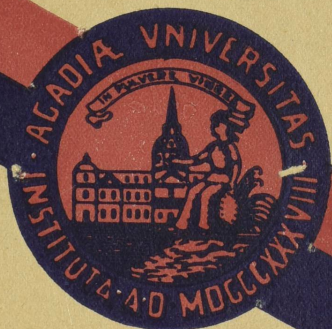


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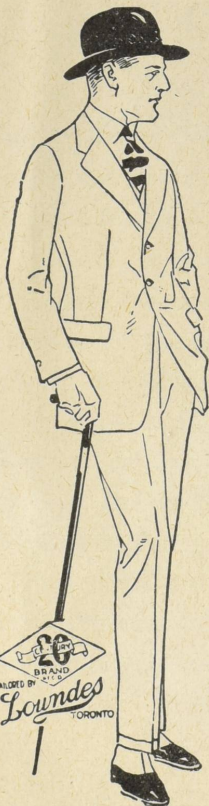
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WOLFVILLE

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The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLVI.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1920.

No. 5

LONGINGS FOR HOME.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,—
The wind, the fog and the sullen sea,
 And the heave of the long Atlantic swell—
 There lies the land we love so well,
The land that is mother to you and me.

Beyond the sea, the sullen sea,—
And what does it matter to you and me,
 That the land we love is broad and fair
 And a voice is tenderly calling us there—
For who has a voice as tender as she
In the sunset land far over the sea?

A flash of fire and a sudden roar
 And a grave in the unknown fields of pain,
 And a life well spent, and a loss that's gain,
And a shrine in her heart forevermore,
And what will it matter to you and me
 That the billows roll to a lonely shore,
And that hearts are lonely over the sea—
Beyond the sea, the dreary sea,
 And the heave of the restless ocean floor,
With the wind and the fog, and the sullen sea?

FREDERICK C. MANNING '16,

From his Poems.

England, November, 1916.

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems—1st, T. A. Muster, '21; 2nd, D. D. Cameron, '22;
3rd, D. C. Williams, '20.

Stories—1st, A. W. Boulter, '22; 2nd, J. A. Kinsman, '22;
3rd, E. C. Prime, '22.

Articles—1st, A. E. Warren, '23; 2nd, C. K. Ganong, '22;
3rd, E. Warren, '22.

Science—1st, L P. Steeves, '22; No second.

Month—1st, E. C. Prime, '22; 2nd, O. E. Borden, '20.

Athletics—1st, H. G. Goucher, '22; 2nd, K. E. Mason, '21.

Exchanges—1st, J. W. Lank, '22; 2nd, T. A. Meister, '21.

Personals—1st, W. J. Miller, '22; 2nd, M. E. Longley, '20.

Jokes—1st, M. J. MacQuarrie, '22; 2nd, A. E. Warren, '23.

Seniors	3 units
Juniors	5 units
Sophomores	23 units
Freshmen	4 units

Pennant won by the Sophomores.

THE TIDE THAT BINDS

RASTUS and William Henry were sitting in the shade of the old warehouse, with their feet dangling over the side of the wharf, fishing. It could be seen, however, that the fish were no longer the object of their attention, and they leaned back against the warehouse in silent reflection. Excepting their troubles, and the chocolate of their complexions, they had little in common. Rastus could not be called an old man, nor was he young; he was about that middle age which is so hard to estimate closely. His appearance suggested a life akin to his present occupation, but a close observer would notice that he was thinking, a fact made evident by the expression the unaccustomed effort gave to his face. The other was a young fellow, perhaps twenty-two or thereabouts. He was plainly more intelligent and industrious than his older companion and his thinking was apparently not so laborious as that of the other. Both had most of the usual characteristics of their race, and both were in trouble.

To state it briefly, both were in love. In one thing Rastus was constant, and that was in his attentions to William Henry's Aunt 'Liza. Just as constant was she in her rejections of his love. She was the village authority on spirits and she believed in waiting for "signs" before entering into such important affairs as marriage. "Spirits," declared Aunt 'Liza, "mus' be consulted on such 'portant occasions if yo' is going' to lib happy." Rastus had disagreed with her on this, but to no avail. 'Liza was obdurate. William Henry's difficulties were bound up with those of Rastus. His fair lady was not at all like 'Liza, for she had already given her consent. The trouble was, his aunt lived with him, and their house was entirely too small for three to live in safety when Aunt 'Liza was around. William Henry was an advocate of peace and for that reason his problem was to bring 'Liza and Rastus to terms.

"De bes' ob gals is sometimes last by delay," he thought to himself, as, idly pushing a floating barrel about with his fishing pole, he pondered over his problems. William Henry

and Rastus had both decided that things had gone along in this way long enough, and it was not surprising that at about the same time both reached the conclusion that a spirit must be evoked to satisfy Aunt 'Liza. They discussed the possibility of this at some length without result, when suddenly William Henry had an idea. They talked it over for a moment, then got up and went into the old shack against which they had been leaning. After some time they came out, and, with farewells peculiar to those who have important business in common, went to their homes.

That evening Rastus made an important suggestion to 'Liza.

"Yo' know dat ol' warehouse down on de warf ware ol' Johnson fell troo de floor and wore drowned underneath," he began.

'Liza was getting interested. "Yap, g'on," she nodded.

"Wal, ah wuz thinkin' maybe his spirit would 'visi yo' ef yo' wrote a note an' left it dere for him to answer."

'Liza was skeptical, but Rastus was determined.

"Ef youse waitin' fer spirits to tell yo' " he said, "how is dey goin' to ef yo' don' ask dem? 'Bout ten o'clock to-night yo' write a note yo'self, Ah'll go down wif yo' an' yo' c'n leab it dere yo'self on de shelf. Den we c'n set outside on de warf till 'bout two o'clock to watch dat no one goes neah de shack. By dat time de spirits 'll be gone an' we c'n go in again." 'Liza, though still suspicious, consented. The nights were warm and the moon full, and 'Liza was not averse to "setting out" with her man.

Ten-thirty that night found them seated on the old wharf, a few yards away from the old building, where they could see anyone approaching it. They had done just as they planned and were now "setting out" until the spirits should have its work done. The silence was uncanny.

"It's awful spooky-like 'round heah," she whispered, shivering a little and drawing closer to him, as if for protection.

"Why yah, dearie, but yo' aint 'fraid wif me, is yo' darlin'?" he said, taking advantage of her apparent ner-

vousness and drawing her closer. Time now passed rapidly, as they discussed various matters such as seem interesting to most couples when nights are warm and the moon bright.

Across the water on the shore another couple watched and waited, (if the term may be used), in a dark spot which made them invisible from the wharf. William Henry and Sophronia were certainly interested in the affair on the wharf, but it could not be said that their attention was centred on the wharf. The most of it appeared to be with themselves.

* * * * *

"Two o'clock," announced Rastus, "yo' s'pose we'd best go in?"

"Best gib it a lil' more time, Rastus," replied 'Liza contentedly, "dem spirits is not always reg'laar in dere hours, yo' know."

About an hour after they rose reluctantly and prepared to enter the haunted building. Rastus was plainly nervous.

"S'pose t'would be all right to leab it 'til mawnin'?" he whispered.

But a strange change had come over 'Liza. Her nervousness seemed forgotten and she spoke firmly.

"Ah'm goin' in alone," she said, "dere might be a spirit as wud speak to me,—yo' stay right heah!"

Rastus looked around wildly. He would have preferred to go inside with her rather than stay outside alone, but strange to say, he stood. For a few minutes he heard her moving about inside with the lantern, and he thought he heard boards being moved. Presently she ran out with a gurgle of delight and threw her arms about him.

"It ses fer me to marry yo'," she cried.

"Wal, now, aint dat jus' what ah've bin tellin' yo' right along, honey," he responded, kissing her.

Across the water another couple saw them, and seeing how well the scheme had worked, followed suit.

"Yo' sho' is a clevah fella," Sophronia whispered to him. He had told her how he had harnessed the tide and made it act as a spirit, by running a pole up inside the wall

of the old warehouse and fastening a barrel to the lower end of it for a float. Then the pole had been connected with the shelf inside in such a way that when the tide raised the pole the shelf would tip inward, dropping the letter down inside the wall. When the tide lowered the pole again the shelf would fall back into place and another letter which he had prepared for Aunt 'Liza would fall upon it from above.

One evening a few days after the weddings, when Sophronia and William Henry were vising Rastus and 'Liza, they were lustily singing "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds." The two men, thinking it a fine joke sang loudly "Blessed Be the *Tide* that Binds," but 'Liza hearing it, ceased her singing with convulsions of laughter.

"Yo' gen'l'men sho' think yo' is elevah," she choked, "Ah wasn't goin' to mention it for a while, but dat night on de warf ah decided ah'd marry Rastus, spirit or no spirit. Ah went in de shack alone so dat Rastus couldn't see what ah got dere, an' when ah got inside ah found ed shelf all upset and two letters stuck in de wall. Den ah saw how it all worked,—O, yo' sho' is elevah!" she finished, in another spasm of merriment, in which they all joined.

"Results is all dat counts," Rastus contended, but it might be mentioned that the next time they sang "Blessed be he Tie that Binds" they used the carreet version.

—A. W. B., '22.

MUSIC

(Miss Dilling's "The Founain.")

"The Fountain"—but they need not give a name—

For where could rise this concourse of sweet tones
That fall upon my ear and stir my frame

But from a fountain, splashing on the stones?

Or who that ever heard a streamlet sing

Its joyous way o'er pebbles to the sea,

But sees again its small meandering
And hears its laughter in this melody?

What child of nature hearing but recalls,
By human art as Master hand arrayed,
The silvery curtain where the water falls,
Or little brooklet playing in the glade?

The flowery banks where rainbow specks were tossed
Beneath centennial trees that greenly rose,—
The tinklings and the splashings that are lost
In overtones of silence and repose?

Where children play, while parents meditate, —
And nature tells her praise in beads that slide
In silence from the silken strings elate
That deck the brink and over-hang the side?

Oh noble art that tempts the busy mind
Forth from the dimness of its hurried den
To golden sunlight and a nature kind
Until its shadow frights it back again!

Creative Power, the source of forms unseen
That gently sweep the harp of tedious role
And tho the strings are cold and dull, I ween,
Give rise to beauties that enwrap the soul!

Pictorial Genius, touching here and there
The senses till before my brightening gaze
Spring scenes of childhood, thru the years more fair,
That I may walk again those flowery ways!

Thou music, heavenly spark, hast fired the drift
Piled high on memory's distant fog-wrapped bar
Till past and present glow like sunset rift,
And gates to beautiful living stand ajar!

—T. A. M., '21.

FOR DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION

“RECONSTRUCTION,” is the magic word of to-day. The need of Educational Reconstruction is very great. That the education of the past has been a lamentable failure is clear to every careful observer. In no other sphere is that failure more evident than in that of Higher Education as represented by our Colleges and Universities. The call of to-day is emphatic for such Reconstruction therein as will best foster the principles of real Democracy, and bring its advantages to the largest possible proportion of our citizenship. The purpose of this article is to suggest some Constructive lines along which this needed Reconstruction may be brought about.

The first need for Reconstruction in regard to our Maritime Colleges is in the definition of a College. There should be some standard to which an institution should conform, some grade of work up to which it should measure, before a school is permitted to take to itself the name, “College.” We have among us institutions galore arrogating to themselves the name, “College,” which have no right to the name. The grade of work performed by them is of elementary, or at best of High School rank. Among the many institutions calling themselves, “Business Colleges,” for instance, there is not one in the Maritime Provinces doing work worthy of College or University recognition. What is true of Business schools is largely true of schools of Music and Fine Arts, etc. We have thus an anomalous medley of schools doing no clearly defined work, and of no clearly defined grade that have assumed the name of “College” to which they have no right. The first requirement in the necessary reconstruction is such a definition of the idea of “College,” as will bring all institutions taking to themselves the name up to a standard worthy of recognition as a College. This standard need not be uniform in requirement, but should be of practically equal value. Such a definition would eliminate from the list many so-called “Colleges,” including the Provincial Normal College so-called.

The second line of Reconstruction needed is a Definition of Function. The growth of our Maritime Colleges has been an evolution along dimly defined lines so that we have a set of institutions with no clearly defined idea of their functions. Probably, the most potent idea in their foundation was to supply an educated ministry for the growing churches of a new country. Gradually, the idea of laying a foundation for training for other professions came in until, to-day, it has practically driven the original idea to the wall. And still the real function of our colleges has never been clearly defined. The conditions of a new age demand a clear definition of the function of the College and of the University, and until that is supplied their work is likely to continue to begin in the dark and to end in the woods. The educational leader who first grasps the real function of the college in these days and crystalizes it into a workable definition will be a real benefactor of the people. The true definition of the function of the college having been found, it will vitally determine the outworking of the college in detail.

That the suggestions of this paper may be of value, it is necessary to get our definition of the function of the College or of the University before us. The writer conceives that function to be Training for Leadership. This leadership must be both intelligent and efficient. It must be such as will clearly define to followers why action must take a certain direction rather than some other.

A democracy requires broadly educated leaders. Many of the leaders of the past have received their training exclusively in the hard school of experience. They have lacked the training that fitted them to judge the real merits of various programs, hence the many mistakes of Democracy so-called, and the slow evolution of real Democracy. Real Democracy calls for the clear-visioned leader. With such leadership, its progress is assured. It is the function of Higher Education to provide such leadership. The College is to take the raw material out of which leaders are made and train them for effective service. This they must do, though in the process much more of the unfit is eliminated than colleges have been in the habit of discarding in the past.

The production of real leadership will be the best service of the college to democracy, and will best bring the leaven of the college to bear on the whole community.

Training for Leadership involves, at least, three things: The development of personality, the acquisition of broad and accurate scholarship, and emphasis on the affairs of practical life, and of these three, the first is the greatest.

It is, therefore, for the college of to-day to undertake seriously the development of the personality of the student. The most potent factor in the development of personality is the personal touch of the strong leader. The swing of college life during the past fifty years has been decidedly away from this ideal. A recognition of the true function of the college will go far toward filling the faculty with men and women of strong personality who will bring that personality to bear on the students under them. The acquisition of the text of lesson or of lecture will then no longer be deemed as an end itself, but simply a means to an end. There is, then, a call for the return of that personal touch between teacher and pupil that characterized the education of an earlier day. The teacher must recognize that his highest opportunity lies in so moulding the personality of the student as to make him productive of noblest things.

To develop the personality so as to make it potent for leadership the student must be put next to problems in leadership. College or university life should be so many-sided that every man or woman among the student body who possesses any elements of leadership may have opportunity to confront his or her task. This will eliminate the tendency of all colleges to place the one stamp on all their students. This will substitute spirit for form so that while the spirit of a given institution may dominate a given product of that institution the form through which that spirit manifests itself may not be stereotyped.

Ideals also play a large part in the development of personality. It is clear then that training for leadership calls for due emphasis on those studies which most clearly set forth ideals. Foremost among these are Literature and Ethics. The leader needs a thorough grounding in the liter-

ature of his own tongue especially, and in Ethics. He needs to understand not only the ethics of personal conduct, but also the ethics of social organisms, of national, and of international affairs. Herein lies the basis for the requirement for certain prescribed studies in the College Curriculum. And of these prescribed studies, those of the literature of one's own people and of ethics are the most important. Such studies give to students ideals for life.

For the development of leaders broad and accurate scholarship is necessary. The leader no longer works in an age devoid of scholarship. Information is the daily food of the masses. Scholarship is no longer the monopoly of the few. The leader must possess such scholarship as gives the public, or the smaller circle through whom the leader may work confidence in his capacity as a guide and pathfinder. It is, therefore, the function of the college to develop scholarship. The great university may give itself to research, but its discoveries are not held the secrets of that institution. The college professor who has received his training in the university becomes the depository of the information gained through the research of the university. It is his task to bring it to the college student in such a way as to inspire in him a love for scholarship and scholarly processes.

And we must distinguish between scholarship and the acquisition of information. A man may be a "walking encyclopedia," and yet lack the elements of real leadership. The scholar's knowledge is classified. It is so arranged that it may be used and brought to bear on the practical problems of life. In other words, there is a nexus between his knowledge and its ways. In this lies the scholar's power. The "walking encyclopedia" may lack the power to apply his knowledge to the affairs of life. The scholar takes that knowledge and translates it into life. To develop leaders, the college or university must develop such scholarship. The campus, the forum, the literary society, the social club, the religious activities all have their place in college life; but they must not crowd to the wall the development of real scholarship without which an important element in real leadership is wanting.

Our Maritime Colleges must consider their limitations and adapt themselves to these limitations, while they seek ever to lessen such limitations. They must respond to the real demands of the age in regard to the development of scholarship. And this demand is emphatic along two lines. These lines are Literature and History. Our great war came largely out of misunderstanding the ideals of the opposing nations. The leaders of the new age must not be ignorant of the national ideals and history of other nations. The ideals of the nations are incarnate in their literature and their history. We studied Greek and Latin literature and history that we might understand the beginning of history. It is more necessary, today, that we understand history in its development. Hence, the necessity that we stress scholarship in Modern History. As we can understand the history of a nation only through a knowledge of literature of that nation, the call is emphatic for the study of Modern Languages. We shall have no wars with the ancient Greeks or Romans. We may avoid another war with the Germans if we give ourselves to a thorough understanding of their history and their literature. And what is true of Germany is likewise true of all other outstanding nations.

We come now to the third factor necessary to the development of leadership. It is Emphasis on the Practical. It is therefore, incumbent on the college that due emphasis be placed on the study of these things which deal with practical life. Let us make no mistake here. Some would make the college a vocational school. The vocational element in education is a great need among us. The college must, however, never become a merely vocational school. Her function as Training for Leadership overshadows the purely vocational. There must, however, be a closer nexus between scholarship and the vocational.

Scholarship so-called has, in the past, practically tabooed the practical. It did not recognize in the successful farmer an educated man. It denied any claim of the skilled mechanic to learning. The expert accountant was tabooed. The efficient housewife and the successful mother were not recognized as even candidates for scholarly recognition. Only as

the banker came to control the world's wealth was he allowed even a peek into the charmed circle. The most artificial type of life and canons for judgment grew up around our institutions for Higher Education.

Such artificialities can no longer abide the test of life. The farm has demonstrated its right to scholarly consideration. The workshop has secured recognition in the many courses given under the name of engineering. Banking, accountancy, and domestic science are clamoring for similar recognition and must not be denied. Existing courses along these lines cannot, of course, be recognized as of college rank. This but emphasizes the call that these courses be developed to university grade and placed on a par with other subjects of the curriculum.

The colleges must make fuller recognition of the Science of Government. This is far-reaching in its ramifications. The Science of Government deals not alone with international and national relations. It includes the government of the province, of the city, of the town, and of the municipality. The college must take the lead in bringing the public out of the wilderness of misgovernment into which we have wandered and out of which we seem hopeless to get.

The college that would minister to democracy must also give careful attention to the study of the Science of Society and of Industrial Organization. The colleges must give leadership in the understanding of social and industrial relations. We must be taught the ethics of business, the ethics of social relations other than those of the home and family as well as those of the home and family. We shall look to the college of the new era for leadership along these lines. The college that gives us such leadership will deserve well of the democracy. The one that is blind to her opportunity may well be left as worthless impediments by the roadside.

The college of the New Era must not bottle up her resources and offer them only to those who come within the charmed circle of walls. All of the people of the democracy cannot go to the college to secure her riches. The college

may, however, bring of her most valued possessions to the people, hence the obligation of college extension to all whom the college may reach.

R. OSGOOD MORSE, '91.

AN INCIDENT OF THE HALIFAX EXPLOSION.

DECEMBER, sixth, of the year 1917, will go down in history as the date of one of the most appalling disasters of modern times. On that day the two ships *Monte Blanc* and *Imo*, the former loaded with the most powerful of high explosives, collided in the Narrows of Halifax Harbour, and in the terrific explosion resulting, more than two thousand lives were snuffed out in an instant, and the whole northern end of the city completely demolished.

With the dawn of the day following the actual catastrophe, came one of the most violent snow blizzards of the Winter. The frigid temperature and driving snow rendered relief operations in the devastated area a task of extreme difficulty and called for great endurance on the part of those engaged in this work. All the available military units which were stationed in the city at the time, had been on constant duty in the desolated region ever since the morning of the day previous, and thru their efforts the whole area had been reached for any who might have survived the fearful blast of the explosion.

On this morning in particular, the unit to which I was attached, had, with several others, been sent out to make a re-search of every ruined habitation for the purpose of locating the dead bodies, and collecting them in convenient places to be gathered up and conveyed to the morgue. It was a hard and gruesome task at the last, but to carry out the work in the midst of a raging blizzard, was most exhausting.

And so all thru the long cold day, we had been engaged in this grim, and ghastly task of extricating corpses in all stages of completeness, from the heaped up ruins of what but a day before had been happy homes, and loading them on all sorts of vehicles in which they were carried to places

at the other end of the city, which had been hastily prepared as morgues. The day was now drawing to a close. Many of the weary searchers had given in to the strenuous exertion and proceeded back to barracks, but here and there a little detachment was still at work with pick, and crow-bar, and shovel.

I, with another chap, had been operating in the outer fringes of the area, but somehow in the confusion of wreckage and the heavy snow fa'll, we had become separated, and so with darkness just beginning to fall from the wings of night, I found myself alone, with not a living soul in my near vicinity. Feeling that I could accomplish nothing more by myself, I decided to make my way back to the warmth and shelter of the south end, and with this in view, I started off across the very center of the destruction, which was the shortest route to reach the main thoroughfare into the city.

The day's labor had proved most arduous, and as a consequence. I soon discovered that physically, I was almost exhausted. Besides, my nervous system was keyed up to the very limit by the awful nature of the work I had been engaged in, and the horrible scenes I had witnessed. In addition, the reaction of the shock on my whole system, of the actual explosion, and the narrowness of my own escape, had set in, and seemed to augment my nervous tension. Altogether, altho my physical energy was at a very low ebb, my nerves were in a highly wrought condition.

In this unsteady state of mind and body I was wending, walking, my weary way, across the heart of the devastation when, in making a short detour around a heap of piled up wreckage, the remnants of a former comfortable dwelling, suddenly and without warning, I stumbled over something in the snow, and fell headlong. I picked myself up slowly and was startled as I regained my feet, to notice that the cause of my fall, was a corpse. It was the body of a woman evidently laid out to be collected, but in some way overlooked, and soon hidden beneath the fast drifting snow. Altho I had been handling the dead all day long, somehow the shock of coming upon this unfortunate woman so unexpectedly, completely un-

nerved me, and as I stood there looking down at it, a cold shudder went thru my whole system.

An utter stillness seemed suddenly to settle over everything. The blustering gale seemed to cease its violence abruptly, and as I stood there the fast gathering gloom, the further shores of the Narrows. Then, standing out in grim relief was the huge, bulk of the Belgium Relief Ship, *Imo*, which had been the cause of all this fearful calamity. What irony that this ship, destined for purpose of relief, should prove the source of such awful havoc! All around me lay the half-hidden ruins of happy homes, and there at my feet the ghastly corpse, with face upturned and one arm outstretched towards the nearby débris, as if in mute appeal. The direness of it all swept over me in a second uncontrollable shudder. I felt that my senses were about to snap under the intense strain.

The mournful wail of a dog from somewhere off in the dusk, aroused me from my stupor, to the realization that it would soon be dark, and I must be hurrying on. So with an effort I pulled my scattered faculties together and started off, casting a backward glance at the corpse in the snow. As I gazed, I was once more strangely struck by it queer attitude, lying there a dark blotch on the pure whiteness of the snow. The outstretched arm with the fingers actually in a position of pointing seemed so natural, that instinctively I found myself looking in the direction pointed, and I saw that it was toward the very centre of the heaped up wreckage.

Ultimately I overcame the unaccountable power that seemed to hold me in this dreadful place, and started again towards the road. But somehow as I proceeded I could not dismiss from my mind, try as I would, the picture which I had just witnessed. Always that extended arm and the expression of appeal on the features of the woman, kept persisting in my mind's eye. Unconsciously I found my steps dragging. There seemed to be some uncanny power urging me backwards. For what, I knew not. My own will said, "Go ahead! you are exhausted, and famished, and can do nothing more. And besides that part of the area has been carefully searched, and there is nothing that remains to be done." But

all the while the other wierd, unaccountable force kept saying "Go back, return, there is work to be done." For a few moments my natural will held out, and I continued on my way, but eventually the other, the unnatural power proved irresistible, and almost without knowing it, I found myself going back towards the figure in the snow.

As I drew near I perceived that the figure was partially drifted over, but still the arm stretched out towards the nearby ruins. All this time I was in a sort of subconscious mood, absolutely under the power of the strange spell that had come over me. Almost without knowing it, I discovered my further progress blocked by the heaped up ruins, and it was at this moment that the power which had been gripping me, released its hold, to leave me in the full possession of my senses. I took in my surroundings at a glance and perceiving that I had retraced my steps even against my own will, realized that the drain on my strength, and the strain of the recent happenings, were working me into a serious condition of mind. I was about to withdraw and hasten again on my way, when suddenly I was aware that a faint sound had issued from somewhere within the ruins directly at my feet. The noise had been so indistinct that it was scarcely audible, but it was so unexpected that I was greatly startled. What could have been the cause? A bit of falling plaster. But no, it was a different sound, more like the moan of the wind, and yet unlike it. I listened intently for a repetition, my senses keyed up to the highest pitch of expectation, but the silence remained unbroken. Presently I came to the conclusion that it was a mere prank of my imagination, and was making a second start, when once again I heard the sound, this time a little more distinct and unmistakably real. I almost laughed at the humor of the situation. It was nothing more than the meowing of a cat, which had doubtless sought the ruins for shelter, or perchance was imprisoned under the wreckage from the sudden collapse of the house. Again I commenced on my way, but scarcely had I traversed a step, when there issued, evidently from the same place, a sound that caused me to bring up with a sudden halt, and bound back to the wreckage with

a leap. For above the meowing of the cat, my ear had caught the sound of human voice, crying.

A human being, hemmed in somewhere beneath these ruins—and living. The thought was preposterous and yet undoubtedly it was so, for now the voice rose and fell regularly, and I knew by the tone that it was the crying of a baby. Immediately I awoke to action. It was the work of a moment to locate the approximate position of the child, and then I set to work with a will, to force an entrance thru the debris. In a few minutes I was successful in penetrating to the source of the sound. There, in a small space formed by two sections of crushed in wall that had miraculously made a protecting arch in falling, was an ordinary clothes basket, and in it, wrapped warmly in thick blankets, a tiny child. Clutching an empty milk bottle in one hand, and the tail of a little maltese kitten in the other, the youngster was crying pitifully to the full extent of his lungs, while the kitten chimed in with a lusty meow.

Extricating the basket and its most precious contents from its erstwhile prison and refuge, I wrapped my great coat around the whole, and set off for the warmth and shelter of the lower end of the city, with all the speed my weary frame could muster. It was now almost totally dark, but I noticed with a start, as I passed by the ghastly corpse in the snow that the arm was no longer visible stretching out towards the nearby ruins. The fast drifting snow had completely covered that portion of the body. With a final backward glance, I hurried on my way, and this time, strangely, there was no mysterious force holding me back.

D. B. R '22.

TO THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

Come to me as to the grass, O lovely spring;
Lay your own beating blood-red heart upon my breast,
And out the dry and withered blades of all that's lost its good,
Make to bear forth some fresh and lovely green.

Come to me as to the throbbing winds, O spirit strong;
Permeate all my living self and make me clean:
And from the bitter blast of sharp intolerance
Breathe through my broken flesh a zephyr calm.

Come to me as to the singing birds, O happy Spring;
And with the broken chords my heart has failed to sing
Create a lovely hymn of praise, a heavenly thing
And carry it to God, an incensed offering.

Come to me as to the trees, life-giving Spring,
And from the leafless fruitless skeleton of pride
Let me bud out in some unselfish lovely form
To shade some tired traveller from the sun's too-scorching
rays.

Come to me as to the brooks, O tender Spring,
Melting the sharpness of self-lust and insolent hopes.
And from the cold and frozen waters of my heart
Let to pour forth refreshing streams of life and love.

Come to me as to the flowers, O heartless Spring;
And out the ashes of a faded withered bloom
Make to glow forth some lovely scented bud
Which may bring forth a full-blown flower to fruit.

D. G. W. '20.

THE GOLDEN CURL.

“COME, Jean, it’s time we were going. Mother told us to come home early, for tomorrow’s Easter, and we gotta’ say our recitations over again tonight, so’s we’ll know ’em good for the concert tomorrow.”

Jean obeyed her brother, who was but three years her senior, and with a hop and a skip they started for home.

Jean Anderson was a handsome child of seven years. Her dark complexion, still darker eyes, and a becoming dutch clip, made her an object of envy to all who saw her. Her mother did not overdress her, for she could ill afford it, but plain clothes detracted nothing from the charm of Jean Anderson. People said that her brother Clarence was prettier than his sister, when he was younger, but an unfortunate accident had disfigured his face for life. Everybody sympathized with him in his misfortune, but rejoiced that he had been spared, for Clarence possessed qualities that were more valuable than beauty. When he was little he had long golden curls that were the pride of his parents, but he had come to think that curls were no longer becoming to a boy, so he prated with them. He didn’t even know that both his father and mother had reserved one for themselves. He had had four years at school, and was a favorite with everyone. Of a prepossessing disposition, he early won a place in the affections of those with whom he associated. No one was better known among the children, than Clarence Anderson, the slight fellow with two piercing black eyes standing out against a pale complexion. He looked old for his years, and had more or less of a care-worn expression, so much unlike boys of his age.

Mrs. Anderson greeted the children with her usual pleasant smile and cheery word. “Well, children, you did come home early, didn’t you? What dear children you are! How could I ever get along without you two little kiddies! Did you have a good time over to Marjorie’s? I hope you acted like little men and women should.”

Then Jean carefully rehearsed all the proceedings of the afternoon, whilst her mother prepared the evening meal.

"Yes, Mama, we had a lovely time, and I'm sure we behaved all right. We had, lots of nice things for lunch, and Mrs. Johnston asked Clarence to say Grace, just like he does at home. Then afterwards, we all went in the library and Mrs. Johnston gave us each a big "bunny." I didn't open mine, mamma; Clarence didn't either, but we brought 'em home to you, 'cause we wanted you to have some of the candy in 'em. We wasn't going to show 'em to you till morning, but mine's so pretty, I'm going to get it and show it to you now."

The proud children brought in the two much-prized, cardboard "bunnies", and with child-like glee, showed them to their mother. They did not notice that their mother could scarcely refrain from shedding mingled tears of joy and sorrow.

"How thoughtful of you children," she said, and placed a fevered kiss on the cheek of each, but could say no more, just then.

"Do the 'bunnies' come at Easter, mamma, instead of Santa Claus?" asked Jean, in a simple child-like tone.

"Yes, dear," replied the fond mother, "only the 'bunnies' do not bring us presents like Santa does. They show us that spring is coming, and that's the time when little bunnies change from white to brown."

Clarence had been silent and quiet content to let Jean do all the talking, but at last he *did* speak. His mother really wished he hadn't, for his remarks only fanned the flames of sorrow that were already aglow in her heart.

"Don't you think it must be nice to have a daddy who is home all the time, mamma?" asked the little fellow, looking directly at his mother with a pitiful expression on his face. "Mr. Johnston was home while we were at Marjorie's and he played with us boys all the time."

"Yes, dear," replied the mother, slowly, in a tone that was full of pathos.

"Mamma," interrupted Jean, "do you 'spose our daddy will be home soon? You told me once that perhaps he'd come

home when the pussy willows came out, and Helen Reid found one this afternoon, down at Marjorie's house.'

"He might—dear, but that was all that Mrs. Anderson could say, and choking with grief she turned aside.

"I wish he would," said Jean. I'd like to see my daddy. Does he look like Marjorie's daddy, mamma? If he comes home, he'll play with me and Clarence, won't he? He likes little boys and girls, don't he mamma? 'Spose he's know me?"

Clarence remembered his daddy, but could not understand why he had gone away and had never come home again. Jean was only a year old when her father last saw her, but her mother was determined that the children should not forget their father, as long as she lived.

"Come now children, it's your bed-time. Tomorrow is Easter, and we will want to be up early."

As little Jean Anderson knelt at her mother's knee, she added these words to her evening prayer:

"God, please send daddy home to us soon, 'cause me, and mamma, and Clarence want to see him."

Clarence whispered in his mother's ear, as he placed a tender good-night kiss on her cheek, "I'll take daddy's place just the same mother, till he comes home. I know he wants me to take care of you and Jean."

"God bless you both," she whispered. "Good night."

Mrs. Anderson now gave vent to her feelings, and the bitter tears flowed as freely as if they were the first she had ever shed. "I'll put on another stick of wood," she said to herself, "for rest will not come to my poor body tonight." The little old stove was trying to give out as much warmth and cheer as possible, as if it understood the whole situation, and on it, rested the whole burden. Truly the surroundings were humble indeed. Bit by bit, every thing that would be considered a luxury, had been disposed of in order to get enough money to keep the little family together.

"Do you suppose our daddy will be home soon, mamma?" These words kept ringing in Mrs. Anderson's ears. She could hear or think of nothing else, and there she sat through the long hours of the night and early morning.

"I wonder if he *will* come back, and yet he told me he would come, just as soon as he had earned enough to pay the amount he stole—*stole!* how can I say that word? But here he's been gone six years, and I haven't had a word from him except the one letter he wrote me the day he arrived in New York." She drew the letter from her bosom and kissed the much-worn parchment, as she had so often done before. "He said in that letter he loved me, and would always think of me. Oh! those six years! How have I stood it? How can I stand another! Oh, if I had only gone with him, but how could he have supported the children and me, while he was saving up to pay back that money! Oh! why did poor Bob yield to that temptation! He loved the children so much, too. Clarence was his idol, and how much he reminds me of him. 'Oh, if we only had a little girl in our family,' he used to say to me, and then he went away when Jean was only a baby. If he could only see her now. How can I bear it longer! 'Lord give me grace to bear my cross', she whispered, and the tired woman fell into a subconscious doze that brought with it a degree of rest.

Next morning, the children were awake at an early hour and after Clarence had said Grace over their meagre breakfast, Mrs. Anderson showed a mother's interest as the children opened the 'bunnies' that they had received at the party the day before.

"I like Easter, mamma, don't you?" asked Jean.

"I *used* to,—dear," replied her mother.

"What does Easter mean, mamma?" continued Jean.
"The teacher said the cross stood for Easter."

"Yes, children, let's go over by the stove where it's warm, and I'll tell you the story of Easter."

It had been on Easter Monday six years ago, that Jean's father had left Wellesley, and the reoccurrence of Easter brought with it, sad memories, but Mrs. Anderson told the story in broken accents:

"A long, long time ago—over nineteen hundred years ago—Jesus Christ lived here on this earth just like we are. Then because he sees everything we do, he felt sorry for us when he saw how many times we did things that were wrong,

so he offered his life that our sins might be forgiven. Cruel men nailed his body on a cross, and stood it up in the ground for people to laugh at. It was because our Heavenly Father loved us so, that He was willing to do this for us. Then these men buried Him, but he only remained in the grave three days, when he arose again, and he still lives and sees us, and knows all that we do. That is why we celebrate Easter, my dears, and the cross is like a big light that reminds us of what God did for us."

"He was a good Lord, wasn't he mamma," said Jean, after the mother had finished.

"Yes, dear, He was."

"Daddy loves us mamma, so perhaps he'll come back home at Easter too."

"Perhaps so, Jean."

Easter morning held no more attraction for Robert Anderson than any other morning. "The city's a poor place for a lonely man who is trying to live down a crime," he had often said to himself. He had had a hard road of it. A complete stranger in New York, he found himself thrown on the mercies of the world. For three years he had gone from bad to worse, then a dormant impulse in his life aroused itself, and from that time, Robert Anderson had been "steady", but his heart was cold and morbid. He saved his money, though, and had just about enough to pay off his indebtedness and square himself with the world. Then he intended to sneak into Wellesley some night, see his family, and then lose himself in the Western States. He could never face life in Wellesley again, and his affection for his family had gone but he would provide for them.

"Let's go for a walk, Bob. These spring days are so invigorating."

This invitation from a fellow laborer, who was the only human being who had ever shown any interest in him since he arrived in the city, induced him to accept. The two had seated themselves in the part on 47th Street, and directly across the street was Childs restaurant, advertising Hot Cross Buns.

"Why, it's Easter, Bob, isn't it. I'd forgotten all about it, till I saw that ad. over there."

"So it is, Mac," and Bob dropped his eyes. His thoughts ran back to six years ago, but he did not speak, and his friend had no idea what he was turning over in his mind.

A Salvation Army lassie approached them, and extended a plate for an Easter offering. "I'll always give to the Army," Bob said, for they have been good to me." He put his hands deep into his trousers pockets, but not a cent was forthcoming.

"I've left my money in my other clothes. I only 'dress up' about once a year. But wait a minute—there might be some in my inside coat pocket."

"Heavens!" he said, and shuddered as his hand withdrew the little curl that he had always left in that pocket.

"No, here's none here eiber. I'm sorry, Miss," he said, as the lassie went on her way.

"Say, Bob, whose lock of hair do you carry around?" inquired Mac.

"I never told you Mac, but I'm a married man. I saved this little curly lock when my boy decided that he was too old to wear curls any longer. My wife and family are down in Wellesley, but I haven't seen them for six years. It will be just six years tomorrow, since I left them. I expect Clarence is a big boy by now, but where's that music coming from, Mac?"

"Why, I expect it's the Army band over on 46th Street. They advertised a special service there for this morning."

"Come go over, Mac. I'd like to hear some of the old hymns this morning. My wife used to sing in the choir at home. She had a voice that I liked, and little Clarence could sing too. I wonder if Jean is a singer!"

The leader was just giving out another hymn as Mr. Anderson and Mac came within reach of his voice. "Let us sing No. 36," he said, "everybody knows it," and then he read the words:

"At the cross, at the cross,
"Where I first saw the light,
"And the burden of my heart rolled away;
"It was there by faith,
"I received my sight,
"And now I am happy all the day."

"You won't mind if I leave you, Mac, will you, but I must go back to my room. That old hymn has touched my heart, and I want to be alone a while."

When Mac saw Robert Anderson later in the day, he was a changed man. He wore an expression that Mac had never seen on his face before.

"I'm glad we went for that walk this morning, Mac, and heard that music. I've found the way back, and I'm leaving New York for home in the morning. I'm going back to my wife—to Clarence, and to Jean. I hadn't told you that they haven't heard from me for six years, but they'll be glad to see me just the same, won't they Mac?"

"Don't worry over that, Bob, but go by all means. Children and mothers never forget."

Little Jean was playing around the door, waiting for Clarence to come and fix her doll carriage. Presently she heard the gate latch click, and a strange man was coming up the long steep path towards the house. She ran into the house to tell her mother.

"Mamma," she cried, "here comes a strange man up the walk. Who is it? It isn't daddy, is it, mamma?"

"It might be, dear," replied the mother, as she went on with her work.

"He's coming in the back way, mamma."

"You tell him I'll be out in a minute dear. It's probably the man for the rent."

"Jean! exclaimed Robert Anderson at the sight of his child, and he embraced her in his arms.

"Where's your mother, Jean?"

"She said to tell you she'd be out in a minute. You're the rent man, ain't you?"

"No, dear, I'm *your* daddy!

“Are you? I prayed last night that you’d come home soon. Here’s mamma now.”

“Ethel!”

“Robert! !”

And when next Easter morning dawned, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Anderson, Clarence and Jean gathered around the family altar and heard again the story of the cross.

E. C. P. '22.

THE GARDEN OF THE GULF.

PRINCE Edward Island, the small yet dignified province of the Dominion of Canada, the place which broad-thinking folks throughout America and the Empire refer to as “The Island”, the spot all natives of which, both at home and abroad, delight to be identified as “Islanders” is beautifully situated in the southern portion of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Crescent in shape, it lies in that broad expanse of water between New Brunswick and Cape Breton, and is separated from the neighboring provinces, by the Northumberland Straits. Its distance from the mainland varies from twenty to forty miles, but the promontory of Cape Tormentine approached to within nine miles of its shores.

Prince Edward Island was discovered in 1535, by Jacques Cartier, who, in his short account, describes it as “A land rich in natural beauty, and fertility, and fair to gaze upon.” Its original name, given by the resident Indian tribes, was Abegweit (home upon the wave),—a name poetic as well as descriptive. History says that in 1603, Champlain named it “Isle de St. Jean”. Tradition claimed that John Cabot and his son Sabastien landed on its shores on the festal day of St. John the Baptist 1497, and named it in honor of that day. Whatever may be the case, the fact remains that the first real settlers were a few French colonists who located at various places along its shores.

The original inhabitants of the Island were the Abenaki and Micmac tribes of Indian—branches of the great Algonquin family. Only a few hundred of the latter tribe are liv-

ing in the province today. In 1755, many hundred French, after the expulsion of the Acadians, took refuge on the Island. For over one hundred and fifty years the island had been under the control of France, but on the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris 1763, it was ceded to Great Britain.

In the next few years a survey was carried out, and the Island was divided into sixty-seven townships. In 1767, the British government granted all the lands to imperial officers, and favorites of the Crown, in return for services they had rendered, on condition that they would colonize that territory. These men had no personal interest in the country, except in receiving the annual quit rents from their tenants. For over one hundred and fifty years the country's progress was hindered through absentee landlordism. After several threatening demonstrations on the part of the tenants, the question was finally settled, when, in 1873, the Island entered confederation with the Dominion. From that date the tenant was given the opportunity to purchase, at will, the land on which he was residing.

In 1799 the Island received its present name in honor of Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. He, at this time, was commandant of the garrison at Halifax, and had military control of the island. By order of George III, July 14th, 1769, the seal of the "Island of St. John in America," was to be a representation of a large spreading oak on one side, with a shrub under it, and the following legend beneath: "*Parva sub Ingenti*". It is very interesting to note, that the seal, and coat-of-arms of the Province of Prince Edward Island are the only ones in Canada which have a motto.

Prince Edward Island is one hundred and thirty miles long, from tip to tip, and varies in width from two to thirty four miles. Its total area is 2184 square miles, about one tenth that of Nova Scotia. It is the most thoroughly cultivated territory this side of the Atlantic, and yet so great as its natural resources, that twice its present population might be maintained at ease. The land is cultivated from end to end, and according to the last census eighty-six per cent of it was occupied, and in most cases owned by the occupiers.

Out of almost fifteen thousand holdings the average acreage per farm is ninety acres.

The Island scenery compares very favorably with the rural scenes of "Ye Olde England". Silvery streams winding among grassy meadows, and around gently sloping hills; beautiful groves of shady trees, and, oftentimes, neatly-trimmed hedges, surrounding country homes and farms; smiling fields of "corn", and flowery plains; these all form a striking similarity.

The surface of the land is almost everywhere gently undulating on either side. In Queens county, a chain of hill extends from New London on the north side, across the county to Hampton and Bonshaw on the south. The highest point, at Fredericton, is only three hundred and seven feet above sea level. Only on occasional rising, like Tea Hill overlooking Pownal Bay, breaks the gentle surface of the country.

The healthfulness of the climate is shown from the fact that at a recent census, the Island had a greater proportion of people over seventy years age than any other province. The temperature has a wide range, but is neither too cold in winter, nor too hot in summer. Rainfall is quite within the average, on the whole the climate is very genial, and invigorating.

The population of the Island today is about 93,700, or about 42.9 per square mile. This shows Prince Edward Island to be the most densely populated province of Canada. Nova Scotia ranking second with a density of population of 22.9 per square mile. Seventy eight thousand people inhabit the rural districts, while the remainder are grouped within the towns and villages. In religious divisions, the Roman Catholics have first place, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Anglicans and others rank next in respective order. In racial origin, more than one third of the people are Scotch; one quarter are English! less than one quarter are Irish, while the remainder are Acadian French. About three hundred Micmac Indians live on Lennox Island and other appointed reservations.

The government of Prince Edward Island corresponds to that of the other provinces. The crown is represented by

Lieut.-Governor McKinnon. The ruling faction is the lieutenant-governor-in-council. The Legislative Assembly had thirty members, fifteen of whom represent property, while the others represent the franchise voters. The Island is represented in the House of Commons and the Senate by four members each. At present the Liberal leader of Canada holds the seat for Prince County.

The educational systems of the province is good. Languages and elementary sciences are taught very effectively in the schools throughout the province. School attendance between ages of seven and fourteen years is compulsory. There are many fine schools throughout the rural districts, and in almost every important village a high school is situated. The teachers, who receive their training in the Prince of Wales College, and Normal School at Charlottetown, do very effective work, and have a high reputation abroad. In Charlottetown is also situated the St. Dustans, R. C. College. In recent years special emphasis has been laid upon the teaching of Agriculture in the rural schools, and it has met with much approval.

Agriculture holds first place among Island industries. Closely associated with it are stock-raising, and dairying. Fshing comes second, while manufacturing and fur farming occupy prominent positions. Space will not permit me to enter into hese activities in detail, but a few facts and figures will throw sufficient light on the subject to emphasize the value and importance of Island industry.

The term "Garden of the Gulf" only too well befits the province of Prince Edward Island since it is the only province which produces enough to feed its own people. It is unrivalled in agricultural products. The high state of fertility of its farms, is readily seen from the large annual yields. The rich red loamy soil passing from a stiff clay on the one hand to a sandy loam on the other, is especially adapted to the growth of those crops for which the Island is famous. Natural fertilizers are readily obtainable, and in addition to barnyard manure, mussel mud, limestone, sea weed, and fish offal are applied to the land with great effectiveness. The average farm property, today, including land, buildings, ..

live stock, and machinery, varies in value from \$5000 to \$7000. Improved farm properties are of much higher value.

The crop occupying the greatest annual acreage is hay. The yield is very large each year. Oats are the prominent cultivated crop. The yield per acre, and the acreage per farm greatly exceeds that of the sister provinces. Potatoes rank next in importance, but this crop is so well known throughout Canada, that it only requires passing mention. A yield of two hundred bushels per acre is very common. The familiar term "Spud Island" is regularly applied to this fair province with a tone of sarcastic humor. I am of the opinion, however, that the term "Oat Island", "Root Island" or any other such name would equally apply in showing up the Island before the world. Root crops, wheat, and mixed grain are grown quite extensively. Under the plan of mixed farming adapted in this country, a systematic rotation of crops is practised. This system keeps the land in a high state of cultivation, aids in production, and tends to keep down the growth of noxious weeds. Vegetable gardening, and fruit-growing are carried out very effectively; the soil, and climate showing themselves quite favorable to the growth of the latter.

Standing hand in hand with agriculture is live stock raising. That the Island is a leader in this branch of industry is shown by the fact, that at a recent census it was found that Prince Edward Island raised more cattle, more sheep more swine, and more fowl per square mile than any other province. Nova Scotia ranked second in this industry. I will give a few figures for a comparison of the two provinces

The average numbers of each per square mile in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia respectively are as follows; Cattle 52, 13.4; sheep 41.8, 10.3; hogs 26, 3; and fowl 348.4, 44.6.

Large quantities of live stock products are exported each year, the supply exceeding by several times the local demand. Dairy cattle are raised to quite an extent, and dairying is a thriving local industry. What the Island is perhaps most noted for is her excellent horses. There is always a splendid demand for the heavy breeds of horses which are raised there.

The fisheries of the Island are very profitable, with comparatively fine weather each year, the large catches afford great profits for the capital invested. The north shore affords the best fishing grounds. Cod, mackerel, haddock, herring, and smelts are caught in large quantities.. Lobsters, quahaugs, and oysters are important products of the sea, and add greatly to the industry. The famous Malpeque oyster, large and full of delicious meat, is well known throughout Eastern Canada markets, and the demand greatly exceeds the supply.

Manufacturing is carried on somewhat extensively, and considerable capital is invested in this branch of industry. Preserved fish, butter and cheese, flour and mill products, log and lumber products, and tobacco are manufactured. Excellent opportunities are offered for the development of canneries; roll oats mills; potato flour, and starch mills; knitting and cloth mills.

An industry for which the Island has recently become noted, is that of Fur Farming. The climate of the province is especially adopted for the ranching, and raising of mink and black foxes in captivity. The quality of the pelts is commanding the highest prices in the world's fur markets. In 1914, there were three hundred and seventy-two fur ranches, with an appropriate value of twenty-six million dollars.

That the Garden of the Gulf is an ideal tourists' resort is shown by the numbers who annually visit its shores. As someone has expressed, "It is a garden of perfect beauty, washed by a cool summer sea." Separated from the fatigues, and weariness of a busy world, situated in such easy proximity to the gleaming sea waters, it forms a delightful spot for peace and repose. Summer cottages, and hotels are situated in most enticing locations, especially along the north shore. The waters protected from the rough sea by a series of high sand dunes, furnish one of the most delightful opportunities in the world for surf bathing. Grand opportunities are afforded for camping in quiet, shady nooks, amid pleasant groves, and by the charming sides of gently rippling streams, or by the enchanting seashores. The exquisite scenery and the cool stimulating sea breezes bring special vigor to the pleasure seeker. The pure, wholesome, cold spring waters,

bubbling forth from the cool recesses of the earth, have a most enchanting and satisfying effect upon the weary traveller. Automobiles travel every road throughout the country, while the waters furnish excellent opportunities for motor boating, yachting, or canoeing. The many streams and rivers abound in trout of a most appreciable type—the type for which the Island is noted. Fly fishing forms the ideal sport of the tourist, while game shooting, within season, holds no mean second place.

The capital city, and metropolis of the Island is Charlottetown. Founded in 1768, it is situated at the head of Hillsborough Bay, at the junction of three rivers. The city is attractively laid out, nestled amid beautiful shade trees, it presents a pleasing panamoric view from the harbor. It has a population of twelve thousand, and is the chief industrial centre of the province. Here are located the Provincial Buildings, Post Office, Law Courts, Prince of Wales College, St. Dunstan's College, St. Dunstan's Cathedral, and many fine churches. The Victoria Park, connected by a beautiful driveway to the city, is considered one of the best of its kind in Eastern Canada. The Belvidere Golf Links, and the Experimental Farm are charming spots outside the city.

Summerside, situated on a fine harbor at the head of Bedeque Bay, ranks next in importance. It has a population of three thousand, and is a very enterprising and progressive little town. Other important centres are Georgetown, Souris, Alberton, O'Leary, Kensington, Port Borden, Hunter River, Mount Stewart, and Montague. These are important because of their central position commercially.

The people of Prince Edward Island have the proud distinction of belonging to the happy middle class. The city and rural population, although always distinguished socially, have that feeling of kinship toward each other which is based more or less on the grounds of social equality. There are no millionaires, neither are there any paupers. Pauperism in its real sense is unknown. There is no one who is not able to provide himself with sufficient food, shelter, or clothing at all seasons of the year; and there are none who are overrich. Property holders as a rule are thriving and prosperous. In

most cases the property holder owns the property which he occupies. The hospitality of the Island people is very marked. It is the comfort and delight of the tourist, and of the traveller. In almost every home the stranger is a welcome guest. The people, generally speaking, are of a very enterprising type, and their record as a peaceful, and law-abiding population is unequalled. Their loyalty to Canada and the Empire is readily shown by the fact that fully six thousand youthful Islanders donned the king's uniform during the recent war.

At the present date, Prince Edward Island is provided with an excellent system of communication with the mainland. A rural free delivery postal service is established throughout the province. A telephonic and telegraphic communication is maintained between the Island and the rest of Canada. It is interesting to note that the first telegraphic cable laid in North America, was laid between Cape Tormentine and Cape Traverse in 1852. Steamship routes have been maintained between Charlottetown and Pictou, Summerside and Point Du Chene for many years. In winter, when navigation is difficult ice-breakers have plied between Georgetown and Pictou; and ice boats between Cape Traverse and Cape Tormentine.

There are two hundred and sixty two miles of railroad in the province. All important points are reached, and thus transportation facilities are very accessible to the Island farmers. The Car Ferry steamers, the "Prince Edward Island", which was the very generous gift to the province by the Borden government in 1912 (yet only a fulfillment of the terms of Confederation,) and which today is plying several times daily between Port Borden and Cape Tormentine, has added immensely to the Island's transportation facilities. This has been the greatest boon to the province for many years. It is increasing the annual production, and is adding millions of dollars to the farmer's treasury, by giving them the chance to compete on equal terms with the other provinces.

At present a movement is on foot to inaugurate an Aerial Communication System between the Island and points in East-

ern Canada. This movement is making rapid progress. Ere long we can look forward to an aerial express, mail, and passenger service with Prince Edward Island.

I have endeavoured in this article to show Prince Edward Island's position from the standpoint of production, economy and thrift, as well as the enterprising nature, ambition, loyalty, and content of her citizens. In conclusion I could not use more expressive words than those of H. M. Anderson, the Island historian. "The twentieth century has opened propitiously for the "Garden of the Gulf", and as time goes on, may it become a veritable "Garden of Eden."

PARVA SUB INGENTI.

A. E. W. '23.

"—— UP."

—"CHEER up!" 'Tis but another mile,
 Another laugh, another smile,
 Will make the living worth the while"
 Thus spake my friend, a friend indeed,
 And to his bidding I did heed.

"Look up," quote he, "forever gaze
 Upon life's pinnacles ablaze—
 Beyond the gloomy, hollow haze
 Of daily recompense and gain,
 Of earthly sorrow, toil and pain.

"Live up", he urged, "to high ideals;
 Shun off the tempter's hand that steals
 Thy love—and treacherous sin reveals,
 Let not thy erring footsteps stray,
 Seek steadfastly the narrow way."

“Lay up,” said he, “No treasure here:
Be honest, true; His name revere;
Him serve, through sacrifice severe:—
Let these thy worldly treasures be,
Thy treasures of Eternity!”

“Take up,” spake he, “thy cross of life,
And bear it gladly 'midst the strife,
'Midst bitter struggles—rampant—rife,
Till thou shalt sing the victor's song,
Proclaim His triumph, loud and long!”

D. D. C. '22.

WITH THE GUNS AT PASSCHENDAELE.

(Pages from my war diary.)

IN the good old days of war, when soldiers were numbered by thousands and the duration of battles was expressed in days, it was possible for an individual to be an eye witness of the greater part of an action. Times have changed. The methods of modern warfare are such that the individual soldier sees little except that which takes place in his immediate vicinity. This, however, is usually sufficient to break the monotony. When a concentration has been made against any point, life on the whole, becomes interesting. With the possible exception of Verdun, the late war furnished no heavier, long sustained fighting than that of the Passchendaele operations in the fall of nineteen hundred and seventeen. In this fighting the Canadian Corps Artillery played a conspicuous part.

Previous to these operations, it had been a popular belief that to be with the heavy artillery was to be out of the war. Ideas in this regard changed, when conditions became such that the heavy guns were seen in action. Under ordinary circumstances a battery was concealed in a wood or behind the ruins of a village. This procedure, while primarily

intended to make the task of the enemy more difficult, resulted in keeping from our own troops a true conception of the nature of a gunner's life. Passachendaele changed all this. The muddy devastation of the Yprès salient permitted of no concealment. Guns were exposed alike to the view of friend and foe. It is needless to add that the later evinced he greater interest in the exhibition. Neither was his a waning interest, for not a day passed that he did not bestow upon our batteries some token of his affection. Perhaps some idea of what our life with an Artilleryman really was, can be best conveyed by a few extracts from a gunner's diary. The following entries were made by me, on the dates shown: with apologies I present them without alterations.

"Nov. 5th, 1917, Monday: Went to bed last evening expecting to go out for twenty four hours, this morning. (reference, is to a twenty four hour period at a forward observation post). Awoke to find orders changed. Called Mr. S—— and we went to Abraham's Heights to establish new observation post (this was for the purposes of communication during the attack, which we knew would be made on the morrow). Shelled pretty heavy going out. Fowler (one of our party) stopped at the battery to act as guide. Davie (the fourth member of our party) and I came to group head-quarters. I was sent into rear lines and Davie went back to Abraham Heights as guide. Ken (the man I bunked with, at the rear lines) and I started to make pancakes (the wherewithal having come from home) but changed our minds. [Shells]. Tracy and Lawson (signallers), went forward tonight. To bed early. I don't know for how long. The Col. told me to stand by."

"Nov. 6th, 1917, Tuesday: Fowler went out instead of me this morning. The boys went over the bags this a. m. and took all their objectives. We got an awful cutting-up, fifteen casualties among the gun crew. I was in Yprès all day. Stanley buried this morning at billets—latter died from injuries. Wrote to mother this evening. No word of Tracy and Lawson."

Note:—Tracy returned to Canada O. K. but Lawson was killed.

My regular duty was forward observation but, owing to heavy casualties, I for a time supplied on gun crew at Passchendaele during which period one of my entries was as follows.

“Nov. 30th, 1917, Friday: Our day started at twelve o'clock midnight, with a fifteen round shoot. The gun acted her worst, which was bad enough to keep us two hours in getting off our allotment. We then (2 a. m.) turned in. I was called for guard at four forty five a.m. At five fifteen, Fritz opened up on back areas with high velocity guns of all calibres. At six, I called the cooks, under fire. At six fifteen, we were called for action, an S.O.S. This call was cancelled seven minutes later but almost immediately renewed. It was evident that Fritz meant business. Guns of all calibres played on our lines of communication while he searched with shrapnel, high explosive shrapnel, high explosives, and gas for our batteries. We (the 6th Siege) were being heavily shelled by a number of batteries: the atmosphere was laden with gas and the smell of exploding shells: the air was rent with deafening explosions. Charlie, the gun captain, ran to the office to find out if it were necessary to carry on. Our conviction of the seriousness of the attack was now confirmed by the order, “Stick to the gun.” The roar was deafening; the water in shell holes was churned by the falling splinters, mud, and debris. The gray dawn was occasionally lighted up by the brilliant flare of a doomed ammunition dump: one of which, near us, having been set on fire between five and six o'clock, burned furiously for sometime and culminated in a grand explosion which shook the earth and showered the region with all manner of fragments. Still, though for twenty minutes the only gun in our immediate area active, the one gun of the Sixth Canadian Siege Battery then in action, (that is, not disabled) barked on. From our position we could see the S. O. S. flares brilliant against the morning sky. These gave us a purpose in our work, so we worked on until our ammunition was spent. In that hell of fire, flying shell splinters, shrapnel, smoke, and gas, we had spent an hour. More than one scar bore testimony of the gun's participation in the fight but not a man was touched. Many people can point to

a great day in their lives, but to me this was a great hour—spent in a grand work. I am thankful to have lived that hour, glad to have spent it, now that it is passed—but may it please God that I may never see another.

Things cooled down about eight a. m. We were again shelled lightly about one p. m., and took cover for a few minutes in a wrecked pill-box. Then we continued our work unmolested, until relieved at three o'clock. On our way in to the rear lines, we saw by the roadside a number of dead horses, mute witnesses to the ability of the German marksmen. Red-cross ambulances bore further testimony of the fight; but Britons won again. Tonight, the broken roads were mended and traffic moved on as before. I saw a chap coming in from the line today, leading a mud-covered horse. He had rescued her from a shellhole. Probably, her driver suffered a worse fate. Nothing of note happened today at the billets, other than that a number of fellows are back from Blighty and a Canadian mail is in. Roberts got four boxes; Ken two cans of fruit: I ate half a ton and thought I'd be sick, but wasn't."

November the thirtieth, nineteen seventeen, was one of the most interesting days I spent in France. A few weeks after that date, I met a friend who had landed in France in February, nineteen fifteen, and who had been with the Canadian field artillery in every battle in which it had been engaged. I asked him what was the hottest hour he had lived. He replied, "From five to six o'clock on the morning of November thirtieth this year." "Where," I asked. "With the first heavies, (60 pdrs.) on the right of Spree Farm" he replied. I had not seen my friend, previous to that time, since he had sailed from Canada. I was, therefore, somewhat surprised to find he had been within calling distance of me during that eventful hour. Nevertheless, like many other Canadians envious of those who had taken part in the first battle of Yprès, I was gratified to know that though in comparison, an infant in the service, I had experienced fighting no less intense than they.

It is interesting to note that the infantry attack to which such a bombardment is generally the prelude, was not deliver-

ed against the Yprès salient, but that it was at this hour that Byng's forces suffered such a heavy reverse on the Cambrai sector. Such events signify that, notwithstanding the great changes in the instruments of war, the principle of tactics remains the same.

C. K. G. '22.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

“ ‘**W**HY so pale and wan, fond lover?’ ” declaimed Patty Lane with all the abandonment of an emotional actress, as she spied her friend Dot Dempster coming toward her, college gown flying wildly behind her, with a most preternaturally melancholy expression on her usually serene countenance.

Dot made no reply. Whether she did not hear or did not chance to answer could not be said. But, as she drew still nearer, Patty felt that something indeed very serious must have happened, to cause such a change in her usually merry, lighthearted friend.

Patty had only known Dot Dempster since the beginning of the present college year, for Dot had come to Acadia a “Freshie-Soph.” The pair, however, though only two months had passed, were fast friends. These apparently irrelevant remarks are not as unnecessary as they seem. If Patty had known Dot a little better, she would have realized that the best thing to do under the circumstances was to leave her alone. But she was not acquainted with Dot's occasional fits of melancholy. Something dreadful must have happened. Patty felt sure. She hastened forward, words of sympathy and condolence on her lips, for whatever the sad misfortune was.

“Dot Dempster, what on earth is the matter?” she gasped. “You can tell me. I'm your friend whatever happens, you know that, Dot,” grasping her arm and helping her up the steps of the entrance, for Dot's progress was encumbered

by a load of what seemed at first sight a veritable mountain of books.

Dot, at last aroused, looked up with a sad smile into her friend's perturbed countenance. "Oh don't take it so hard, Patty," she said. "It's nothing. At least"—with a deep sigh—"I hope it's nothing, but"—she lowered her voice to a thrilling undertone—"I dreamed about great uncle John Masterman last night."

"What of it?" Patty enquired bluntly.

"Why, whenever any one in our family dreams of great uncle John Masterman, it means a death, sure as anything. You know, Uncle John was a sea captain. He was lost at sea about twenty years ago. And whenever one of our family dreams of him we know what to expect. My sister dreamed something about Uncle John last year, and, just a cousin, a distant relative out west had died of the Flu just about that time. And mother had a most singular dream of Uncle John one night (she remembers him). She dreamed, oh, never mind what it was, but anyway",—she paused impressively—"the very next day our pet kitten Topsy developed an awful cough and died in two days. We thought it was pneumonia, cat pneumonia, if there is such a thing."

Patty, ever prone to see the humorous side of things, with difficulty repressed a smile. Dot was a dear, but she had absolutely no sense of humor. *Cat pneumonia!*

"And so," Dot continued, as they entered the girls waiting room, "I'm always afraid of the sign. It always seems that the victims die of some lung trouble, pneumonia or consumption or the Flu. It's happened over and over again."

She coughed, a hollow cough. "Dear me! I believe I'm taking cold. Don't you think I'm hoarse, Pat?"

"Not in the least," Patty returned decidedly, "you've allowed that dream to work on your nerves until, I dare say, at this moment you think you're doomed to die of the Flu. Forget about it! You're the greatest girl for imagining things I ever saw in my life. Come" Patty got up briskly. "We shall be late for chapel, if we don't go in pretty soon." Almost everyone had left, but as they opened the door on their

way out, a Freshette met them, Halifax Herald in hand. "What's the news Helen?" Patty asked.

"Nohting much. The Flu has broken out again. Everyone is cautioned about taking cold"—Dot groaned.

"Chapel" that morning seemed very long and unusually solemn. First, the hymn, "The Sands of Time Are Sinking" was given out and sung lustily. "I love that tune", Dot heard the girl beside her whisper. Dot shivered, thinking of funerals. It happened that the psalm seelcted for that morning was the one hundred and third: "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth," read the good doctor.

"For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more," was the prompt and cheerful response of the student body.

Dot heard no more. These verses set her off on a doleful train of thought that lasted until chapel was finally over. A speech about the precautions necessary for warding off the Flu having taken up five minutes or so of time after the devotional exercises were finished.

Biology I was the next on the program of the day. Dot and Patty hurried, shivering in the raw November air, over to Science Hall.

"I'm sure I've caught cold," Dot moaned.

"Patty, with a sharp response on her lips, caught herself just in time. It was evidently no good to lecture.

"Do you really think you're taking cold, Dot?" she asked in an anxious tone.

Sympathy seemed what Dot needed. She became quite calm, and resigned herself to her fate.

Oh, yes, "she replied," but then, I always knew I'd die of the Flu, anyway. I've felt it in my bones." Her face was perfectly serious.

The gloom must have been contagious, for Patty's face was clouded as she entered the lecture room. What if Dot were to have the Flu, and die? With vivid imagination she pictured life without her friend. She was (usually) such good company. Awfully popular girl. And the dearest

girl I ever knew." How could she get along without Dot? Why—

"Miss Lane." By the expectant tone of the professor's voice, Patty judged that she had been asked a question, but what the question was she had not the faintest idea in the world. The lecturer waited a minute, then, no answer being forthcoming, went on. "Miss Dempster?" Another pause. The poor man looked worried, even exasperated. "Dear, dear," he said, "what is the trouble? "It never occurred to me that you would find this difficult. But I will go over it again for you." Thereupon he launched into a masterly exposition of the Survival of the Fittest that would have done honor to Herbert Spencer himself. "And so," he concluded, "there is always this struggle for existence among animals and plants. Certain individuals will succeed better than others in the struggle. Those most poorly adapted to their surroundings will perish, and only the more vigorous ones—those best adjusted to their surroundings—will persist. What really takes place, you see, is an elimination, by death, of the unfit. It is part of Nature's scheme." Is that clear now, Miss Dempster?"

Poor Dot nodded miserably. A thick fog of gloom seemed to envelope her. She almost choked. But what was this he was saying? Something about the Flu. There certainly was something "spooky" in the way this Flu business was following her up. But then, it was to be expected.

Dot sneezed.

Biology having ended for the day, the Sophomore Class assembled in the English classroom, for "Soph English." Dot followed along after the crowd, a prey to her thoughts. The lesson was a study of the later Puritan period. Jeremy Taylor, Richard Baxter, and Thomas Browne were the greatest authors, Dot was informed, and obediently wrote them down in her notebook. It appeared that Jeremy Taylor's greatest work was "Holy Living and Holy Dying," Richard Baxter was famous for his "Saints' Rest", and Thomas Browne for his "Urn Burial." This having been learned the class proceeded to study the books just named. Holy

Living and Holy Dying and Saints Rest could be endured; but oh! the long drawn out horror of "Urn Burial"! After an exhaustive description of various methods of burial, it ended with a dissertation on the fruitlessness and futility of life. Death ended all things; today we were living, tomorrow gone, no man knows where, gone and forgotten. The following generations walk over our ashes heedlessly and no matter what effort we put forth, we are not remembered, etc., etc.

Dot had come to the point when she could endure no more. With the calmness of despair, she picked up her notebook, and left the room. She did not see the amused half-reflective smile on Patty's face. Patty's "folks" would have discerned the fact that she was "up to something" had they seen that impish smile.

But let us return to poor Dot. Leaving books and wraps she had basely fled, her one desire being to get away from The Survival of the Fittest. The Struggle for Existence, Urn Burial, and—the Flu. But habit is second nature. Presently Dot was surprised to find herself going thru the Residence gate. "The Sands of Time are sinking, the dawn of heaven breaks", she hummed as she went toward the door, then promptly checked herself as she discovered that she was singing aloud the piece that had been pounding thru her brain the whole morning. Quickly she opened the door and entered. What was that? Someone was playing the piano. Faintly the solemn, majestic notes of the "Dead March in Saul" reached her ears. With a wild laugh, Dot ran up the stairs to the refuge of her own room and flung herself, face downward, on her bed. The Flu had conquered.

Patty was not surprised to hear, when she reached home at noon, that Dot Dempster was down with the Flu. Meeting the nurse, she way-laid her in the corridor, and asked particulars. It was as she had expected. They weren't sure yet that Miss Dempster had the Flu. The nurse told Patty in strict confidence that she believed the child was frightened, rather than really ill. But still they thought it better to be careful.

"Too bad," muttered Patty. "You know, Miss Browne, we girls were planning to have a Kimona Dance. Isn't it a shame that poor Dot will have to miss it? She is so fond of dancing. Don't mention it to her, will you? She would be so disappointed."

Patty's eyes twinkled, and the nurse smiled understandingly.

Dot was evidently resigned to her fate. She sat propped up by pillows, in a big chair by the window, hands meekly folded, eyes closed, awaiting the approach of the dread monster, Flu. She was not afraid to die. She had always had a presentiment that something like this would take her off, she told Patty, in a tone of sepulchral sadness. Of course, she hated to leave, but—well, it was Destiny. What could she do?

Patty said nothing. Patty was learning a few things. After dinner she went out to classes, and did not return until five. She found the patient much the same. No alarming symptoms had appeared as yet, but they were bound to. Had not she dreamed of her great uncle John the night before? "That alone—"

"What are you going to do, Pat?" The victim of Flu—and circumstance—sat up straight. One of the cushions bounced to the floor unheeded, as Dot watched her roommate set their chafing dish on the table and light the lamp. Pat was strangely noncommittal. She did not answer for a long time, and when she did, was not at all satisfactory.

"Doing?" she said. "What do you suppose I'm doing? Lighting this lamp."

"But what for?"

"What do I usually light it for?" Pat's tone was a trifle exasperated.

"You're not going to cook something?"

"Well, I might be."

"What?" curiously.

"Well, if you must know, fudge."

"Fudge! What for?"

"Oh never mind. I'll tell you later. Oh my goodness,

Dot Dempster, I nearly forgot that medicine of yours. And she told me to be sure and give it to you as soon as I came in. Do you feel any worse?" anxiously.

"Patty, look out; that fudge is boiling over."

"Never mind the fudge. Your health is of far greater concern to me than any amount of fudge. If you should be taken off an hour or two sooner just because I had neglected your medicine, and allowed you to become excited over a mere matter of fudge, I should never forgive myself."

"Patty, Look out! You're simply ruining it." The patient was about to jump up and attend to the boiling seething mass herself, but at that instant a knock sounded on the door, and a girl poked as much of her head as she could get thru an opening of about two inches cautiously made in said door.

"Excuse me," she said, "but Agnes Winslow told me that I was to play at the Kimona Dance tonight, and—"

She got no further.

"Kimona Dance? Where? Who said so? And you, Pat Lane, weren't going to tell me a thing about it!" Dot's gentle temper was decidedly ruffled. It was evident that the offence was deep and not easily to be blotted out.

"Why, of course not!" I only thought, if I told you, it would make you feel badly to think you couldn't go. There! There!" soothingly. "You sit right down, and: I'll call Miss Browne at once. You simply musn't get yourself into a nervous fever?"

"But I'm going to that dance." Dot's tone expressed dogged determination.

"Girl are you crazy? Remember, you're coming on with the Flu."

"But" Dot opened her mouth to speak, and then thought better of it. "Well, I suppose so," she said reluctantly; and did not see Patty wink at her own reflection in the mirror.

In a few minutes she spake again. "Really, I feel so much better, I don't think I'm going to have the Flu at all, Patty."

"While there's life there's hope." Patty's voice was rather smothered, but that was probably due to the fact that

she was searching on the floor for a lost hairpin, and her face was hidden.

“Patty Lane, you wretch. You know all this is a put-up job. You go down and tell Miss Browne that I am not going to have the Flu at all, and want to go to the Kimona Dance. I wonder how far you would have carried it if Ann hadn’t come to the door.”

“What about the survival of the fittest, Dot? If I were you, I——”

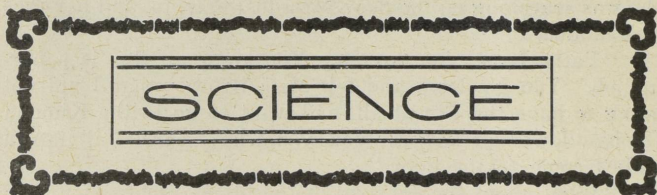
But Dot had picked up a sofa cushion and was holding it threateningly.

“Another word from you, Miss Lane——” she said laughingly.

And Patty fled.

J. A. K. '22.





THE CHEMICAL SCIENCE AND MEDICINE.

LIFE is ever presenting us with new problems. There is the problem of the origin of life, the problem of its evolution. However, the one concerning us in this discussion is the relation of that subtle science, chemistry, to the functions of life, not only in health but also in time of abnormal conditions.

Our whole organizations are nothing more or less than chemical laboratories, continually changing chemical energy over into kinetic energy and heat. These characteristics always accompany animal life. Bear in mind, however, that we do not mean to intimate that this is all there is to animal life: for, although all its physiological processes may be explained by science, yet there is some unknown underlying the known of life, a secret which has not yet been discovered. Protoplasm, the life substance, has been carefully analyzed, but there must be some essential substance or force which has eluded the keenest searching of the scientist, since all attempts to synthesize protoplasm have been in vain.

The food taken into our bodies is changed into a fluid through the chemical action of the digestive juices upon it, and through osmosis and absorption the blood obtains the revivifying ingredients so essential to health. The portion of the food which is of no use to the body, together with the waste materials, is thrown out through the different organs of excretion. Blood loaded with food from the digestive tract, and enriched with oxygen obtained by gas diffusion in the lungs, finds its way to all parts of the body, nourishing it, and in turn receiving waste to be eliminated.

But the application of chemistry to the human machinery becomes more evident in the time of disease, for, as always, it is the abnormalities that attract attention. In the chemical laboratory we learn many astounding facts about ourselves of which heretofore we had never dreamed. We are not going to give a detailed catalogue of the phenomena of physiological chemistry,—we are merely going to draw a few conclusions from generalizations applicable to corresponding phenomena of life. For instance, we observe that when two substances are mixed, which tend to become neutral relative to the originals, the reaction is usually accompanied by the absorption of, or the giving out of heat. A reaction which is devoid of temperature changes is called an isothermic reaction. Very few reactions of neutralization, however, are isothermic.

The great majority of diseases that flesh is heir to, are now thought to be caused by germs. But some may misinterpret the cause of disease by germs. Very rarely has the vegetative growth of the micro-organism any definitive effect upon its animal host. These bacteria, however, on obtaining the suitable conditions necessary for their growth, secrete an enzyme which is poisonous to the host. Such an enzyme in diseases is spoken of as a toxin. It is these toxins, and not the bacteria themselves, that cause the disease,—that have the injurious effect upon the system.

The human body is a wonderful piece of work, well worthy of its Maker. And in the making of it, nothing was omitted. Even the possibility of these bacteria forming their poisonous toxins, was provided for in this wonderful body of ours. The human blood under the microscope reveals a few white corpuscles among the rouleaux of the red. The office of these corpuscles is to combat the bacteria and their toxins. These little amoeboid bodies absorb the germs into their own bodies as food, hence destroying them; if the germs gain a foothold and produce their poison, then the white corpuscles begin to secrete a counter poison,—an antitoxin which is to neutralize the toxins of the germs. Whether or not the person will survive the effects of the disease poison, depends

upon the efficiency and the quantity of the antitoxin produced, as well as the specific effect of the toxin upon the system.

Now it is very probable, as we have pointed out, in the beginning of this article, that the neutralizing effect is accompanied by heat. This is indeed many times the case, hence the fever of some diseases.

As an illustration of this fact as well as a matter of general interest, we may quote the principles of the tuberculin test, which is used to detect tuberculosis in domestic animals. Germs of tuberculosis are injected into the body of a healthy animal, and after time has been given for the antitoxin to form, it is extracted from its blood. An animal suffering from tuberculosis has much of the toxin present in its system. The tuberculin (extracted antitoxin) is injected and any fluctuations of temperature are carefully watched and recorded. If the animal is suffering from tuberculosis, owing to the reaction of the tuberculin with the disease toxin, the temperature will rise quite an appreciable amount. A rise of from 2 degrees to 6 degrees Fahrenheit is indicative of tuberculosis. As we have pointed out before, the fevers of some diseases are caused by such a reaction as that indicated above, the antitoxin being secreted by the white blood corpuscles of the victim.

Another example of the use of an artificial antitoxin is found in the employment of one in the treatment of diphtheria. The vaccine, used in the preventative measures against smallpox, stimulates the white blood corpuscles to form a relatively large amount of smallpox antitoxin, which effectively prevents the disease from gaining a foothold in the system. This method is much used in epidemics, and has come to be employed so commonly, and with such success, that smallpox has become practically wiped out in all the countries where vaccination is practised.

Thus, we have shewn through a few disconnected remarks and a few practical examples, some of the connections between the chemical science and medicine. The physician is in many cases helpless without the skilful assistance of the chemist. The chemist is to find a means of detecting the

cause of a disease, to determine the nature of the toxin if one is present, and to find an efficient neutralizer or antitoxin. Needless to say, such an antitoxin must be of such a nature that the resultant product is harmless to the system, and that the reaction takes place under existing conditions as nearly isothermically as possible. The chemist of today holds the whole future of medicine in his hands. His is one of the greatest of tasks to fulfil. Through his work much of the pain of the world may be alleviated or prevented. When he more fully understands the physiological processes, and the relations of the enzymes of disease to them, then will he be able through his painstaking experiments, to work out new methods of attacking and warding off the diseases with which mankind is afflicted.

L. P. S. '22.

AROUND THE HILL.

NOW that hockey and skating are things of the past, we begin to think of tennis and track. In connection with these sport there is much to be done. There has been no intercollegiate track meet for five years. This year, we understand, the track meet is to be held. In track meets of the past Acadia made a name for herself, easily outdistancing her competitors. It would indeed be gratifying for history to repeat itself.

Tennis, as we have known it for the past few years has left much to be desired. The courts have been allowed to run down. Frequently only one or two have been in any fit shape for playing. There is space available for six courts, and that is certainly none too many. Indeed, there will be enough players to keep the six courts in use all the time. It would be advisable to have a good strong committee in charge of tennis affairs to have the courts keep in order, to regulate the use of them and to arrange for tournaments.

During the past few years the tournaments have been more or less of a farce. Last year only two sets, men's sin-

gles and ladies' singles, were undertaken. Of these only the ladies' singles were completed. There is every opportunity this year for carrying five tournament sets to completion, ladies' singles, ladies' doubles, men's singles, men's doubles, and mixed doubles.

Another glance around the campus shows up the foundation of our memorial gymnasium. We have every hope that the weather will soon allow work on our gymnasium. Then work on it will be rushed so as to bring it to completion for another fall.

There is another thing needed on the campus,—and we have mentioned it before in these columns. That is a new grandstand. It should be a profitable investment. Once built it would pay for itself in the course of a short time. So why not have one before the intercollegiate football game next fall?

DEBATING.

During the past month Kings University forfeited the Intercollegiate debate to Acadia. This is somewhat of a disappointment to Acadia; but after their recent loss by fire, it is easy to understand the attitude of the Kings debating society.

This has brought a revival of interest in the outcome of the interclass league. In the Athenaeum Society there is a three cornered tie, between Senior, Junior and Sophomore teams. In the Propylaeum Society the Juniors are one ahead, with one debate to come off. Should they win, the Acadia Council Cup goes to the Junior class. Should they lose, there will be the interesting situation of a three-cornered tie in the whole debating league.

NIGHT SCHOOL.

As a result of the social census spoken of last month Miss Macintosh under the Department of Practical Sociology has organized a night school in Wolfville. The work at present

is being carried on under her supervision by some of the students in the course of Practical Sociology. This is chiefly for demonstration purposes. It is the ideal of those chiefly concerned with the night school to prove its value with the result in view that it may be taken over by the government and carried on regularly. At present it is conducted two evenings in the week. The attendance is good and the interest taken by the pupils is very encouraging.



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K. E. MASON, '21, Month.

C. B. LUMSDEN, '21, Business Manager.

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L. M. GRAY, Academy.

L. B. GRAY, '20, Personals.

ELLEN SPENCER, Seminary.

R. S. LONGLEY, '21, Athletics.

HUGH BLACK, Eng. '20 Staff Artist.

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Editorial



THE coming of spring reminds us that the term is drawing near its close. In many respects this has been the most successful year in college history for some time. Not only have the extra curriculum activities been heartily maintained and ably carried on, but the business of class room and laboratory has been well attended to. We doubt if the record of marks in the college office has often been excelled in the history of the college. There are now only a few weeks left in the year. Let us try to maintain the high standard set before us. The spirit of the student body has been all that could be desired, a courtesy and restraint mingled with fearlessness and determination, and in all matters the ideal has been Acadia first.

POEMS BY THE LATE LT. FREDERICK C. MANNING

There has recently come to the library a small attractive volume of poems by the late Lieutenant Frederick Charles

Manning of the 85th Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders. Lt. Manning is well remembered at Acadia as a member of the class of 1916. During his brief, though memorable college course he won the reputation of a student of brilliant parts, a musician of talent, a writer of no mean ability, and a young man of wholesome and pleasing personality. His success as an army officer was no less marked than as a student. His early death at Vimy Ridge in April 1917 robbed Acadia of one of the most brilliant and promising of her sons.

The work of compiling and editing his poems has been done by his brother J. Harold Manning of Acadia, 1919. The poems are for the most part fragmentary and were written in pencil on scraps of paper. There is no indication that the author considered them worthy of preservation. They do, however, reveal a sense of fine literary appreciation and a promising lyrical gift. The poem "Longings for Home," the frontispiece of this issue, is indicative of these qualities.

The volume contains a biographical sketch of the late Lt. Manning by his brother, J. H. Manning, the memorial poem "Our Laddie," by his father, Dr. James Manning, of St. John, and the poems themselves of Lt. Manning.

As J. H. Manning in his biographical sketch has given a far better critical estimate and sympathetic interpretation of the work of his brother than we could possibly give, we take the liberty of quoting from it.

"His ideals of artistic perfection were so high that probably his full powers were never devoted to producing any finished work at a time where his experience and education were so incomplete, and that this is so is borne out by the restraint of the more typical pieces, and the purely casual nature of the subjects chosen. The collection has been made as complete as possible under the circumstances, and the sole desire of the publication is to give his intimate friends the opportunity of seeing in these few fragments his promising lyrical gift and an undoubted poetic merit which, because it was healthy and spontaneous, might have been capable of greater development."

HOCKEY.

The hockey season just closed has been for Acadia the most successful for many years. Our team won the championship of the Western League after playing one game with Mount Allison and three with the University of New Brunswick. Although not successful in the game against the champion team from St. Francis Xavier, the Acadia team played a fast clean game and gave a good account of itself.

Perhaps this year saw the most interesting hockey season ever known among the colleges of the Maritime provinces. The eastern and western sections each had a tie. Thus three playoffs were necessary to decide the winner of the Intercollegiate championship. It was a matter of regret to the other college that Dalhousie did not see fit to enter a team under the intercollegiate regulations.

In winning the league this year St. Francis Xavier has won permanent possession of the Brown cup. The Halifax Herald, which has done much to encourage clean amateur sport in the Maritime provinces, has offered a cup for competition next year under the same conditions as the Brown trophy. With a rink of our own and this year's team as a basis to work on, Acadia should have a good fighting chance for the cup for another year.

The approach of the end of the term and the summer vacation again bring up the question of employment for the students, both of a permanent nature and of merely temporary. We cannot help feeling that there should be closer relations between university life and the great commercial world. Much is done through the college office in obtaining employment for the student. Still we cannot help feeling that much more might be accomplished. This might be done by means of an Employment Bureau, a systematic compilation of various openings in industry as they come to the attention of the college authorities and the direction of student activities and the direction of student activities to the filling of the vacancies.

In this issue and the following one we shall follow the lead set last month and conduct our literary department on

the three, two, one basis. We feel that the competition is keen enough to warrant such a step and that the addition of these units will not make unduly easy the winning of the Literary A. The keenness of the competition in itself is sufficient to prevent this. The most important function of the Athenaeum is to promote literary activity in the student body. This, we believe is better done by encouragement than by repression. Competition in the other departments is not as yet keen enough to warrant such a step there.





The Month

DRAWN BY HOWARD BLOOMER

THE past month has been a busy one for all. The hockey season is over and we are proud to welcome back our team from its trip to U. N. B. and St. Francis Xavier.

We regret that King's College has had to forfeit the intercollegiate debate with Acadia on account of the recent fire, which destroyed much of their material.

Our inter-class debates continue to be interesting and well conducted.

SENIOR SLEIGH DRIVE.

On Thursday evening, February 12th, the "grave old Seniors" held their annual sleigh-drive, and a more pleasant evening for such an event could not have been chosen. On their return to Wolfville, the wants of the "inner man" were supplied by the Royal Hotel. Professor and Mrs. Perry were chaperones.

JUNIOR THEATRE PARTY.

On the same evening as the Senior sleigh-drive, the Juniors went to the theatre in a body to see the Young-Adams Company in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine". After the performance they dined at C. Young's Café.

REV. D. E. HATT

UNDER the auspices of the Social and Benevolent Society of the town of Wolfville, Rev. D. E. Hatt, B. D., gave an

entertainment of dialect and other readings in College Hall, on Friday evening, February 13th. His selections were partly from Drummond and partly original. Mr. Hatt is a graduate of Acadia in the class of '97, and has recently assumed the pastorate of the Digby Baptist Church. He has gained much fame as a reader, and he found a most appreciative audience among his Acadia friends. He was assisted by the Acadia Orchestra and Mrs. Hanna Russel Gregory, of the Seminary staff.

SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR DEBATE.

THE subject of the Sophomore-Junior debate on Saturday evening, February 14th, was: "Resolved, that the government of the United States was justified in refusing to sanction the League of Nations covenant, as adopted by the Peace Treaty." The Juniors—Richardson (leader), Reid and Thurston—supported the affirmative, and the Sophomores—Lank (leader), Cameron and Atkinson—the negative. The subject was one of vital interest and was well handled by the speakers. Lank's rebuttal was the feature of the evening. The judges gave the decision to the Sophomores. Mr. Paul Tingley was critic for the evening.

CHORAL CLUB "AT HOME"

"THE best time we ever had at the Sem." That's what the boys all said after Monday evening, February 16th, when the young ladies of the Choral Club were "at home" to the young men of the Club. The deft fingers of the Sems. had converted the Seminary gymnasium into a most attractive reception room, and here the young ladies entertained. Miss Stephens, of the Seminary staff, and leader of the Club, had arranged an interesting programme of music, readings, and games, and refreshments were served before the fond adieus were said.

SENIOR-FRESHMAN DEBATE.

“**R**ESOLVED, that a policy of total exclusion of immigrants into Canada for the next ten years, would be more beneficial to Canada than a continuation, for the same period, of the present system,” was the subject of the Freshmen-Senior debate on Thursday evening, February 26th. The Seniors supported the affirmative and were represented by H. H. Titus (leader), L. F. Titus, and Charles Corey. The negative was upheld by the Freshmen—Campbell (leader), Doyle, and Brownell. Both teams debated well, H. H. Titus being especially strong on rebuttal. The judges gave the decision to the Seniors. Mr. K. C. Bishop acted as critic.

LETTER FROM NORMAN McLEOD ROGERS.

THROUGH the thoughtfulness of Dr. Cutten, Acadia students have a better idea of college life and work at Oxford University. On Thursday morning, February 26th, he read a personal letter in chapel, that he had received from our own Rhodes Scholar, “Norm” Rogers, ’19. “Norm” said that one thing an old Acadia man was sure to observe was the fact that in connection with all their sports, their victories are received in absolute silence. He says it is hard for an Old Acadia man not to burst into applause on such occasions.

The holiday season is much longer than ours, but the students are always assigned a great deal of work for vacation, and are examined on it when college re-opens. We wouldn’t like to see this system introduced at Acadia, but here is one that sounds good—No matter how many questions are on an examination paper, if the student only answers one of those questions perfectly, he gets full value for the whole paper. However, on the whole, we think we like Acadia’s methods better.

"Norm" has two brothers here this year—Dean, '20, captain of the football team, and Dave, '22, captain of the hockey team.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER SUNDAY

SUNDAY, February 29th, was observed throughout the College world as a day of intercession on behalf of the Student Volunteer Movement, consequently a united service of the three student bodies—College, Seminary, and Academy—was held in College Hall at ten o'clock that morning. Rev. E. S. Mason gave an interesting discourse, and the service was most impressive. Miss J. Harris, '22, and Miss Nicholls, '22, rendered a vocal duet, very acceptably.

MISS DILLING'S RECITAL.

LOVERS of good music were given a rare treat on Tuesday day evening, March 2nd, when Miss Mildred Dilling appeared before a large and representative audience in Assembly Hall. Miss Dilling is a harpist who has appeared with many of the present day artists, and Acadia people considered themselves fortunate, indeed, in being able to hear her in Wolfville. She captivated her audience from the very first and received rapt attention throughout. Her encore numbers were bright and usually prefaced by a few descriptive remarks, which added to the interest. The programme included selections from Zabel, Debussy, Hasselmans, Durand, and other famous composers.

Miss Dilling was assisted by Miss Pauline Nelson, Violinist, and Miss Mattie Key, Reader. Both of these young ladies of the Seminary staff, added much to the evening's enjoyment. Miss Winnifred Stephens, Soprano, was to have sung "The Bohemian Song" from "Carmen", but, owing to illness, was unable to appear.

SPECIAL CHAPELS.

ON February 23rd, Rev. H. R. Grant addressed the College students at chapel hour. Mr. Grant is well known among the provinces as a temperance and social reform worker, and his remarks were listened to with interest. He occupied the pulpit of the Baptist Church here, Sunday morning, February 22nd.

Dr. Royer, of New York, addressed the students of the three institutions at the chapel hour, March 3rd, on "Public Health". Dr. Royer is stationed at Halifax at present, in connection with the rebuilding of the devastated area, caused by the explosion in December, '17. His work will be that of trying to raise the health standard. To facilitate this work, Admiralty House has been set apart to be used as a central clinic where free information can be received, as to how combat disease. His remarks were very timely and interesting.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

DR. McDONALD, the pastor of the Baptist Church—the adopted church home of the majority of Acadia's students—continues to increase in popularity. His discourses are always the kind that appeal to young and old alike, and he shows a marked interest in the young life here. During the last month, the Saturday evening services have been of a special nature. The first fifteen minutes is spent in the service of song, conducted by Dr. Spidle. On different nights, the choir has been composed of the Young People's Society of the church, the Seminary girls, and the young men from the College and Academy, respectively. The service on Sunday evening, February 29th, was under the auspices of the college Y. M. C. A., and Rev. E. S. Mason very forcibly presented the cause of missions. A large male choir, assisted by Miss Frances DeWolfe, the Rhodes Hall Quartette, and the Acadia Orchestra, rendered excellent music.

Previous to the sermon on Sunday morning, March 7th, Dr. DeWolfe gave an appreciation of the life and works of

the late Rev. L. D. Morse, who recently died in the United States. Rev. Mr. Morse was a graduate of Acadia and pastor of the church here from 1904-1908.

PARTY FOR HOCKEY TEAM

AFTER their arrival in Wolfville on Saturday evening, March 6th, the members of the hockey team were invited to the home of Miss Helen Fitch, where a very enjoyable evening was spent. After games and songs the team broke training with a vengeance and did justice to the delicious refreshments which were served.

DR. PRINCE'S LECTURE.

DR. E. E. PRINCE, of the Marine and Fisheries Department, Ottawa, gave a most instructive and interesting lecture in College Hall on Monday evening, March 8th. His subject was "The Wonders of the Deep", and his address was illustrated by one hundred lantern slides. The speaker was introduced by Dr. Cutten, and greeted by a large audience. Dr. Prince received the degree of Doctor of Science from Acadia in 1912.

JUNIOR PARTY.

ON Thursday evening, March 11th, the Junior class were the guests of their class mate, Wylie Collins, at Port Williams. The evening was most enjoyably spent in games and amusements of all sorts in true "old country home" style. Mr. and Mrs. Collins proved most delightful hosts. Most delicious refreshments were served, followed by a pompous birthday cake, with its brilliant display of candles. All too soon the sleighs arrived and at a late hour the party broke up with hearty cheers for the host and hostess. All declared it the best class function of the year.

Y. M. C. A.

WITH a view to deepening the interest and increasing the attendance, the hour of the Sunday Y. M. C. A. service has been changed from 9.30 A. M. to 6 P. M., and the new adventure is working out well. Good music, good speakers, and a good open fire, are bringing in fellows after supper, who found 9.30 A. M. a rather inconvenient hour. The speakers during the last few weeks have been: Dr. Thompson, Dr. Cutten, and Professor Balcom.

The Wednesday evening meetings are still being held and we had four real interesting topics given during the month by Dr. Cutten, Dr. Spidle, Mr. Lumsden, and Dr. McDonald, respectively.

Unfortunately, however, this phase of the college life has not met with the response from the student body as a whole as we would wish to see. In the hope that additional interest may be created, the plan has been adopted of giving the College Y. M. C. A., the College Y. W. C. A., the Seminary Y. W. C. A., and the Academy Y. M. C. A., each one Wednesday evening of the month on which to be responsible for the services. We hope that in this way the students may feel that these meetings are not for any particular body of students, but that each should feel as much interest in this phase of college life as in any other.

Y. W. C. A.

THE Y. W. C. A. continues to be as active as ever. The Sunday evening meetings have been led mostly by the girls and have been both interesting and helpful. On March seventh Miss Fraser, representing the Student Volunteer Band, and herself a volunteer, presented the needs and claims of the foreign field. It is hoped that we may again have a Volunteer Band organized at Acadia.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND.

MISS FRASER, one of the secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement, was in Wolfville over the week-end of March 7th, and on Monday evening, March 8th, Acadia's band was reorganized and the following officers elected: President, Mr. C. B. Lumsden, '21; Vice-President, Miss Evelyn Colpitts, '22; Secretary, Miss K. Fitzpatrick, '21.

THEOLOGICAL CLUB.

MR. J. W. F. MAXWELL is the new president of the new president of the Theological Club for the second term. The Friday evening meetings are being well attended, and a growing interest manifested. The speakers for the month have been: Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Brindley, Mr. Trites, and Mr. Ferris.

*SOPHETTE-FRESHETTE DEBATE.
PROPYLAEUM.*

THE subject of the Sophette-Freshette debate on the evening of February 9th was: "Resolved that trade unions promote the best interests of the working classes." The affirmative was upheld by the Freshettes, who were represented by Miss M. Fitzpatrick (leader), Miss Bowlby and Miss Wilson. The Sophettes supported the negative—Miss Davidson (leader), Miss Verge and Miss Wyman. All the debaters presented good speeches, showing the results of careful work in their preparation. The judges—Mrs. Cutten, Mrs. Elliot and Mrs. Balcorn—gave the decision to the Sophettes.

SENIOR-SOPHETTES DEBATE.

"RESOLVED, that a legislative union of the Maritime Provinces on terms alike equitable and agreeable, would be advantageous," was the subject of the Senior-Sophette debate on Feb. 23rd. The Sophettes defended the affirmative and were represented by Miss MacQuarrie (leader), Miss War-

ren, and Miss Phillips. Miss Williams (leader), Miss Walker, and Miss Longley debated for the Seniors, and supported the negative. The debate was won by the Seniors. Dr. Cutten, Professor Perry, and Dr. Rhodenizer were the judges.

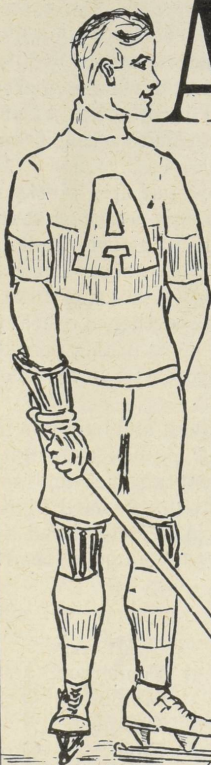
JUNIOR-FRESHETTE DEBATE.

“RESOLVED, that municipal public utilities be owned and controlled by the municipality,” was the subject debated by the Juniors and Freshettes on March 6th. The Juniors, upholding the negative, were represented by Miss Perry (leader), Miss Grant and Miss Spicer. Miss Patriquin (leader), Miss Sanford, and Miss Springer defended the affirmative for the Freshettes. All debates were good and well delivered. The judges—Mrs. Cutten, Mrs. Balcom and Mrs. Perry—awarded the debate to the Juniors.

POLITICAL CLUB.

THE Political Club is fulfilling its place among the Acadia girls. At our last meeting Mrs. Grant gave a very interesting and instructive talk on Municipal Government. After this there was a discussion of the Farmers' party and programme. Mrs. Grant will give us further talks on Provincial and Federal Government. We would bespeak a larger attendance of the girls at these meetings, for it is here we are getting a knowledge of Canadian political life.

Athletics



IN the last issue of this magazine, accounts were given of Acadia's games with Kings and the first match with U. N. B. Our team was then just getting into condition and in the many games played since, they have certainly put up an excellent brand of hockey.

Acadia 11, Mt. A. 5

On Feb. 19, the Acadia hockey team met the Mt. A. team in "Evangeline" rink, Wolfville. In spite of the heavy down pour of rain all day, and the almost impassable condition of the roads, a large crowd turned out to wit-

ness the game. The soft condition of the ice made the game much slower

than it would have been with hard ice.

Sharply at 8.15 "Gladdie" McDonald of Halifax started the play by the blast of his whistle. For the first period

the play was fairly evenly divided in territory, and resulted in a score of 5-3 in favor of the home team.

Mt. A. started the second period with a rush and within a minute of play Edgett found the Acadia net. For the greater part of the period, except for the occasional individual rushes of the Mt. A. forwards the puck was kept well in Mt. A's territory, but the excellent work of their defence prevented the heavy scoring which seemed inevitable. As it was Beardsley and Ayre each succeeded in finding a hole in the Mt. A. defence, and the period ended 7-4.

In the third period the Mt. A. boys put up a plucky fight, but the heavy condition of the ice handicapped the fast rushes of their forwards. The Acadia team in clever combination plays up the ice gave the Mt. A. defense some hard work. Without doubt the success of the Acadia team was due to the combination work, for the ice was altogether too heavy for individual work. Mt. A. scored once more in this period and Acadia four times, making the final score 11-5 in favor of the Acadia team.

The game was interesting throughout and only two minor penalties were handed out. The Mt. A. men although "up against it," so to speak, with their captain sick and several of their best players not eligible, put up a hard fight and played the game like sports. The A.A.A.A. tendered an enjoyable banquet to the two teams after the game, at the Royal hotel.

The line up:—

Acadia		Mt. A.
Steeves	Goal	Fenderson
Parker	Point	McKim
Fraser	C. Point	Campbell
Tingley	Centre	Edgett (A. Capt.)
Beardsley	L. Wing	Rainnie
Rogers (Capt.)	R. Wing	Wyse

Spares—Acadia—Burton, Mason, Ayer.

Mt. A.—Hackett, Muskovitch.

Acadia, 2; Mt. A., 2.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 24, the Acadia hockey team crossed sticks with the Mt. A. varsity team. The Mt. A. boys had agreed to forfeit the intercollegiate game and play an exhibition game with their varsity team, which would include four of their best players who were not eligible for the intercollegiate team. The Acadia team accepted the proposal and gave the spectators a wonderful exhibition of hockey.

At 8 o'clock the two teams lined up with Frank Brown of Moncton as referee. At the sound of the whistle the Acadia forwards rushed the puck well into Mt. A's territory making several hard but unsuccessful shots at the goal. The puck was soon returned and so the play continued. However, in about 3 minutes Tingley and Rogers broke away, cleared the Mt. A. defence and Rogers found the net. The play was then kept for the most part in Mt. A's territory, except for the brilliant rushes of the Mt. A. forwards until the latter part of the period when Fisher succeeded in scoring the first goal for Mt. A. The period ended with the score 1-1.

Both teams came on strong in the second period and within a few minutes Fisher scored again, from a mix-up in front of the Acadia net. The play then continued fast and evenly matched until near the close of the period when Tingley scored for Acadia by a long shot from centre ice. This period ended with the score still 2-2.

The last period proved to be by far the best hockey of the evening. The brilliant individual rushes and clever stick-handling of the Mt. A. players and the steady team work and combination plays of the Acadia team, kept the audience guessing as to who would score first. Both teams were doing their best. Although the Acadia team appeared to have slightly the better part of the play, no further score could be made by either team, leaving the score 2-2. It had been decided that in case of a tie, there would be no play-off, so both teams were satisfied (or unsatisfied). The Mt. A. boys gave the Acadia team a most enjoyable banquet after the game, which was greatly enjoyed and appreciated.

The line-up was as follows:—

Acadia		Mt. A.
Steeves	Goal	Fenderson
Parker	Point	Elliott
Fraser	C. Point	Smith
Tingley	Centre	Edgett
Beardsley	R. Wing	Fisher
Rogers (Capt.)	L. Wing	Pickard
Substitutes—Acadia: Burton, Mason, Ayre.		

Acadia, 8; U. N. B. 5.

Our boys went to Fredericton with the purpose of trimming U. N. B., and they surely did that stunt, contrary to the expectations of many Frederictonians. The rink was packed to capacity some time before the game started. When it did start, on a good sheet of ice, people settled down to see a hard fought game. Lounsbury got away for U. N. B. and scored from the extreme wing. This looked as if U. N. B. was well away. But wait! Our front line soon got into action and before the home team knew what they were up against, the goals were popping in. The first period ended 4-1, favor of Acadia. The second period was a hard fought one from all accounts, but U. N. B. could not seem to even matters. The total for period No. 2., showed Acadia 6. U.N.B. 3. The last period was but a repetition of the second, both teams scoring twice. The game ended 8-5 with Acadia on the heavy end of the score.

It might be mentioned here that Referee Frank Brown is rather strict on penalizing players for playing off-sides, checking, and the like, and it was while Acadia had only four men on the ice that U. N.B. scored twice.

Acadia		U. N. B.
Rogers (Capt.)		Lounsbury
Tingley	Forwards	Fleet
Beardsley		Burgess
Fraser	Defence	Jewett
Parker		Shea
Steeves	Goal	MacKenzie
Lindsay		Burton
Mason	Snares	
Ayer		

Acadia and U. N. B. were now even in honors for the championship of the Western league. Consequently a play-off was in order. However, the game could not be arranged to take place until March 3rd, at Moncton.

Acadia 7; U. N. B. 1.

The Acadia—U. N. B. game at Moncton was talked of in sporting circles as likely to be a closely contested game. Thus many hockey fans turned up at the Moncton rink on the evening of March 3rd. Owing to the distance from Wolfville, but few Acadia students took the trip; but U. N. B. being nearer to Moncton, sent down a fairly large representation of students.

Les Lowther of Amherst called the game at shortly after 8 o'clock. For the first few minutes, the spectators witnessed a fast exhibition of hockey. Towards the end of the first period Tingley found the nets for Acadia. This seemed to dishearten the other contenders for the championship, for during the second period Acadia scored three times more. It could be seen that they were easily outclassing their opponents. The second period ended 4-0. The last period was similar to the second, Acadia forcing the play most of the time. In this period U. N. B. scored their only goal from a mix-up in front of the Acadia goal, and Acadia tallied three times more. The game ended with Acadia 7; U. N. B. 1.

The whole Acadia team played a star game throuout, Steeves in goal making many wonderful stops.

Acadia.		U. N. B.
Rogers (Capt.)		Lounsbury
Tingley	Forwards	Fleet
Beardsley		Burgess
Fraser	Defence	Jewett
Parker		Shea
Steeves	Goal	MacKenzie
Burton		Lindsay
Mason	Spares	
Ayer		

Acadia 3 St. Francis Xavier 8.

With the winning of the U. N. B. Acadia game at Moncton, the latter became champions of the Western league. St. Francis Xavier by defeating Kings, led the Eastern league. On March 5th Acadia and St. F. X. crossed sticks at New Glasgow for the Intercollegiate championship of the Maritime Provinces, and also for the Brown Trophy.

Both teams appeared on the ice in the best of condition and both were out to win. It was evident from the start that the game would be no easy victory for either team. The playing was very fast and extremely clean. The first period closed with St. F. X. in the lead 3-1.

The second period proved to be as fast as the first twenty minutes. Acadia got to work and scored two goals, while St. F. X. netted another. The game became very exciting, the score standing 4-3. In the last few minutes however, St. F. X. found the net twice, and the period ended 6-3.

The third period was even harder fought than the two preceding, Acadia trying to even matters, and St. Francis holding them down. Acadia made some great rushes in this period, but seldom got through the opposing team's defense which was almost impenetrable. When the final bell sounded, St. Francis was in the lead 8-3.

Currie of New Glasgow and Campbell of Stellarton refereed most satisfactorily.

Acadia.		St. F. X.
Rogers (Capt.)		McCarthy
Tingley	Forwards	Brown
Beardsley		McKenna
Fraser	Defense	McDonald
Parker		Campbell
Steeves	Goal	McKenna
Burton		McIsaac
Ayer	Spares	McDonald
Mason		Beaton

The following is the result of the Intercollegiate Hockey League.

Eastern League:—

Feb 6—St. F. X. vs Kings, 8-7.

Feb. 27—Kings vs St. F. X., 8-5.

March 2—Play off at Stellarton won by St. F. X., 10-4.

Western League:—

Feb. 3—Mt. A vs U. N. B., 2-9.

Feb. 5—Acadia vs U. N. B., 2-3.

Feb. 12—U. N. B. vs Mt. A., 11-2.

Feb 19—Acadia vs Mt. A., 11-5.

Feb. 24—Mt. A vs Acadia, game forfeited to Acadia.

Feb. 26—U. N. B. vs Acadia, 5-8.

March 3—In play off at Moncton, Acadia won from U. N. B., 7-1.

March 5—In play off in New Glasgow St. F. X. won the champion by defeating Acadia, 8-3.

The first named teams are home teams. Dalhousie withdrew from the Eastern League. The standing of the teams is as follows:—

	Won	Lost
Acadia	4	2
U. N. B.....	3	2
St. F. X.	3	1
Kings	1	2
Mt. A	0	4

This season has been an exceptional year for hockey. The league has been hotly contested and all the teams have put up an excellent brand of hockey. However, there seems to be some misunderstanding regarding the N. H. A. A. rules. This should be remedied by a complete revision of these rules before next season. Some of the clauses in the intercollegiate league rules, which are rather indefinite could also stand revision. It also seems reasonable that in arranging next year's schedule, the dates and places of all possible play-off's should be included in that schedule and the teams failing to play at the set date and place should forfeit the game. This would prevent the difficulty which is bound to arise in arranging these play-offs between the two teams, and would eliminate so much unnecessary travelling. Such matters as these should be carefully attended to before next hockey season.

BASKET-BALL.

Owing to the interest in hockey for the past two months, nothing much has been said of basket-ball. Nevertheless the class teams have been turning out for practise regularly. Now that hockey is over, a series of inter-class games will be played during the coming month. We have good material and could surely turn out a fast team if the facilities for playing were better. However, with our new gymnasium, chances for turning out a good college team will be much improved next year.

“THE CLARK FOOTBALL TROPHY.”

A meeting of the board of trustees of the “Clark Football Trophy” was held in Moncton on March 4th, in order to settle the dispute between U. N. B. and Acadia, concerning the holding of the cup.

As everyone remembers, the football game at Wolfville last fall between U. N. B. and Acadia, was protested by the former University. The intercollegiate committee granted the protest. Arrangements for the replaying of the game could not be completed until winter had set in.

In the light of further evidence which had turned up since the meeting of the protest committee, the trustees decided that Acadia had been done a grave injustice; but since a clause of the constitution states that: “The decision of the protest committee shall be final”, nothing further could be done in the matter, except to take the trophy from U. N. B. and place it in storage in St. John.



AGAIN we would remind our readers that the sole purpose of this column is to give our exchanges the benefit of an impartial reader's verdict. We discuss their issues just as they impress us. We take for granted that which is good and only point at that which causes us to stumble. If at times our criticism sounds severe, know that it is kindly meant; if it is unjust, correct us; and always remember that the door of this department opens both ways.

ARGOSY.

The first we look into is the result of Mount Allison's literary genius. This magazine is particularly strong in articles. Among others, one entitled "The New Awakening", seems to be exactly suited to the spirit of the age, as well as to the need, and the sentiment expressed is one that present day civilization would do well to heed. There is also a good editorial on "College Spirit". We place a high degree of importance upon this matter of college enthusiasm here at Acadia, and we are pleased to note that Mt. Allison is following the same plan. This issue is rather deficient in the line of poetry, there being only one attempt, under the title of "A Farewell to a Popular Parson", and that seems to us to be rhymed prose rather than true poetry. We also observe a lack of fiction. A few good stories, and some good jokes would make this exchange more readable. If their "Notes" are any criterion, the Theological Club and the Science Society are in a flourishing condition, but the athletic notes are scanty.

McMASTER MONTHLY.

As usual, McMaster's Monthly contains several articles by graduates of the college. We do not wish to criticise other people's methods too severely, which, no doubt, seem better to them than any other system; but it does not seem to us that a college magazine, to be truly representative of college life and activities, should be written to any extent by others than the undergraduates of that college.

This issue of McMaster's opens with a splendid bit of poetry and then comes a short biography of the late Rev. Thomas Trotter. This is, of course, of particular interest to Acadia students, in view of the fact that Dr. Trotter was an Acadia President, and was also pastor of the Wolfville church for a period. There is a good science article on the question of "The Age of the World,"—can't tell how correct it is though, because we can't remember back to its birthday. Apparently (Mac) has also made the additions to their curriculum of several skating courses. These courses have been exceptionally well attended at Acadia this year, and several of the seniors are thought to be taking honors in this subject, among others, Mr. ———, but, no, perhaps it isn't wise to mention any names. This issue lacks several things such as, good fiction, exchanges and jokes, otherwise it is very good, indeed. We note also that McMaster has not had very good success in hockey. Better luck next year.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.

As we might naturally expect, nearly every department of this issue from the Windsor collegians contains some allusions to the recent disastrous fire, which left their largest building in a heap of ruins. The literary department is unusually well filled, containing, among others, two articles of interest to the returned men, "The Princess Pats", and "A Leave to Paris and the South of France". Kings still seems devoid of a sense of humor, as there are no jokes this month; but certainly the experience through which King's has just

passed is not conducive to mirth. The addition of an exchange department, and a little more space devoted to athletics, might improve this magazine.

THE COLLEGE TIMES.

The College Times from Upper Canada College is one of the latest additions to our list of exchanges, and is, indeed, a very welcome one. From one of the editorials we learn that this college is endeavoring to establish exchanges with colleges of every land. Not a bad plan at all. It is often very interesting and profitable to see what other people are doing in the universities, not only in America, but on the other continents as well. Here we find an article on the quite unusual question of whether or not, the college professors should be selected by the students. There might be some wisdom in such a course, and yet, it is doubtful if our Acadia faculty would change much if such a plan were adopted here. There are no stories, and the poetic spirit seems to be missing, not so, however, their sense of humor. The magazine is extremely well gotten up, and has numerous good cuts.

UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The current issue of our exchange from Fredericton opens with a good poem called "Tribute". We are sorry to say, however, that we cannot say as much of the next piece of verse, entitled "The Dinosaur". Doubtless, its author, Dr. W. D. Matthew, F.R.S., is an able scientist, but it would be wise, perhaps, for him to confine his literary efforts to scientific essays and leave the field of poetry to others. The short story, "Desirée," shows some careless work, although it is interesting. For example, the heroine rowed her boat out "against" the seas and also "in against" them. Very remarkable seas. Then the hero, while in a frenzied search for his wife, falls asleep. Rather a sleepy operation, we should imagine. The sketch entitled, "The Second Book of Sophomore" is good and should appeal strongly to all collegians. From the editorial we learn that the editors of the

"Monthly" are encountering great difficulty in securing material for their magazine. Why not try the competitive system? It works well with us. Next we find a slanderous article on the much discussed football protest. We would reply in kind, and certainly have just grounds for doing so. But it seems, after all, rather unnecessary. That the majority of sport followers know the "facts" about the Acadia-U.N.B. football game is all that we desire. The magazine is interesting as a whole, but shows clearly the lack of undergraduate support of which the editors complain.

THE GATEWAY

After all the erratic extravaganza on college spirit, its lack, etc., in these columns, it is gratifying to find such a straight-forward, common-sense treatment of the affair as "It's Your Move". This should at least set all fair-minded students thinking on the question. Boisterous cheering at basket-ball prohibited, some punishment for Westerners, eh?

THE UBYSSSEY.

The spirit of U. B. C. is not damaged, despite the winter season. We welcome an account of some your old grads. Does "Dere Mertel" a literary column, do you justice?

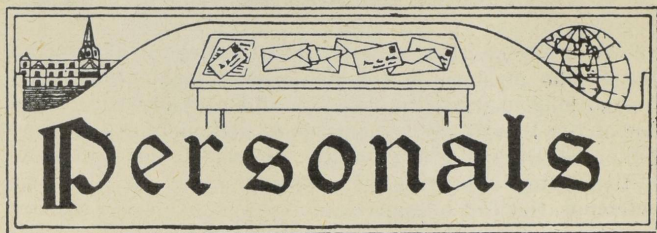
THE LIVE WIRE.

We welcome to our shelf the first issue of the Maritime Business College's journal. While it may appear to us to be narrow, we can readily see how it is a classic to business pupils. "Potatoes and Beach Rocks" is good enough to come from a university. But while mixing ads. and literary matter indiscriminately may be good "business", it certainly is not good taste. How about a table of contents next time?

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

We are very glad to see a real article struggling up through the mystery jargon and peevish contentions that have so long usurped the columns of the "Gazette". "The Law of the Land" revives our hopes and justifies our good opinion of Dal's literary ability. Perhaps the new competitive system is bearing fruit. We note that our Dalhousie contemporaries fail to appreciate our style of jokes. We are always open to criticism, and hope to improve any weak points in our college paper. However, we must say in reply, that the style of wit exhibited in the "Gazette" doesn't cause us any great convulsions of mirth.





'83—T. S. Rogers has recently been appointed on the board of directors of the Royal Bank of Canada.

The resignation of Dr. J. G. Schurman from the presidency of Cornell University is to take place in June. Dr. Schurman received his early collegiate training at "Acadia".

Ex. '83—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shand have recently gone to California.

'88—The death of Rev. L. D. Morse, a former pastor of the Wolfville Baptist church, took place at Binghampton, New York, on February 19th, after a brief illness of influenza.

'89—Dr. H. T. DeWolfe paid a flying visit to Moncton recently in connection with the settlement of the dispute regarding the football cup.

'96—Dr. G. B. Cutten has been elected president of the Nova Scotia League for the Protection of the Feeble-Minded.

'99—Rev. H. B. Sloat, who had a long and successful pastorate at Waterbury, Conn., is now State Director of the Baptist Forward Movement in that state.

'02—Col. Mersereau attended the Acadia-U.N.B. hockey game at Moncton.

Ex. '03—R. Condon attended the Acadia-St. F. X. hockey game at New Glasgow.

'03—Rev. H. W. Cann, who tendered his resignation to the Hillsboro church, is continuing his work there.

'05—Rev. E. S. Mason spent two weeks visiting pastorless churches in P. E. I.

'08—Dr. Judson S. MacGregor has accepted an appointment as instructor in the operative department of Harvard Dental School, Boston.

'10—Arthur Chute is spending a few days in town.

'10—Walter Thomas was married recently.

'12—I. S. Nowlan has been relieved for a time of his church at Fort Wayne and is now working on the "Forward Movement".

'14—W. C. Lawson was one of the Acadia men who attended the U. N. B.-Acadia play-off in hockey at Moncton.

'14—Samuel Payzant is employed with the Imperial Oil Co., Woodside, N. S.

'14—F. C. Higgins is now working under the Canadian Air Board. His position there is similar to the one which he held on the Inventions Branch of the Imperial Board.

'15—Arthur W. Rogers spent a week end in Wolfville recently.

'16—Mrs. McCurdy (née Doris Crosby) attended the play-off in hockey at New Glasgow between St. F. X. and Acadia.

'16—M. G. Saunders made a short visit to Wolfville recently.

'17—Burton Angus is on the staff of the Truro Academy.

Eng. '17—Brent Eagles has accepted a position as manager of a men's furnishing store in Alberta.

Eng. '17—Ted Stackhouse acted as coach for the Acadia hockey team during the latter part of the season.

Ex. '17—Horace McKenna, who was engaged in railway survey in New Brunswick recently, spent a few days with his parents at his old home in Wolfville.

Ex. '17—E. C. Leslie attended the U. N. B. - Acadia hockey game at Moncton.

Ex. '17—J. "Wooley" McNeill visited his old hunting grounds for a few days recently. He is at present at his home in Sydney.

Ex. '20—R. R. McNeill, Sydney, was a guest at the "Villa".

Eng. '18—A. D. Therrien is now following up his electrical engineering course in the University of Missouri.

'19—J. H. Manning has edited a book of poems by his brother, the late Lieut. Fred C. Manning, with a short biography.

'19—Isabel Magee is teaching now in Alberta.

'19—Don Grant is taking law studies at Acadia.

Ex. '19—D. O. Stewart is studying law in Summerside, P. E. I.

'21—Elsee Layton went to Turo recently to attend the wedding of her brother, Raleigh Layton, and Miss Flora S. Flemming.

Ex. '21—Lucy Dobson is in the employ of the T. Eaton Co., Moncton, N. B.

'22—We extend to Miss Mabel Brown our deepest sympathy in the recent loss which she has sustained in the death of her brother.

A. L. S.—Miss Edna Page has been spending a few months in Wolfville at the home of her sister, Mrs. H. G. Perry.

A. L. S.—Ruth Ward, who has gone to Fredericton, was one who enjoyed the U. N. B.-Acadia hockey game there.

A. L. S.—Gretchen Gates made a visit to Wolfville while home to Nova Scotia. On her return to Boston she was accompanied by Mildred Messenger. It is with sorrow that we learn that Miss Messenger, having contracted "Flu", died shortly after her return.

A. L. S.—Mary Black is leaving her position at the Sanitorium in Kentville and is going to Halifax to continue her work in vocational training.

Sem. Ex. '21—Madge Guptil is at her home in Grand Harbour, N. B.

A. L. S. '18—Blanche Nicholson is at her home in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

A. L. S. '16—The marriage of Mildred Jewett to C. B. Baker, of Hartland, N. B., took place in January.

A. L. S. '18—Agnes Belyea, of Hartland, is attending the Normal School at Fredericton, N. B.

A. L. S. ex. '19—Wilma Palmer is at her home in Waterville, N. B.

A. L. S. ex. '18—Hazel Birmingham is teaching piano-forte at her home in Victoria, N. B.

A. L. S. '17—Abbie Drake is employed with the Royal Bank, Hartland, N. B.

A. L. S. '17—Elizabeth Nutter has a position in the government building, Fredericton, N. B.

A. L. S. '18—Enid Gross is at her home in Moncton, N. B.

A. L. S. '13—Helen DeWolfe is visiting at her home in Wolfville, N. S.

A. L. S. '18—Edith Staples is at her home in Marysville, N. B.

A. L. S. '16—E. R. Carpenter has a position in the Royal Bank, Fredericton, N. B.

A. L. S. '12—Mrs. E. Kenney (née Laura Curtis) is spending the winter in the West Indies.

A. L. S. '15—Ruth W. Walls is employed as stenographer at the Imperial Oil office, Toronto.

A. L. S. '19—Mabel Ross has a position in Sydney.

A. L. S. '19—Zelma Ramsay has a position in Summerside, P. E. I.

A. L. S. '19—Constance Cann is studying music at Brankesome Hall.

A. L. S. '19—Ruth Foster is teaching at North Kingston, N. S.

A. L. S. '19—Hazel Foster is at her home in North Kingston.

A. L. S. ex. '18—Mrs. H. Johnson (née Helen Kitchen) is residing in Fredericton.

A. L. S. '15—Helen G. Downie is teaching at the Boys' Training School, Quebec.

A. L. S. '20—Lucile Gabriel has been called to her home in Taunton, Mass., on account of the death of her father.

A. L. S. '20—Muriel Robertson has been compelled by illness to give up her course this year. She is now at her home in New Waterford, N. S.

A. L. S. '21—Josephine Churchill was called home recently on account of the serious illness of her mother.

A. L. S.—(Acadia Ladies' Seminary).

'18—Claire Payzant is at her home in Dartmouth, and is taking classes at H. L. C.

'18—Helen White is at her home in Sussex, N. B.

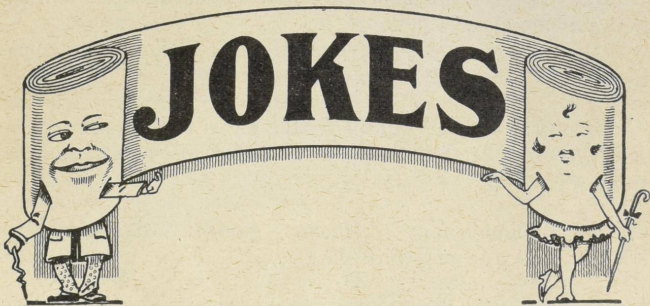
'18—Mr. and Mrs. G. Atkins are now residing in New York. Mrs. Atkins was formerly Geraldine Reid, A.L.S. '18.

'19—Marjorie DeWolfe has a position in Bridgeport, Mass.

'19—Marie Hay has been very ill at her home in Chipman, N. B. We are glad to say she is now on the road to recovery.

'19—Thelma Oxner is visiting friends in town.





SOPH.—“Why couldn’t Francis DeWilfe be compared with Old Mother Hubbard?”

Fresh.—“Because she wouldn’t like to give away a bown (Bown).”

Professor H-ll,—“Miss W-ls-n you know that some people have more sulphur in their bodies than others.”

Miss W-ls-n—“I wonder if that is why some people make better matches than others.”

Miss Sp-c-r ’21—Oh, we beat Mt. A. 2-2.

B-t-w-h, Eng.—What is the 17th of March?

L—n, ’21—Fitzpatrick day.

New book: How to get up in the morning; or the day I went to History, by Boyer ’20.

Announcement at supper table in Sem. night before the recital:—“young ladies accepting invitations kindly drop your escorts in the box in the corridor above.”

B-wlby, ’22—I’ve been straining my mind to think of something foolish to put in the Athenaeum this month.

Cl-v-l-nd, ’22—Don’t strain, old boy, act natural.

Dr. C—— —“There are more Schurmans in College than anyone else.”

Miss McG—— —“Yes, and after Schurman comes Steeves.

Br-d-y: I don't think I'll take a girl to the show.

C-m-r-n, '22: I'm sure of one thing. You can't a Ford one.

Dr. Rhodenizer at a Hockey game: “Strange, Miss MacPhail always goes with the Dean.”

Overheard at the Athenaeum skate while lights were out.
“Oh hold me, hold me **quick**.”

Miss MacPhail at rink: “Oh my feet are cold.”

Mis Philips: “Where are your gloves, I'd think your hands would be cold too.”

Miss MacPhail: “My hands are never cold when I'm skating.

Prof. Oliver to nurse: “Wats de mattah wid Mr. McLearn?”

Nurse: “He has a very bad cold.”

Prof. Oliver: “Oh don believe he's got no such thing, he's got internal tumult and general ability.”

Night of Freshman Theatre Party.

J. B-y-r, '20—You shouldn't hit a man who has only one arm.

Chief Cr-w-ll—Yes and I'd hit a man with no arms if he put his fist up to me like that.

MacL-rn, Eng.—(about to propose, but wishing at first to make sure she was a competent girl).—Can you wash dishes?

M-l. H-r-v-y, '20 (sweetly): Yes, can you wipe them?

D-ne, Inn-s, '21—I really believe the humor of the world is on the wane.

Bob C-le, '21—How's that?

Inn-s, '21—Well, Mark Twain's dead. Bill Nye's dead, and I'm not feeling very well.

Dr. DeWolfe (calling the roll, when he is interrupted by an annoying bunch from Biology I),—Any more biological specimens outside, Miss R——?

Enter, H. B. Camp.

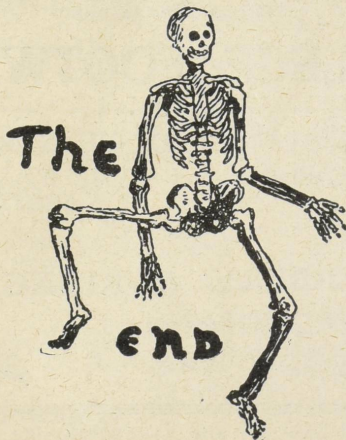
M-ke Bl-ck, Eng.—(doing the bachelor stunt) Every time I try to thread this needle the darned eye blinks.

In telephone office, night of U. N. B. game at Fredericton.

Potter, Eng, (talking to Willett Hall)—Hello, is that Mr. Dobson?;—Is that the president of the Acadia Athletic Association?

Voice—Yes.

Potter—Well, the game was very one-sided tonight. North section won.



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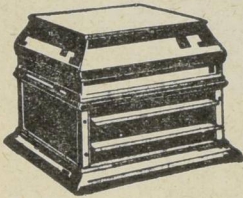
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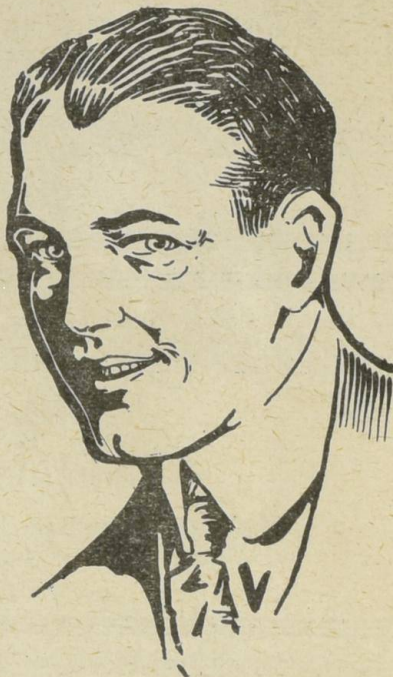
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Income

Cash Income from Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc., in 1919	25,704,201.10
Increase over 1918	4,053,101.40

Profits Paid or Allotted

Profits Paid or Allotted to Policyholders in 1919 Surplus	1,606,503.37
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Total Surplus 31st December, 1919, over all liabilities and capital	8,037,440.25
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Total Payments to Policyholders

Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Profits, etc., during 1919	12,254,651.15
Payments to Policyholders since organization...	91,227,532.30

Assurances Issued During 1919

Assurances issued and paid for in cash during 1919	86,548,849.44
Increase over 1918	34,957,457.40

Business in Force

Life Assurances in force 31st December, 1919..	416,358,462.05
Increase over 1918	75,548,805.92

Life Assurances Applied For

Life Assurances applied for during 1919.....	100,336,848.37
Increase over 1918	42,529,881.70

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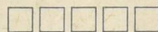
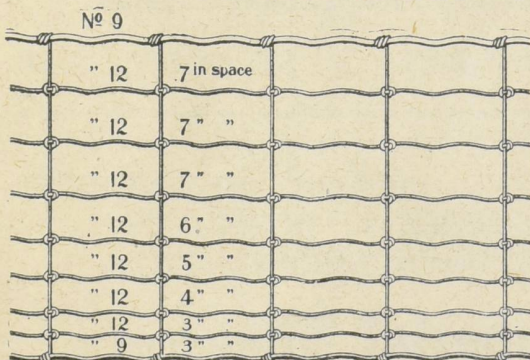
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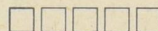
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