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Mark B. Shaw Prize Number

January, 1916.

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Winners for the Month.

Poems—1st, H. F. Lewis, '17; 2nd, I. B. Rouse, '17.

Articles—1st, E. Bessie Lockhart, '16; 2nd, E. D. MacPhee, '18.

Stories—1st, E. Bessie Lockhart, '16; 2nd, A. H. G. Mitchell, '16.

Month—1st, A. H. G. Mitchell, '16; 2nd, G. Paige Pineo, '16.

Athletics—1st, G. Paige Pineo, '16; No second.

Personals—1st, E. Bessie Lockhart, '16; 2nd, Helen Ganter, '19.

Exchanges—1st, H. F. Lewis, '17; No second.

Jokes—1st, I. B. Rouse, '17; 2nd, Chas. White, '19.

Winners of the Mark B. Shaw Prizes.

1st—Fred C. Manning, '16.

2nd—H. F. Lewis, '17.

Honorable mention—F. H. Bone, '16; E. Bessie Lockhart, '16; Charlotte Layton, '16; Lillian Chase, '16; H. L. Porter, '17; E. I. Clarke, '16; J. S. Millett, '16.

The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 3

The New Year.

Outmarching time, with rapid stride,
Like onward flow of ebbing tide,
Has carried forth the closing year,
And hailed the new one to appear.

As at its threshold now we stand,
May each extend a helping hand;
And ever aid, in word and deed,
The sad and suffering in their need.

Another year has passed away,
And we have one less here to stay;
Swift fleeting time so rich in spoil,
Combines, with pleasure, pain and toil.

We know not what this year may bring,
But at its advent we will sing,
That higher aims may fill our hearts,
As day by day the year departs.

If joy shall smile upon our way,
And we are spared to longer stay;
May we reflect that joyful smile,
And keep our lives devoid of guile.

Should sorrow, sadness, sickness, death,
Becloud our lives and still our breath;
May hope increasing, brighter grow,
That we no sting of death may know.

—C. E. LUND.

A Yacht Cruise on the River St. John.

IN the line of outdoor sports, the water has always been my especial hobby. I appreciate the delight of tramping in the woods, the thrill of hunting, the excitement of mountain-climbing; but a day on the water gives me more pleasure than any of these. And of the water-sports, though swimming, diving, rowing, and notably canoeing are by no means to be despised, yet in my opinion yachting bears away the palm. (You will notice I leave the motor-boat out of my list. The omission is intentional; for I consider that plebeian craft beneath the contempt of a true yachtsman). To me there is a fascination about the yacht which is not to be explained, nor can it be equalled anywhere else—a sensation so near to that of flying that one can very easily imagine the boat is really swooping and gliding up in the trackless regions of the air. Especially is this the case on a fine day in the upper reaches of the St. John River, where the water remains comparatively calm, even though a stiff breeze may be blowing, so that when you look over the side you see gliding beneath you the image of the sky with its fleecy clouds, through which you are passing in long, exhilarating rushes, with pauses for balance in between, more like a sea-gull than a sober, terrestrial being.

Such was the delight I felt one summer day about five years ago. We had decided (three other boys and I) to take a week's cruise up the river into Grand Lake. It was our first long sail, and many an anxious consultation must first be held with the older yachtsmen regarding provisions and equipment, rules of the road, and so forth. Proudly we hoisted the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club pennant on the mast. Each had his appointed duty, and as the anchor was raised up went the mainsail, round it swung to catch the light breeze, and we headed up the river. The first task was to make everything snug below; this accomplished, we stretched out at ease on the deck.

At first, to us who were determined to make a record trip, the breeze, though straight up river, was far too light, and assiduously, in regular succession, we whistled for a wind, even running up forward to perform that occult sea-faring rite—scratching the mast. Aeolus must have been in a benign humor that day; for after we passed the long bar of Sandy Point we found quite a stiff gale

blowing, so that we fairly flew up the Reach. With our small boat it would certainly have been more prudent to take in a reef, but we were not in the mood for that. While one was taking his trick at the tiller, the rest of us, clad in the minimum allowance of bathing suit, were diving off the yacht, catching a rope which trailed behind the tender, and thus pulling ourselves on board again. On one occasion, while I was at the tiller, the other three happened to be all at the end of the rope. The extra weight caused it to duck beneath the surface at every lunge of the boat, carrying the three faces with it, to emerge in a second or two spluttering and laughing.

We were far too pleasantly engaged to land for dinner or tea that day—in fact, we did not come to anchor till about ten o'clock at night. The wind dropped as we crawled round to the leeward of a little island. There was very poor anchorage, but we trusted in Providence—two of us even so far as to sleep in the cockpit with nothing over us but the stars. It is one of the most solemn experiences you can have, to lie there and feel the gentle swaying of the boat beneath you, to listen to the gurgling of the water round the stern, and to look up into the great mysterious emptiness of the moonlight. Even the strangeness of this experience, however, could not keep us long from dropping into a sound sleep.

We woke early, rather cramped and uncomfortable, wondering how in the world we had managed to select so many sharp edges and corners to lie upon. That feeling soon passed away in the delight of the morning sunshine and the freshness of the morning air. We landed on a tiny strip of beach, made our fire, and had breakfast. The breeze was just barely stirring, the sun was high, and soon we were splashing about in the cool water once more. We found that the farther up river we went, the warmer and more agreeable the water became, so that we could stay in it a much longer time without getting chilled.

This second day of our cruise passed lazily. We sailed steadily past island after island with its stretch of interval, its clumps of willows, and here and there an old gray barn on the higher land. This is one of the most beautiful pieces of natural scenery in the world, travellers tell us; and it is easy to believe them. About sunset we drew up to a little wharf four or five miles below Gagetown, and made our fire not far from where a most uninteresting family of Indians were encamped. We slept with one eye a trifle open that

night, mindful of the noble red man's reputation for picking up unguarded trifles; but we were not molested.

The third morning of our cruise we rose early and got under way without stopping to land for breakfast. We thought we would be at our destination in a couple of hours; but alas! the wind had deserted us. Slowly we crawled round the bend into sight of Gagetown, veered then to starboard and headed up the narrow Jemseg River. On and on we went, half sailing and half drifting, through the long "dredge-track" with its tufts of brushwood marking the channel, then away across Grand Lake; till at last, about noon, we dropped anchor with a shout in front of the "Minister's Face," the great sandstone cliff at Robertson's Point—just two and a half days from Grand Bay up into the lake, in a little eighteen-foot yacht!

FRED. C. MANNING, '16.

The Problem of Time.

THERE is nothing that the modern college needs more than a course in "The Philosophy of Time." I speak from the standpoint of the women students in Acadia College, and from observation. Take the case set forth below as typical of most of our Canadian colleges. Every girl receives this advice in her mother's parting words, "Good-by: don't study too hard. Good health is of more importance than a college degree." In every letter that she receives from home the same advice either begins the letter, ends it, or is added as a postscript.

Now listen to the problem. Here is a girl who has five hours lectures in one day. She has prepared for two of these the night before, and has her work so planned that she can prepare for the others in her spare time. In the morning she sits down with joyful anticipation to her study of Tausig's Economics, when suddenly breaking in on her rapt attention a knock comes at her door. The President of the Y. W. C. A., who has plenty of work to do for herself, drops in for a little chat about the cabinet and about the forthcoming visit of the national secretary. A few minutes after she has gone, the maid announces that the diligent student of Capital and Labor is wanted at the telephone. This proves to be an invita-

tion to a play the next week. By the time that she has fully decided to say, "Yes, thank you, I'll be pleased to go," four minutes have gone by. She hangs up the receiver and starts back to her room. On the way the president of the Athletic Society meets her with the news that she owes that society twenty cents, and will she please pay it immediately, as it has been owing ever since the basket ball game last spring? She escorts the rather excited president to her room, spends two minutes looking for her purse, finds it in her raincoat pocket, discovers that she has no change, runs to another girl's room, borrows the money and arrives in her room, only to find the president gone. With a sigh, she sets off to the president's room, but spying the matron and some visitors in the corridor, she flies back to run the sweeper over the carpet, to dust the table, and to put her walking shoes into the closet, for all visitors are brought to the best room in the residence. When these visitors have gone, she settles herself determinedly in her chair, but the clock strikes nine, and in a few minutes she is off to the chapel service. She finds the waiting room full of girls, the Propylæum president rushes up to her, "Oh, we must have a meeting after chapel. You write the notice; you're such a good writer."

After chapel comes a class in philosophy, after which she goes to the library for an hour. She has twenty pages of Sociology to read, fifteen pages of Economics, and sixty lines of Latin. She must read the Latin first, for the class is small and everyone is called on to recite. Just as she opens the book, the librarian touches her on the shoulder: "Excuse me, but you have had a book out five days over time; please bring it back today, and pay twenty-five cents fine." She tries to drown her sorrow with the poetic utterances of Horace, when her nearest neighbor leans over and whispers, "Say, isn't this editorial in the *Literary Digest* the limit? What! you don't get time to read the magazines? What do you come to college for?" She picks up her book and goes to another table. An old gentleman opposite her gets up and closes the window, so that, in a few minutes, the stifling air drives her to an open window in the stack room. The time passes peacefully for perhaps ten minutes, when in come six noisy juniors looking for a work on "Sleep and Dreams." There is no studying to be done when juniors are around, and in desperation she gathers up her books and flees to College Hall, where she manages to translate thirty lines before the

bell rings. The Latin class is small, the recitations are good, for she has been called on for the first part, and the professor dismisses fifteen minutes early. Now will be a good opportunity to study Sociology before dinner. She determines to lock herself in her room, but finds, when she reaches it, that her room-mate has discovered an exciting piece of war news. Five or six girls are eagerly discussing this, and, while she listens to them and reads her own letters, the dinner bell rings.

After dinner, in two hours, she must read two hundred pages of "Heroes and Hero Worship." Scarcely is she seated when the Y. W. C. A. president calls loudly for her to come to a short cabinet meeting, and when she comes back from this she finds a caller in her room, who says, "Come, now, let's have a gossip. How do you like our new professor?" But since this girl has already made herself a nuisance she is shown to the door in short order. She now has a delightful half hour to herself. Then comes another knock, "Oh, is your room-mate in? I owe her the universal fee; can you change a five dollar bill?" When she is gone, quiet and peace reign for exactly seven minutes. Luther is just looming up on the horizon of "The Hero as Priest," when the maid brings up this message, "A gentleman to see you in the reception room." She smooths her hair, puts on a fresh collar, washes the ink from her hands, and goes downstairs to find a small boy, who hands her a note. "Will you please speak to our young people in the church tomorrow evening on, 'The Proper Use of Time?' Thank you, for I know you will." In a deep perturbation of spirit, she once more ascends to her room, and by half-past three she has "read" over a hundred pages, and goes to the lecture wondering why she does not enjoy Carlyle.

At half-past four she bravely puts by her longing for a walk in the fresh air, for she really must write that rhetoric essay, and she is seized with an inspiration, which she must work upon. A junior meets her with the announcement that some one has been looking for her, and in her room she finds two girls from her home, who want to see her on their way to Boston. An hour later when she is free to write her essay, the muse has departed and, while vainly she tries to put her thoughts on paper, the supper bell rings.

After supper there is a business meeting of the Propylæum, and a short committee meeting after that to discuss plans for a reception. She has promised to play basket ball at eight o'clock,

and when she returns after the game, she is forced to attend, in the capacity of joke editor, a meeting of the Athenaeum staff. At ten o'clock, as she starts her morrow's work, her next door neighbor puts her head in at the door. "Oh! you have some butter in that box from home, haven't you? Come up to my room, we're making some toast."

At half-past ten, when the sounds of the revelry of recreation period have died away, she settles down again, but the girls of her corridor, who have been at a junior party, creep down the hall, make a stand outside the door, and discuss all the happenings of the evening. By the time that she has thrice hinted that she doesn't particularly care who came home with whom, or what he said or didn't say, the mood for writing her essay has come again; she will write on the problem of the open transom in the Ladies' Residence. The lights go off at eleven, leaving her in the midst of her writing, while her French, her German, her Biology and her Mathematics for the next day lie untouched. She cannot get up before seven o'clock, for there are no lights in the morning. At half-past eleven she goes to sleep, and dreams that her mother is saying, "Now, don't study too hard."

E. BESSIE LOCKHART.

The Search for Methol's.

THE morning of the eleventh of May, nineteen thirteen, dawned cold and cloudy, with a high wind bending the leafless tree-tops. The roads were muddy, but by working hard after leaving Wolfville about nine o'clock I had reached the little hamlet of Vesuvius, on the South Mountain, before noon. I was in search of Methol's Lake, which, according to the Forestry Maps of the Canadian Government, is a small lake of irregular outline, situated in hardwood forest about three miles southwest of Vesuvius. These same maps show an unbranched road running directly to the lake, so that, although I had never been there before, I supposed it would be an easy matter to ride my bicycle straight to the lake shore. The attraction of this particular lake arose from the statement of the "Catalogue of Canadian Birds" that a number of pairs of Great Black-backed Gulls nested annually on boulders rising above the

surface of Methol's Lake, Kings County, Nova Scotia. I was much interested in these birds and wished to visit the lake during their nesting season to observe them.

A passing farmer pointed out to me the road I sought and said that there were no houses on it but one, which was in plain view near us. I thanked him and had started on when he called after me, "Were you ever in there before?"

"Oh, no," I replied, with careless confidence, "but I guess I can find the way alright." Later I recalled with distinctness and comprehension the humorous, puzzled expression with which, after my remark, he watched me ride away on my bicycle.

Before I entered the woods the road became so rough that I had to dismount and walk beside my wheel and in a few minutes more I was in a typical Nova Scotian wilderness. The country was rocky and nearly flat, with swampy brooks here and there. It had been logged rather severely, but was, nevertheless, thickly wooded; young second-growth conifers mingling with great hardwood trees of the primeval forest. Ravens soared overhead with dismal croaks and my attention was called to some sapsuckers by their wailing cry, but no true bird-song was to be heard.

I soon found that my map was a poor guide. It showed an unbranched road, whereas this road seemed to fork at every turn. Which way should I take? There was little to tell me. In each case I tried to take the most travelled branch, but often there was no observable difference of this sort between branches. When I found that, because of the rough road, I could not hope to ride my bicycle any more, I left it in the bushes by the way until my return.

On and on I went. At one o'clock I stopped for lunch, dipping my crusts of bread in a little brook to moisten them before I attempted to chew them. I felt sure by this time that I was on the wrong road and had passed the lake. However, I determined to press on until the road ended. About this time it began to snow quite heavily, thus adding to the joy of the occasion.

Not much farther on, the road began to fade quietly away, in a fashion common to logging roads. Suddenly a short, sharp bark sounded ahead, and I looked up, started. Rising among the trees to a height of some twenty-five feet was an irregular mound of great granite blocks, loosely piled, and bearing one or two stunted trees. Near its base, on the horizontal surface of one of the blocks,

about thirty feet away, were five little red foxes! They were all at "attention," watching me sharply, but, reassured by my stillness, they soon turned again to their gambols with one another and with rabbits' feet and grouse's wings, which were strewn about them. After watching their play for some time, I advanced and sat by the mouth of the cavern among the rocks which was their home. They scampered within at my closer approach, and, though they peeked out at me, they would not leave this retreat while I was so near.

After a while I climbed the mound in hope of securing a general view of the country. I found that the nearby trees prevented my seeing any more than I could see when lower down, and I was about to descend, when before me I beheld a porcupine! He was in one of the stunted trees, so that, as I stood on the topmost rock of the pile, his little, black face was on a level with mine and only about three feet away. I had never seen one of these queer-looking animals before, and as we faced one another, I watched with much interest while he raised and lowered his long, white quills. With a stick I scratched some of these quills from the frightened animal's back, and then picked them up from the ground and carried them away as souvenirs.

Hardly had I descended from the rock-pile when up from between my feet with a whir-r-r went a grouse, and, when I stooped and lifted a long spray of ground hemlock, I saw a feathery nest, with nine brown eggs. Then when a winter wren in a nearby thicket began its wonderful song, I thought that truly the wilderness was showing me many of its secrets that day.

But the road had ended and I knew I must hurry back if I would reach Wolfville before the storm should break, so I turned away. As it happened, I was drenched with rain before that return journey was half over, but that could not lessen my joy in what I had seen. How, in company with one of Acadia's professors, I tried to reach Methol's Lake, and failed, and how I succeeded in my third attempt are other stories which must be left to another time.

H. F. LEWIS, '17.

Looking Up.

WE bear our wandering footsteps
O'er the broad and fertile plain,
Turn aside to gentle waters
And the rivers calm refrain;
Viewing not the rugged grandeur
Of the mountains in their might,
Nor the swirling, rushing torrent
Bounding down the mountain height.

So in life's calm, even pathway
Is no struggle hard and long.
But the day is uneventful
And the even, quiet song,
Sorrow touches not its finger
To the soul in quietude,
Nor does joy bring all its gladness
To the realms with peace endowed.

Let us view the mountains round us,
See the peaks so dark and drear,
Let us feel their pride and greatness
Rob our hearts of love and cheer,
Then we'll understand the sadness
Of the hearts and souls today
Who in life's great mountain vastness
Miss the sunshine's gleaming ray.

But the light is on the mountain
When the heights have all been scaled
There we find the bubbling fountain
Of the torrent rushing wild,
There the pain and joy go deeper,
Deeper in the hearts of men,
Where the crags light up with golden
And the fountain clear is seen.

Peace and love have fallen to us,
Years have passed in quiet on,
Till we thought 'twas all a river
And the valley bright with song,
But the great Titanic struggle
Calls us from our sweet repose,
Fills our hearts with higher vision,
Brings the mountain to our souls.

Can we catch the gleam above us?
Can we see beyond the pall?
Can we now endure the sadness?
O, the sadness of it all;
Then reach up to greater gladness,
To the rugged mountain's height,
There to catch the gleam of sunshine,
Shattering darkness with its light.

I. B. ROUSE, '17.

My Most Thrilling Experience.

RUM BROOK crosses the road about midway between the villages of Tusket and Pleasant Lake, some eight miles to the east or Yarmouth, in Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia. At this particular spot the road takes a considerable bend and runs along for some distance between a high bank on the one side and a dense wood on the other. The thing of special interest concerning the brook is neither its name nor its location, but the fact that, in the fall of 1910, it marked the place of my most thrilling experience.

The evening of the event was a typically Nova Scotian one; the air was balmy, and a soft breeze chased the fleecy clouds across the horizon, sometimes almost obscuring the silvery face of the moon from my sight.

My little mare was making good time, trotting along at about a five minute gait. Everything was going well and the time at my disposal was sufficient to land me at the church in time to start the prayer-meeting at the usual hour.

When I reached the place where the brook crossed the road I saw, to my surprise and utter astonishment, a peculiar looking man emerge from the thicket some twenty yards ahead. His strange appearance meandering walk, in my direction, aroused my suspicion and led me to scrutinize him as carefully as the light and distance would allow. The first thought that flashed through my mind was in the form of a question, who can it be? What are his intentions? As I observed in his hand a revolver, the first answer my already perplexed brain could suggest was, Oh, it is just someone come out from the village dressed up and primed for the occasion to test my metal and crack a joke on the pastor. But I was soon rudely shaken from my all too premature conclusions. A hand grasped the reins, my horse was brought to a standstill, and a revolver was focussed upon my body. My worst fears were realized at last, I was to experience some of the sensations I had read of others passing through under similar circumstances. I was really held up.

The sensations of that hour defy description; suffice it to say that the ordeal was almost too great for my weak nerves. My blood seemed to chill, my hair to stand on end, cold shivers ran up my back, and I shook like an aspen leaf. It was not so much the thought of death that troubled me as the thought of a life cut off so incomplete.

The identification of the would-be robber was not a difficult matter. By his speech, general appearance and build, I concluded and rightly too, that he must be an Italian.

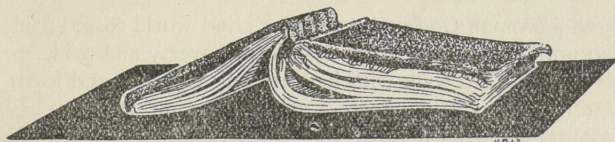
"Money, money," were the only words he uttered as he maintained his aim and closely watched my every move. What was I to do? Silver or gold, or even copper, had I none. That very day I had been to town and spent my last cent. My line of action had to be decided upon and that immediately. But before I had completed the ransacking of my brain for a solution of the problem, "money, money," again fell from the lips of my threatening assailant. The easiest way out of this predicament is the best thought I, and suiting the action to the thought, up went my hands, while at the same time I gave him a pressing invitation to prove the truthfulness of my already asserted claim that I didn't have a penny. He seemed neither willing to accept my assertion as truth, or the invitation to inspect my person. He stood perfectly still, and with a, if possible, more defiant look and attitude growled out "money,

money." I expostulated, I pleaded with and explained to him my profession and financial position, but all to no purpose. He either did not understand, or was afraid to trust himself too near his trembling victim, for he still kept on "money, money."

In my dilemma I quietly got out of my buggy hoping thereby to convince my assailant, by a demonstration, that I had neither money nor any intention to do him bodily harm. He, evidently mistaking my intentions, immediately sprang back and took up a more strategic position for self-defense. I tried to recall what others had done under similar circumstances, that their experience might be of service by prompting a definite line of action, but all in vain, memory failed me.

By this time I was in such a condition of exhaustion, through fright and mental strain, that I appeared to act in a purely mechanical way. Turning my pockets inside out, and, at the same time, shaking my head and exclaiming, "me no money," "me no money," proved to be the best move of the evening. He lowered his pistol and, as he did so, expressed his disappointment with an unintelligible grunt, then made off.

F. H. BONE, '15.



The Road To Tartary.

*O Arab! much I fear thou at Mecca's shrine wilt never be,
For the road that thou art going is the road to Tartary.*—SADI.

I left the dusty, travelled road, the proper people tread—
Like solemn sheep they troop along, Tradition at their head;
I went by meadow, stream and wood; I wandered at my will;
And in my wayward ears a cry of warning echoed still:
"Beware! beware!"—an old refrain they shouted after me—
"The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary."

I clambered over dawn-lit hills—the dew was on my feet;
I crossed the sullen path at night in wind and rain and sleet;
I followed trains of errant thought through heaven and earth and
hell,

And thence I seemed to hear again that unctuous farewell,
For there I dreamed the little fiends were pointing all at me:
"The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary."

From all the pious wrangling sects I set my spirit free:
I own no creed but God and Love and Immortality.
Their dogmas and their disciplines are dust and smoke and cloud;
They cannot see my sunlit way; and still they cry aloud,
From church, conventicle and street, that warning old to me:
"The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary."

I found a woman God had made, the blind world tossed aside—
It had not dreamed the greatness hid in poverty and pride.
I left the world to walk with her and talk with her and learn
The secret things of happiness—and will I now return
To that blind, prudish world that shrugs and lifts its brows at me:
"The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary."

Nay, we will go together, Love—we two to greet the sun.
There are more roads than one to heaven, perhaps more heavens
than one,

Here on the lonely heights we see things hid from those who tread
Like sheep the dusty, trodden way, Tradition at their head.
We sense the common goal of all—in Mecca we shall be,
Though the road that we are going seem the road to Tartary.

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER.

Bound Over To Keep The Peace.

EVERYONE in Brockton said that Jake Hadley was "certainly a tough customer." Jake made it a point to constantly carry a knife, with which weapon, twelve years ago, he stabbed and nearly killed Jed Lake. Which was the worse of the two, no one knows, but at least Jed was the stabbed and Jake the stabber. Jake was sentenced to ten years hard labor in Dorchester Penitentiary, and for a time the people of Brockton had peace. Jake's family got on splendidly without him, his eldest son carried the knife in his father's place, and all went well. But one day Jake's wife grew lonesome and started around the country with a petition. The kind neighbors signed the petition, the equally kind government granted Jake a reprieve, bound him over to keep the peace, and sent him back home to abuse his family as in days of yore.

Needless to say, Jake treated his family very badly. Near neighbors occasionally saw him chasing his oldest boy with a large slab, while the younger children peeked fearfully around the corner of the tumble-down house. I remember the first visit I paid to the Hadley home. I was teaching in Brockton, and wanted to become acquainted with the parents of all the pupils in the school. Mrs. Hadley, who had no palate, was complaining of the stupidity of her children. "It is so hard to get my children to learn, but see this stick, I take that and learn them their lessons every night. Now, that Hennie, I have to learn him all the time with that stick." As is usual in such cases, woe betide the teacher who had occasion to correct that same Hennie.

There was a certain lawless element in the Brockton school that demanded tact, to say the least. Jake Hadley's children always got a good share of teasing, especially at the noon recess when the teachers, being human and needing sustenance, had gone home to dinner. After several complaints from the Hadley children, I told them to stay at home, if need be, until after the school had opened, and if they came before and were teased I should have to punish them as well as their tormentors. Jake, on hearing this, openly informed his family that "he wasn't bringing up his children to be late for school," and the next day drove them off nearly half an hour too soon. When I arrived on the scene, I found Hennie, aged seven, surrounded by a group of children. Because I believed in

keeping my promises, I had to dispose of Hennie, but I certainly did not want to punish him for doing what his father had forced him to do. Accordingly, I poked him under my high, old-fashioned desk for the few minutes before school began. Now, all my former experience in keeping refractory pupils under a desk went to show that they always stayed there, but this day the unexpected happened. I turned around from the blackboard just in time to see Hennie, aged seven, running home to his father, followed by Charlie, aged twelve; Mary, aged ten; Johnnie, aged nine, and Gilly, aged six. Since I was not particularly anxious to go home after them, and as it was time to open school, I decided to let my plan of action simmer for a while.

Not so Jake. I had just finished calling the roll when Bertie, in the back row, suddenly raised her hand. "Please, we're going to have company." Sure enough. In less than ten seconds, a terrific knock sounded on the battered door. I had not time to be frightened. The children were very quiet as I walked to the door. "Oh, how do you do, Mr. Hadley?" And I was confronting the angriest human being I had ever seen. Behind him were his offspring, enjoying the situation, while behind me were thirty staring, quiet children. "You dare to threaten to whip my child," he was shouting, with all the force of his lungs, throat and diaphragm, "the likes of you. I'll knock you—". "Mr. Hadley" (I flatter myself that I upheld the dignity of my profession) "I can't listen to this. Good afternoon." But Mr. Hadley was not to be so calmly sent about his business. He advanced toward me with waving fists, and I very naturally stepped back to the middle of the room, while all the while I kept my eyes fixed on his wicked, angry face. Why I was not afraid I shall probably never understand, but the humor of the situation rather appealed to me, and I felt that he would not dare touch me. Standing directly in front of me, and not two feet away, he shook his fist within six inches of my face, still yelling, "You school teachers all pick on my children, because they're poor. I pay my taxes and my children have a right to go to school. I'll smash your nose in. I'm a bad man, Miss Lawson, and if you dare touch one of my children, I'll kill you! I'll kill you, if I have to go to the gallows for it." The rest of the language is indescribable. I managed to get to my desk for my Bible and read the third commandment to the man who was so uproariously threatening to kill me, or,

what was worse, to smash my nose in. However, moral suasion had no effect upon Jake. After he had exhausted his lung power and his expletives, he walked out of my room and into the next without knocking, where, in a calm voice, he informed the primary teacher that he was a reasonable man. Thereupon he ordered his children to "everyone take all your books and come home."

After thus disturbing the school, frightening some of the children, so that for weeks they walked a mile out of their way to avoid passing his house, and breaking the peace to which he was "bound over," he went home unmolested. No one said a word to him about the event until some months after the excitement had died away, but to this day Mrs. Hadley tells "That Miss Lawson is a cruel woman. Why, she put my little Hennie down and kicked him in the ribs."

E. BESSIE LOCKHART, '16.

Hiram Lodd Spencer.

Hiram Lodd Spencer was born on April 28th, 1829, at Castleton, Vt., and received his early education in the public schools of that town. He later entered commercial life and travelled through the Southern States and Maritime Provinces. Meanwhile he was a contributor to the *Knickerbocker* and *Graham* magazines, and when he settled in St. John, in 1863, he was appointed editor of the *Maritime Monthly*. He also contributed articles, both in poetry and prose to the St. John daily newspapers until 1907, when he retired to Whitehead, Kings Co., N. B., to conduct a small store. He collected several of his poems and published them in a volume to which he has given the title "The Fugitives." 1910 Spencer returned to St. John, where he remained until his death, October 13th, 1915.

Spencer was physically weak from boyhood and claimed to have chosen a literary life because he could not endure the hardship of manual labor. His memories of boyhood experiences furnished material for much of his most cheerful poetry.

"My thoughts go gipsying away
Across the vapor crowded bay,
Across the fields so bleak and brown,
To the pleasant streets of Edentown."

Though of American birth, Spencer became a true Canadian poet, singing the joys and sorrows; painting the skies, the hills, the dales, the streams, and feeling for fifty-two years the strong heart-throb of the country of his adoption. He has written several verses in honor of the Land of the Maple Leaf.

“Fair land of mountain, lake and stream,
Of forests green through all the year,
Of valleys that Arcadian seem,
Of homes that love and plenty cheer.

And doubly blest is he who here
Contented lives, contented dies.”

A reader of Spencer's poems is impressed by the melancholy and sadness which tinge so many of his compositions. In many ways his life was saddened, but chiefly by separation from his wife and daughter. As he sits by the open fireplace there appear in fancy

“The form of one departed with the years,
The buried years of hope and faith and light.”

He muses:

“Oh! that those lips had language, would they tell
The old, old story of the bygone days,
Ere on our hearts the blighting shadows fell,
And we henceforward followed parted ways.”

He loved little children and speaks of the joy brought into his life by some little friend,—perhaps his own daughter. As the windows rattle in the cold November night, when the fire burns low, and the tread of passing feet but intensifies his grief, and pain, and care:

“But list! through the hall a fairy flies,
'Tis my little girl with the tender eyes.”

He bewails lost children in a poem of this name, and in his loneliness exclaims:

“Come back, if only in dreams come back,
Once more come back to me.”

Spencer was a lover of nature and a sincere painter. He walks by the gray and solemn sea shore and hears the voice of the sea, as it complains of its narrow bounds, “and wastes its force against the rocks that its assaults deride.” Brown fields, leaden

skies and chilly breeze but caused to flame afresh the fire within that poet breast, and he sang the passing of mortal things, but also the confidence that "the soul will find surcease of sorrow in that land, that lies beyond the sea." Voiceless lips and darkened eyes and pulseless hearts lie under the snow all winter, but "a spring is coming to melt the snow." Standing on the cliffs of Grand Manan he saw that man was a drop in an ocean vast, for to these cliffs,

"An age is but as a single page
In the book of centuries."

He considered his early years the most happy. Even as flowers blossom, only to be killed by early frost, so much of life is

" A weary journey down
An unknown path with many pitfalls stroun
In which companions of the morning fall
Ere noontide "

Some criticism of the sadness of his poems seems to have reached him, for in one of his sonnets he says:

"They err who say that I am always sad

But somehow we forget the joy, while sorrows cling,
And through the years we writhe beneath the sting."

His later years would have been extremely lonely, had it not been for kind friends in St. John. He appreciated all such attention:

"Not till the tide to the Acre of God
Shall cease its constant flow
Shall I forget how you sorrowed
With my sorrow long ago."

He looked forward eagerly to the time when he should pass beyond the Sunset Gates, where every grief would be assuaged.

"Beyond the Sunset lies a land, where never
May age, infirmity or grief be known;
Where time flows on as flows a peaceful river—
Where friend meets friend, and never feels alone."
"Beyond the Sunset! through whose misty portals
We sometimes think at eventide that we
Catch loving glances from the bright immortals
Who beckon to us o'er the Sunset Sea."

And, in the fading year he passed to the "City of Sleep" on the hill, where the sleepers reck not of strife, and weary with struggle and ill have fallen by the wayside. He died, surrounded by those faithful friends to whom he had penned the lines:

"Clasp my hand closer, then we'll go to rest
Beneath the leaves our feet so oft have pressed."

Spencer has not yet become famous, even in the Province of his adoption. He sowed the seed in a soil and during a season not propitious. Let us remember that the flower wastes its sweetness only in the *desert* air. For those minds in sympathy and those hearts atune Spencer played with a bold hand, and those songs of joy or remorse, of love or pain, of success or failure, but show this true poet's interpretation of life in winning pathos and verbal melody.

E. D. MACPHEE, '18.
*This is Epile McPhee who
used to be in Millstream
On the Washademoak.*

WE had waited at Lower Jemseg until the "May Queen" came, so that the afternoon was well advanced when we reached the mouth of the Jemseg. There, instead of going on to the main river, we turned down Lawson River, a narrow channel between an island and the mainland. A short paddle brought us to Colwell's Creek which is one outlet of Washademoak Lake. When we came in full view of the lake the sun was just setting and the water mirrored a lovely sky of crimson and gold. We crossed the lake and found a good camping spot on the upper side of Belyea's Cove. Then we had to hurry, for twilight was fast deepening into night. Two of us set off on a foraging expedition, while the rest unpacked the canoes, pitched the tents, and got supper. It was dark when we at last made our way back with milk, eggs, and the promise of chicken and potatoes for the next day.

Next morning we decided to leave our tents and, taking only the provisions for dinner, to explore the rest of the Lake. We had dinner at the Narrows, wandered around the village, and embarked just as the clouds were gathering in an ominous manner. We had gone but a short distance when the drops came. In spite of one or two loud peals of thunder we thought it best to hurry on and not let night overtake us in some lonely spot.


We made good time that day, you may be sure. The rest had umbrellas and plenty of coats, but it was impossible for those paddling to try to keep dry. There was not much danger of catching cold, however, on that strenuous job. Twice a bolt struck the water near the foot of the lake. The rugged hills—they are like no others, those Washademoak hills—were only dimly visible through the rain and mist.

It stopped raining in the evening and the coats were spread out on the bushes near the fire to dry. But in the night we were wakened by the patter-patter of the drops on the canvas. The wind had risen and loosed a corner of the tent. Consequently we had to get up and pull our beds in to the middle of the tent. We were camped at the foot of a hill and kept dreading the appearance of a sudden brook at any moment. In the morning when we surveyed conditions our hearts sank. Half our coats and bedding were wet; the tents were soaked and already beginning to show signs of leaking; the clouds looked good for a three days' rain. A council was held in the largest tent before breakfast, and it was decided that the best plan was to get the boat at Belyea's Cove wharf. Now the boat was due in an hour and the wharf was across the cove, nearly a mile away. The fury of the winds had not abated in the least and the waves were piled up threateningly.

Such a scramble! Breakfast was rather slightly treated and one canoe was dispatched immediately with a load of bags and boxes and two of us to delay the boat if necessary. It was an exciting trip across to the wharf, for every wave would swamp the canoe if she was turned the slightest degree.

At the camp they were struggling wildly to get the tents down and everything packed. The wet bedding would not roll up and personal effects were scattered everywhere. The wind mocked at all efforts to fold the tents and flies. The loading of the canoes was well nigh impossible for the surf. The boat blew for the wharf across the lake, but we could not see her as yet. There was no help for it, the two fourteen-year-old boys had to bring one canoe. Their mothers gasped, but remonstrance was worse than useless.

Meanwhile on the wharf we were waiting anxiously. The boat came in and we rushed down from the shed where we had gone for shelter, ready to hold the captain up if necessary. Take



us he must if he had to wait an hour. While we were trying to impress him with the fact that it meant thirteen passengers, the first canoe arrived. The others soon followed and the half-drowned members of the party came running up, dragging bags of bedding and tent poles. The last canoe had been almost overwhelmed by a huge wave just as they were negotiating a landing. At the last minute we discovered the pile of things brought over in the first canoe and almost forgotten.

They still talk of our ignominious retreat—not only in the Washademoak country, but even up and down the river they have heard of it.

—ESTHER I. CLARKE.

1916.

Another year before us lies,
 Another lies behind;
 What can we do this year of strife?
 What self-denial find?

In many lands the world around
 The hungry are not fed;
 Shall we have plenty and not spare
 At least a crust of bread?

Homeless and coatless millions now
 Huddle and shake with cold;
 Shall we not aid these stricken ones
 With garments or with gold?

In trenches muddy, wet, and chill
 Our men uphold the right;
 Are there not those among us yet
 Who should go forth to fight?

By steel, by lead, by fiendish gas
 Great heroes daily die;
 Their lives they gladly give; ought we
 From any death to fly?

A task is set for each of us,
 None else so well can do;
 Then up and do it this new year;
 To duty let's be true!

—H. F. LEWIS, '17.

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The Spies.

“**W**HAT a crowd around the wharf! Let’s go over and see what is going on.” Lila and I hurried along as fast as we could. A motor boat had just landed, and all the visitors in Hall’s Harbor seemed to be pressing around those who had disembarked.

As we reached the edge of the crowd we could hear the man who had landed say: “I’m sure they were. I could tell by the look of them. Why, I don’t believe they could speak English, anyway. We shouted at them and only one man answered, the other two didn’t say a word, and so that shows that they couldn’t speak English or else they would have answered.”

“What in the world is he talking about?” asked Lila.

“Search me.”

“Oh!” volunteered a girl who was standing near us, “he’s telling about the German spies. Haven’t you heard about them?”

“No, what spies?”

It was toward the end of August, 1914, when everyone was terrorized by the Germans.

“Well,” the girl went on to say, “when they saw a strange motor boat going up the bay this afternoon, Mr. Horton, the harbor master, was suspicious, and he put off to see who they were. That is Mr. Horton’s boat that has just come in and he is telling what he saw.”

Mr. Horton had finished his story and everyone was talking at once. “He says they had a notebook out and were making plans of the harbor. Likely they intend to send in a warship and blow us all up.”

“Yes, and they’ve gone up to Baxter’s Harbor, and they’ll go on to Scott’s Bay and get drawings of all the places and destroy them all together.”

“What makes you so sure that they are Germans?” Lila asked.

She was regarded by those near her with keen disapproval. “Why, they had a foreign look and only one of them could speak English, one was taking notes all the time.”

“Didn’t you hear the name on the boat. It was A-c-h-o-n. That’s a German name, for the minister said that “ch” was German.”

"There's Mr. Horton on his way to the hotel. He's going to telephone to Kentville about the spies," observed a boy who had stopped his diving in order to hear what the excitement was about.

"Them spies ought to be captured," said one of the fishermen. "'Taint right to have 'em goin' round that way."

"Well," said Billy Kelley, who owned a motor boat, "if they go up to Baxter's or Scott's Bay they won't come down here tonight 'count of the tide, "and I'll be up after them by four o'clock to-morrow morning."

Lila and I gazed in admiration at the man who would get up at four o'clock, when he didn't have to, for the sake of his country.

"Wouldn't it be a lark to go with him," said Lila.

"Rather; do you suppose he would take us?" I questioned.

"We can ask him, at least."

We did and Billy was perfectly willing; the only stipulation was that we should be on time.

Consequently the next morning saw us rise at three-fifteen and start off in the dark, wearing our thick coats and carrying a big bag of lunch.

When we reached the wharf we saw no one there and we were afraid that they had gone. But since Billy's motor boat was still there we settled down to wait. How strange and deserted the wharf seemed in the darkness of the morning. Where at any hour in the day loitered a group of summer idlers or stood a few gossiping fishermen, it was now still, silent, and empty. We watched and waited. Nobody was stirring. The greyness began to fade into daylight and still no one came. At last about six o'clock Terry, the Indian, who ran Mr. Horton's boat, appeared. We urged him to go and wake the patriotic Billy. Soon another fisherman, Jack Lawson, arrived. Terry came back at length with the sleepy man. "Them Germans won't be away yet; we'll be after 'em in a few minutes," he was still undaunted. "Crawl into the boat here now."

Billy fussed away at the engine but the boat did not start. "There's something the matter with this spark plug; we can't take this boat." Billy tried another boat, the carburetor was flooded. "Guess we'll have to let them Germans go this time," Billy seemed relieved.

Urged on by Lila and me, Terry went up to Mr. Horton's and got permission to use his boat. Jack Lawson came with us to steer and off we started about half-past six.

Puffing along eastward we felt the fresh beauty of the summer morning and the joyousness of the open sea.

We reached Baxter's Harbor by seven, inquired if they had seen a strange boat there. They had seen one; but it hadn't stopped. We went on down to Black Hole. No Germans there. Our enthusiasm began to wane, and thinking that we had gone far enough we turned towards home.

"There's the boat!"

"Where?"

"See it's going in to Baxter's Harbor."

Putting on all the speed we could we followed it, only to find when we reached there that it was a boat from Spencer's Island.

We got back to Hall's Harbor at half-past eight. By that time the summer resorters were up and a goodly company came down to the water's edge to meet us.

"We couldn't get anybody else to go, and so we had to take these girls with us," said Terry.

"Did you find any Germans?" queried those on the shore.

Those people could have talked to you intelligently about any phase of the war after they had read their daily papers; but here they were without props and they were credulous.

"Find any Germans," echoed Tony, "I should say we did, a whole boat load of them, and all armed."

Terry was an Indian and could lie stoically, and the people were away from home; that is why they believed him. Lila and I hurried through the crowd to avoid questions, but since we couldn't let those people remain deceived we had to tell them that we had seen nothing.

That afternoon when we were idling around the wharf a carriage from Kentville arrived bringing six or seven men carrying rifles. They immediately ordered two motor boats to take them up the Bay.

"It looks awfully black over there, I should think they would be afraid to go," I said.

"It's their duty," rebuked a girl near me.

In about ten minutes it began to rain. Everybody rushed to the store for shelter. Soon one of the military men came in to get some oilskins.

"What a shame," I murmured, "to put those beautifully creased white trousers into oilskins."

By that time the storm had increased. It was not only raining, it was pouring torrents. Chug! chug! the first boat was off. The rain kept beating down faster and harder.

"I don't see why they can't wait till the storm is over," Lila said. The officer, picking up his rifle, strode off into the deluge and the other boat set out.

We heard nothing from them that night, but the next morning I heard Lila talking to someone outdoors. "Yes, the other voice was saying, 'the boats got back late last night.'"

"And did they capture the spies?"

"Oh, no, they found them, but they were only some Frenchmen from Digby who are cruising around the bay on a geology trip."

—LILLIAN CHASE, '16.

Rivers and Lakes.

TO the literal-minded person, a river is a body of water which flows between two banks, and a lake is a river whose banks have been stretched farther apart by some whim of Nature. Dr. Cabot in his much-talked-of book, "What Men Live By," quotes this passage: "If we survey man with the cold and fishy eye of science we cannot overlook the ludicrous and damning fact that he has two legs. To see him waddling over the ground between these points of support is almost more than we could bear with equanimity, were it not for the fact that we view him with a gaze tempered by affection, good nature, and faith." There is no doubt of "the ludicrous and damning fact" that rivers and lakes are large bodies of water and that they have banks. But is that the whole truth? Do certain combinations of physical phenomena make man? Assuredly we must answer that there exists man's soul, his spirit, that mysterious something, that differentiating quality which makes each man himself and himself alone.

Is there not an indefinable something about rivers and lakes? There are mere physical differences, of course, but are these all? How are you going to find out whether this spirit of a river or lake exists?

In the first place you must know something of its history, of the people who first dwelt on its banks and fished in its waters, whence they came and why, what gods they worshipped, why they fought and died. You cannot appreciate to the full the Grand Falls of the St. John River unless you have heard the legend of the brave Maliseet women who were forced to guide their enemies' canoes to their own tribe's encampment. Undaunted they paddled along, nearer and nearer the falls. Too late the enemy heard the roar of the cataract. They were caught in the irresistible current and carried on to destruction along with their guides.

In the second place you must know what other rivers and lakes are connected with the one you are studying. A river or lake is not itself alone but all the waters connected with it. Whence comes it? Whither goes it? What other streams mingle with it? Your understanding of it will increase when you have traced its course past the large city or small town, through peaceful intervals, between rugged tree-crowned slopes, and perhaps—should fortune so favor you—to a little spring bubbling out of the ground. You search out the stories of the lives of men, why not of rivers and lakes! True, it may be a more uncommon task but will it be any the less profitable for that?

When you are writing the biography of an English poet, you visit his birthplace, the school he attended in boyhood, his university, his places of residence; you search out his relatives, his friends, the various influences that surround him. Come now to your river or lake. Do not make a hurried dash beside it in a train with your face pressed against the window pane. Drive along if you will, but better still launch your canoe upon it; pitch your tent along the shore at night; swim up the path of the moonlight; explore the countryside; gather the wood left from the freshet season and fry your fish in the morning. Then when you must leave your canoe, take your hunter's pack and press steadily on. Some day the joy of discovery will be yours; you will reach the source.

In the third place you must know it at all seasons, in all moods, —in spring when the meadows are flooded and the willows reach

out their long fingers and touch it lovingly; in summer when it draws the weary city dweller and gives him new zest for life; in autumn when the golden harvest moon breaks across its waters; in winter when Mother Nature locks it beneath a white covering; or when it sullenly glides between snow-covered banks, or angry winds rouse it; when the waves dance in glee or the soft glow of the sunset illumines it.

You have heard its history, you have followed it, you have watched it. Will you dare affirm that rivers and lakes have no souls?

E. J. CLARK, '16.

A Day on the Deep.

FATHER and Tom had been promising themselves for months that some day they would take a holiday from farm work and try their luck at deep-sea fishing. It had been years since father had taken such a trip, while to Tom it was all a new experience. The night I returned from college for a few weeks vacation father said, "Well, boy, we have been planning on a fishing trip and we want you and Carl (a college chum who had come home with me) to go with us on the trip of your lives. Personally I was not too anxious to go, for well did I know from experience the agony which a novice endures upon the water when he finds that his stomach cannot properly hold the breakfast which has been entrusted to it. However, after much urging they finally convinced me that I would enjoy the trip and we made our preparations for a day of pleasure.

Upon the afternoon following my return home we set out, a jolly party of four, upon a coasting steamer, for an island in the midst of good fishing waters. We landed about dark, and spent the night with an old fisherman who was an acquaintance of mine. At four the next morning we were awakened by the puffing of the engines in the different gasoline boats as the fishermen were getting an early start to the nets for bait. We hurried into our clothes, ate a hasty lunch, which, by the way, some of us later in the day lost with less pleasure than we had eaten it, and after donning our oilskins, we scrambled into a motor boat and set out for the fishing grounds, which we reached after an hour's spin. Never will we

forget that early morning sail at just about sunrise, with the beautiful islands dotting the sea, the gulls flitting above the waves, and all as calm and quiet as the sea alone can be on rare occasions.

Excitement began to rise as we stopped the motor and began to prepare our lines, which we baited with mackerel and all threw in together. My line had hardly reached bottom before I felt a nibble, and soon I was hauling a lively fish to the top. Father hooked another before I could get my line back to the water. How high were our hopes at such a good beginning. But alas, although I had caught the first fish, I was doomed to an hour of disappointment. While the others continued to haul in their fish, I could not get even a bite. But after an hour of wearying toil I felt a pull which nearly landed me in the ocean. "A halibut, a halibut!" I cried, and began to pull in. All were eager to see me land it, and wished to help, although I was determined to land it alone. How hard it pulled, and before it came to the top I had raised a good blister on one hand. But still I was living in high hopes when suddenly I got the fish to the top, and we discovered that all our excitement had been caused by a dogfish on each hook. (We were fishing with double hooks.) Great was the teasing which I endured for a time, while the bluff old fishermen still joke about my halibut whenever they see me.

By this time father had eleven fish, while Carl and Tom each had seven. Could I even catch up. My luck had turned, however, and soon I felt another bite. Again I tugged, although the blister tortured me. This time I had hooked an enormous codfish, which, in my excitement, I tried to lift over the side of the boat without the aid of a gaft, when suddenly my line parted, and away went the fish, with hook and lead, and about six feet of line. I wonder if he still carries it in his jaws. I was still low-line, but determined to catch up some how. But the fates were against me, for by this time my breakfast was beginning to trouble me greatly, although I could not seem to get rid of it. This part did not worry me long, for soon I was wondering if I could manage to retain anything whatever in those regions. Every heave of the sea made me worse, but after an hour spent in the bottom of the boat I felt better, and determined to increase my number of fish. Somewhat feebly I managed to get my lead to bottom, but when the fish began to bite I forgot my seasickness, and was enjoying the trip to the utmost.

Luck now came my way, for while the others were endeavoring to land a few fish, they seemed to prefer my hook, and soon I had as many fish as father. Then began the excitement in earnest, for it was nearing night time, the bait was almost gone, while both had the same number of fish. Each was, of course, anxious to be high line when we should stop fishing. I had just landed my twelfth fish when father caught his twelfth one. And so it continued. Sometimes he would be one ahead and sometimes I would lead, while the others were out of it entirely, since all were eagerly watching us, even the boats about us joining in the excitement, as two land lubbers were racing neck and neck for high-line. We both had twenty fish when we put on the last piece of bait. It was an exciting moment, for if only some fish would steal father's bait, I, who had been teased all day, might be still high-line. Suddenly I felt a bite. "I've got you, father," I yelled, but just then he too began to pull. We could hardly control our excitement as breathlessly we pulled in fathom after fathom of wet and slippery line. Even seasickness and blisters were forgotten in our suspense. Imagine our surprise when the lines slackened, and we found that each had hooked the same fish. We both claimed it, and a shriek of laughter was heard by all the neighboring boats. We spent some minutes in untangling the lines, each holding fast to his own, until it was discovered that my hook was in the mouth, while father's lead had fouled my line, and caught his hook in the fishes eye. Our bait was gone, so we reeled up our lines and started the engine. On the way in we cleaned our catch, and found that altogether we had succeeded in catching sixty-four fish of various kinds and sizes.

We arrived at the wharf about sundown, and were surprised to see many of the fishermen at the shore. They had expected to have a good laugh at our expense, thinking that we were green-horns and would return empty handed. But we did all the laughing which was necessary for the crowd. We crawled in early that night, well satisfied with our day's outing, and fully determined to repeat the trip many times in years to come.

HERMAN L. PORTER, '17.

A Canadian Twilight.

Peace . . . peace . . . the peace of dusky shores
And tremulous waters where dark shadows lie;
The stillness of low sounds—the ripple's urge
Along the keel, the distant thrush's call,
The drip of oars; the calm of dew-filled air;
The peace of after-glow; the golden peace
Of the moon's finger laid across the flood.

Yet, ah! how few brief flitting moments since
That same still finger lay at Langemark,
And touched the silent dead, and wanly moved
Across the murky fields and battle-lines
Where late my country's bravest kept their faith.

O heavenly beauty of our northern wild,
I held it once the perfect death to die
In such a scene, in such an hour, and pass
From glory unto glory—Time, perhaps,
May yet retrieve that vision—Oh! but now,
These quiet hills oppress me: I am hedged
As in that selfish Eden of the dawn
(Wherein man fell to rise); and I have sucked
The bitter fruit of knowledge, and am robbed
Of my rose-decked contentment, when I hear,
Tho' far, the clash of arms, the shouts, the groans—
A world in torment dying to be saved.

Oh God! the blood of Outram in these veins
Cries shame upon the doom that dams it here
In useless impotence, while the red torrent runs
In glorious spate for Liberty and Right!
Oh, to have died that day at Langemark!
In one fierce moment to have paid it all—
The debt of life to Earth, and Hell, and Heaven!
To have perished nobly in a noble cause!
Untarnished, unpolluted, undismayed,
By the dark world's corruption, to have passed,

A flaming beacon-light to gods and men!
For in the years to come it shall be told
How these laid down their lives, not for *their* homes,
Their orchards, fields, and cities. They were driven
To slaughter by no tyrant's lust for power.
Of their free manhood's choice they crossed the sea
To save a stricken people from the foe:
They died for Justice—Justice owes them this:
“That what they died for be not overthrown.”

Peace . . . peace . . . not thus may I find peace:
Like a caged leopard chafing at its bars
In ineffectual movement, this clogged spirit
Must pad its life out, an unwilling drone,
In safety and in comfort; at the best,
Achieving patience in the god's despite,
And at the worst—somehow the debt is paid.

A Passing Incident.

ONE clear, cool night in late July, I sat on a doorstep listening to the music of the Citizens' Band. At my feet lay the paved street, stretching far to the east where the stores of the town gradually closed in on it, and to the west where a big hill rose up to meet it and the very sky seemed to come down and touch it. Directly opposite was the beautiful Victoria Square, with its dark green lawns and graceful ornamental trees, which formed a picturesque background for the bandsmen in their white suits.

Everywhere there were people. Farthest away, beyond the band, I could see children frolicing on the grass with all the exuberant spirits of young animals. Around the broad path that surrounded the square, walked a continuous line of people—troops of girls, pretty and homely and ordinary, boys loafing along behind them, and here and there all through the line were merry couples. On the very outskirts of the square were the colored children, with their fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, and all their little cousins. There were short, fat colored people and tall, thin ones and one tiny boy with a mass of curly hair and dressed in a white sailor suit.

Around the block and down the street before me, came auto after auto, with their great lights shining like big eyes that would search my very soul and then pass on to look for new victims. Sometimes a trim span of horses went by, arching their necks and stepping high like the proud thoroughbreds they were. Or I would see a big, old-fashioned carry-all drawn by a slow, white horse, which shambled along at an easy gait. Father, mother, Johnny, Jim, Pearl, Annie and the baby were all there, for band night in town was one of the events of the season.

Autos and carriages lined the streets, and people passed back and forth on the sidewalk before me. As I sat there, watching their faces and wondering whether their lives were happy or sad, a little old woman came along, for the moment separated from the rest of the people. She was short and stooped, with a sad, careworn face that told its own story of a life of hard work and little joy and much sorrow. Involuntarily I turned and watched her as she left the sidewalk, and starting to cross the street, was hidden behind the vehicles that seemed to be everywhere. Was there any brightness in her life, I wondered, or was it all a dull grey? Then my gaze went back to the people before me. This time I watched those in the autos. Some sat there with stolid indifference, both to the music of the band and to the fascination of the passing throng; others looked happy and contented, seeing neither the joys nor the sorrows of the people around them, but satisfied with their own pleasures. A little way to my right was an auto with a girl and her mother in it. The girl was plain, almost homely, but she looked as if she had a good supply of common sense, and she seemed to be interested in what was going on about her.

Suddenly I saw her say a few words to her mother, then jump hurriedly out of the auto and make her way along the street. Curiously I watched her, wondering what she was going to do. Soon I was surprised to see she was talking to my little old woman of a few moments before, and the next minute she had taken her arm and was piloting her across the street. Now waiting for a carriage to go by, now waiting for a bicycle, she led her safely to the other side. Then the girl went back to her seat in the car. The band played on, the autos rolled by and the people continued to pass back and forth, while the little old woman went to her home.

January Thaws.

ALL white and clean the page of the record book,
All white and clean the landscape round us spread,
The sparkling snows lie 'neath bright winter sun,
No cloud dares mar the blue sky overhead.

A mean thought harbored for a minute's time,
An angry frown, an unkind word and deed;
Now look, the lovely whiteness of the page is gone,
'Tis gray and soiled and stained that now you read.

The gray-blue clouds have gathered low
And gentle is the breath of winter's night;
Clear white and dazzling snow sinks down and down;
Comes sifting o'er the soot, the gray to blight.

E. I. CLARK, '16.

A Day Off.

VINCENT, for the past month, had been trying to persuade me to accompany him on a fishing trip to Stewart's Lake. For a time I had been rather sceptical of such excursions, since my previous fishing experiences of the summer had been none too encouraging. On one occasion, I had walked six miles in the pouring rain only to receive in meagre compensation, three half-grown trout. A little later, on another trip, I had caught my hook on a concealed log and in spite of all my tugging could not budge it. Finally I had pushed off a temporary raft of boards and logs, which I had hastily constructed, toward the spot where the hook was fastened. Just as I had reached the place, the logs began to roll and as a result threw me into the muddy water which rose almost to my armpits. But Vincent's fish stories had a genuine ring about them, which those of the average fisherman do not possess. When finally he had produced about a dozen speckled beauties, I promised him that I would accompany him on the following Saturday.

About nine o'clock in the morning we climbed the high ridge which borders Country Harbor on its eastern side and, for a

moment, halted at the top. Here we could see far down the land-locked harbor to where it disappears behind the eastern ridge, while above the western headland, between the tree-tops and the horizon, we caught a glimpse of the Atlantic. Beneath our feet and extending far away to the northward a narrow valley, clad with neat farm buildings, green second crop and waving grain, with a clump of alders, contrasted fittingly with the grayer hue of the spruce-crowned boulders. What a picture!

By this time my companion, a typical son of the wild, and consequently not very appreciative of such scenes, started off eastward and I reluctantly followed.

Finally Vincent pointed through the trees and said, "There is the pond. We'll stay here until after dinner."

There before us lay a quiet little pond of water, about fifty feet wide and double that in length. At its upper end a brook glistened beneath the overhanging branches and in the centre five or six granite boulders rose above the surface of the water—an ideal place for fishing; that is, if there should be any fish.

Vincent waded out to one of the big rocks and sat down. When he had adjusted his flies he proceeded to play them backward and forward across the water in front of him. Meanwhile I had skirted the pond, waded the brook to the opposite bank, where I climbed a fallen tree, which reached about a third of the distance across the pond, and sat down dangling my legs into the water below. My position was such that I was fishing on the one side of a miniature pool, of which Vincent was commanding the other side. Suddenly my line swerved and plunged, telling me that I had made the first capture of the day. A minute later I landed another, while Vincent looked at me in astonishment, as if he could not understand how a greenhorn could catch fish out of the same pool in which he could not get a bite. But such is the uncertainty of fishing. If the fisherman were always sure of his full basket, obtained with little expenditure of effort, this most attractive avocation would entirely lose its charm. Now are our hopes as high as heaven; now disappointment marks our countenances. This is the exhilaration of fishing.

After dinner we decided to go up to the lake, which, as Vincent informed me, was only a few hundred yards away. There we found a little cove, dotted here and there with rocks, and farther

out with lily-pads. Here our luck left us. Although we waded along the entire shore and even out among the lily-pads, we only succeeded in capturing a single fish. Finally Vincent turned to me and said, "We ought to find some at the top of the lake."

Half an hour's walking along a rocky wind-swept shore brought us to a little cove, like in size and shape to the first. Here we waded out and began to fish.

"Swish!" Vincent had captured a beauty.

"While I was eagerly watching him land his prize, I felt a tugging at my own line and after a little battle landed a half-pounder safely into my basket.

This was the beginning of one of the most exciting experiences I have ever known. There we stood nearly waist-deep in the water, casting our lines toward the centre of the cove. At nearly every cast one or two trout would leap from the water and immediately disappear. The pleasure was not in the slaughter of a great number of fish, as the reader has probably imagined. On the contrary, the combined catches of the day did not exceed twenty-five, for the trout were very wary in biting. Had they been at all hungry, we would soon have tired of merciless slaughter. But this was a battle of wits! Sometimes one of us would play with a trout for five minutes only to see him finally disappear; at other times we managed to make our capture with little effort.

Such is the trout in August, after he has passed through the hungry days in spring and has fattened himself upon the delicacies of the summer season—hard to catch, but, once hooked, full of energy and pluck. Then is the sport at its best. Then is the sportsman more than a mere destroyer, for he realizes that now this monarch of the lake is not a starving creature gaping after food, but a skillful and worthy opponent. But—to return to my story.

"I guess its time to go home," remarked Vincent at last. Mother will have supper ready by the time we get back."

Then we set off through the hardwood thickets with our day's catch across our backs. About an hour later we descended the last hill and entered the kitchen, where we saw before us two plates of steaming baked beans. After we had finished the third plateful apiece and had opened our baskets, we both agreed that we had had a really good day.

J. S. MILLET, '16.



Senior-Sophomore Debate DEBATING has occupied a great deal of attention during the past few weeks. On Saturday evening, November 27th, the Senior Sophomore debate took place. The subject was: "Resolved, that Government ownership of the tools of production, except agricultural implements, would be better than private ownership of the same."

The Senior team consisted of R. S. Gregg (leader), G. D. Hudson, and C. F. Bleakney; the Sophomores were represented by E. D. McPhee (leader), H. H. Titus and Dean Rogers. The Sophomores won.

Dr. Logan's Lectures Acadia has shown her loyalty to the higher ideals of Canadian life by being the first college in Canada to officially recognize a Canadian literature. This has been done by the introduction of a series of lectures on "The History and Significance of Canadian Literature." Dr. J. D. Logan was the lecturer. He took up the subject from the standpoint of a literary critic and emphasized the fact of a distinct Canadian literature. His subjects were as follows:

Monday, November 29—The Significance of Nova Scotia in the Literary History of Canada.

Tuesday, November 30—The First Renaissance of Nativistic Canadian Literature.

Wednesday, December 1—The Rise of the Vaudeville School of Canadian Poetry.

Thursday, December 2—The Canadian Fictionists and Other Prose Writers.

Friday, December 3—The Second Renaissance of Nativistic Canadian Literature.

Saturday, December 4—The Women Poets of Canada as Lyrists of War and Love.

**Junior-
Freshman
Debate**

The Junior-Freshman debate on Saturday evening, December 4th, concerned a subject that has received serious consideration from many political leaders in the Maritime Provinces, namely, "Resolved, that a single government would be better for the Maritime Provinces (New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island) than the system now in vogue." The affirmative was upheld by the Freshmen team, consisting of H. E. Read (leader), B. Haley and Mr. Chestnut, while the negative argument was given by the Juniors, C. L. Moore (leader), G. Peck and H. L. Porter.

H. E. Read, for the affirmative, argued that the proposed change would result in a healthier political atmosphere and in a better administration. Mr. Read spoke rather too slowly for the best effect, but he had a good argument.

C. L. Moore, for the negative, in a convincing speech, showed that the new province would be an artificial union of what are by nature three distinct units. Why hasn't Mr. Moore been seen on our debating platform before?

B. Haley then showed the financial saving that would result from the union. This, he estimated, would be at least \$150,000 per year.

G. B. Peck, the next speaker, proved that this new plan would cause the Maritime Provinces to lose three members from the House of Commons and fourteen members from the Senate.

Mr. Chestnut took up the general improvement in conditions that would result from the adoption of the proposed scheme.

H. L. Porter, in almost direct contradiction to Mr. Haley, pointed out that the scheme of the affirmative would not reduce the cost of legislation, as the sessions would be necessarily longer and therefore the sessional indemnities would have to be greater. Moreover, the number of paid employees would not be greatly reduced. Mr. Porter's speech was good.

The rebuttals followed. The judges awarded the decision to the Juniors.

Mr. Guy MacKenzie, General Secretary of the Dalhousie Y. M. C. A., spent Wednesday, December 8th, with us. He gave many helpful suggestions to the College and Academy Y. M. C. A.'s, separately, in the afternoon; and in the evening addressed the students of the three institutions in College Hall. Mr. MacKenzie's visit was much appreciated by us.

**Junior-
Sophomore
Debate**

The Junior-Sophomore debate on December 11th was of more than usual interest. The subject was, "Resolved, that the United States should have gone to war against Germany and her allies before December 11th, 1916." The Junior team, consisting of M. R. Chipman (leader), L. H. Coldwell and H. F. Lewis upheld the affirmative with Rooseveltian directness, while the Sophomore team, J. McL. Boyer, Mr. Densmore and R. M. Moore, in Wilsonian accents, defended the present position of the United States.

M. R. Chipman, the first speaker for the affirmative, outlined vividly, but too rapidly, the political reasons why the United States should now be at war. Mr. Chipman's strongest points were that for the United States the golden opportunity has come to gain national unity through war; that by entering the war on the side of Great Britain, the United States would thereby have a better political standing with that country when the Japanese-American question is settled.

J. M. Boyer, in a strong speech, showed that the United States is fighting the enemy by keeping out of the war and supplying munitions.

L. H. Coldwell, the next speaker for the affirmative, maintained that the United States should have gone to war against Germany, because of Hague treaty obligations, and also because of the submarine atrocities committed by Germany against United States citizens. Mr. Coldwell, unfortunately, forgot his excellently written speech and had to read it. The reason was that before beginning to speak, he took "a long look at the Sems."

Then Densmore, with peaceful voice and manner, showed how much the United States has done for peace and that she who has done so much for peace should uphold her principle by keeping out of the war.

H. F. Lewis, the next speaker, vehemently pointed out the moral responsibility resting upon the United States to help defend those things upon which the welfare of humanity depends.

R. M. Moore, the third defender of the negative position, in a good speech, showed that the American republic has not as good reason for entering the war as Great Britain and her allies. The rebuttals followed; that of Mr. Chipman was particularly strong.

The judges gave the decision to the affirmative.

On the whole, the debate was an excellent one as all the good-sized audience can testify.

On December 3, the programme was left in the hands of the Sophettes, who acquitted themselves nobly. The entertainment consisted of four clauses:

Clause I.—Cantus.

Clause II.—Casus.

Clause III.—Summariun.

Clause IV.—Spectaculum.

Cantus was a piano duet, rendered by Della McLean and Violet Sleep. Class II. was the future of the Freshettes. Class III., Summariun, was the usual synopsis, read by Villa Alward; and Class IV. took the shape of a farce which was amusing and enjoyable.

On Saturday, December 11th, from 4.30 to six, Miss Andrews was at home to the young women of the Senior class. The refreshments were exceedingly dainty and left little to be desired. Hearty thanks is due to Miss Andrews for her kindness.

The annual Propylæum reception was held in College Hall on the evening of December 10th. The guests were met at the door by Miss Lockhart, '16, president of the society; Miss Harrington, '17, vice-president; Mrs. Cutten and Mrs. Clarkson, who were chaperons. During the evening two numbers were rendered by the string quartette. The society were pleased to welcome a goodly representation of the faculty.

Christmas
Supper at
Tully Tavern

Mention must be made of the excellent Christmas supper served by Mrs. Raymond at Tully Tavern, on December 18th. The guests were Dr. and Mrs. Cutten, Dr. Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. Elliot, and Mr.

E. D. MacPhee. The pleasant hour closed with speeches from the guests, and with the various yells.

Christmas
Propylæum

Christmas Propylæum took place in the club room on the evening of December 20th. The programme was as follows:

Clause I.—Judy Abbott's Christmas Party.

Clause II.—Reading.....Marion Giffin

Clause III.—Trio.....Della McLean, '18; Faye Marshall, '17;
Francis Smith, '19

Clause IV.—Synopsis.....Nita Pickels, '18

Clause V.—Christmas Songs.

Oratorical
Contest

There were only three competitors in the oratorical contest this year, which took place on Friday evening, December 17th. Dr. Cutten presided. The audience as at the debates this year, was gratifyingly large. The Seminary girls were in smiling good humor and in their "best bib and tucker," for they had just come from a Christmas dinner at the Seminary. The contestants were R. S. Gregg, '16, who had chosen "David Lloyd George" as his subject; J. H. MacNeil, '17, who spoke on "Britain's Navy"; and S. W. Stackhouse, '16, who also spoke on "Lloyd George."

Mr. Gregg's speech, perhaps, lacked sufficient "fire," but was nevertheless thoughtful and well delivered.

Mr. MacNeil showed that, though his style needs a little more finish, he has in him the making of a good speaker.

A faulty memory proved a drawback to Mr. Stackhouse, but he had a speech of a high order, both in substance and in delivery. The poor judges! They must have found it hard to decide who were the winners, for the orations were so nearly equal in value. However, they awarded the Ralph M. Hunt Prize of \$25.00 for first place to Mr. Stackhouse and the W. M. Manning Prize of \$15.00 for second place to Mr. MacNeil.

On Sunday, November 28, Mrs. Pervis Smith, of Y. W. C. A. China, spoke to the Y. W. C. A. on "The Call of the Foreign Field."

On December 5, Elizabeth MacWhinnie, '16, gave an address entitled, "Why I Should Join the Church."

On December 12, a Book Review meeting was held. Twelve missionary books were reviewed by as many different girls. Della McLean, '18, sang a solo. Faye Marshall, '17, and Marion Reid, '19, sang a duet.

Academy Notes.

A. WILLARD TAYLOR has been appointed Academy Editor of the ATHENÆUM in place of Mr. C. K. Ganong, who recently enlisted for overseas service.

Regular meetings of the Y. M. C. A. have been held each Wednesday evening as usual. The meetings are inspiring and helpful.

Our Society as well as the Academy has suffered on account of the war. Mr. Ganong, who was a regular attendant as well as a great help in the Y. M. C. A. work, left on the 13th for St. John to join the Siege Battery. We shall miss him from our meetings, yet we cannot but admit the noble spirit he has exhibited; and our only prayer is that God may spare him to meet with us again.

The Lyceum is in a flourishing condition. The entertaining committee is furnishing interesting programs, which are much enjoyed and which result in bringing practically the whole school to the meetings. The boys are showing a great interest in debating, which is a leading feature of the Lyceum activities.

On the evening of December 20th, before the students left for their holidays, a dinner was given them in the new Academy dining

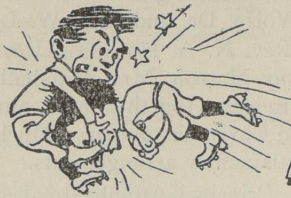
hall. A number of guests were present, including Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Cutten, Dr. and Mrs. H. T. DeWolfe, Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Archibald, Dr. and Mrs. I. B. Oakes, Rev. N. A. Harkness, Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Miller and the Academy Matron, Mrs. Marshall. About eighty College and Academy students, together with our guests, enjoyed a tasty and well prepared Christmas dinner. Much credit is due to the Matron for all the satisfactory arrangements.

After a few introductory remarks, Principal Archibald called on Rev. N. A. Harkness to say a few words to the boys. His message was well received. He was followed by Rev. G. W. Miller, who spoke of his high regard for the work of the Academy.

Dr. I. B. Oakes, a former Principal of the Academy, contrasted present conditions with those of the period when he was Principal. He congratulated the students upon their splendid advantages in the possession of the new building.

Dr. DeWolfe and Dr. Cutten each followed with appropriate words of wit and wisdom. All the speakers were greatly impressed with the splendid new building just completed, and wished the boys a Merry Christ and a very prosperous New Year.





ATHLETICS

ACADIA 6; PORT WILLIAMS 11.

ON December 4th, 1915, in the Boy Scouts' gymnasium at Wolfville the Co-eds met the Methodist girls of Kentville for a friendly game of basket ball. The game was rather one-sided, as the Kentville girls had fewer to pick from and had practiced a much shorter time than the Acadia girls. The first half of the game was played within bounds and with two centres. During the second half they disregarded the lines and put on five players each instead of six. The line-up was as follows:—

KENTVILLE

ACADIA

Forwards.

Miss F. Harvey.....	M. Schurman, '16
Miss Benson	L. Chase, '16

Guards.

Miss Hiltz	P. Pinneo, '16
Miss Harvey	V. Thorpe, '16

Centres

Miss F. Palmeter	G. Eaton, '16
Miss P. Corbin	H. Cushing, '17

Spares.

.....	E. Starratt, '17
.....	H. Morse, '18

Mr. C. L. Moore refereed first half and Pte. Stones of the 85th, the second.

ACADIA 36; KENTVILLE 5.

The last game of the fall term was played in the Port Williams gymnasium on the evening of December 18th. The game was fast and furious. Mr. C. L. Moore, '17, refereed the first period, played with two centres, and Mr. M. R. Chipman, '17, the second period,

played with only one centre. The first half ended with a score of 5—0 for Port Williams. In the second period each side scored three baskets. Miss E. Chase and Miss M. Reid starred for the Port Williams team. The line-up was as follows:—

PORT WILLIAMS.**ACADIA**

Forwards.

S. Chase	L. Chase, '16
Mrs. Gates	E. Starratt, '17

Centres

H. Kidston	G. Eaton, '16
D. Coleman	D. Alward, '17

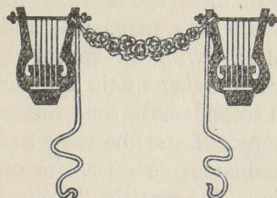
Guards.

M. Rand	V. Thorpe, '16
J. Chase	P. Pinneo, '16

Spares.

.....	D. Crosby, '16
.....	F. Marshall, '17

Despite the stormy night a few rooters followed the team. After the game refreshments were served at the home of Miss Rand which were heartily enjoyed.



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

B. G. WOOD, '16, Month.

LILLIAN CHASE, '16, Exchanges.

ESTHER CLARKE, '16, Personals.

HETTIE CHUTE, '16, Jokes.

J. S. MILLETT, '16, Athletics.

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

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

A. WILLARD TAYLOR, Academy.

MYRTLE MORSE, Seminary.

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



Editorial



WE are printing in this issue two poems by Bernard Freeman Trotter, son of Dr. Trotter, ex-President of Acadia University. The first of these, "The Road to Tartary," appeared in the June issue of *Harper's* magazine, and the second, "The Canadian Twilight," appeared anonymously in the October number of the *Canadian Magazine*.

Bernard
Freeman
Trotter

Mr. Trotter was at one time a student at Horton Academy. Later, he went to McMaster's University, from which he graduated. He was for one year the editor of the *McMaster's Monthly*. He was the "College Poet" all through his course.

Mr. Trotter and his brother will leave for England in January or February to train as officers.

When we review the history of the world, we are impressed with the low morality of men,—brutality, self-indulgence and vice,—also with woman's patient submission to unjust conditions.

Today, for the first time in the history of mankind, there is an effort to hold men, as well as women, responsible for their mode of living. It has taken many centuries to bring man to the place where he will even question his right to do as he pleases, and it will take other centuries to bring the masses of men to realize their disgrace and their duty; to give them moral and intellectual strength to combat their so-called "animal instincts."

Morality

In the city of London alone, there are over eighty thousand women condemned to professional moral degradation, and a similar condition prevails throughout our own land. This would tend to show us that the progress at best will be slow, but the idea of men's responsibility and of woman's right is established. Those things that men have hidden for their own convenience; subjects kept covered with a cloak under which vice and disease have grown, is bared to the light and fearlessly discussed.

The world owes a debt of gratitude to the leaders of the "Woman's Movement" in England, for the fearless way in which they have brought to light that which has been shrouded in darkness.

Votes for women will not eliminate the viciousness and degradation of men. Someone has said, "Votes for female monkeys would not immediately make the male monkey of the forest any less mischievous or immoral. To make them better it would be necessary to change those monkeys into something different. And to make men what they ought to be it is necessary to change the men." The change will first come in the awakening of conscience. It will come through the fear of the results of vice upon the mind and body, and the weakening of every power.

This change must come slowly through the persistent efforts of heroic men and women, who dare challenge the power of public opinion and proclaim the truth to men.

Doubtless woman's vote will be a tremendous factor in bringing about the desired result, and while it cannot change in a night the man-monkey in our civilization, it will make him a less respectable citizen in the eyes of the law, and very soon establish the fact that there is such a thing as a fallen man, as well as a fallen woman.

Every boy and man should know from his earliest youth that there is here on earth an actual punishment for vice as dreadful as

any that man can conceive. He must get rid of the belief that viciousness is necessary to health. The dangerous lie that men for the sake of health must be immoral or degenerate should be destroyed first of all.

Clement Dukes, the physician of Rugby, says: "No greater lie was ever invented. It is simply a base invention to cover sin and has no foundation in fact. Medical testimony is that immorality not only soils and debilitates a man's body, but also contaminates his mind. Intractable to cure as is the bodily disease caused by immorality, the brain stains which it produces are even more difficult to wash away."

When we speak of "the same moral law for men and women," it must be understood that the meaning of that phrase is, that men must learn to obey the law that women have imposed upon themselves.

Christabel Pankhurst, in her book called "Plain Facts About a Great Evil," gives to the world some plain truth, which should cause us to think seriously on the subject that the laws have neglected and that foolish, misnamed "modesty" has covered up. Miss Pankhurst asks:

"Why is human nature to have full scope only in the one direction of vice? The answer to that question is that men have got all the power in the state, and therefore make not only the laws of the state, but also the morality."

To a large extent men have failed to make laws to govern "human nature," because man's "human nature," while it degrades women does not interfere with man's rights.

Man has made laws to govern, control, and protect himself and his property, and only when our law making power pays as much attention to the rights of women as to the rights of property will the present condition change and men realize that they have no right to condemn hundreds of thousands of women to lives of misery for their own convenience.

In speaking of the effect of the vote upon women, Miss Pankhurst says:

"The outcome of enfranchisement will be to make women hate more than anything else in the world the very thought of selling themselves into slavery as under the conditions of the present day

so many of them do sell themselves. The weapon of the vote will enable them to break down existing barriers to honest livelihood.

"Upon men the effect of women's enfranchisement will be to teach them that women are their human equals, and not the sub-human species that so many men now think them; not slaves to be bought and soiled and degraded and then cast away.

"We know to what bodily and spiritual corruption the subjection of women has brought humanity. Let us now see to what cleanness and nobility we can arrive through her emancipation!"

Woman suffrage will make the world better. First, because it will bring woman's higher nature into the making of laws. Second, because it will compel men to consider women and discourage vice. It is true, and Miss Pankhurst puts it admirably, that the power of women means men of higher character.

"Even though, by the degradation of a slave class of women, men could keep their bodies clean, they could not keep their minds clean, and the modern woman, emancipated as she is spiritually, will have nothing to do with men who are foul in mind."

During the reign of Queen Victoria men who held public office were strictly moral on the surface at least. They did not dare to be otherwise, for they constantly asked themselves, "What would the Queen think of one?"

Someone quotes that time-worn argument that a man's viciousness is his own affair; remember first, that some woman in the beginning is the victim of a vicious man, and, second, that the vice of man in the form of horrible disease is reflected in the suffering of women, *good women*, wives and mothers.

..Price, an American authority on the question at issue, says that out of 1,000 abdominal operations on women, 950—all, save 50—were the result of conditions due to disease resulting from vice.

Further, Price says that nine hundred and fifty times out of a thousand, when women are compelled to submit to abdominal operations, the operation is caused by a disease born of vice and given to the woman by the man.

We must take this into consideration when we talk of woman's feebleness and weak health as compared with man's physical superiority.

The following statement is accurate and it should move deeply every man with a conscience:

"Statistics show that the majority of men who marry have contracted disease, and that many are the bearers of contagion to the women they marry. We witness the effects in the women who suffer ill-health, sterility, mutilation of their bodies, and permanent invalidism. Society's only solicitude is that they suffer in silence. In addition, many of them are compelled to suffer the sight of their babies blinded at birth, children aborted or born with the mark of death upon them, or, if they survive, compelled to bear in their frail bodies the stigmata of degeneration and disease. No one can deny that these facts, the saddest facts of human experience, are of common occurrence, and they will continue so long as society shuts its eyes of the existence of this danger to the family, and from a false sense of prudery or a fastidious nicety refuse to be enlightened."

Christabel Pankhurst says:

"If the bishops, and the whole pack of men who delight in advising, lecturing and preaching to women would exhort the members of their own sex to some sacrifice of their baser impulses, it would be better for the race, better for the women, and better even for the men."

What could be more pitiful than a pure woman, bearing no children, married to a worthless man, humbly blaming herself and criticized by the world, when in seventy-five cases out of a hundred the fault is with the man, and in a very great many cases the man's impotence is based upon a vicious disease?

It is declared by Dr. Prince Morrow that men are ultimately responsible for from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of sterile marriages—that in twenty to twenty-five per cent. of such cases the disease has destroyed the husband's capacity for fatherhood, and in the others the husband has infected his wife, and thus robbed her of the power of maternity.

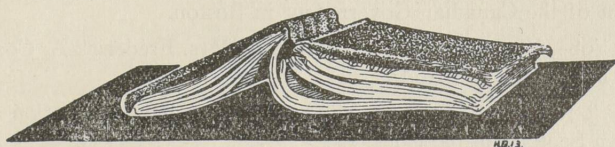
The world must know the truth and face it. And those who, like Mrs. Pankhurst's courageous daughter, advocate the truth fearlessly, at the same time setting an example in their pure, unselfish, devoted lives, are true leaders and public benefactors of this day.

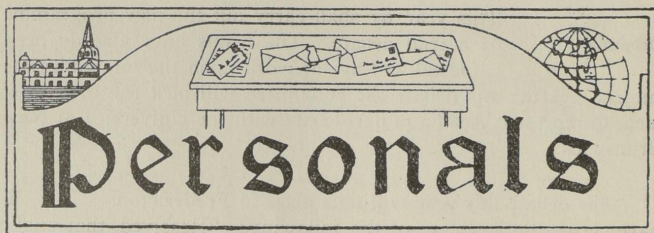
Debating has received a great deal of attention this year. Nearly every class has placed three new teams on the platform, and many men of promise have been heard for the first time.

Debating

This year we shall carry out the new programme of a trial debate. The teams have already been picked and are at work upon the intercollegiate subject. After this debate the committee will pick the three best men, to represent Acadia in her debate with the University of New Brunswick.

The debate this year will take place in Fredericton. U. N. B. have chosen the negative of the following: "Resolved, that public ownership and operation of all capital goods, except such as are used in agriculture, if adopted by the people of Canada, would be more advantageous than the present system of private ownership."





'74—Rev. J. C. Spurr is at his home in Hantsport. This past year his health has improved greatly so that he has taken preaching services at Kempt, Summerville, and other Hants County stations.

'91—Rev. H. Y. Corey, Mrs. Corey and little daughter, Elizabeth, are back at their station in Bimlipitam, India. One of the schools has had to be closed, but otherwise Mr. Corey reports good work among his people.

'95—Rev. W. R. Foote, returned missionary from Korea, visited Acadia last month. He spoke in the Presbyterian churches in Wolfville and Canard.

• '97—Max Bowlby is connected with the Immigration Department of the Canadian Government in Boston.

'98—We extend our sympathies to Mrs. Frederick A. Cooke in the loss of her husband.

'99—Mrs. E. C. Harper is teaching music and elocution at the Nova Scotia Normal College.

'02—Rev. P. Clinton Reed, former pastor of Bethany Church, Sydney, has accepted a call to Hantsport Baptist Church.

'03—Rev. W. S. Tedford, a former student volunteer of Acadia, sailed for India December 21st, to take up his second term's work. Mrs. Tedford and family will remain in the homeland until next fall.

'03—Rev. C. K. Morse of Winnipeg has enlisted in the 61st Battalion, which is stationed at Winnipeg.

'06—E. W. Robinson, Inspector of Schools in Kings and Hants Counties, recently held a very successful Teachers' Institute at Hantsport.

'07—Congratulations to Prof. and Mrs. A. B. Balcolm on the birth of a son (Alfred Burpee, Jr.) at Wolfville, Dec. 15th.

'08—Dr. Malcolm R. Elliott is giving a course of lectures on First Aid to the Acadia girls.

'09—Miss Beulah Elderkin is teaching at Huntingdon, B. C.

'09—Miss Jennie Welton is taking her M. A. at Acadia this year.

'10—Miss Evelyn Slack has returned from teaching in Vancouver and is taking a year's rest at her home in Windsor.

'10—The engagement is announced of Rex Eaton and Fraedena Gilroy. Miss Gilroy was a recent visitor to Wolfville at the home of Mrs. Malcolm R. Elliott.

Kate Mitchell is teaching in Shanghai, China.

Rev. I. S. Nowlan has resigned his position as Instructor in Education and Missions at Acadia and is taking post-graduate work at Chicago University.

Cyril March is in the trenches with the Princess Pats.

Atlee Clark and his bride spent a few days of their honeymoon in Wolfville. We extend our congratulations.

The class of 1911 figured largely in an interesting event in Lawrencetown, when Rev. James Duncan McLeod married Claire W. Robinson and Helen Bancroft. The best man was Ross Miller.

'12—Marjorie Bates is teaching at Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto. She represented the Acadia Y. W. C. A. at the annual meeting of the Dominion Council of the Y. W. C. A. of Canada.

'12—At Vancouver, B. C., Ralph Harding Young of the editorial staff of the *Daily News Advertiser*, was married to Miss Frances Elizabeth Faulkner, sister of F. R. Faulkner (Acadia '01). Mr. and Mrs. Young will reside at Belvedere Court, Vancouver.

'13—Rev. Ross Eaton is studying at Newton Theological Seminary.

'14—In the Brookfield Baptist Church, Nov. 24, Rev. Wiley Brown was married to Miss Ruby Lockhart of Brookfield.

Eng. '14—Preston Illsley is with the Royal Engineers from McGill.

Eng. '14—"Babe" Ryan spent the Christmas vacation in Wolfville.

'14—Guy Phinney has returned from his work in Labrador with Dr. Grenfell.

'15—Marguerite Elderkin is President of the Y. W. C. A. at Truro Normal College.

'15—George M. Morrison's name appeared recently in the casualty list. We are glad to learn that his wound was very slight.

Eng. '15—Harold Roscoe has returned from a Geological Survey in British Columbia, and has accepted a position in the Munition Plant at New Glasgow.

'15—Hazel Clark is taking a Y. W. C. A. Training Course in Toronto.

Ex '16—George Elliott is attending Truro Normal College.

Ex '15—Arthur Goucher has been sent to the Auxiliary Hospital, Ashford, England, on account of illness.

Ex '16—Harold Cox is teaching at Oyen, Alberta. He recently appealed to one of his former classmates for Acadia news.

Ex '16—Oswald Parker is studying Medicine at Dalhousie.

Ex '16—Fred Fowlie has entered McGill for a medical course.

Ex Eng. '16—Harry Parker visited Wolfville recently.

Ex '17—Dora Lewis is teaching school at Kentville and visited Acadia on the occasion of the basketball game between Acadia and Kentville girls.

Ex '18—E. H. Langille was married to Miss Bessie G. Gammon of Barrington Passage.

Ex '19—Jack Pickels has joined the Siege Battery on Partridge Island.

Ex '10—Lou Archibald, who has recovered from wounds received at Ypres, and is now on active duty, has of late been promoted to the office of lieutenant with the 63rd Field Co. of the Royal Engineers, B. E. F., France. We understand from authority from abroad, that this is well-earned and well-deserved, however bringing with it strenuous responsibilities. The 63rd is a picked corps for intelligence and expert scientific knowledge, many of whose men hold Cambridge degrees.

'11—On Oct. 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur R. Kaiser, a son.



THE Exchange column is supposed to be devoted to the criticism of the magazines of other colleges. This is perfectly obvious of course. But what is criticism? Is it praise? If one always praises one's opinion is not valued much. Is it blame? If one always blames one is looked upon as impossible to please, and therefore not worth trying to please. Is it sending out vague and veiled allusions that we know are partly true and will wholly wound? Life is too short to waste our energy in trying to make others suffer for the sake of seeing them writhe in discomfort under our words. If we must hurt in our criticism, let us make it a clean cut that goes directly to the point and that will soon heal. Now that we have preached our little sermon let us see if we can practice it.

The Mount Allison *Argosy* prints interesting and breezy articles. "The Bells of Mt. Allison" is clever, and true of every boarding school. The article, "Who Goes There!" is amusing and keen. It is a criticism of R. W. Chambers' last novel. To quote: "He (that is, R. W. Chambers) must be sure that his principal characters are up to the standard set by the publishing company.

"Item:—One hero: an Apollo, six feet tall. Sophisticated, speaks French and German fluently, and knows his Classics. On familiar terms with all the old philosophers and able to pick flaws in their arguments. . . . From these five minute Chatauque lectures he must divert his attention on the slightest provocation if there is the remotest opportunity to indulge in inanities of an enormous character.

"Item:—One heroine: a Diana or Venus, or a combination of both. She must be beautiful, bewitching, ravishing, alluring, chaste and willing to be chased; an athlete of no mean attainments, golf, tennis, yachting, swimming, racing, rowing, riding, shooting, fishing, (none of which, by the way, mar in the slightest her delicate peachbloom complexion), a linguist, and a remarkable performer on the piano or the violin or both. . . . She must have all these, and then besides, oodles and oodles of intuition. . . . From a mislaid lap-dog or a disarranged curl on her lover's forehead, she can institute the most complex and seemingly far-fetched things off-hand."

A few illustrations would help the *Argosy*. Perhaps they cost too much.

The *Normal College Gazette* reminds us strongly of our simple happy youth. The editorials consist of three sentences which the *Gazette* could easily use at the beginning of each year without change. Our experience has clearly shown us that the simplified spelling which this paper persists in using will be no inconsiderable handicap to the members of its staff after they have left Normal. The general appearance of the November number is, however, very neat, and we must not forget the difficulties which are caused by an annual change in the entire personnel of the student body which it represents.

The Brandon College *Quill* comments on our Student Council problem. They say, "We are led to believe that the fault is not entirely with the faculty." Maybe not, but we decided that we couldn't spare the time and energy going to Student Council meetings when the results of those meetings were just what would have happened if there had been no Student's Council.

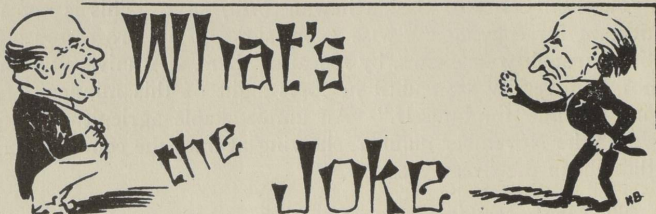
The *Queen's University Journal* prints a letter from Mike Freda, dated Belgium, November 7, 1915. He says, "I never felt better in my life, just like a fighting cock. From reports and what I have seen the Canadians will stand up as well if not better than any bunch that is packing rifles in the trenches, and the Huns have a lot of respect for us, but we hope for the time to come when we will give them due cause to have more."

The University of Saskatchewan *Sheaf* says, "This is not an institution for copying the wise expressions of the professors and getting through your exams. by repeating them. A university man is not a university man until he loses sight of this mimicry and begins to think for himself." An unmistakable agricultural tone pervades the November number, showing at once the common turn of thought in the Great West.

The McMaster University *Monthly* presents, as usual, pieces of comparatively high literary standard, but it is entirely without illustrations. Surely, even in such a grave and restrained periodical a few pictures would not be out of place.

From Halifax comes a new exchange, *The Thistle*, published weekly in the interests of the Nova Scotia Highlanders' Battalion. We notice the name of our old friend, Sergeant E. C. Leslie, '17, among the associate editors.





Porter '17—"Say, I hear Gregg has taken up manual training."

Curry '18—"Why, how's that?"

Porter '17—"He's very much interested in wood working in New Brunswick."

Dal Gleish '19 (looking at a picture on the wall)—"Say McLeod, is that your high school group, with you in the center?"

McLeod '19—"Yes, but we are not all there."

Dal Gleish '19—"Quite unnecessary to say that Old Man; I noticed *you* in the center."

Miss Pineo, '16—"How do you pronounce that word?"

McNeil (Academy)—"I wish I had known that the 'Doc' had a daughter, I would have gone home with her."

Ruggles (Academy)—"But she is only a kid."

McNeil—"I wouldn't care if I had to take a nursery bottle, as long as I got ahead of the 'Doc.'"

Doctor (after examining Parks)—"You are too small to enlist."

Parks (Academy)—"But I know a little fellow up home who has gone to war and I can lick the stuffin out of him."

Bleakney (having lost his place, as a result of Stan Millet's cane coming in contact with his ribs)—"There now, I have lost my Pa(i)ge."

Pescott '19—"Are you going to take a girl to the nickel, Don?"

Fraser '19—"Sure man." (Schurman).

Miss Cann '19—"I think I will change my name, there are so many jokes on me in the Athenaeum."

Wilson '18—"How Will Son do?"

Miss Smith '19—"Will you have some brown bread?"

Miss Reid '19—"No, thank you. I always prefer White."

Potter (aroused at 5.30, by the sound of music on a certain Sunday morning)—"Say Rogers! I hear the angels singing."

Coleman (at the same hour)—"I am entering the kingdom."

What did the Doctor say?

Copeland '19—"Miss Hatfield's hat is a Field of a Hat."

Bentley '19—"Yes, *you* turned sidewise."

Miss Schurman '19—"Mr. Fraser is like the moon and Mr. Thompson is like the sun."

Miss Ganter '19—"How is that, because they both shine?"

Miss Schurman '19—"No, because Mr. Fraser shines best at night."

Mr. White to Sect. '19—"Address the chair, Miss Ganter."

Miss Ganter—"Mr. President."

Mr. White (in reply)—"Miss Reid?"

Eng. Prof.—"What does the word unity mean?"

Sprachlin '18—"Well unit means me, therefore unity means more than me."

Dagleish '19 (bidding Miss Hatfield good-night)—"So long."

Miss Schurman '19 (at Freshman Social)—"Have some kisses on the string?"

Thompson '19—"Sure, but is that the best you have?"

Miss Schurman—"See me after the social."

Miss Cann '19—"I can't get my hand in this muff, Della."

Miss McLean '18—"Oh, yes you can, Don can get his hand in."

Miss Danielson (explaining to a group of girls the cause of blue eyes)—"Brown eyes is what you have, blue eyes is what you've got when you haven't got it."

Miss Messenger '16 (lovingly)—“I wish some one had a crush on me.”

French Prof.—“How do you translate “fareille chaine?”
Miss Goucher '18—“Parallel dog.”

Rogers '18 (in Soph. Bible)—“Joseph was buried in Egypt and they let him out and took him along with them.”

Miss Starratt (at table)—“Pass me the brown bread, that white is as dry as Chip(s).”

Prof in Psychology—“I have never heard of a case of female stuttering.”

Miss Barnes—“I have.”

Prof.—“I am glad to hear it.”

Millet '16—“I always lose my appetite when I get up from the table.

Wood '16—“It would pay the Pope if you lost it before you sat down.

Moore '17—“What are you studying, Bernie?”

Wood '16—“The problems of a modern family.”

Moore '17—“I forgot, you are graduating this year aren't you?”

After Millet had done his level best to uphold the temperance cause what should his choir do but get up and sing—“Stoop down, and drink, and live.”

Prof. (in N. T. Greek)—Mr. Millett, how would you distinguish between the quick and the dead?”

Gunboat '16—“The quick are those who get out of the way of the automobile and the dead are those who don't.”

Prof. (in Freshman English)—“Mr. McPhee, can you give Washington's farewell address.”

McPhee '18—“Heaven, sir.”

Wood '16—“Couldn't you sing a solo in Wednesday night's Y. M. C. A. meeting.

Manning '16—“Oh, no, I'm all out of practice, I'd make a fizzle of it.”

Mitch '16—“I wish you would.”

Mitch '16 (on being asked to conjugate verb eat)—“Present I eat. Perfect, I have eaten. Future perfect, I will have Eaton.”

Porter '17—“Do you know where they get the Acadia pins?”

Lewis '17—“Yes, at Brown's in Halifax. You can get them either brooch or tie pin form.”

Porter '17—“Well, I guess the brooch form would suit better for what I want it.”

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