGRA"

This number of "Managra" is a banner issue in our opinion, on account of the much wider range of material which is introduced, instead of the close adherence to agricultural subjects as formerly.

The article, "Empire Builders" though short, is worth the attention of any reader, while that entitled "Camping in the North", is also well written.

Taken as a whole, this is an all-round number, and we congratulate the editors on the progress they are making in the publishing of a really high-class college monthly. There is much to be desired, but they are surely making headway in their difficult task.



## “MARITIME STUDENTS AGRICULTURIST”

This magazine is published by the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, Truro, and of course, features agriculture. It does this in a series of well penned articles, of practical value to all who are interested in matters pertaining to rural life. The young agriculturists have also shown an active interest in debating, in the Y. M. C. A., and in various forms of sport. They have a live joke department in their magazine, but poems and stories are lacking.

## “McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY”

The February issue of this magazine is a splendid one. Every article is deserving of a careful reading, and worthy of the highest commendation. The review of H. G. Wells' book, “Russia in the Shadows” is skillfully done. This book presents a novel way of viewing the Russian situation, placing the blame, not on the Bolsheviks, but on the system which preceded them. “The Carpenter” is extremely unique in its nature, and should be read by all. Your appealing editorial is well written and should find a response in the minds and hearts of students everywhere. We appreciate your pleasing reference to our President's visit at your Commencement last spring. Your “Here and There” column is up to the usual high standard.

## “THE SHEAF”

The only copy of this magazine on our shelf, with its “Society” column, “Wedding Bells”, etc., looks like a village “weekly” than a University magazine. Some poetry and short stories would increase the attractiveness of your paper. Perhaps all these things will come with the new Students' Union which you propose to inaugurate shortly.

## UBYSSEY.

The material in the Ubysey this month is just as bright and snappy as usual, and the arrangement just as scrappy.

There is one column in this paper that we like very much, and we think could be copied with profit by any college magazine, and that is the division called "Correspondence". Here there is an opportunity for anyone to air his grievance, if he has any, as to the way in which matters are being conducted, and it seems to us that those who are in charge of affairs, while they might be subjected to a great deal of useless and unjust criticism, should still be able to separate the wheat from the chaff, and pick up many a helpful suggestion which they would otherwise miss.

### UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The editorial comment in this issue from Fredericton is given over largely to a vigorous condemnation of the modern movie. We agree with the most of the writer's remarks in so far as there is most certainly a strong tendency today towards pictures that are trashy and often vulgar, yet there are opportunities in the "movie" for a good work, and some of them are being taken advantage of by the really important promoters and directors. The movie is not all bad by any means, and we must not be too sweeping in our denunciation.

It is rather hard to criticize the literary department, as there is a noticeable scarcity of literary material in this issue. Here again the efforts in that direction seem to be concentrating on the poor old movie and on the subject of "Laughs". There are no exchanges and very little mention of college activities.

### VOX WESLEYANA.

The only item here that seems to us to possess high literary value is the poem, "Everlasting Quest", though the issue is headed "literary number".

But there is one thing this exchange does contain in plenty, and that is humor. We certainly enjoyed the reading of the humorous department of this exchange.

In "The Adventures of an Extra-Mural Student" (whatever that is), we read of the hero going to the regions below



and there being forced to listen to Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge for hours. It strikes us as a very realistic description of the nether world. The humorous skit, labeled "On Wesley Rink", is well done.

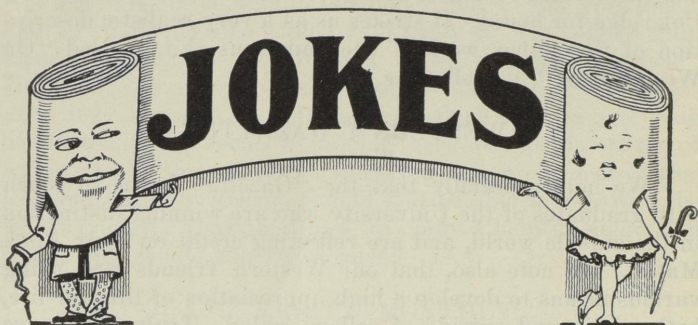
#### "WESTERN U GAZETTE"

We note especially that the "Gazette" keeps in touch with graduates of the University who are winning distinction in the outside world, and are reflecting credit on their Alma Mater. We note also, that our Western friends are using various means to develop a high appreciation of literary life, both within and outside of college walls. Truly these are noble aims. Apart from these two things, there seems to be little to comment upon in the three copies of this magazine on our exchange shelf.

#### "THE XAVERIAN"

The February issue of "The Xaverian" presents a neat appearance and is up to its usual high standard in literary merit. The opening poem, "Sunset", is worthy of mention, and "The Orioles" is a good story. We wonder if the author of "Wondering Thoughts" was really dreaming, or if he had sampled the contents of the jug which he refers to in the early part of the story. "From Coast to Coast in a Car" is full of interest and well written. We notice the intimacy that exists at St. F. X. between faculty and students, when the class of '22 entertained the faculty at a smoker.

We like the idea of listing under their year, the various activities of each class, under your "University Notes". Your Freshman class is making a good showing in college activities.



St - - v - s, '21—Do you believe there's honor among thieves?

B - sh - , '21—No, they're just as bad as other people.

R - - d, '21—There are a lot of girls who never intend to marry.

H - rl - w, '21—How do you know?

R - - d, '21—I've proposed to several.

Dr. DeW - lf - , (to Lewis '22 coming in late to class)—you are officially absent. You are "non est".

Lewis,—Oh, very well, "a non est man is the noblest work of God."

J - rd - n, Eng. '21—You're the breath of my life, dear.

Sophette (blushing)—How long can you hold your breath?

G - n - ng, '22—Only fools are certain, wise men hesitate.

Miss C.—Are you sure?

G - n - ng,—Yes, I'm certain of it.

P - - l - , '22—Speaking of Electricity—that makes me think—.



Miss H - rr - s, '22—Really, Mr. P - - l - , isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?

W - rr n, '23—I'm doing my best to get ahead.

Gr - mm - r, '23—Well heaven knows you need one.

Minister—Do you attend a place of worship young man?

C - x, '22—Yes sir, I'm going to see her now.

Miss B - n - sch, '23—I wonder what keeps the moon in place!

M - rsh - ll, '21—I think it must be the beams.

Economics Prof.—Has air value?

McPherson, '21—Certainly.

Prof.—What would you pay for it?

Mac,—I'd give quite a lot to be out in it.

D - yl - , '23—Who is your favorite author?

Pr - ct - ,—My Dad.

D - yl - ,—What did he ever write?

Pr - ct - r,—Cheques

Prof. Wh - - l - ck,—I hope you have a very pleasant vacation and come back a wiser man.

McK - nz - , Eng. '22—Thanks, same to you, sir.

Logic Prof.—How do I know that two and two make four?

J. H - rr - s '22—How do I know that you do?

History Prof.—Why was the middle ages called the Dark Ages?

H - cks, '22—Because there were so many knights.

Dr. Rhodenizer—Who was the hero of "Julius Caesar" after Caesar's death?

R - sc - e, '23—Caesar's Ghost.

Dr. Coit,—Give me an example of an imaginary spheroid.

R - - ch, Eng. '21—A rooster's egg.

Th - rr - - n, '21—(going over new song)—How do you like that refrain?

Atk - ns - n, '22—The more you refrain the better I like it.

E - t - n, '22,—You look worried, what's wrong?

M - ll - r, '22—I was just wondering how I'd get my shirt on over my wings in the next world?

E - t - n, —Huh, better think of getting your hat on over your horns.

Coed—When did you first know you loved me?

Inn - s, '21—When I began to get mad when people said you were brainless and unattractive.

Visitor, in chapel—What does the president do here?

Freshman—Oh, he gets up on the platform, looks over the student body and prays for the college.

P - rk - r, Eng. '21—I wonder what we'll wear in heaven!

M - sh - r, '21—Surprised looks—if you are there.

Editor—We cannot accept this poem, it isn't verse at all, merely an escape of gas.

Poet—Oh, I see—something wrong with the meter.

Biology Prof.—What monocotyledon concerns us most?

Proctor—The reed, sir.

M - rsh - ll, '22 (feeling his pockets)—I don't see how it is, I'm broke most of the time lately.

Th - rst - n, '22,—Why, is there any other way to be?



Sophomore, (paying for "sup" at College office)—  
Could we get them any cheaper by taking a large order—say  
a dozen at a time, than by getting them in such small lots?

L - ngi - y, Eng. (dancing)—How do you like my mus-  
tache?

Miss MacPh - - l—Well, just between you and me I like  
it very well.

Eng. Prof.—Some people change their good old fam-  
ily names for effect. Take for instance Smith changed to  
Smythe, and prefixes to the name Jones.

C - l - , '21 (mumbling)—"Simon Barjonas."

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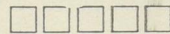
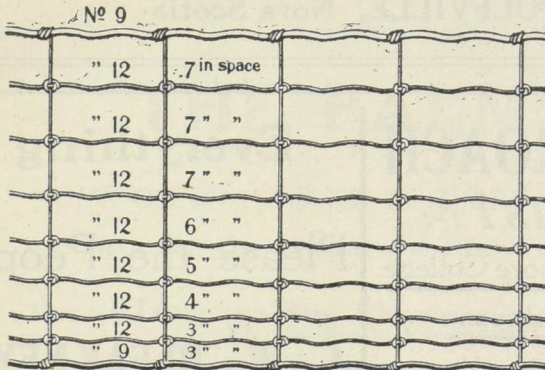
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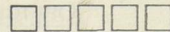
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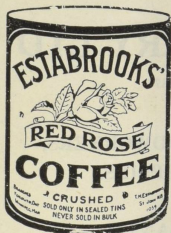
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