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Winners For The Month.

Stories—1st, E. Bessie Lockhart, '16; 2nd, R. B. Smallman, '17.

Poems—1st, Hazel G. Morse, '18; 2nd, R. B. Smallman, '17.

Articles—1st, R. B. Smallman, '17; 2nd, Charlotte Layton, '16.

Exchanges—No competition.

Month—No competition.

Personals—1st, E. Bessie Lockhart, '16.

Athletics—No competition.

Jokes—1st, R. R. Dalgleish.

Miss E. Bessie Lockhart, '16, has the honor of being the first Co-ed. to win her "Literary A."

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PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US.

The Acadia Athenæum

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1916

No. 7

Dominion Day.

CANADA, Canada, land of the maple,
Queen of the forest and river and lake,
Open thy soul to the voice of thy people,
Close not thy heart to the music they make.

Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Silence is vocal, and sleep is awake!

Canada, Canada, land of the beaver,
Labor and skill have their triumph today;
Oh! may the joy of it flow like a river,
Wider and deeper as time flies away.

Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Science and industry laugh and are gay.

* * * * *

Canada, Canada, land of the bravest,
Sons of the war-path, and sons of the sea,
Land of no slave-lash, to-day thou enslavest
Millions of hearts with affection for thee.

Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Let the sky ring with the shout of the free.

Canada, Canada, land of the fairest,
Daughters of snow that is kissed by the sun,
Binding the charms of all lands that are rarest,
Like the bright cestus of Venus in one!

Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
A new reign of beauty on earth is begun! —*John Reade.*

Tertium Quid? Peggy?

IT all began during her second year at college. Before that, her one consuming desire was to have a good time, and a good time she certainly had. Skating, snow-shoeing, tobogganing filled her gay winter evenings, while tennis, dancing, and all kinds of summer gaiety filled the season between closing and opening rink. True, there were certain times, when examinations were on, the last of January and the middle of May, that she resolutely shut herself away from all frivolity. Then, three o'clock in the morning, with wearied brain and with head wrapped in a wet towel, she pored over the suspiciously new and clean volumes and the scrawled note-books that comprised the term's work. For marks, 70 was her delight, 60 a cause for thanks, while a "first" glimmered before her eyes as a beautiful ideal, which she would not know what to do with, should any strange hap cast one to her.

"Miss Campbell, a telephone message for you." Miss Campbell, you are wanted at the door." "Miss Campbell, you have been out six nights this week, and also Sunday evening. If it happens again the Emergency Committee will have to string you up by the thumbs." These, along with notices from College Office, were the communications that the gay Peggy received and tossed lightly to the winds. "Peggy, Peggy, do come to prayer-meeting," begged her room-mate, Mehitabel Morse, as regularly as prayer-meeting night came around. However, strange as it seemed, Wednesday evening was Peggy's time for work. From seven to eight o'clock, she vowed, she never felt like doing anything so much as her college work. Her work on Wednesday evenings allured her just as did darning her stockings on Sunday mornings.

"Go to prayer-meeting when I have work to do? That's not religion," she scoffed.

"Oh, dear," sighed her room-mate, "whatever will become of her? Fancy she has only been to prayer-meeting once this year, and then it happened to be a beautiful missionary meeting, a report of the Northfield delegates, and she said it was the driest thing she had ever heard."

Mehitabel and Peggy were the two greatest misfits of any of the room-mates at Tullia Hall, but since their families were friends, they endured each other for the sake of their relatives. Mehitabel

had straight hair and a long nose. She planned to become a missionary, at some future date, and to that end she pursued her unpopular and sanctimonious way through college.

But the last half of the Sophomore year was hard on Peggy's gay spirits. The faithful Bob had been requested by the Faculty to leave college, and, although Peggy missed him not more than a week, yet it was nerve-racking work to decide between the youths who besieged her at receptions, on the telephone, and after church, but never after prayer-meeting. Wednesday evening was still devoted to hard work. Then came the heavy, dull headaches. "Oh, I feel so tired. I guess I'll have to take less work next year! Gracious, how I dread Economics, but that dear old Polly Con professor never plucks a girl. Then Psychology—oh, my, the books a person has to read. And history! Dear cuss! A test every hundred pages! How can I ever do it all—on Wednesday evenings?"

Then vacation had come and gone, and Peggy, with eyes just as blue, and brown hair as curly as ever, was standing on the train platform saying good-bye to her mother. "Good-bye, I'm going to be a hard-working jolly Junior, mother. I'm ashamed of the way I've wasted my time. But, really, it hurts my head to study, except," with a twinkle, "except on Wednesday evenings, of course."

The first few weeks, Peggy did well. She found Yaussig's Economics so interesting that one night she stayed home from a Junior feast to study her lesson. This lasted a very short time, since Yaussig got worse and worse, and when it came to theory of value, Peggy gave up in disgust. It was, however, in the psychology class that Peggy paid greatest attention. When they came to dual personality, Peggy was thrilled, but Hypnotism she shrank from. When she found that anyone could hypnotize, she gasped, "Oh, that awful Mehitabel! Do you suppose she'll get hold of me in a hypnagogic state and hypnotize me into going to prayer-meeting?"

"No, no, Peggy, my love, don't be frightened of a thing like that. The psychology experts say you can't possibly be hypnotized to do a thing you wouldn't do in a normal state of mind! No fear of that!"

In November, Peggy's headaches gave her so much trouble that she began to skip classes, but she diligently read Psychology in the library. One day, the kind old Economics professor asked her an

easy question on Rent, but Peggy did not hear. Some one behind her gave her a poke in the back, and the deed was done! Although Peggy had merely glanced at a diagram, she sat up, her eyes took on an intelligent light, and, to the amazement of all, she gave a clear argument and carried it through to its logical conclusion. After the lecture, her amazed classmates gathered around her.

"What's up?" "Where did you get it?" "Say, Peggy, what came over you?"

Peggy laughed, put her hand to her head, but did not explain that she did not know how she happened to be able to answer fluently for the first time in her college course; neither did she say that the answer had suddenly gone away from her.

For weeks, this went on. "Peggy is getting so clever; what's the matter, I wonder?" and "What's struck Peggy? She so quiet." "No sport in Peggy, she must be sick." However, when rink started, Peggy seemed quite her old self. She did not tell anyone of the heavy feeling in her head, but she often wondered just why she did feel different.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, after mid-year's examinations were over. "Something will have to be done—80 in Psychology and Economics. It may be true, but how did it come about? My whole average was 72. I don't feel natural without an X from the English professor and a 45 or so."

The same thing happened at the final examinations, and when Peggy went home for her summer vacation before her Senior year, she had made up her mind that there must be great magic in Wednesday evening study and in headaches, for her mark, wonderful to relate, was an average of 80.

During holidays, she wrote Mehitabel very rarely, but, within a week of the opening of college, that serious-minded maiden received an epistle that almost caused her to have a fit.

"Dear Mehitabel: Please send me the Student Volunteer Bulletin; I want to pick out a nice job for myself. I've decided to be a foreign missionary like yourself. See what a good effect you've had on me. Say, just break the news gently like to the rest of them, so I won't have to, will you? Lovingly, PEGGY."

Mehitabel was horrified. A girl who never went to prayer-meeting—a missionary! A girl who never even said she had a call to go to the foreign field! A girl who dressed like Peggy did! And flirt—why, Peggy Campbell was the most popular girl in col-

lege! It was sinful! In her agitation, she wrote to Peggy, quoting Scripture, wherever she could, to prove her case. The only answer she received was a post-card.

"I'm going to be, so never mind. Did you have a call yourself? Where did you keep it? I'm going to register for Theology and New Testament Greek. As Catallus so beautifully puts it, 'Ave atque Vale'." PEGGY.

Mehitabel spent many a sleepless night. A Student Volunteer! Peggy would ruin every band meeting—no, though, she wouldn't go, not likely. And of course, she'd get a lot of new-fangled ideas in Theology and get all upset! Mehitabel herself was brought up well in a good Calvinist family—no new Theology for her.

And so Peggy came back to college for her Senior year, an avowed Student Volunteer. The whole Senior class gasped. The Juniors giggled, the Sophettes scoffed, while the Frshettes looked at her with awe and amazement.

"My, you must be good—just think, a foreign missionary! But I shouldn't think you were the kind. Oh, well, not that I don't mean you're all right, you know—but—oh, well, excuse me!" In fact, nothing had caused such a sensation since the Student Council row.

On Wednesday evening, Mehitabel put on her hat and gloves, and waited. Peggy was sitting by the window studying Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians.

"Well, Peggy, I am waiting."

"What for?"

"For you—aren't you coming to prayer-meeting? You know you will have to, now that everyone knows you're a Student Volunteer, and you want to have a good influence on the Freshmen."

"Now, Mehitabel, you needn't think I'm going to prayer-meeting! The saints preserve me from ever attending. Really, honestly, I don't have to, do I?"

"Well, Peggy Campbell! It's scandalous! You're a worse heathen yourself than anything I ever saw! Everyone expects you to go to prayer-meeting! Think of your influence! If you think they're dry, come and make them bright and breezy!" And the outraged Mehitabel betook herself, several minutes late, to that valley of dry bones, the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, where three short prayers were wont to be offered, and when a dead calm was

broken by a request for "No. 36, please," or "Please sing the first hymn in the supplement."

But Peggy had changed. No longer did she bring the head of the Emergency Committee in dressing gown and slippers to her door after the signal for quiet had been given. No longer did she hurry to breakfast five minutes late, with her shoe-strings dangling; and, alas and alack for Senior corridor, she "thought it was wrong to swipe butter for toast."

At this juncture Georgie broke forth. She was the wit of the class, and Peggy's bosom friend in the old days. She had always loved irresponsible Peggy and despised pious Mehitabel. "Oh, I'm so disgusted with you. I bet you'd eat the butter fast enough. I've got a new name for you people in Room 19, you two sweet missionaries. It's Jane Addam's book on the Y. W. shelf. You're the "New Conscience" and Mehitabel's the "Ancient Evil."

But of all the trials, the stern professor of Theology had the hardest time.

"Do you think the heathen are lost? If they are, whose fault is it?"

"Miss Campbell, read Clarke's Theology."

"Is *that* what people believe? I think it's wicked."

"Miss Campbell, wiser people than you have had to accept that belief on faith."

"Do you think the whale swallowed Jonah?"

"Miss Campbell, go home and read your Bible. It says a *great fish*. These are side issues. The Book of Jonah is a great missionary book. That is the central truth."

And when the theory of the Atonement was under discussion, and Peggy said, "I don't believe that," the white-bearded old gentleman was fain to rebuke her. "Miss Campbell, Miss Campbell, you're away at sea. You have absolutely nothing to teach the heathen, as far as I can see."

And yet, when anyone was in trouble, Peggy, as usual, was there to help. When the slum children gathered at their Sunday School, Peggy was there to tell them stories, and when a basket ball teacher for the social service club was wanted, who but Peggy offered to go, and speedily captured every heart in the club?

Thus the Senior year went on, and, suddenly, although she had known it would come, Peggy found herself possessed of a B. A. degree, and she was out in the wide, wide world. Then, with her

studies left behind, her headaches were gone, and it seemed as if the desire to be a missionary had taken wings.

"Mehitabel's influence must have accounted for it," she thought, and laughed. But that night her headache came on again, and she awoke the next morning with a keen desire to go teach her poor sisters and brothers on the other side of the world—some time, of course, not just at present.

But alas for Student Volunteers! One bright morning in August, Peggy, on her way to the tennis court, stopped at the post office, and received a letter from Mehitabel.

"Dear Peggy,—I have decided to get married instead of being a missionary. I feel that I can do more good by staying at home, and then you know that my health was never very good. I am afraid I could never stand the nervous strain resulting from expatriation and loneliness, nor withstand the malignant diseases which flourish in heathen countries. I had partly planned to leave this fall to teach English in Korea, but I told the Board about you. You ought to be able to do that. I am very happy, of course. Lovingly, MEHITABEL. P.S.—I have a lovely diamond ring."

To think of it! After she had heard Mehitabel groan over the departed Student Volunteers who had broken their pledges! Why should she have to go? But she had promised, and, since the Board evidently needed some one pretty badly, she applied. Her health certificate was good, but the account of her conversion was entirely unsatisfactory. And her call! "Something told me I had to be a missionary."

"Young woman," said one of the stern old gentlemen, "do you feel that you *must* do this?"

"Yes, I do."

"You feel that if things are supposed to happen, they will happen?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose a torpedo strikes your ship in the middle of the ocean, then you won't try to save yourself at all?"

This was too much for Peggy. She could almost feel the waters closing around her. But the reverend gentleman pressed the matter no further, and soon she was told that, since the Board was in dire need of an English teacher, they would appoint her, but they advised her to be very careful of the religious teaching that

she would inculcate. To her joy, they decided to send her to Trinidad for a three years' term, instead of to Korea for six years.

The next month there was little time to think of anything but her outfit and the missionary meetings that she had to address, but, when she was finally on the ship, she wished more and more that she had never decided to be a missionary. Soon she became seasick. "Oh, my head! My head! Whatever is the matter! Oh, I think I am going to die." But after the first day, her seasickness disappeared, taking with it the headache and the "good missionary" feeling. It was all gone. Whatever had possessed her! What was she to do! "What shall I do? I'm Peggy Campbell again. I seem to have been someone else for the last year or two. Now I feel just like I used to when I was a gay Freshette. As Kant says—no, I didn't know about Kant then. Perhaps it's Professor James,—a—what is it, or who is it, or what has been the matter all along? Me a missionary! Why, I don't go to prayer-meeting even! Oh, yes I do; I led a prayer-meeting before I left home. Oh, I must get back!

She told her difficulty, with many a sob and tear, to the girl sitting next to her at the table.

"Why, I think it's so interesting I'm going to tell father."

"Oh, is he a doctor? Am I out of my mind, is that it?"

"No, he's a psychologist, and he's writing a book on 'Varieties of the Psychic Life.' Did you ever study Psychology?"

Guiltily, Peggy admitted that she had read every book in the library on that subject.

When Dr. Bates met her, he asked her several questions. Peggy told him of her sleepy fits during the last two years, when she sometimes seemed to feel altogether differently about things, and of her decision to become a missionary, when she really never had dreamed of such a thing.

"Well, my dear young lady, it is really a remarkable case. You seem to be possessed of a dual personality. But the strange part of it all is that you seem to remember both phases of your psychic life. Usually, in cases of this kind, the person loses all knowledge of his identity."

And so that was it. She was two people! And of all the punishments to have to bear! To have a second personality that wanted to be a missionary! Her cup of sorrow was full. One thing was sure, she would take the first ship back home from Trini-

dad, and never, never would she go near a missionary meeting in all her life again. But then, what would people think? People who had never studied Psychology would not believe her, and everyone would say she just got scared and went back. What to do she did not know. Perhaps she had better stay a little while. She need not be a real missionary. She could just teach English.

When she arrived at the Island, she found the missionaries all so glad to see her, and the children so delighted with their opportunity to learn English, that she decided that she would stay in that land of sunshine and flowers for a while. Her gay laugh, her great fund of stories, and her love for children soon made her one of the most popular teachers in the school. She still did not think of herself as a missionary, but, as she really must attend prayer-meeting, she found that her distaste was gradually wearing off.

"Now, which am I," she mused at the end of her first year, "am I the Ancient Evil, or am I the New Science, or am I gradually becoming a mixture of both? I believe I'd rather be the New Conscience, even if she does lead me into the missionary life. Perhaps, after all, it was only another one of the varieties of religious experiences. I wish Professor James were alive to put me in as a sort of appendix to his book on what our Psychology professor used to call, 'Some Wild Christians I Have Known.' And I guess I'd be the wildest one there."

E. BESSIE LOCKHART, '16.

The Horse.

The horse is a noble animal.

The horse has four legs. One on each corner.

The horse has a head and a tail. One on each end.

The horse is also a useful animal. It is useful for eating grass in the fields so we don't have to cut it.

The horse is very useful to pull automobiles out of mud holes.

There are (spells) d-i-f—different kinds of horses—red horses—white horses—blue, no—black horses—sorrel horses—horses sorrel—chestnut horses—horse chestnuts—gray horses—saw horses—horse-radish and Colts revolvers.

—E.r.

Never Mind!

HAS the tinsel worn off life?
Never mind!
Instead of love, you're finding strife?
Never mind!

Has the cup of pleasure gone,
Leaving sadness in your song,
And the days of life seem long?
Never mind!

Have you e'er misplaced your trust?
Never mind!
You, like they, are only dust,—
Never mind!
If they've idly dropped a word,
And your anger has been stirred,
Perchance it scarcely has been heard,—
Never mind!

Have you been misunderstood?
Never mind!
So that you've in wonder stood?
Never mind!
If your motives have been high,
There's no need to grieve and sigh,
They'll know you better by and by,—
Never mind!

Can't you reach the mountain's top?
Never mind!
Do not falter, do not stop,—
Never mind!
Tho' your efforts seem in vain,
Gather strength and try again,
There's a turning in the lane,—
Never mind!

—HERBERT J. BLOSSE,
A. C. A., '15.

The Evolution of the Camera.

FROM the earliest times, long before the invention of paper and printing, man pictured the events of his life and the customs of his times on the rock. These historians wrote their work in the clearest way possible—by the making of pictures; for it is self evident that crude as these drawings are, nevertheless they give us a far better idea of life as it was, than could be possible in any other way. Art is a world-wide language understood by all. Through all the ages, pictures have greatly aided in the advance of knowledge; and in mankind's search for education and delight. The camera has played no small part in the affairs of men.

The invention and development of the camera is an interesting story. It began about the last part of the sixteenth century when Baptista Porta discovered that when light was admitted through a small hole into a darkened room, a very faint inverted image of the landscape outside was seen on the opposite wall. This discovery was hailed with great delight and was called the camera obscura. He later improved this primitive camera by placing a double convex lens in the hole with a mirror outside to reflect the light through the lens. By this means the image became clearer and in a natural upright position. This is practically the principle of the camera obscura of the present time that is found of such use in the periscope of the modern submarine.

It is interesting to note that in 1760 Tiphaigne wrote a book entitled *Giphantie*, in which the hero is taken by a whirlwind to a strange land where pictures were made by coating a piece of canvas with some matter which first acted as a mirror; but unlike the mirror retained the image. The canvas was put away in a dark place for an hour till dry, when a true picture was obtained. This story is noteworthy because of the wonderful prophecy it contains which some years later came true.

The earliest chemical process was made by a German, T. Schulz, who obtained copies of writing by placing it upon a surface covered with a mixture of chalk and silver nitrate. The rays of light passing through the paper blackened the silver compound except where it was protected by the opaque ink. Thus a white copy upon a black ground was the result. Several years after this Professor Charles, the inventor of the hydrogen gas balloon, made the first silhouettes or shadowgraphs. By the means of strong sun-

light he threw the shadow of the head of the subject upon a sheet of white paper sensitized by being soaked in a solution of chloride of silver. This gave the profile of the subject in white upon a black background. He could discover no way of fixing the image and on that account he could advance no further.

The first man to obtain a permanent photograph was Nicephore Niepce, a Frenchman, who used as his camera a cigar box with lenses taken from a solar microscope. It was also about this time (1825) that Daguerre working along independent lines, heard of the experiments of Niepce and formed a partnership with him. Daguerre's discovery of the Daguerreotype was an accident. He had been working year after year to obtain his ideal, neglecting his other work and shutting himself up in his laboratory so that at last his wife sought medical advice as to his sanity. One day, however, Daguerre removed a plate from his camera which either from the shortness of the exposure or from the dullness of the light showed no image. He stored it in a cupboard intending to clean it and use it again; when to his surprise on taking it out next morning he found a distinct picture on it. He immediately prepared another plate, exposed it for an equally short time in the camera, and after putting it in the magical cupboard, another picture was made. At last he discovered that it was due to an open dish of mercury in the cupboard.

Daguerre now developed his plates by placing the exposed ones over a dish of warm mercury. This formed the Daguerreotype, a beautiful production, nearly as good as those today, absolutely permanent, and also having a charm of color owing to the metals which made up its image. Yet it had its drawbacks because only one picture could be made from the negative and even this one could not be retouched: thus imperfections and blemishes were faithfully portrayed. The modern sitter owes a great debt to the retoucher who frequently smooths down the hard lines of the too true negative.

The next advance was the collection or wet plate process, in that it made possible the duplication of photographs from one negative. It also made possible landscape photography, although the apparatus required was very large and clumsy. This wet plate method was succeeded by a still greater advance, namely, the gelatine or dry plate process. This was secured in 1880. The wet plate process was only good when the plate was wet, for when it

dried the solution crystallized on the plate and thus spoiled it. With the dry plate method only a simple camera is necessary for making pictures out of doors.

It was a natural step, but by no means an easy one from the dry plate to the rollable film. The first one was on paper, but this was not satisfactory because the grain of the paper showed in the print. A few years ago, however, an ideal film base was found, resembling celluloid, which changed the mode of photography. Loading in daylight now became possible and the photographer could take and store a thousand negatives more easily than a dozen of the old wet plate process.

From this time on, advance has followed advance in lenses, printing paper, moving picture cameras, kinecolor photography, and in other great respects until today we have about a perfected apparatus. As an indication of the advance shown, Daguerre's photograph required an exposure of five minute with the subject sitting absolutely motionless in the direct glare of the sun; while today cannon balls are pictured in flight.

The greatest triumph in photography is the moving picture camera which has in the past fifteen years made such enormous strides until today it is bringing entertainment and instruction to tens of millions. It has many uses and when properly managed is a vast power for good. Commercial men are advertising and selling machinery by films that show their operation. The value of sanitation is taught by enlarged films, such as "The Life of a Fly," or "Boil Your Water." Botany can be splendidly taught because in two or three minutes the machine can throw on the screen the life of a plant that may take months to mature. It is like the Hindu faker who plants a seed and causes a tree to spring from it to maturity before the eyes of the spectators. The educational power of the camera is so great that Mr. Edison predicts the time will soon come when every school will be equipped with a film projector to teach such subjects as history, geography, botany and the like.

The moving picture camera has gone to the ends of the earth to portray strange sights. Its range of subjects seems endless. for it goes from African jungles to Russian wilds; from pictures of wild beasts, to war; from aviation pictures, to coal mines; from events in history, to daily happenings. Surely it is a wonderful and useful production.

The value of the camera to the world cannot be estimated. Today the world is owned by every man because anything and everything can be brought accurately to his eyes. It is true that pictures are keys that unlock for us many libraries. Think of the value of the illustrations in our books and magazines that the camera has made possible. Photography has completely changed the methods of attacking solar problems. It shows stars invisible to the eye and enables maps to be made of the entire sky. In these ways and in countless others the camera has aided man's knowledge and pleasure and made this world a better place in which to live.

The future of the camera we believe to be great, for every day new systems and ways are being found out which picture new wonders of man and nature. By the perfection of the kinecolor, by which pictures can be taken in colors, and of the combination of the moving picture camera with the phonograph a new era will be opened up for the art of photography.

—R. B. SMALLMAN, '17.

The Moonbeams.

THE moonbeams dance, and skim, and glance,
On water clear and still reposing;
Sometimes they flee in fantasy
And circle back the wave enclosing.
Dance, moonbeams dance, thy glimmering rays compel;
And slumbering deep gives way to magic spell.

All sombre-hued with field and wood,
And dusky, dim, and far-retreating,
Is shore beyond with streams wound round
In shadowy silence nearly meeting.
Dance moonbeams, let thy glimmering rays compel
These dusky tracts to own thy magic spell.

The moonbeams fade, and darkness shades
The silent deep, and dusky shore;
One star alone, and only one
At morning's entrance guards the door.
The morning star the lingering hours tells,
Weaves gently, tenderly its magic spells.

—HAZEL G. MORSE, '18.

"De Profundis"

MARY O'BRIEN had the honor of being the wealthiest and prettiest girl in Irishtown, Quebec. When her father died she was left alone, and soon her friends became very anxious about her, for it was well known that she had many Protestant ideas, and that she had absolutely refused to go to chapel, after being grossly insulted by a priest in the confessional, a few months before. All this caused the priests of the church a great deal of worry, and it was intensified when they saw that she was becoming interested in George Porter, a young doctor who was a Protestant. They knew if she married him, her wealth would pass forever outside the jurisdiction of the church, and that was the very thing, if possible, they wished to prevent.

About Christmas time the announcement was made of her engagement. The wedding was to be held in June. It seemed that all hope of her being married within the church had gone. About the first of April Dr. Porter was arrested on several serious charges. Although people had always thought him an upright, honorable man, and in spite of his lawyer's efforts, and his claim that he was innocent, that it was a plot to ruin him, he was found guilty on every count and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, for the evidence was overwhelming.

Mary was nearly heartbroken and for a time would not believe him guilty, but later when the evidence seemed to prove that he was a moral leper she accepted the inevitable. At this critical period, Father Dennis MacEachern came to see her and sought to persuade her to enter a nunnery, but she would not consider it for a moment. He asked her not to give her final decision until she had spoken with the nuns and had heard of some of the work they were doing. Mary told him it would be of no use, but he obtained her promise, before he left, to go the next day and visit the nuns in Convent X. He also prevailed upon her, with some success, to go again to confession and take her place in the church, for as he pointed out to her, the cause of her sorrow was that she had wandered from the church of her fathers and listened to the words of a heretic, who was forever damned to destruction.

The next day Mary went to the convent, and the nuns took her through parts of the building and told her of the great and good work they were doing, but she was not impressed with any desire

to become a nun. Finally they entered the room where the vows of a monastic life are taken, and she was shown the robe a nun wears when she takes the vows. It was a beautiful garment and appealed to Mary's sense of beauty, so that when one of the nuns suggested that she try it on, she did so. At that moment a deep voice behind her said, "Young lady! what does this mean?" Turning she found herself face to face with Bishop La Pelle Walker. The stern look on his face made her tremble. Then the Bishop told her that no one was allowed to wear that robe except a nun, and now that she had put it on she was a novice, and must take the vows at once. Mary tried to explain but all to no avail, she was told that she could not leave the nunnery. She stormed and raged, threatening the Bishop and the church with the full extent of the law, but was asked what she could do while she was held a prisoner in the convent. She saw how helpless she was, yet she refused to take the oath. Then the Bishop rang a bell, and the Mother Superior came in, and she was told to take Mary to the dungeon in the cellar. Her clothes were taken from her and she was dressed in sack-cloth. For a week she was kept there, and between the rats and lack of food she became so completely unnerved that she was willing to do almost anything to escape from that dreadful place. Then the Bishop, whom she soon discovered to be a man after the same pattern as Pope John XXII, brought her the paper and showed her an account of her entrance into the nunnery. It told how she came to visit the place, and realizing for the first time the great work being done in the convents had begged to be allowed to remain; although this was not the custom it had been permitted because of the thoroughness of her conviction. He told her that people were not surprised because they all realized that she had passed through a very fiery ordeal during the last months, and the nunnery seemed a fitting way for her to consecrate her life. Then she took the vows. There were certain parts of the oath of obedience to all priests that aroused her repugnance and horrified her, but her objections were overcome largely by threats; partly by arguments which appeared plausible at the time, and by ambiguous statements, from which an entirely different meaning was taken after the vows had been made.

When Mary found out what life in a nunnery really was, she tried to kill herself, but in this she was frustrated by an older nun,

and was compelled to submit to a life against which her whole soul and nature rebelled.

Once every week a man came to the nunnery with the laundry from the priest's convent, which was directly opposite, on the other street; a great lawn cut by a high fence separating the two buildings. Although there was an underground passage connecting the nunnery with the convent and the Bishop's house, as that **fact was** not known to the public, the priests sent their laundry to the nuns to be washed, by way of the street and the front door of the nunnery.

One day, Mary happened to glance over the banister of the second story, where the younger nuns were compelled to stay, and saw the man sorting out the laundry; she immediately recognized him as Michael McLean. A wild scheme for escape entered her head and the more she thought about it the more possible it seemed to her. She determined to write to a man, who had been wanting her to marry him for several years, who was a Roman Catholic, and tell him of her position and suggest a way of rescuing her. She promised to marry him if he would get her out of the nunnery.

The next week while the man was again sorting out the laundry, a towel dropped at his feet; opening it he found a letter addressed to Patrick Morrissy. Having worked for him at one time, as Mary knew, and being his friend, he took the letter and delivered it.

A week later, following Mary's directions, the big laundry box was brought in to the foot of the stairs and all the laundry dumped in a heap on the floor. Mary could not get down the stairs because the door was locked and bolted, so she had McLean give her the signal when the hall was clear, then she jumped, the clothes breaking her fall, but even then she sprained both her ankles. Quickly she was lifted into the basket and the laundered clothes placed over her. Then half dragging, half carrying the basket McLean managed to get it to the yard where Morrissy, who was acting driver, helped him lift the basket to the team. Without any trouble they drove to Mary's home, where they left her, after McLean had brought Morrissy's sister to look after her. The success of the scheme had been due to the fact that it was so daring, for there was hardly a minute when there was not somebody in the hall.

Great excitement was stirred up among the priests and older nuns when it was discovered that Mary was not in the nunnery

and no one knew where she was. It was not until three days had gone by that the Bishop found out where she was. He went to her house at once and tried to force her to tell how she had escaped and who had helped her, but she would tell him nothing. He told her that if she told anything that happened in the nunnery she would be hounded to her death.

"But," said Mary, "the days of the inquisition are past and you cannot frighten me that way."

"You think so," said the Bishop, "but let me tell you that things never change in our church; the inquisition is as real today as it was in Spain in the sixteenth century; not a law has been reversed, they are still upon the books of the church waiting for the day when they can be put in operation. If we had the power it would be set up in Canada without a moment's delay and every heretic would recant or die. Here in Irishtown we have some power and you shall feel it soon."

Mary and Morrissy were married a few weeks later by a Protestant minister in Montreal. After their return home they began to feel the power of the Bishop's words, for life was made very miserable for them by means of the boycott. Three attempts were made to abduct Mary during the next few months, and at last the house was set on fire and burned to the ground. She barely escaped with her life, and as it was she was badly burned. When her baby was born it was deformed and proved to be a hopeless idiot. This, the doctors said, was due to the many frights she had received during the previous year. Shortly after this her husband began to neglect her. It was evident that it was her money that he was interested in, for as soon as he discovered that the priests had forced most of her money from her while she was in the nunnery, he seemed to lose a great deal of his interest in her.

About this time Morrissy became acquainted with a beautiful French girl who had lately come to Irish town, and who was reported to be very wealthy. As he wanted to leave Mary and marry this girl, he went to the Bishop and asked him what he could do. The Bishop told him simply to leave her, that he was not legally married to her because a Protestant minister had performed the ceremony. On Sunday morning the Bishop pronounced the marriage null and void, and read the banns for Morrissy's second wedding, from the Cathedral.

Shortly after this Mary's baby died, and under an assumed name she went to Winnipeg where she got an opportunity to enter a hospital to train as a nurse. Four years later she became head nurse of the largest hospital in Winnipeg. She was almost happy again, when, one day as she went to a cabinet in Ward A to get some medicine, she heard the name "Dr. Porter of Irishtown," and listening she heard a man who was dying confess to a priest, that another priest in Irishtown, Que., had paid him a large sum of money to tell certain things which were false, against this Dr. Porter, when he was on trial. He said that he knew of three other men who had also been paid to give false information.

That was enough to convince Mary that her lover had been innocent and true to her. During all these years she had loved him, but would not think of him because she believed that he had been false to her. Now that she realized how he had been wronged and saw clearly the plot that had been arranged to get him out of the way and her into a convent, she despised herself for believing anything against him, no matter how strong the evidence seemed to be. She realized that he had enemies on the jury as well as the bench and did not have a chance of acquittal, for his case was settled before he came on trial.

Mary tried to find out, from the prison, where the doctor had gone when he was released, but all the information she could get was that he had gone to New York to work in a hospital.

Getting leave of absence from the hospital she went to New York to search for him. She inquired at every hospital in the city for a Doctor Porter, of Irishtown, Que., but all to no avail. After months of searching she had to give it up and return to Winnipeg.

While she was away the head surgeon died and a new man had been employed, a Dr. Williams, who was reported to be one of the best surgeons of the United States. It was several days before Mary saw the new doctor. She was sitting writing in her office when he came in with an instrument. She rose to her feet and then—over went her chair and bang went the thousand dollar instrument on the floor—for she recognized Dr. Porter, and Dr. Williams recognized Mary O'Brien. He also had been living under an assumed name and was in the Bourgeois Hospital in New York city when Mary had enquired for Dr. Porter of Irishtown, Quebec. He did not hear about it for some days, but when he did he feared that some of his old enemies were on his track again, so

when he had an opportunity to go to Winnipeg the next week he had gladly accepted.

A year later they were married, she having obtained a divorce from her former husband, through the courts of Winnipeg.

The doctor is a staunch member of the Orange Order, and through him I found out the story of his wife's early life, on the night he was admitted into the Arch Degree. He said that one serpent had found him but that a more terrible one had found his wife; then he told me the story.

S. W. S., Theo.

The Novels of W. J. Locke.

THE chief charm of William John Locke's novels is their subtle, elusive humor. So apparent is this quality that one cannot help wondering what gave to Locke the ability to treat even the commonplace with such a humorous touch. Of course, it is quite possible that he inherited the characteristic from some remote ancestor, but because "Who's Who" gives nothing but the bare facts of Locke's life, with no reference whatever to his parents, it seems probable that environment had a large place in the development of his character.

The Barbadoes, you must know, is the most southerly island of the British West Indies, a tropical land where the natives have all sorts of queer belief and superstitions, where it is a common thing to meet devils and duppies every night, and where it is an equally common thing to hear the clatter of hoofs and rattle of chains as the "Rolling Calf" comes down the road behind you. Whether or not William J. Locke ever saw the "Rolling Calf," or the "Rubber Mama" who guards the golden tables, or the devils who live in the silk-wood trees, I do not know, but it was on this strange little island that he was born, and surely some of the queer, elusive quality that seems in the very atmosphere, entered the mind and soul of this writer to appear again in his work.

Had this queer elusiveness been the only quality that influenced him from without, doubtless his novels would never have been written, but fortunately, after studying for a while in Trinidad, Locke went to England and entered St. John's College, Cambridge.

Probably he met devils and duppies here, too, but of a different kind—the strong, English kind, for English people always show strength and determination even when they are devils. After graduating from Cambridge, Locke became the secretary of various architectural societies, and wrote various novels, and the latter he continues to do until this day.

In addition to the humorous charm of his works, Locke's novels are strong in characterization, setting and view of life. Each of his books has in it several strong men and women.

Just look at Gaston de Nerac, otherwise Josiah Henkendyke, otherwise Polydore Pradel, otherwise Berzélius Nibbidard Paragot, and otherwise and always the Beloved Vagabond. Locke reveals Paragot's character. From the very first, you cannot help sharing the child Asticot's admiration for his friend, and as Paragot takes the boy and wanders round the country with him that he may learn in the "University of the Universe," you see the man's own character in the philosophy he teaches the child. You become very much interested in him in his vagabondage in sunny France, and when he comes back to England to take up the life of conventionality again, you cannot help feeling rather sorry that he makes such a complete failure of it, although, after becoming so well acquainted with him, you know he could not have acted differently. Truly Paragot is not perfect. You rather scorn him when you see the indolent life he leads, and you cannot escape a feeling of contempt for him as he gradually becomes more and more fond of his alcohol and absinthe in the little Café Delphine. But the lines of his character are strongly drawn, and he appears very real to us.

Frequently the women in Locke's books are very unusual persons. For instance, there is Lola Brandt in "Simon the Jester." It is rather out of the ordinary to have a professional "dompteuse," the daughter of a circus manager, for the heroine of a story whose main setting is fashionable London. She is a big woman, beautiful in her way, very unconventional, and yet showing noble characteristics that impress you at once. Or there is Liosha in "Jaffery," an extremely unconventional woman from the Albanian mountains, who is naturally rather out of place in the cozy home of an English gentleman in one of the outer suburbs of London. Then there are the usual beautiful English women—Barbara, "my exquisite Barbara" as Hilary calls her, and Eleanore Faversham, Miss Winwood, who is such a capable business woman, and Joanna with "es

petits pieds si adoris." Nor must we forget the girl Unity in "Stella Maris," who sacrificed her life for her master, nor plain dumpy Blanquette in "The Beloved Vagabond," who married her.

The villains in the stories are but lightly sketched. They are not, as a rule, real actors of the book but enter rather as a means of development in the plot. They are very real when they thwart the plans of our heroes and heroines, but their evil deeds are simply stated and not acted out before us.

As I think over the next point, I wonder how I can show you how vivid and real the setting of Locke's novel usually is. The descriptions by which he tells us just where the action of the story is to take place, are not beautiful; there are no passages of impassioned prose, no beautiful sunsets nor dreamy woodland sketches. But his descriptions are original and pointed. Just see his picture of the city of Havre as he makes Hilary paint it early one raw morning—Hilary, who was a man of leisure, and accordingly was accustomed to the late hours of a man of leisure:

"I stood resentful in the sardine pack of humans. The sky was overcast. It was very cold. The universe had an uncared-for, unswept appearance, like a house surprised at dawn, before the housemaids are up. The forced appearance of a well-to-do philosopher at such an hour was nothing less than an outrage. I glared at the immature day. The day glared at me and turned down its temperature about twenty degrees."

Or listen to the vivid words he uses in describing Paris on a wet day:—

"Now, when homespun London is wet and muddy, no one minds very much. But when silken Paris lies bedraggled with rain and mud, she is the forlornest thing under the sky. She is a hollow-eyed, pale city, the rouge is washed from her cheek, her hair hangs dark and dishevelled, in her aspect is desolation, and moaning is in her voice."

All Locke's descriptions, of course, are not so picturesque as these I have quoted, but he seems to have the art of giving his readers the desired impressions, without going to any great effort over it. Just a paragraph here and a word there, and we have the mental picture.

To me one of the strongest qualities of Locke's style is his ability to go into detail without being tiresome. Rather this very detail makes his books seem real and natural. For example, in

"The Beloved Vagabond," he continually brings in the dog Narcisse. After the old fiddler had so suddenly fallen dead, "Narcisse sat placidly by, with his tongue out, eyeing his master ironically.

"You are the man," his glance implied, "who said that nothing happens here."

I have known many dogs in my life, but never so mocking and cynical a dog as Narcisse.

Or again, when the trio had been playing in a small, close room, full of unseemly odours. "A dog's life," said Paragot. Whereas Narcisse sniffed. "It was not at all the life for a philosopher's dog," said he.

And what about his view of life, you ask. Often it is skeptical, but his redeeming sense of humor saves him from being cynical. He has a philosophy that goes beyond the narrow conventionalities, his outlook is broad and wholesome. Perhaps you can best judge for yourselves from this quotation:

"I am Paragot, my son; a film full of wind and wonder, fantasy and folly, driven like thistle down about the world. I do not count. But you, my little Asticot, have the Great Responsibility before you. It is for you to uplift a corner of the veil of life and show joy to men and women where they would not have sought it. Work now and gather wisdom, my son, so that when the Great Day comes you may not miss your destiny."

—CHARLOTTE H. LAYTON, '16.

DON'T TRY THIS ON THE ATHENÆUM.

Young Reporter—The storm king hurled his torn and tumbling torrents over the ruins of the broken and dismembered edifice.

Old Editor—What's that? What do you mean, young fellow?

Young Reporter—I—er—the flood washed away Pat McCann's cowshed.

To An English Student.

AND, oh! you student of Browning,
What is this that I hear you say?
As you sit at my side in English,—
May you look at my book? You may.

Now, hearken to old Abt Vogler,
“All I ever have dreamed of good.”
Why, the poet’s a wonderful wizard.
You don’t appreciate this? You should.

Oh! here’s Andrea del Sarto.
Such stuff you detest and abhor?
You can’t grasp it? As Browning phrased it,
Well, then, “What’s a heaven for”?

Perhaps you will like “Pippa Passes,”
“All’s right with the world,” hear her sing,
As she dances along on her one good day.
You don’t believe any such thing?

But now hear the strong man in “Prospice,”
The fighter with one fight more.
“No melody, pshaw!” you mutter,
“It’s cold!” Shall I shut the door?

And so, you student of Browning,
You don’t like our poet, you say.
Perhaps if you’ll pay more attention,
Your thoughts will clear up, some fine day.

—E. B. LOCKHART, '16.

A True Story.

THE express slowed down, as she hit the sharp curve just outside of Sussex, and came to a full stop at a deserted looking shack, locally known as the station. The train was crowded with college students going home for their summer vacation, travelling salesmen and a minister here and there. They were all asleep.

"Ben, wake up! Look, we're in a station. It must be nearly twelve o'clock. The conductor said this was Sussex. Are you going to wake up?"

Ben was trying to rest his body, which was more than six feet over all, on an ordinary car seat.

"Sussex, is it? Well, all right. You've been talking all the time. I'll be glad when your aunt gets you at St. John. Please go to sleep and let me alone," drowsily spoke Ben, raising himself up on the seat to look out and lying back almost immediately.

Both Ben and his boy friend were asleep soon after the train rolled out of Sussex.

Ben awoke with a thud on the car floor. His head was all in a whirl. He tumbled to his feet, and saw a man, rather heavy set, and a girl of eighteen or nineteen occupying his seat and former resting place. When the man beheld Ben, he blurted out: "So you're the fellow that's taking all the room. You aren't a gentleman or you'd have gotten up and given your seat to me and my friend. Some boy you."

Ben, who was trembling with rage and righteous indignation, placed his Herculean fist under his assailant's chin and said, "For two cents I'd break every bone in your body, you low down rascal."

"Please, please," broke in the young girl, "for my sake don't cause a scene. It's awful, and there may be some one on this train who knows me. Stop, oh, please."

Her companion laughed at these words, and proceeded to comfort her; but Ben, on hearing the supplications of the young lady, sat down in the seat beside his boy friend, who was still sleeping soundly and who didn't wake up until Ben gave him over to his anxious aunt at the station in St. John.

Before long the girl's companion excused himself, and went into the smoker. He was hardly out of the door, when the girl burst into tears and sobs, and glancing up at Ben, said, "Sir, you are sober, and you will help me, won't you?"

Ben, who was not accustomed to the ways of a girl, bashfully, even nervously, answered, "Why, yes—er—yes Miss. I'll help you. What's the trouble?"

"I know I was foolish to believe him and get off our train in Sussex. Oh, I might have known that it only stopped a few minutes. But he said we had plenty of time for lunch. All my baggage is gone, even my pocketbook and my hat. Oh, I'm a mess. My hair is all down and you'll help me? It was awful of me, I know, but he was introduced to me by friends before we left, and he was so nice and kind to me. I just hate him. At Sussex he got some whisky and he's been drinking fearfully. I'm so afraid and I don't want anyone to find out. They'd never understand and believe me."

Ben by this time was greatly excited, and his heart was beating wildly. This was the first time he had been called upon to play the role of hero, and he didn't know how to take it. All sorts of things were running through his mind. First he was going to kill that man, then he put that out of his head. It might be all a trick to get him into trouble. Such things had happened in books he had read. He didn't know what to do. However, he finally decided to question the girl and find out something about her. While Ben was thus cogitating the girl was sobbing. When he spoke she wiped away the tears which were rolling down her plump red cheeks. "Miss of course I'll help you. Where are you from?"

"I live in Georgetown, Prince Edward Island. Everybody knows me there. My father is C. A. Westerly of Westerly & Davidson. Maybe you've heard of the firm."

"Well, I should say I have. Miss Westerly, I shall be glad to help you in any way I can. My name is Mills. I've been at Acadia University up to the present and am going home for the summer. But who is this man you're with?"

"Oh, he's a salesman and has been selling his goods on the Island. I thought he was very nice. All of us did. When we were held up in Sussex, he said everything would be all right. We could go to a hotel for the day, and I could get my baggage. I'm awfully afraid. Here he comes now and he'll be very cross with me for talking with you."

Miss Westerly's "friend" staggered in and threw himself beside her. "Say, Ethel, what are—are you talking to that hayseed for? Don't you know that isn't right?"

The girl with the intuition and foresight of a woman, promptly answered: "Mr. Wright, I'd like to have you meet Mr. Davidson, my father's junior partner." The girl looked appealingly at Ben. He understood. The two men shook hands. Wright didn't know what to say. He was baffled. Ben filling the breach answered: "Mr. Wright, I'm very pleased to meet you. Quite a surprise for me to see Ethel."

Wright nodded. He didn't know what to say, so he got up and left the car. When he came back, Ben and Miss Westerly were talking together, and the girl was gradually forgetting her former dread position.

Ben turned to Wright and said, "Mr. Wright, I've decided to take charge of Miss Westerly and locate her in her hotel."

Wright didn't know what to make of this, and growing angry, he replied, "You take Ethel to a hotel? No, no. She was given into my care and I'm going to look out for her. Now mind your own business."

"Mr. Wright," replied Ethel, "I'm going with Mr. Davidson. He insists and I have to obey him, because he is father's partner."

"What! You won't obey me? Well, you will, yes you will."

"Mr. Wright," interrupted Ben, whose anger was beginning to rise, "I said Miss Westerly was going with me. That's final. Now you be still or I'll use force on you. Do you understand?"

Wright realized that Ben would be no easy person to handle, and, after making a few more remonstrances, fell asleep.

As the train pulled into St. John Ben woke Wright up and said to him, "We're going to get Miss Westerley's baggage. You come along." He complied, and Miss Westerly, Wright and Ben, who gave the little boy to his aunt, went off to the baggage room, where the lost articles were recognized.

Ben, turning to Wright fairly roared at him, "Now, you get out of here, and if you turn or look back I'll break your head for you. Get, you low-lived rascal."

Wright saw that Ben meant what he said, and slunk away and out of the station.

"Oh! I'm so thankful he's gone," said Ethel after Wright had left for good.

"Now, Miss Westerly, I'll take you up to your hotel," said Ben picking up the suit cases. "I'm going to get a little sleep if I can,

because I've got a twelve mile drive to face before I finally reach home."

At the hotel Ben received a room for Miss Westerly and one for himself. "Miss Westerly, I want to say good-bye to you. I'm leaving in three or four hours. I—ah—I am very glad to have met you. Good-bye."

"Oh, Mr. Mills," said Ethel, "how can I thank you! You saved my life. I shall never forget it. Good-bye."

The slight pressure which she placed upon Ben's big hand as they said good-bye, made him feel and experience something he had never felt in his life before. They parted. Ben did not sleep much. He could not help thinking of her. He rehearsed the conversations they had had. When he arrived home he told his mother and sisters of his marvellous experience. He confided in his mother about the girl whom he could not forget. His mother said he was foolish and exhorted him to forget her, which he almost succeeded in doing.

* * * *

Three years later Ben was walking down the main street of a little town in Alberta, after having concluded a successful business proposition. As he was sauntering along gazing in all the shop windows he happened to notice the name of Westerly over a drug store. He stopped. The name was familiar. It was her last name. He crossed the street, entered the drug store, and after buying some unnecessary articles, addressed the druggist: "Pardon me, but are you Mr. Westerly?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Strange I hadn't noticed that name out here."

"Well there are very few Westerleys here. Only one or two families. We're from Prince Edward Island. We've just been here for a year or two now and, on the whole, it's a good place for business."

The only thing that was running through Ben's head was that they were from Prince Edward Island.

"Do you happen to know an Ethel Westerly from Prince Edward Island," asked Ben timidly. "My name is Mills."

"Well, I guess I do. She's my niece, and I can say she's the prettiest girl I've seen anywhere. I'll tell you a strange thing that happened to my niece about three years ago. She was travelling from Georgetown to St. John. Anyhow or other, she fell in with

some good-for-nothing salesman, who, they say, recently committed suicide. He got her off the train and they had to wait for the next train. He got to drinking. When they boarded the train he was perfectly insulting. Some chap by the name of Mills got Ethel away from him and sent her to a hotel. My brother, Ethel's father, has been looking all over for this chap. Everybody in the mountain provinces has heard about it."

Ben grinning suspiciously said, "Yes, I heard that story."

"Say," said the druggist, "you seem to know something about it."

"Well," said Ben, shifting for the door, "I was the 'hero'."

"Good!" said the druggist. "I knew it the moment I heard your name. Here, here, don't go. Ethel and my brother will be here most any moment now. Here they are now."

"Good afternoon, Charlie," said Westerly, addressing his brother, "I want you to meet the young chap who saved Ethel." Ben turned around and faced Ethel and her father.

"Mr. Mills," exclaimed Ethel, "it is you. Oh! I'm so glad."

Ben didn't know what to say. He blurted out something and shook hands with Ethel and her father, who was smiling graciously upon him.

"Mr. Mills," said Ethel's father, "I want to personally thank you for the valuable service you rendered my daughter, and I vowed if ever I should meet you I would offer you the position which Mr. Davidson, my junior partner, filled so well until he died. The offer is still open. Will you accept?"

Ben accepted gladly. That very evening he proposed to Ethel and was accepted.

K. P. D., '18.

War.

Liquid death and fire of hell, blazing o'er the trenches,
Cavemen instincts 'roused to fury by war's clarion call,
Hissing bullets aimed by snipers, searching out their prey,
Death-ships crossing the heavens like meteors bright.
All these proclaim that war is hell.

My Native Land.

DEAR native land!
The land which still I love!
Tho' mountains rear their rugged forms,
And forests, scarred by winter's storms,
Between us lie:
Tho' rivers wind and oceans roll
In billows high;
I'll love thee still with heart and soul,
Until I die!

Dear native land!
The land which still is home!
Tho' other lands may for awhile
Be kind, and bless with fortune's smile,
And cherish me:
Tho' other flags than thine are spread,
And wafted free;
While other skies sweep overhead,
I think of thee!

Dear native land!
The land which still is great!
Tho' mighty nations rise and blow
The boastful trump of power, and glow
With secret pride:
Tho' ships are built, and mighty guns
With thine are vied;
No other land has braver sons
Of Empire wide!

Dear native land!
The land where old friends dwell!
Tho' other lips their welcome smile,
And hands are gripped and held awhile
By loyal hand:
Tho' round me gather comrades new,
In happy band;
She holds the best, the loved, the true,—
My native land!

—HERBERT J. BLOSSE, H. C. A., '15.

The Student Volunteer Movement.

THE Student Volunteer Movement for foreign missions had its real beginning in the University of Edinburgh, where, among the medical students, in the year 1884, a religious movement began. Connected with this movement was Professor Drummond, who, with Dr. Purvis Smith (now of Wolfville) as secretary, along with several other college men, visited the North American colleges at the invitation of D. L. Moody. A religious awakening of students of the United States and of Canada followed.

In 1886, a hundred American students met in conference at Northfield. Several men who planned to enter foreign work met for prayer that a hundred members of that conference should pledge themselves to become foreign missionaries. Their prayer was answered, and such devotion did all show to the cause, that several delegates went among the universities of North America enlisting students for foreign missions.

In 1888, a definite organization was made under the name of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, with the watchword, "The evangelization of the world in this generation." Each volunteer signed a declaration card, "I desire, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary." At its organization, John R. Mott was appointed chairman of the executive. He has held this position ever since, and has established the movement in Europe, Asia and Australia.

In each college, the students who have decided to take up foreign work organize themselves into a Student Volunteer Band, whose avowed purpose is to do aggressive work in enlisting the interest of their fellow-students, and in promoting the mission study of the college.

Dr. Mott, in one of his recent communications to the Movement, has said: "The Movement has been even more concerned in influencing students to acknowledge the sovereign sway of Christ than in urging them to serve Him in any particular part of His world-wide kingdom. It has thus afforded a challenge for every Christian student for testing his devotion to Christ. Nothing could be more valuable to a man than to be obliged to answer the question whether his loyalty to Christ is limited and fractional, or thoroughgoing, complete and absolute. Whether he becomes a student volunteer or not, the experience of facing this question

fearlessly and honestly is of the greatest possible help. The Movement in sounding out the missionary call has promoted reality in Christian experience in every institution which it has touched. Its appeal tries men's motives as by fire and exposes relentlessly all sham and hypocrisy."

The head office of the Movement is located in 25 Madison Avenue, New York City. Travelling secretaries each year visit the different colleges, and the office staff keeps in touch with the various missionary boards, and renders valuable service in placing the workers. Each year, the bulletin contains hundreds of calls for college trained men and women, in which the greatest variety of talent is called for. Men are wanted as preachers, teachers of branches such as our own schools and colleges teach, physical directors, physicians, surgeons, engineers, architects, business managers, stenographers, printers. Women are wanted as teachers, evangelists, physicians, surgeons, nurses, kindergarten teachers, stenographers, physical directors, supervisors of orphanages and hotels.

The following are a typical few of the various positions now awaiting Christian college graduates and students. They are taken from the 1916 Bulletin:

India.—A man to take charge of a large publishing house in Lucknow.

Chile.—A woman to teach music in Santiago.

Shantung University.—Professor of Physics, Professor of Biology, Professor of Church History.

Shanghai.—Teacher of Domestic Science.

Alaska.—Two men qualified to teach industrial subjects to the Indians at Nenana and Anvik.

Persia.—Man to teach commercial branches.

Already the Movement has sent 6,475 members to the foreign field. The numbers are steadily growing. Acadia is pressing to the front in this world war. Has she done her part in this conflict of heathenism and Christianity?

—E. B. LOCKHART, '16.

Spring.

O, gentle Spring,
Of thee we sing.

Most happy time of all the year,
When bright life springs from winter's snow
And whispering winds do softly blow,
We hail thee, O thou season dear.

Winter, away!
Thou canst not stay
To trouble us with storm and cold;
For Spring hath conquered thy rude might,
Her warmth and sunshine won the fight.
Go hence! thou knave, release thy hold.

Come, season gay,
O, with us stay
And fill our lives with rapture sweet.
We need thy joy, we need thy life
To help us conquer in the strife,
Which ever in our soul doth beat.

—R. B. SMALLMAN, '17.

A TERRIBLE DREAM.

The President of the university had dark circles under his eyes. His cheek was pale, his lips were trembling; he wore a hunted expression.

"You look ill," said his wife. "What is wrong, dear?"

"Nothing much," he replied. "But—I—I had a fearful dream last night, and I feel this morning as if I—as if I—" It was evident that his nervous system was shattered.

"What was the dream?" asked his wife.

"I—I dreamed the trustees required that—that I should—that I should pass the Freshman examination for—admission!" sighed the President.



WE have been reading the college magazines critically during the past college year, and we feel that by this time we know pretty well what other colleges are like. Let us write down our opinions and see how aptly we can characterize our neighbors.

KINGS. As we look at you through your paper we see you dignified rather than lively, scholarly rather than sporty. There is nothing frivolous about your magazine, it never contains a joke: the commoner writes what we suppose to be wit, local hits in a wild form, but his writing shows the English influence. And yet, Kings, you have ways of being frivolous that we do not indulge in, such as dances and bridge parties, and we have heard it whispered that Kings men attend afternoon teas. However, that may be only a base scandal; don't quote us as an authority for saying so.

DALHOUSIE: We always feel so sorry for you because you have no college residences in which to gather your students together, and when you want to have a meeting of any kind or a practice for football or basket-ball you have to go all over the city to get your crowd together. Until you have residences, Dal., we feel that you will lack unity or cohesion or some other indefatigable spirit. But in spite of such handicaps we have always found you true sports, full of hospitality.

PINEHILL: You present a conservative and formal appearance to the public. Your paper is guiltless of jokes or of any attempts thereat. Your college gaieties seem to consist in listening to speakers on Associated Charities, Missions, and Homes for Delinquent Girls. Perhaps if more of our attention was devoted

to things like that we wouldn't have to study so much Sociology with its tales of suffering, oppression and helpless humanity; worst of all, helpless us; for we don't know what to do to better things.

ST. FRANCIS: You always give us the impression of being rather sombre, perhaps it is because you never chronicle any doings, or perhaps it is because your stories are a trifle stiff and your articles have such highbrow titles, for example, "Humanitarianism in Christianity," "Economics in the Church," "The Universality of Literature." Maybe if some of the rest of us put our energy into writing something that exercised our gray matter, rather than the ephemeral trash characteristic of college papers, it would be better training for us.

MOUNT A.: Your paper fairly bubbles with fun and frolic. Your stories have a spontaneity that ours usually lack, and your serio-comic article hit the mark, while your sensible articles are up-to-date. Who wrote "Love's Old Sweet Song" in the February *Argosy*? It sounds a little too well-read to be written by a student and a little too well-acquainted with current literature to be written by a professor. Therefore it must have been an alumnus. Is there any fallacy in our logic?

U. N. B. We don't dare to say anything very horrid to you or you would say we were sore because you won the debate. You ask yourselves the question that we were going to ask, "Is College Spirit Dead?" That certainly is a pitiful editorial. You say nobody will play basket-ball or hockey. Nobody will write for the paper. You don't mention it, but very likely you could add that nobody attends Y. M. C. A. prayer-meetings. Your college is in a sad state, but we can't offer you any advice because we have never suffered from that disease, "Lack of College Spirit." Cheer up, U. N. B.! After the war is over your enthusiasm for everything extra-curriculum will return.

Now that we have criticized other colleges we wonder what they think of us?

Our task for the year is done, and as we leave we want to say to every college, we've liked reading your papers, and we hope that you won't have any hard feelings toward us because we've been too critical.

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1916

No. 7

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

B. G. WOOD, '16, Month.

LILLIAN CHASE, '16, Exchanges.

ESTHER CLARKE, '16, Personals.

G. PAIGE PINNEO, '16, Athletics.

HETTIE CHUTE, '16, Jokes.

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

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

MYRTLE MORSE, Seminary.

A. WILLARD TAYLOR, Academy.

E. D. MCPHEE, '18, and R. R. DALGLEISH, '19, Assistants.



Editorial



THE editor like nearly everyone else around the college has lost his enthusiasm, and finds the task of getting out the May issue irksome and nerve-wrecking. The competition this month has been less keen than any month during the year. The Month editor being away taking a lieutenant's course, has left that column without a pilot, and there being no competition, this task has fallen to the editor-in-chief, who remembering *non omnia possumus omnes*, is allowing this section of the paper to go unrecorded with the reminder that the only thing of chief importance during the past month has been the steady drilling of the soldiers, who are still *sans culottes*, and the spring fever, which is responsible for this smaller issue of the ATHENÆUM.

So many of our fellows have enlisted that we wonder what will become of the ATHENÆUM next year. Only two editors, who have won their offices by the largest number of units, through com-

petition this year, are considering the advisability of coming back next year. We say to the next editor who enters the sanctum, *lasciate agni speranza voi ch' entrate.*

The song-book committee report that it has been decided to abandon the idea of producing a book this year. This decision was forced upon the committee by the unsettled conditions and the high rate of duty on all printed matter coming from the United States, since the beginning of the war. The committee have labored faithfully to produce a new song-book. Literally, hundreds of letters have been written and days spent in sorting out songs, copying words and music, transposing, and other details too numerous to mention. The books would cost us about six hundred and fifty dollars, and added to that would be the regular duty of ten per cent. plus the special duty of seven and a half per cent. That would mean that about eight hundred books would have to be sold at closing in order to meet the obligation. Being unable to get a special rate of duty, and feeling that it would be unwise to plunge the Athenæum Society into further debt, the committee have decided to place the material, which they have all ready to go to the publishers, on file in the Library, from which place it can be secured when conditions again become normal, and the Society feel in a position to publish the book.

The committee realizes what a disappointment this will be to many, but they can only say that no one can be more disappointed, or feel more keenly their failure to produce a new Acadia song book than the committee itself.

The Acadia undergraduate is observed not only by the college president and investigators but by the public at large. They are seeking to solve his problems and difficulties, and they are doing even more, they are going at the heart of the matter and are investigating the college itself, its curriculum and the efficiency of its professors. The undergraduate is grateful for this, for he himself may reap the fruit of these investigations, and his children will ultimately profit thereby. He is able to see many successes and failures in the curriculum, the student body, or the teachers, that one from the outside cannot see.

**The Song
Book**

**Acadia: An
Undergraduate's
Impressions**

Almost the first thing that impresses the Acadia student is the democratic spirit in the college society. Every man has an equal opportunity for honors in scholarship, or offices of honor in the college societies. No office is kept from a man because he is poor,—in fact, Acadia is a poor man's college.

Athletics at Acadia do not seem to lower the standard of scholarship. We do not put as much time on athletics as many of the larger colleges do, but we put enough energy into it to make it a success and we have never found it of injury to the college.

The scientific spirit is also found at Acadia. Here the student learns that the world is not a huge machine run by mechanical laws, but an organism modifiable and directive by human will and purpose. He gets a larger view of life and is brought to realize that the world is ready to bring returns to him for whatever time and energy he puts into it. He is taught to open his mind to new ideas and to find his bearings in the world.

Acadia tries to cultivate a gradual growth of the critical spirit, and to show the student that he must not take things for granted, must test great and important questions for himself. He must learn to criticize without rancor.

The enthusiastic spirit is felt at Acadia. We find here men who have discarded pre-conceived notions, and who are taking up their work with a new, broad view of life. Even the college itself has broadened out: its curriculum is being revised, elective subjects are being given, and a new spirit is being felt that was unknown a few years ago.

Acadia is seeking each year to rise nearer a perfect ideal. The progress has been very rapid in the past, and the check that is being placed upon her today as a result of this world-wide struggle for democracy, is only temporary. When normal conditions are again restored Acadia will press onward toward that high ideal which she has set before her.

The socks I got from thee, dear heart,
Are made indeed for churls—not me;
Though the seams look good, they rip apart—
My hosiery! My hosiery!

—Ex.



'86—Dr. W. B. Hutchinson, who was at one time President of Acadia, is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Burlington, Iowa.

'86—Dr. J. W. Brown of Wolfville has accepted a call to the Middle Sackville Church.

'87—The death occurred on March 17th at Foxcroft, Me., of Rev. E. L. Gates. The late Mr. Gates, after graduating from Acadia, pursued a course at Newton Theological Institute. Since 1890 he has held pastorates in New England Baptist Churches. Dr. G. O. Gates of Wolfville is a brother.

'93—An article entitled, "Fifty Years of the Y. W. C. A.," by Annie M. McLean, was published in a recent issue of the *Survey*. Dr. McLean is Assistant Professor in the Sociology Department of Chicago University.

'95—Word has been received of the death of Nathan J. Lockhart, who has been practicing law in Western Canada.

'02—To Rev. and Mrs. P. C. Reed of Hantsport on April 5th, a son.

'06—Rev. F. S. Porter has been appointed chaplain of the 104th. His duties are in connection with the companies stationed at Fredericton and Woodstock. His resignation from the German Street Church has been accepted with regret.

'\$6—Rev. F. Stewart Kinley is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Westerly, Rhode Island.

ex '07—Thomas J. Kinley, who has been in ill health during the winter, has recovered and has enlisted in the 172nd Battalion, Rocky Mountain Rangers, at Kamloops, B. C.

'09—The marriage took place in Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, on April 22nd, of John S. Bates of Montreal and Miss Jeanette Ingraham of Sydney, C. B.

'12—George R. Lewis was ordained at Lee Mars, Iowa, on January 21st.

'12—Just as we are about to go to press, the report has reached us that Harvy Todd Reid, our Rhodes scholar, has been seriously wounded. We hope the rumor is groundless.

'12—Rev. Ross W. Collins, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Middleton, is taking a lieutenant's course at Halifax. He has been awarded the George S. Campbell Travelling Scholarship from Pine Hill. This scholarship is worth \$500, and entitles him to a year in an English or Scotch University. He hopes to take advantage of it at some future date.

'14—Lieut. Frank C. Higgins has been transferred to an artillery unit and is now in France.

'14—Letha Allen is teaching French, History and English in Yarmouth Grammar School.

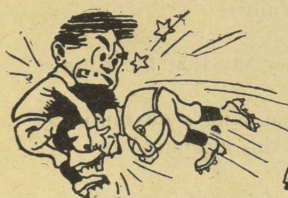
'15—E. A. Kinley was ordained at Bathurst on April 11th. The church at Bathurst has been organized under Mr. Kinley's leadership.

Ex '16 and '17—Walter Archibald and Harold Vail are with the 36th Battery in England.

Ex Eng. '16—The college community was saddened by the news of the death of Charlie W. Fitch, who left last fall with the Princess Patricias, 4th Universities Company. He contracted pneumonia while in training in England. Charlie Fitch was a

charter member of the class of '16 and afterwards joined the newly formed Engineers class. He was out of college during the winter of 1914-15 and returned to complete his course for the Engineering Certificate in the fall of 1915. Many classmates and friends mourn his loss. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family.

Ex '17—Sergt. Vernon Vanwart, who is attached to D Co., 104 Battalion, which is stationed at Woodstock, is very sick with typhoid fever at the Fisher Memorial Hospital, Woodstock.



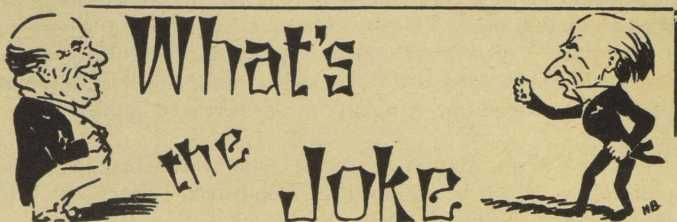
ATHLETICS

THE interest in athletics died down since the forming of D Company, 219th Battalion. Most of the college men athletically inclined now spend four hours a day drilling on the campus. No baseball schedule has been arranged and no practicing has been done in this direction. The tennis courts have been cleaned and rolled, tapes have been ordered and very shortly they will be in use. In our next issue we hope to be able to report the tournaments which are being arranged.

NOTICE.

STUDENT:—Let us have your summer address, in order that we may insure the safe delivery of your June Athenaeum.

ALL SUBSCRIBERS:—As our financial year soon closes, kindly send us the amount of your subscription as early as possible. Only by this means can we guarantee the delivery of the Anniversary Number.



Prof. in Latin—"Miss Cann, can you tell us what the Trojans yelled when they buried Tyndarus?"

Miss Cann, '19—Vale, Vale (Wally-Wally).

Miss Pineo, '16 (at the table)—"They say that the King is quarantined."

Miss Pickels, '18, jumping up—"What King's quarantined? Impossible! I just got a letter from Eddie this morning."

Crow Freeman, '19 (reading French)—"Quard il a contin."

Miss McLean, '18—"Didn't you go home for over Easter, Muriel?"

Miss Cann, '19—"Why, of course not. Home(s) came to me for over Easter."

McPhee, '18—"That surely was a joke about tulip (two-lip) salve."

Miss Starratt, '17—"Not half as big a one as Chippy singing a solo."

The Academy dining room is now under military law. They even pour gravy by numbers down there.

Sergt. Leslie, ex '17—"Funny how that rear rank is always behind two paces, isn't it."

Nowlan, '19 (in chapel)—"Say, MacCready, you forget to wash your upper lip this morning. Oh! pardon me, it's a moustache, isn't it?"

Cad. (who was being lectured by Rouse)—“ Well, I know at least one ambition of your boyhood days that has been realized.”

Rouse—“ What is that?”

Cad.—“ When your mother used to cut your hair you wished you were bald-headed.”

Voice—“ Miss Alward, where have you been so late tonight?”

Miss Alward—“ Sitting up with a sick friend.”

Voice—“ You have no sick friend.”

Miss Alward—“ Yes, he's love sick.”

Mitton—“ Toothache, eh? I'd have the thing out if it were mine.”

R. McLeod—“ So would I if it were yours.”

Medical officer (examining Corey)—“ Your height and chest measurement are all right. Now get on the scales.”

Corey (promptly)—“ Doh, ray, me, fah, soh—!”

Wright—“ I hear that Mitton is going to make an oration on 'peace at any price'.”

Dagleish—“ No, his rates are \$200 per lecture.”



Edith Gross, Myrtle Morse, Lillian Kitchen, Gladys Gibbon, Kathleen Richards, Geraldine Reid, Pauline Schurman, Winnie Baker, Evelyn Waring, Gladys Wilson, Tuleie Pollard, Mary MacLean, Gordon Herkins, Rowena Carpenter, Lena Keans, Hattie Steeves, Marie Hay, Ethel Fullerton, Olive Johnson, Adeline Ferguson, Stella Jones, C. Lester Andrews, Sue Baxter, J. A. Smith, B. W. Smith, Harold Roscoe, E. A. Robertson, H. H. Murray.

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