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January, 1921

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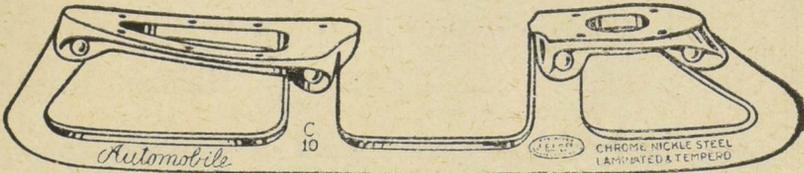
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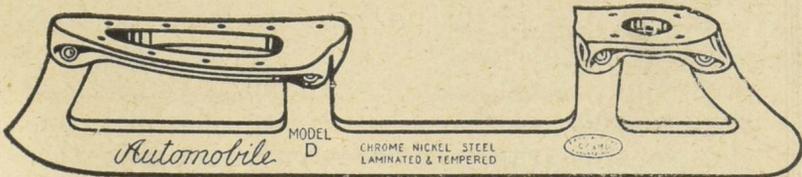
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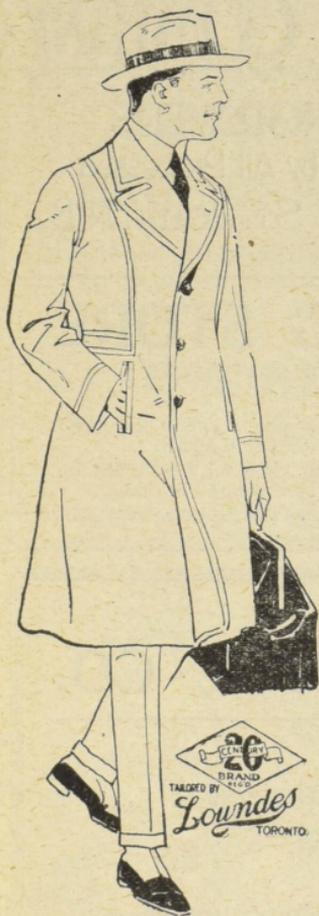
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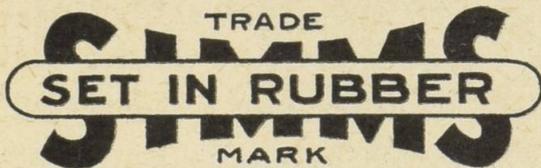
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The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLVII. WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1921. No. 3.

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

- Poems—1st, A. W. Boulter, '22; 2nd, E. R. Fash, '21.
Articles—1st, C. K. Ganong, '22; 2nd, J. W. W. Lank, '22.
Stories—1st, E. F. Layton, '21; 2nd, K. E. Mason, '21; 3rd,
L. P. Steeves, '22.
Science—1st, L. M. Perry, '21; 2nd, J. B. Bishop, '21.
Humor—1st, H. H. Wetmore, Eng. (Only one award).
Cartoon—1st, C. L. Roach, Eng. (Only one award).
Athletics—1st, A. L. Clarke, Eng.; 2nd, L. Crossman, '21.
Month—1st, E. R. Fash, '21; 2nd, B. E. Phillips, '22.
Personals—E. F. Layton, '21; 2nd, W. L. Chute, '22.
Exchanges—1st, J. W. W. Lank, '22; 2nd, E. R. Fash, '21.
Jokes—1st, M. O. Brinton, '22. (Only one award, one unit).

Seniors—15 units.

Juniors—11 units.

Engineers—6 units.

Pennant won by Seniors.

SONNET—TO COLLEGE HALL.

WITH subtle step and self-effacing mien
Oft comes affection and we know it not,
Till, with the loss of what we loved, is brot
Before us understanding, sudden, keen,
That what we held a commonplace has been
A part of us, a vibrant, living thot
That hid so far within the heart unsought
We knew not it was nestled there serene.
But thou, that wert so lately tall, and strong,
Th' abode of learning, now a ruin art,
A level blackened heap of debris sere.
So all around among the widespreat throng,
Who carry thy fond image in the heart,
Sorrow is come; and mem'ry adds a tear.

H. D. F. '22.

A LUMBER-JACK'S REVENGE.

THE crisp snow under the pines was sparkling in the moonlight, but the eyes of the man who stole thru the forest were blinded to its beauty, for vengeance was in his heart.

Late that autumn, George Osborne, a partner in the Pioneer Lumber Company, had come to the lumbermen's camp, declaring that he was going to learn the business thoroly and live as the lumbermen lived. His venture had been successful, and he had become quite popular with the men until it was rumored that Osborne had stolen from the big French Canadian, Maurice Croteau, the heart of Madeline Morecotte.

Madeline and her mother were the only white women this side of Silver Bay Settlement, several miles distant. Madeline was a bright and attractive young girl of twenty summers, and naturally she had many admirers. The summer before, she had promised to marry Maurice Croteau when the camp broke up in the spring; but now she had turned from him to the handsome young Englishman in whom seemed to be embodied all the wonders of that far away land of which she so often had heard and dreamed. It was true that Osborne had not yet asked her to be his wife, but she felt that he really cared for her and that the asking time was not far distant.

That January night, as she sat beside him in the glow of the open fireplace, he described to her his English home, not thinking of its significance to the eager listener. Madeline's heart throbbed and her eyes glowed; she looked into her lover's face and smiled with a smile that interpreted to Osborne that fond hope and joy which was in her heart.

The color rushed to Osborne's cheeks. How could he present her, an unlettered peasant, to his people? While he sat speechless, pained by the gathering doubt and distress in her face, he clasped her hand instinctively, raised it to his lips, and kissed it. Her eyes brightened and her color

returned, for she took that kiss as the seal of a promise. The man who knelt on the snow without, peering thru a spot he had cleared on the frosted window pane, saw in it also a pledge that took Madeline from him forever.

Corteau rose to his feet and staggered to a clump of ever-greens, crouching there without definite plan, and conscious only of a thirst for vengeance. When the cottage door opened and he saw Madeline on the doorstep with her lover, his rage stirred anew. When Madeline entered the cottage and Osborne started down the path, Corteau sprang at him like a madman, flourishing his knife. Osborne was brave, but startled by the sudden attack, he uttered a sharp cry.

"You be fear," said Corteau with scorn. "I don' strake till you draw de knife an' we fight fair. Mak' ready queek, for we fight to keel."

Osborne drew his knife and faced his opponent, not aware that Madeline had heard the cry and opened the cottage door. The girl uttered a wild shriek; both men dropped their hands and Madeline darted across the open space and threw her arms about Osborne.

"Strake! Strake." she cried to Corteau, "but you kill me too."

Corteau sullenly threw his knife to the ground. "I fight not wid de woman. Dis once I leef him safe an' go far 'way; but som' day I fin' heem an' I keel heem; remembaire, I keel heem." Stooping, he picked up his knife and strode haughtily away over the snow into the darkness of the night.

* * * * *

Thru the bitter winter and spring months Corteau was far away from the scene of his trouble, but when summer returned he longed desperately for news of Madeline. Fired by this ever increasing desire and with hope of employment at the mills, he took steamer for Silver Bay. A rumor that Osborne had gone to England raised his hopes still higher, for if that were true, perhaps Madeline, penitent and lonely, would return to her faithful lover.

Early in July Maurice arrived at Silver Bay with eager expectation. The bay, or cove, itself is a desolate spot. The Settlement, which consisted of two large mills surrounded by the cottages of the mill hands, was situated a short distance from the bay and on a somewhat elevated clearing, covered with stunted grass and a few straggling trees. The background consisted of the dark fringe which marked the edge of the forest. The country was dry and parched from a long drought, and the atmosphere was heavy with the smoke of wide-spread forest fires, which added a dusky hue to the whole landscape.

When Maurice landed, the women on the wharf who knew his story regarded him with curious eyes. Upon enquiry, he found that Madeline had remained in the woods with her father, where he was doing some work for the superintendent; and also that Osborne had returned from Toronto just a few days before.

Had he travelled so many miles only for this? He turned abruptly and climbed the heights until he reached a spot behind the cottages whence he saw the dark line of the forest beyond. Madeline was there and Osborne. What did the Englishman mean by returning to her? Would he be true to her and marry her? Corteau's heart sank with utter disappointment.

He spent that night in a boarding house for the mill workers. When the settlement awoke the next morning the air was heavy with smoke; the cottages and trees appeared as weird, unfamiliar shapes, looming dimly thru the coppery pall. The darkness continued and the atmosphere was stifling; the sun appeared as a dim lustreless ball hanging in mid-air. Eyes were reddened and throats were parched; the children cried for water and refused to eat. Later in the day, ashes from the burning forest fell about them, but the flames were not yet visible.

When Corteau first realized the wide destruction of the fires, his heart leaped with unholy joy; for, if the flames should sweep thru the property of the Lumber Company, the hated Osborne would be bankrupt; but fear clutched his heart

when he thought of what might happen to Madeline. He shuddered with horror and determined that if she were in peril, he would share it with her.

He hastened to the shore, plunged into the bay in his heavy woolen clothing, and when he came out he bound a dripping cloth about his head. He next slung over his shoulder two cans filled with water, and turned his steps towards the black line of the forest. The few onlookers were dumbfounded at the strange performance, some thinking that he must surely be mad.

As he entered the wood the blinding smoke enveloped him; but once upon the tote-road, he pushed bravely on. The smoke became more and more intense; his eyes burned; his throat parched as if the skin would break. When he got well into the forest, he found that the flames at various intervals had even reached the road and extended across it, but it was no use now to turn back. Hot ashes and twigs fell on every side, and the ground was so hot that Maurice's feet were blistered thru his heavy boots. The heat was intense, and he was forced to stop several times to moisten his dried clothing with water from the cans.

Finally, after what seemed to him hours in this blazing inferno, he became aware, but vaguely indeed, of a cottage on a strip of clearing yet untouched by the flame, and in front of the cottage a girl alone, whom he knew to be Madeline. She gave a low cry when she saw him and struggled in vain for speech when he reached her side. He poured some of the precious water over her and beckoned with his hand.

"Come queek—this way. Mak' haste, or you die."

She shook her head and faltered. "No, No, I go not and leave heem," pointing to a thicket beyond the cabin.

"Who ess dere? Your fader?" demnaded Corteau.

"No, No," she gasped, "he ees safe by de lak. It is—Osborne—he come to save me—but he hear a cry in de wood—and go to help. He ees brave. He mus' not die."

Corteau's face worked. Here was the man he had sworn to kill. Why not let him die now? He hesitated.

“Madeline,” he said, with grim determination written on his face, “if I go in de wood, if I save heem, will you marry me—tomorrow?”

With her face convulsed in helpless despair, she murmured—“Save heem, save heem; an’ I marry you. Queek,” pointing to the clump of hard wood.

Corteau obeyed. He found his rival and beside him the lad for whom he had risked his life, both dazed and bewildered and wandering aimlessly about.

Madeline gave a sharp cry when she saw them returning. Maurice, in grim silence, poured over them the remaining water and motioned them to follow him.

He strode rapidly onward leading the way to a nearby stream, flowing into the bay, which he knew was the only hope of safety from the quenchless flames about them. The brook itself was almost dry, but the high banks gave shelter from the flame and the water served to keep their feet cooler. After what seemed an endless journey, the rivulet widened and a cooling breeze came from the bay. When they reached the shore at the mouth of the stream, Madeline, with a cry of thanksgiving, sank upon the beach and for a time knew no more.

When she regained consciousness she saw Corteau stretched on the ground and Osborne bending over him with cool water from the bay. Corteau opened his eyes and looked from Osborne to Madeline; then he turned his head and his face quivered. Rudely refusing Osborne’s assistance, he staggered to his feet, and steadying himself against a rock, he beckoned to Madeline.

Madeline threw her arms around Osborne’s neck and laid her head upon his breast. “I go—with heem,” she moaned. “He save your life, an’ I promise to marry heem. I mus’ go.”

Osborne stooped and kissed her. Then hesitatingly Madeline started towards Maurice. Seeing the agony in her eyes and in Osborne’s, he bent his head in bitter pain. Presently he drew himself erect and addressed Osborne.

“She promise me, an’ eff I will, she keep dat promise. But I marry her not to brak’ her heart. But eff I give her to you, do you love her an’ marry her lak’ honess’ man—for sure?”

The joy leaped in Osborne’s eyes. “Yes, yes, I promise, Corteau, with all my heart, to marry her and be true to her as long as I live. You have my word of honor.”

The sob that Maurice could not control, broke forth, and he hid his face in his hands. After a period of deathly stillness he raised his head, and his face was aglow with an expression of strange joy—the joy of devotion and sacrifice.

“I go,” he said softly, “I go for to come back no more. I send a boat an’ some men to tak’ you safe to Silver Bay. But I go—far—far ’away, an’ I return no more. Madeline, she ees happy. I try to be—glad;—but I see her no more.”

K. E. M. '21.

DIDN'T YOU ?

I wandered thru a forest,
And you went roaming too,
I thought it was a dreamland.
Didn't you?

The woods were all so silent
The skies so clear and blue,
I thought it must be heaven.
Didn't you?

I heard a song-bird singing
A note so sweet, so new,
I thought it was an angel.
Didn't you?

I know I must be dreaming,
I wished it all was true,
And then I found the angel—
It was YOU!

M. E. G. '21.

THE BURNING OF COLLEGE HALL

THERE are days, hours, minutes in the histories of all nations, all institutions, all individuals, which stand out as land marks in the annals of their existence. Of such character in the first day of December, nineteen hundred and twenty, in the life story of Acadia University. The day had been dull; with sunset all semblance of a breeze had died away. As night advanced, a slight rain began to fall. All was still, the long corridors of Acadia Seminary were deserted, the occupants of the Ladies' Residence were wrapped in slumber. Even from the Academy and Willet Hall no sounds fell upon the ghostly stillness of the night. Here and there a light glimmering from an uncurtained window, told of some student bending o'er his arduous task, or perchance of students who, wrapped in the exultation of "Acadia's indoor winter sport", forgot that the hour neared midnight. Then, about eleven-fifteen o'clock, the sound of "Fire" fell with startling suddenness upon the ear. A few moments before, the town lights had failed and, in the occasioned darkness, a student passing through the College grounds had seen, in College Hall, the flickering reflection of a flame. The response was quick; from Willet Hall, from the Academy, from the "Pest House", from "Butt Inn", the students came to battle to preserve "Old College Hall" from its threatened destruction. With chemical and hose they fought. Soon they were joined by reinforcements from the town of Wolfville, but fire proved their master. For nearly half a century the wooden walls and frame work of that edifice had been drying for that hour, and now, when the moment had come, naught but a miracle could save it. Against the greatest odds, in face of inevitable defeat, the fire-fighters strove for an hour to subdue the flames, while squads of volunteers worked valiantly to clear the offices and save all possible equipment. To their untiring and heroic efforts the thanks of Acadia is due for the preservation of many valuable and irreplaceable records. When nothing more could be gained by the retardation of the flames, College

Hall was abandoned to its fate, and the attention of the firemen directed to the preservation of the not far distant "Sem".

How the fire started may always remain a mystery. Some attribute it to an explosion occasioned by the accumulation of gas in the furnace; others hold theories of incendiarism. Still others that it had its origin in some defective wiring. The fact that the building had been recently wired, that there had been trouble with the lighting system, and that an inexplicable demand for power was observed at the power plant at an hour corresponding to the beginning of the fire, tends to establish the latter theory. Be the origin what it may, College Hall is burned, and in the burning it presented to the hundreds who gathered about it, one of the grandest spectacles ever witnessed in the far-famed land of Evangeline.

When first discovered, the fire was confined to the inner walls and corridors of the building. Nothing was then visible to the spectator but a small column of smoke emanating from a window, or the occasional flicker of a flame as it burst through from the inner corridors to an outlying room. To those to whom the hall was not familiar, the seriousness of the fire was not at first manifest, but to those who knew and loved it, the situation, from the first, was hopeless. The long corridors, the spacious stairways, the crowning towers, built as they were of wood, seasoned by years of usefulness, provided the best possible avenues of advance. Rapidly, leaping from corridor to corridor, jumping from stair to stair, spreading from class room to class room, the flames advanced until by midnight the building was a seething furnace. When a little later the flames broke through the old bell tower the scene was one which beggars description. The setting was ideal,—the inky blackness of the night, the total calm, the crystal surface of the snow, the college on the hill, the fire, all seemed as if each had been intended for all and all for each. Furiously the fire burned, reflected by the cloudy heavens to the earth below, and by the snow-clad earth to the heavens above; tenaciously the old bell tower stood, refusing to succumb until the last vestige

of its covering had been consumed, and the frame itself converted almost to ashes. The illumination was scarcely less brilliant than that of day; from Blomidon, from Kingsport, from Port Williams, from all those regions upon which that tower had smiled benevolently for years, it was now seen, wrapped in a consuming mantle of fire. High in the air shot the flames, wavering, flickering, dying; shower after shower of sparks carried upward by currents produced by the self-same demon as themselves, floated gently away on the peaceful wings of the night. At last, with a crash that brought a groan from the assembled throng, that tower from which had chimed the news of countries' victories, fell, and with it passed the greatest glory of the night. Yet, for hours afterward the conflagration raged, now a portion of the roof, now a wall, now a tower, now a chimney, fell, while sheets of flame soared heavenward. One by one the tottering walls gave way, one by one those giant timbers fell until by daybreak nought remained but a smouldering mass of ruins over which towered one lone, massive chimney, to tell of the old hall's former grandeur.

Our tale, in truth is ended, yet we should feel it incomplete if we did not pause to tell of how Acadia meets disaster. Acadia is not of wood and stone; Acadia is not of brick and plaster. Acadia is a spirit dwelling where her sons abide. Notwithstanding the loss of class-rooms, notwithstanding the night of disaster, the morning of December second, nineteen hundred and twenty, saw Acadia carrying on. Club-rooms, store-rooms, residences, and libraries were forced into service. Nothing was too much for anyone, each and all were ready to do their quota, each and all were ready to endure their share of inconvenience. This is the spirit of, this spirit is, Acadia. Water cannot quench it, fire cannot destroy it. In the face of world-wide depression, confronted with untold difficulties, the directors of Acadia University have launched a million-dollar campaign. The wooden tabernacle of this indomitable spirit has been dissolved, but the spirit lives, and the not far distant future shall see it enshrined in a hall of stone, greater and grander than was ever dreamed of by those saintly sages who laid

the foundations of Acadia, when they built the hall which was consumed by fire just forty-three years previous to the present disaster.

C. K. G. 22.

HER HANDS

JUDGE HARCOURT looked searchingly into the eyes of the young lawyer: "Its a hard case, Welton. You say the child has no one to care for her, no near relatives. Yes, it is a shame to send such a girl to the Orphan's Home, but what else can you do?"

"The Home is full to overflowing, the education inadequate. It is practically impossible to place her there. She is a peculiar child, sensitive, high strung, and hard to manage if she receives wrong treatment. With care she will grow up to be beautiful, talented, and good. I believe the state home would ruin her."

The judge's face did not relax. The hard lines deepened. "I don't just see what else you can do with her. It was extremely careless of Henson to leave no provision for his child in case of his death. But why, may I ask, have you consulted me?"

"I understood you were a friend of Mr. Henson's—" Welton paused as if something held him back.

"Merely a business acquaintance."

"I felt I must ask advice, and I thought you might know of a suitable home in which to place the child."

"I fear you have chosen a poor adviser," the judge said coldly. "I was never at Henson's home, and I have not seen the child."

The tone expressed dismissal, but as he spoke the face of a beautiful girl flashed across his mind,—a face he had tried to shut out and banish from his memory.

Welton rose to go, moved slowly toward the door, then paused.

"You have nothing more to say or recommend?" he asked.

The firm lips were framing the word no, but the memory of that face held them.

"I should like to see the child, whom you consider so talented," the judge said at last, wondering if it were his own voice that spoke.

"She is to have dinner with me tonight in town," the lawyer said in a pleased voice. Suppose you join us at 'The Chimes.' Her grief over her father's death seems unbelievably intense. She will scarcely eat enough to keep her alive. I hope the strange restaurant will encourage an appetite."

The judge agreed, and an hour later this strange party of three were seated at a table in "The Chimes." The judge glanced appraisingly at the girl. She was strikingly beautiful, despite her extreme paleness and pathetic expression. Welton's experiment had succeeded in stimulating her appetite, and the excitement of the new surroundings brought a faint flush to her face. She looked about ten years old, yet her face at times seemed many years older. The large earnest dark eyes recalled the judge's memories of years departed. He watched her quietly and said little. Welton kept up a steady conversation, carefully leading the child's thoughts away from her sorrow and exciting her interest in the good things to eat.

Suddenly a quick movement drew the judge's attention to her hands. They were beautifully formed, white, and delicate, with long slender fingers, and exceedingly graceful in movement. He turned away with a pained expression. Yes, he was thinking, those big brown eyes and the beautiful hands were like—, but how could they be? Why should this strange child resemble her?

The girl's voice recalled him from his musing.

"Mr. Harcourt, did you ever hear of Mrs. Samuel Farworth?"

"No, Miss Myra, I don't believe I ever did," he answered. "Is she a friend of yours?"

“Father said once that if I was ever left alone, she would take care of me, he thought, and her address was in his book, but I don’t know her, and Mr. Welton can’t find her address.”

A vague recollection passed through Judge Harcour’t mind.

“When did he tell you that?” he asked.

“A long time ago,” Myra answered, “but the last time I saw him in the hospital, he said, ‘Be a good girl, and do as Mr. Welton tells you,—and—’ the child’s voice broke as the words brought back the scene.

“I knew of a Mrs. Farworth once, but I haven’t heard of her for a long time. Perhaps I can find out about her. If so, I’ll let you know, Miss Myra. Now I must go. Let’s see, your address is—?”

“Twenty-six Hartwell street, and Mr. Welton will know where I am, when I’ve left there. Thank you Mr. Harcourt.” The voice was pathetically eager.

“Good bye,” said the judge, holding out his hand as they rose from the table.

Myra took it with an easy movement, unusually graceful for a little girl. Again the judge turned away with a look of pain.

The lawyer looked after his guest, wondering. “He’s an old tightwad,” he said to himself, “but apart from his money he’s as helpless as I am. That rumor must be false.”

Meanwhile Judge Harcourt was hastening homeward to his comfortable chair by the fire. Usually at this time he was reviewing the events of the day and considering the probable work of the morrow, but tonight one thought burned itself into his mind. Over and over he muttered:

“Her hands! Her beautiful hands! Who is this child? Why has she hands like that? Margaret! Margaret! your eyes and hands!”

The old servant looked at him anxiously as he entered

“Are you ill, sir?”

“No! not ill. I am rather tired,” the judge answered.

He sat down by the fire, and opened the evening paper, but he could not read. He dropped the paper and stared into the fire, seeing again the motions of those beautiful hands. They were not Myra's small, dainty hands, but seemed like a large copy of the child's. Old scenes drifted before him. He saw the hands now writing, now holding a book, now playing the piano, or moving skilfully over a dainty bit of needlework. He remembered buying and selecting flowers, and again he saw the beautiful hands arranging the flowers, and the big brown eyes bending over them, a pair of red lips parted in a happy smile.

Then he could see the lovely face changed, sad and reproachful, then pale and fearful.

"Yes," he said aloud, "I killed her, my beautiful Margaret. Neglect, worry, brutality. And yet I loved her. I love her still. Oh why was I too busy to listen, too cold to sympathize, too selfish to understand? I killed her, the Margaret I loved."

He had yielded at last. He had admitted the truth. He groaned bitterly. Then he rose and began to walk up and down and face the facts. He was weak and trembling, yet a new courage had come to him. He went to his desk, and sorted over a bunch of keys. Choosing a tiny gold one, he opened a small drawer, which had not been unlocked for years, and took out a small gold frame containing a picture of his beautiful young wife. The brown eyes so like the child Myra's looked out at him. Beneath the frame lay a small package. He unwrapped it and found two pictures, the one of himself young and handsome, the other a full-length portrait of his beautiful Margaret. There were the hands, which Myra's had brought back to his remembrance.

The few friends who still came to the Harcourt home, had sometimes wondered that no picture of Mrs. Harcourt was to be seen, but the unbroken reserve of the judge forbade comment. He had preferred to lay them all away in this drawer with a few souvenirs which Margaret had kept there, for it was her drawer, her one little share in this desk. Her hands had laid there all the little memories of their wedding

day,—the license, the wedding book, a rose from her bouquet, even the timetable used on their honeymoon.

As in a daze the judge looked at them all, each one recalling a memory of those first happy days. Why had he failed her? He gazed again into the fire, now almost out. The clock in the hall struck hoarsely. The silence of the house seemed suddenly oppressive. He stirred the dying embers until a little blaze lightened the room. Sadly he replaced the things in the drawer and locked it. The daze and the dreams were gone. He was alone with the terrible reality. Almost unconsciously he picked up the paper, which he had cast aside. A line caught his eye and he found himself reading about Henson's death. His eyes caught the words, "He is survived by one daughter, Myra Hazleton, aged ten."

"Hazleton," he murmured, "Hazleton! It must be more than a coincidence. Eyes, hands, name."

He read on, "His wife Mary Hazleton died at L——."

He could not stop to read more.

"Hazleton is not a common name. Margaret had not many relatives." He dropped the paper and sat thinking. Vague memories floated through his mind. He had never taken much interest in his wife's friends and had scarcely listened when she talked of her cousins.

"Oh why was I so utterly selfish?" he asked himself again.

Taking a bunch of keys, he went upstairs to Margaret's dainty boudoir. He had rarely entered the room since her death, but he had desired it kept as she left it. Now he went with unerring step to her small desk, cunningly built in a little niche by the window. Again he unlocked a drawer, and took out a bundle of letters. He had never cared to look over her letters, or to leave the task to another. Looking through them, he found a letter signed Mary. Could it be Mary Hazleton's. He glanced over the pages, and found the desired information.

It read: "My intended marriage with Ralph Henson does not meet with the approval of the family. I have

promised to wait a year, as Jen's wedding will necessitate it. Did you meet Sam Farworth when you were here?"

"I knew one cousin married a Farworth," murmured the judge. "I'd forgotten. A cousin of Tom's, I think."

A little further on he read, "Mother thinks from your picture that we look more alike than ever. She says we both have Aunt Elizabeth's hands."

It was plain from the letter that Mary was a cousin living in a Western town. The judge suddenly remembered hearing Henson say that his wife was from the West. They had not lived in the East very long. From other mentions of Jen. he thought the sister must have been strongly against the marriage with Henson. That was why Myra did not know her aunt, Mrs. Farworth. These were the cousins Myra had wished to visit. He had never cared to hear her letters, and had not tried to keep in touch with any of her relatives or friends.

Again he remembered the cruel neglect of those years, he had forced himself to forget.

"If I could only have another chance," he groaned. "Oh Margaret, if you could come back."

He seemed to see her beautiful face smiling kindly and forgivingly. The very pictures spoke to him of her. He saw her as of old coming to meet him, the gentle reproach in her eyes changing to forgiveness and joy at his coming. How she would grace his home and make life real! For years it had been only a business. Then again he saw the child's face,—the big brown eyes, the quivering lips, the beautiful white hands.

Suddenly he seemed to feel Margaret's presence. He could see little Myra's brown eyes big with wonder at the beauty of that room, which Margaret's hand had arranged, and Margaret's voice seemed to whisper "For my sake." Should not those little hands so like Margaret's again arrange the dainty hangings, which she had chosen?

He returned to the desk and penned a note to Welton. Then as the first gray dawn lightened the East, he crept to bed.

Myra went to the office with Welton that day as a special treat. He was sure that he must soon send her to the Orphan's Home and wished to make the last days with him as pleasant as possible. His friends had taken every care of her, but he could not impose on them further.

Myra sat in the big window watching the people in the street. Presently he called her.

"Listen," he said, Judge Harcourt, the man who had supper with us last night, wants you to go and live with him for awhile."

"In that house you showed me on the way here?"

"Yes. He thinks Mrs. Farworth is dead. He says he knows a nice lady who'll come and take care of you. Will you go?"

"Will you come and see me?"

"Yes."

"And I won't have to go to an Orphan's Home?"

"I'll go. I like him," and she clapped her beautiful hands together. "Why does he want me?" she said, her eyes big with wonder.

E. F. L. '21.



GRANDFATHER SUN

The old sun reached the horizon
With steps that lagged and were slow, —
Yet he cheerily smiled on the Elfland
The fairies were painting below.

There were tints of the rarest description;
The lavender softened hue
Joined hands with the rarest of colors,
The garnet, and gold, and blue.

His airy sprites to our doorway
He had bidden at break of day
To gather the jewels from the cobwebs,
And pack them, sparkling away.

And his beams he had sent to the ocean
To collect the spray and foam,
And pack it into cloudlets,
And send it sailing home.

But now again his fairies
Bedeck the fields with lace,
High on the grass suspended,
And spread the jewels in place.

And night lays out a carpet
And clothes the wold at last
In the richest of evening dresses—
For Grandfather Sun has passed.

E. R. F. '21.

THE GUELPH CONFERENCE

(Dec. 29-Jan. 2).

THE Maritime delegation all met at Montreal, and we went on from there together, arriving in Guelph on the 5.50 Wednesday afternoon. The reception committee was "right on the job", and in a very short time all the delegates were safely billeted, the boys in the new residence, Mill's Hall, which has recently been erected for the men, and the ladies in McDonald Hall. I very soon felt at home, and I don't mind divulging part of the reason. It is this. When I sat down to supper that first night there before me rose a wondrous dish of macaroni and tomatoes. I almost thought I was back in "Tully Tavern".

Our first session opened at eight o'clock that evening with Mr. J. G. McKay as temporary chairman. Mr. McKay, by the way, is an old Acadia graduate, and for that reason was able to understand our situation here much better than any other of the senior friends present.

The first business was to elect a constitution committee to whom all ideas for remodelling the proposed constitution should go. A program committee and resolutions committee were also appointed. The two speakers of the morning were Miss Kerr, of McGill, and Mr. Grant, of the Manitoba Agricultural College. The common theme on which they spoke was, "The spirit of the movement". Long before these addresses were completed, it was evident that the situation in the west was far different from that in the Maritimes. For example, the girls of McGill had so far taken the matter for granted that a new student movement would be formed that they had not waited for the conference, but had organized under the name of the Student Christian Movement of Canada, or, as we have learned to say, the S. C. M. Both Miss Kerr and Mr. Grant, who followed, laid great stress on the wonderful spiritual awakening and renewed activity that had taken place in the student body under this new organization. Personally I could not help wonder-

ing if a great deal of the stir and emotion were not due to the fact that it was something "new".

In our own case, and as far as I could learn from the other delegates present, in the case of the other Maritime colleges as well, we had felt no need of any new organization. Not that we were doing all the Christian work that we might among our students, but that the fault was not with the organization, but with ourselves. I still believe that if all the leaders of Christian work had put as much enthusiasm and spirit into the old organizations as they are apparently putting into this new, the results would have been just as satisfactory. However, that is beside the question. The situation, as I have already said, is different from the west and center. They want a change from the old order.

An outsider listening to these two speakers could not have had a single doubt that a new student movement would be formed, and that we should all join it. However, there were several of us who had grave doubts on the subject, especially the latter statement.

The first thing on Thursday morning was the election of a chairman, who proved to be Mr. Ameron, an undergraduate of McGill. Mr. Ameron acquitted himself nobly in the trying times which followed, and always seemed able to keep his head cool, in the midst of the storm of motions, amendments, and amendments to amendments which often charged the atmosphere. He deserves great credit for the way in which he handled the convention.

Mr. Bishop, the first speaker on Thursday, after tracing the history of the Y. M. C. A., very briefly made certain disclosures as to the inner workings of the new Student Movement which certainly were a surprise to me and, I think, to the majority of the other delegates. In the first place, he pointed out that the motion passed by the central committee last spring read "To consider the advisability of a new student movement", but by the time that motion passed through the hands of the secretary of the gathering and our general secretary, and reached us in the form of a call, it read "To initiate a new student movement", thus seeming to exclude all possibility of going on under the old regime.

Mr. Bishop flatly contradicted any such assumption. He said that while the Y. M. C. A. had been forced to curtail its staff on account of financial difficulties, it had absolutely no intention of abandoning the student work, and would be very sorry to see us go if we decided to do so.

Mrs. Angus reported that the Y. W. C. A., however, had stopped the girl's work in the colleges, not because they desired to do so, but strictly on account of the lack of funds.

You can imagine the reaction that set in after Mr. Bishop's address. Hitherto the drift had been steadily away from the Y. M., but the fact that it had been either misrepresented to us or misinterpreted by us, caused a strong revulsion of feeling in its favor. At the end of the morning session, this seemed to be the situation, that the boys wished in a large measure to continue with the Y. M. C. A., while the girls, who had nothing to fall back on, wanted to form a new movement; and while they expressed themselves as quite able to do so alone, they did not wish to follow such a course.

At last, during the afternoon session, a motion was passed that we did want a new movement of some kind, and a little later it was put in more definite shape when Mr. Self, of Manitoba, moved that we form some sort of loose federation, providing for complete local autonomy, and with the simplest possible form of organization.

This motion came practically at the end of the business session for the day, and discussion as to ways and means was thus left over to the next day.

The evening session was given over to addresses by Mr. Porter, from the Y. M. C. A. of the United States, and Mr. Ketchum, of McGill. Both of these addresses were of a very inspiring and impressive nature. Mr. Porter emphasized the responsibility of the Christian leaders of today of revealing Christ and Christ's principles to students in order that they might see them in their proper light. Despite the fact that Mr. Ketchum had the very bad habit of drawing analogies between the colleges of Canada and a German prison camp, places where the people and conditions are absolutely different, and asserting that a thing that was done in one of them could necessarily be done in the other, one could not

help being impressed with the fact that here was a man who had thoroughly tested and proved the verities of God's love and fatherhood, of Christ's brotherhood, and of the great principle which he laid down for us in his life here, "To love thy neighbor as thyself", and who had made that test under the most trying conditions.

The next morning, Saturday, we started to try to work out the constitution. We were delayed about an hour by a party who wanted to form a movement of a purely spiritual nature without any organization or any budget. We were all perfectly willing to do away with the budget, which had seemed to be the big bugbear all along, but the most of us could not see how we were going to have any movement without some kind of organization. Finally we managed to get our spiritualists down to dear old mother earth again, and proceeded really to talk business.

It is impossible to describe adequately the rest of that day and evening, for we had to keep on into the evening session. The only thing I can do is briefly to outline the results, that is, the constitution for the new movement. The name, of course, is the S. C. M., and the basis, aims, etc., are much the same as they were under the old Y. M. and Y. W. as we interpreted them here. In our organization we began with the local units; they are to have complete autonomy, and may call themselves anything theylike, that is, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., S. C. M., etc. I might say at this point that the Student Volunteers decided to stay out of this movement for at least a year. Next, the local units shall be joined together in three regional groups. The Maritime Provinces, Ontario, and Quebec, and the West. It is in these groups that the power of employing local secretaries and all other matters of such a nature will rest. From each of these regions two members shall be elected by whatever means the district deems advisable, one of these to be a man and one a woman. These six shall form the general committee for the national movement. They shall have power to transact inter-regional business, and to decide with the finance committee the apportionment of the national budget, which we definitely limited to \$7,000 for the first year. The of-

ficers of this committee shall be a Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer, and Chairman of the Finance Committee, all of whom may be senior people not on the general committee, and a Vice-Chairman, who shall be from the committee. Each of these senior people shall have one vote, as well as the representative of the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., or its successor, thus making six senior people with votes. In order that the movement may be kept definitely under student control, it was decided to give each student representative two votes.

We appointed a temporary general committee, and they elected the following officers:

Chairman and Chairman of the Finance Committee—

Dr. Sharman.

Vice-Chairman—Miss Kerr.

Treasurer—Mr. Rickard.

General Secretary—Mr. E. H. Clark.

Our representatives from the Maritime Provinces on this provisional committee are Miss McQueen, of Mt. Allison, and Mr. Mackenzie, of Dalhousie.

At the close of the business session Mr. Clarke and Mr. Porter placed before the gathering the need of aiding our fellow students in Central Europe. On Sunday morning an offering was taken for this cause, and the gratifying sum of \$140 received.

After the service of prayer and the regular service on Sunday morning, we held a short business meeting in the afternoon. The last important motion was that of Mr. Day, of Trinity, to the effect that a similar conference be called in not less than twelve months time to reconsider the constitution in the light of experience. Then, after the usual perfunctory things had been said, and the idol of tradition pacified with a number of platitudes, the conference came to a close. The Student Christian Movement had officially begun.

REFLECTIONS ON BEING JILTED

THE other evening a little group of four or five of us were sitting in my room with nothing to do, and working hard at it. Suddenly the door opened and a fellow we knew well staggered into the room. His face was haggard, his hair disordered, his clothes as rumpled as if he had slept in them. As he is likely to read this effusion, we will know him as Jack Wilson, which isn't his legal name. For a while he just draped himself across a chair and played clam, wrapped in profound meditation. After a bit our coaxing induced him to tell us his trouble. In short easy words, he had been jilted. His girl had told him that night that she would never speak to him again. He had been given his marching orders in a brutal, business-like way, far beyond all chance of mind-changing. The poor fellow was feeling rather shaky from the experience, and could hardly realize what had happened to him. We tried all the old platitudes about his being made of sterner stuff, and not being tied to any woman's apron-strings, but he stayed sad. At last, we had to put him out in the hall, where the janitor could collect him in the morning.

After we had remedied his presence, we were talking over his sad fate, and several of the fellows expressed their views on the subject, which I have written out as nearly as I could remember them. The first came from a certain Engineer whom we will call Bert for the occasion.

"To my mind," he began, "Jack is luckier than we realize. Just think, he fell far from the noble state of a bachelor, and Providence took pity on his fallen condition and delivered him. Why shouldn't he be thankful? Some designing woman had roped him in for matrimony, and now he has escaped. Why shouldn't he rejoice?"

But, seriously, fellows, you will find that most of this talk about being heart-broken after a jilting is pure moonshine. I got jilted once myself, and I know what it feels like. Besides my own case I've known more than one other fellow in the same boat, and none of them has died yet. I know that

it arouses certain feelings in the manly bosom when a fair dame gives one the go-by, but it seldom breaks the heart, usually it just offends the pride of the "jiltee". That party has always thought that he was quite a favorite with the ladies, and it grieves him to be cut out by someone else. Then some people go further with their reasoning and consider the matter to be a reflection on their personal charm and appearance. Such a man should get that idea out of his head before it gets him into trouble, for a girl makes her choice from a guess about his character and earning capacity, and not from his looks or conversation.

There is another way in which being jilted affects some people, particularly Scotchmen. They regard it as a poor business proposition. They have invested many hours and more or less money in the venture, and they expect to get a wife out of it. If a financial investment turns out badly, people of this kind lie awake night after night worrying over it. When their matrimonial investment goes on the rocks they worry about it just as much, and for the same reason. But in all my experience with women I never saw any other effect than a wounded pride of a deflated pocket-book result from a jilting."

As Bert sat down there was a faint murmuring of hearty applause from his audience. Then a Sophomore, to be known as Frank, addressed the gathering:

"After all," he remarked, "the important things are not the feelings aroused by the jilting, but the actions inspired by those feelings. While I was in St. John visiting a friend of mine who lives there, I had a chance to study this matter thoroughly, for in that great city jiltings are of daily occurrence. Even after I returned to Wolfville I have continued to study the subject. Until recently the conventional thing to do on being jilted was to go and get drunk. Since prohibition has stopped this, the new habit is to make oneself sick on a gallon or more of soda water. Statistics gathered from E. C. Young and Hughie Watson, of Wolfville, show that we average five jiltings a month among the students of Acadia, exclusive of the Sem. Considering the present cost of soda

water, we must realize that this pernicious habit is a grievous drain on the economic wealth of the country. At the next session of the Dominion Parliament a bill is to be introduced by the dishonorable Roy Wigless, limiting to one quart, the amount of soda that may be sold to one person at one sitting. This act will effectively stop this nefarious crime, except where the vile stuff is peddled by bootleggers. Here in Nova Scotia, at least, we may safely leave the bootlegger problem to our worthy prohibition officers."

The next speaker was a cape Breton Engineer who had evidently studied Economics. He spoke somewhat as follows: "A more serious matter even than the soda water menace is the thoughtless habit some of us acquire of committing suicide on being jilted. Enough cannot be said condemning this idea. Assuming that every man represents an increase of \$5,000 to the national wealth (a figure frequently given by economists), we see that this is a serious question of national finance in which no claims of personal liberty should be allowed to enter. Let us suppose for the sake of argument that one Acadia student commits suicide every month, this amounts to \$60,000 every year. By stopping this ignorant habit, in two years we could save the price of the Memorial Gymnasium, in five years we could build a new Sem."

The last speech of the discussion came from a new student, sometimes referred to as "Saturday." He began: "There is also a moral reason against a man's committing suicide on being jilted, based on the larger number of women than men in the world. Every family should have a man in it to do the household chores. No lady should be asked to sift the ashes or tend the furnace, or get up in the night to throw things at the musical cats on the rear fence. Every household should keep a man just to do these things. Since there are fewer men than women in the world, it follows that every man who commits suicide is robbing some lady of his assistance, and it is a mean trick to rob a lady.

"Of course I know there is an awful lot of jilting going on. If a fellow is an Adonis for looks, a Romeo for senti-

ment, a Rockefeller for coin, a Caruso for serenading, and a doormat for disposition, I think he stands a chance. If he isn't all these people together, his chances of getting married are like the proverbial snowball. . . . As the great bard Shakesword himself remarks:—

To jilt or not to jilt, that is the question—
 Whether 'tis nobler for a girl to suffer
 The hugs and kisses of an unloved man,
 Or to take arms against the sentimental dud
 And by one jilting end him? 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To jilt; to live
 Alone; perchance be lomesome; there's the rub:
 For in that life of spinsterhood what gloom may come
 When we have jilted off the loving boob,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of jilting as a pastime;
 For who would face gray hairs or wrinkled brow,
 A life spent in a cheerless boarding-house,
 Landladies tall and gaunt and harsh and stern,
 To earn starvation wages till the end of time,
 When she herself might her salvation make
 By jilting not H. H. W. Eng.



THE LAST TRAP

THE Forest of Orosely reposed in all its winter glory, and an all pervading silence, like the silence of death filled the shadows of the "ancient wood" with an impressive and awe-inspiring atmosphere. It seemed too sacred and too pure to be disturbed by the artificialities of civilization. Yet, because of its very virginity, the Trapper deliberately invaded the long respected natural peacefulness of the place. It was a crisp December morning that beheld the human intruder making his initial exploration of the Forest of Orosely. Rolling clumsily along on a pair of large snowshoes, he slowly penetrated into the very heart of the wood; then he removed his heavy knapsack from his back, and kindling a fire, proceeded to satisfy the appetite which insures the strength of the material man.

After smoking a pipe of tobacco, he arose and proceeded directly north until he came to a trail, apparently that of a fox. Here he carefully prepared a trap for the unsuspecting victim who should next cross the trail. But was he so unsuspecting after all? For, from behind a tree not more than twenty feet distant, a brilliant reddish-brown, sleek and sharp-eyed fox watched the proceedings with curiosity soon giving way to evident distaste. This was Reynard, the most clever fox in the whole Forest of Orosely. His first impressions of the Trapper were those of mere curiosity, but as he drew near the completion of his unusual task, Reynard remembered having seen in his puppyhood in a distant forest, one of his playmates caught in just such a contrivance as was now being concealed before him.

As the Trapper went his way, the astute Reynard came cautiously near the trap and viewed it from all angles, not deceived, however, by the alluring musky odor which emanated from the vicinity of the trap. Then he turned and meditatively walked slowly down the trail. He was thinking of his neighbors of the forest. If we can imagine an altruistic fox, then Reynard was such a one.

A year ago Reynard had wandered into the Forest of Orosely from the distant wood in which he had been reared. The place had appealed to his adventurous nature, and so he remained, delighting in the almost daily conflicts with the larger and more powerful inhabitants of the section in which he had made his home. Then, too, it was here that he met Reynée.

It was in the early days of September that, as he was cruising through the forest, Reynard encountered a large fox roughly handling a pretty young female. Attracted by the appealing luster in the eyes of Reynée, and, as always, ready for a scrap, he attacked the other, who was forcing his evidently distasteful attentions upon her. But for once in his life Reynard had "his hands more than full," and the unequal battle raged fiercely for several minutes; then the larger fox seized the intruder by the throat and flung him to the ground. There poor Reynard lay perfectly motionless and bleeding profusely, the snow all around being stained a deep crimson. As if disdaining further notice of his fallen enemy, the victor stalked sulkily away, while the pretty Reynée licked the wounds of her valiant defender. The bleeding soon ceased, and the stunned fox staggered to his feet. When he saw Reynée, however, he remembered the circumstances attending his fall and turning, walked shamefacedly away.

Nevertheless, in the days that followed, he remembered her. thoughts of her followed him in all his wanderings, and he loved her. He felt that he had found his true mate, and that he had lost forever all chances of winning her. And yet his affection persisted in all of its original intensity, even up to the time of our story. Only once since the memorable struggle had he met her. This occurred one day when he was hunting near his den. The result of the chase was a signal victory for him in the face of great odds. It was as he was gathering up his prey that he caught sight of that beloved figure strolling quietly, as if embarrassed, away from him. Although not known to the enamoured Reynard, the pretty Reynée loved him, with probably greater intensity than that of his own love. But in all due modesty she did

not place herself in his way. She lived quietly with her mother, as she had always lived, hunting and roaming in the forest. Whenever she saw Reynard she either hid or ran for home.

One day, as she was on one of her hunting expeditions—it was the day on which the Trapper had set his engine of death on the trail—she again encountered the monster who had before assailed her. With but one thought, that of escape, she turned up the northern trail and ran homeward as fast as she could. But it was too late. The old fox had spied her and was giving chase. Faster and faster he came on, and faster and faster Reynée ran up the trail. He was not gaining now, and a very few moments would bring her home where there would be two of them to resist the intruder. But not so soon! In her haste, just as she was about to branch off in an endeavor to give her pursuer the slip, Reynée ran right into the fateful trap, and with her forefoot caught in its irresistible grasp, she was thrown forward on the snow so forcibly that she appeared stunned for a few moments. The old fox did not touch her, but sat down, as if exhausted, and waited.

In a moment Reynée recovered and eyed her pursuer with horror. Then he began to taunt her, and in all sorts of ways to make her suffering more unendurable. The injured leg became numb under the pressure—it was already broken—and this numbness seemed to diffuse itself throughout her body. It was while she was in this lethargic state that she heard a slight, almost imperceptible movement among the trees in the adjacent thicket, and with flashing eyes Reynard stepped out and made straight for the old fox. This time there could be no doubt about the outcome of the struggle. Hardened by his winter's hunting and naturally strengthened by two month's growth, his youthful muscles were unyielding, and the old fox found himself badly worsted. Reynard, remembering the insult offered Reynée on the occasion of their first meeting, seized him by the throat and shook him unmercifully; in a moment he lay dead, a reddish brown blot on the expanse of pure whiteness.

During the struggle Reynée was aroused from the state of coma into which she had fallen, and watched the closing events of the battle with shining eyes. When the fight was over, Reynard turned toward the trap and its beautiful victim. When Reynée had been thrown as she was caught, the trap was cast over a small stump. With almost human sagacity, Reynard took the jaw of the trap in his teeth, near the foot of the unfortunate Reynée, and pulled with all his strength. As he felt the spring giving, he deliberately plunged one of his claws into her soft flesh. Her resulting lurch forward threw the paralyzed leg from the jaws of the trap. She lay panting on the snow for a moment, and then turned to Reynard in complete surrender: the surrender of the beloved to the lover.

A few weeks of rest and nourishment would restore the injured Reynée. So the one, aided by the other, they slowly made their way to the home of her mother. Reynard brought her the choicest delicacies of the forest, and spent his leisure hours at his home improving it. As soon as she was well, he took her there as his mate, and the whole of the inhabitants of the wood declared Reynard and Reynée to be the happiest pair in all the Forest of Orosely.

* * * * *

Three years have passed. A Trapper wends his way into the Forest of Orosely in the depths of winter, and carefully sets his traps. From behind a tree a reddish-brown, sharp-eyed form shrewdly watches the proceedings. But all in vain. As if by instinct all the foxes of the wood studiously avoid the trails on which the traps have been set, and in a very few weeks the Trapper leaves.

The last trap had been set in the Forest of Orosely.

L. P. S. '22.

HIGH ON THE HILL

High on the hill, the topmost point, I sat
To watch the splendours of the wondrous scene,
When Nature nightly throws in fond regard
Her darkening garment o'er the home of man.
Before me far away lay indistinct
The town (for Nature lovingly had healed
The breach between her works and those of men),
From which, with doubting soul disturbed, I'd fled.
An everchanging spectacle, the death
Of day, in splendid brilliance portrayed
The tenuous last warm rays of setting sun.
And then, when dusky twilight fell it seemed
That Nature in sweet thoughtfulness had thrown
Her softest garment o'er the tired earth,
And then for sturdier shelter would with care
Lay softly o'er her heavier garment, night.
The evening star came palely brightening forth,
Stood steady as the silent ranks of night
Were filled,—inert, yet to command, the moon
Rose sleepily from out the eastern plain.
The wonder and the mystery of night
Were there. . . . But on the darkened plain below
There was revolt: Man would not sleep and bold
Flashed up his puny lights in Nature's face.
And from afar came wafted up the noise
Of men being carried to and fro, and great
Machineries grinding out the souls of those
Whose slaves they were. . . . And long I sat and mused—
How could it be, that man dared do these things,
To set up beauty of his own and shut,
From hungry, weary eyes which seek above,
The nightly wonders of God's Universe?
But by and by the noises died away,
The lights grew less and less; it was as if,
Wise mother as she is, kind Nature had
Allowed her children to be free until

Sleepy and tired, they'd willingly repose.
 While watching there my troubled soul grew calm,
 And faith in God and strength filled all my being
 With buoyant heart I sought the path to town.

A. W. B. '22.

"ACADIA"

THIS play, by Mary Kinley Ingraham, expresses in a figurative way the story of the growth and development of Acadia, the years of struggle, the aims, the sorrows, the victories, and the unquenchable spirit which permeates the whole. This is, indeed, a difficult task, but it is written by one living in our midst, knowing Acadia, and loving it well.

The *dramatis personae* are the genii of Acadia, Truth, Learning, Science, Art, Theology, Man, Woman, War. The dialogue is written in poetry and contains some very fine passages.

Acadia's opening speech in Act one represents well the coming of Acadia, and the first uncertain period of its history. She comes questioning:

“Who am I? For upon my lovely head
 Star dust hath blown;
 Where am I? From far regions of the dead
 I come to seek my own.
 Who called me? Waking on a golden bed
 I heard a mother's moan,
 And a strong man did cry.”

Learning, Art, Science, Theology, Man, Woman, and War, come to tell her that they have called, and Truth, the mother of Acadia, speaks strength and encouragement.

In Act two Acadia appears weary and sorrowful with the trials of penury, fear, and strife among her members, and Truth has for a time withheld her light. Then Art, Science, Theology, Man, and Woman come humbly forward to com-

fort her, and live in true harmony. Truth returns, and Acadia rises triumphant over her sorrows.

Then in Act three Woman begs an entrance to Acadia's halls. The dialogue reveals the strength of woman against tradition, male standards, and narrow habits of thought, and her final triumph in gaining entrance.

Act four shows War coming to lead Acadia's sons away. Art, Learning, and Theology must bow before him. Woman remains with Acadia while man goes forth to battle. Man's speech reveals something of the resolute courage with which Acadia's sons went forth.

Act five is entitled Peace. Acadia stands saddened, but victorious, and Truth crowns her daughter with a new and glorious thought.

The characters are well chosen, and the play throughout reveals careful thought, and a true consideration of the vital periods and events in the history of Acadia University.

“POETS OF THE FUTURE”

VOLUME IV of “Poets of the Future”, recently published by the Stratford Company, of Boston, is an anthology of verse printed in College magazines during the academic years 1918-20. For more than one reason the content of this volume is of interest to readers of the Athenaeum.

First of all, there is the pleasing information that at least five Acadia students have published poems of distinction in their college magazine during the two years covered by the Anthology. For the convenience of our readers we give the names of the authors, the titles of the poems, and the issues of the Athenaeum in which the poems first appeared: J. H. Manning, “The Stormy Petrel”, (November, 1918); Dorothy G. Williams, “The Lost Way” (April, 1919), and “Communion” (February-March, 1919); Helen P. Starr, “Darkness and Dawn” (May, 1919); Hazel G. Morse, “The Spirit of the Summit” (February-March, 1919); T. A. Meister, “Music” (April, 1920).

Mr. Manning's poem was printed, and the other five were listed as poems of distinction. Acadia surpasses all other Canadian universities in the number of poems printed or honorably mentioned. In fact, unless the Wesley College, to which one poem of distinction is credited, is the institution of that name in Winnipeg, Canada is represented exclusively by the Maritime Provinces; and in these Provinces Acadia stands alone, except for one poem of distinction by a student in Mt. Allison Ladies' College.

The volume is of interest to Acadia men and women, not merely because it contains the names of some of their friends, but also because it reveals surprising poetic ability on the part of many college students of our day. The pleasure of the writer in reading this Anthology was in no way diminished by the fact that he came to these student poems fresh from a study of "Poems of Today and "High Tide", anthologies of contemporary English and American poems, chiefly by professional poets whose technique is of a very high order.

Among the most pleasing work of our poets of the future are their nature poems. Here, as elsewhere, a healthy taste is manifest. These young people find hope, and joy, and beauty in all aspects of nature. They have a poetry of winter as well as of spring and summer and autumn: a poetry of November, December, and January, as well as of April, May, June, and October. They share with us all the pleasures of dawn, of high noon, of afternoon, of sunset, of twilight, of the night sky filled with moon and stars. They delight our eyes and nostrils with flowers,—daffodils, yellow daisies, golden rod, dandelions, asters, pansies, rue, wind flowers, hibiscus, ledge-roses, apple-blossoms, lilies, arbutus, honeysuckle, hyacinth, jasmine, eglantine, and mignonette. They sing for us the songs of the meadow lark, the robin, the whip-poor-will, and the mocking-bird; they play for us the delicate orchestral symphony of the crickets, and the "mellow, breezy base" of the honey-bee. They picture for us with felicitous accuracy mountain and prairie, hill and valley, river and babbling brook, "the lake, the bay, the waterfall", the sea in all its moods, the blue sky and the

fleeting cloud. They make us feel that nature is good and bountiful, whether manifested in the most artistic flower gardens of Boston and New York or in the sage-brush and cactus of the western wastes.

It is easier by far to find poetry in nature than to find it in the works of man other than the fine arts. Yet one college student has written a very commendable poem on the subway, "the warm fetid entrails of the lubbering city"; another has found his theme in the ship-yards; still another not only finds poetry in a steel plant, but makes the steel worker experience the poetry of his occupation.

If college men and women react thus to the utilitarian aspects of human activity, we may naturally expect more responsiveness to the stimuli of the fine arts, and we are not disappointed. The immortality of the beautiful in the work of the actor, the painter, the poet, and the musician, is declared in poems that show discriminating taste and subtle, imaginative power.

Pleasing as are successful lyrics dealing with nature and the works of man, probably the majority of readers who appreciate this type of poetry prefer lyrics dealing with human life itself. Here again our poets of the future make a rich contribution. They give us poems of child life in which fairyland is a reality. The boy is at one time Prince o'Faery or King of the Elves; at another time he is a "death-defying pirate on a barren, tropic shore." Children's imaginations cast over distant lands a romantic glamor, as we have so often seen them do in real life. An infant is thoroughly disgusted with his fellow human beings because they are too stupid to see that all he is crying for is the moon. The simple life, too, is charmingly represented. The life of "the farmer in his happy Dell" appeals strongly to those who are toiling over Latin prose, Algebra, and English themes. Through a humble cottage window we catch a glimpse of a happy home scene in which,

"The child in his high-chair laughed,
And banged his tin plate on the bib of his chair."
Here child life and the simple life are sweetly blended.

But this is not the whole story of modern civilization, and our college poets recognize the fact. Perhaps the best poem to illustrate the complexity of city life is "The Subway," to which allusion has previously been made.

If these student lyrists had done no more than write pleasing poems on nature, on the works of man, and on human life, they would still deserve a rich need of praise. But they had done a great deal more, for the volume under discussion contains many poems replete with fine idealism. The authors are through-going optimists. If they look to the past, it is not to find there the Golden Age, but to interpret sympathetically men of other days or to express healthy regret for good things irrevocably past. Usual their gaze is turned toward the future, fully convinced that "the best is yet to be," and that very soon. Merely selfish success has no legitimate place in the world of these youthful poets. Because they believe not only in the love between man and maid and between mother and child, but also in the love between man and man, they have a splendid faith in the ultimate triumph of the ideals of freedom, democracy, peace, and righteousness. With young men and women of such vision, no people will perish.

A very natural question is, what attitude do these young idealists take toward the things that are unseen? Of course they have a poetic faith in fairies, pixies, and elves, in sea-nymphs and mermaids, in the gods and goddesses of old; but what of God and the future life? Here faith is not poetic, but vital. As a result, there is no fear in the presence of death, unless it be fear of separation. Those who remain cannot think of their friends as having ceased to be, and therefore object to the conventional white sheets, sad songs, and limp flowers, as inappropriate to the dead. Why mourn for

"—— one who falls asleep with a dear smile
Upon his face, and dreams of sunlit trees
And does not know that he is dead the while?"

A belief in immortality implies a belief in God. There is also explicit confession of faith. Men get a vision of God

amid bursting shrapnel, in calm communion at twilight, or, like Abt Vogler, at the ecstatic moment in a musical performance. For others, everything is a manifestation of the loving Father of men. From poems like these one gets of the authors the impression that

“They count it truth that God is on His throne.”

The fourth volume of *Poets of the Future* is a book that encourages those interested in the production of lyric poetry. It reveals healthy catholicity in subject matter, superb idealism, and intelligent faith. The form is always appropriate to the content, and shows conscientious devotion to the principles of poetic art. It is gratifying, in these days of free verse, to find so many young poets embodying their thoughts and emotions in conventional meters. The future of lyric poetry seems bright. Its lovers look forward to the publication of the next anthology.

V. B. R.

A LETTER

My dear Lumsden:

Please accept my thanks for the Nov. number of the *Athenaeum*. It is full of interest and the general quality is excellent. You are to be congratulated on the issue.

There was one omission which is rather characteristic of College magazines but which I had not felt so vividly until today—the absence of material on the subject of religion. Of course various religious activities are chronicled but there is nothing on religion from the student viewpoint. This is a very real question with many a student, trying to adjust the results of his studies in Science, History and Literature, not to mention Philosophy and Psychology, to his religious convictions. And even the student who does not feel this problem very acutely, may still have something very fresh and illuminating to say on the question of religion if given a chance and an incentive.

Could there not be a request for articles dealing with the matter of religion, or a friendly competition on a list of selected subjects? Perhaps I should make the effort to indicate precisely what I mean, by giving a brief list which is meant to be suggestive rather than exhaustive:—What is religion? How can a man make it his own? Has religion an adequate or worthy place among student interests? How does religion relate to the other concerns of men? What is the special emphasis of religion today? What is the essential element in religion? What is the Christian message? What does religion mean to me? What is the best way of developing religious life among students? What changes in religious convictions and practices have I experienced since coming to College? What do you consider the best brief statement of the Christian religion you have ever read or heard? Review the best expressions of the Christian message in recent books. What should characterize a student's religion?

Such a department in a college magazine should not be regarded as the private preserve of theological students. It may well be that the freshest and best articles and essays will come from Arts and Science students. What they lack in book knowledge and technical expression may be more than made up in originality of outlook and directness of attack and freshness of expression.

I am suggesting to Mr. Clarke that "The Canadian Student" be sent as an exchange to the editors of all the College magazines in Canada. If the matter can be arranged I feel sure that it would be an advantage to the Colleges and to the Student Christian Movement.

You are free to print this as a letter or to use it in any way you see fit.

Yours sincerely,

L. S. ALBRIGHT.



SCIENCE

HISTORY OF THE THEORY OF METAMORPHOSIS

METAMORPHOSIS is derived from the Greek words; meta—beyond or over, and morphe—a form or shape; thus it has come to mean a change of form. Goethe, the greatest of all those whose names are connected with this theory, defined metamorphosis as “the operation by which one and the same organ assumes various forms.”

Up to the middle of the eighteenth century, investigations was chiefly superficial and according to analogy. “Aristotle is reputed to have said, ‘as a general rule, a plant possesses potentially both root and stem in every part?’”

Cesalpino (1583) believed the plant possessed two fundamental parts, the root and the stem. The flower was the outgrowth of the different tissues of the stem. The calyx corresponded to the cortex, the corolla to the bast, the stamens to the wood, and the carpels to the medulla. As the medulla, containing the life-giving principle, was protected by the outer tissues of the stem, so the carpels were protected by the parts of the flower. He used the term “folium” indiscriminately when speaking of the calyx, the corolla or the ordinary leaves. He found the leaves were arranged according to fixed geometric rules. He said, “the flowers change in some cases into another substance; for example, the catkin is in place of the flower, it is a longish body arising from the seat of the fruit and in this way fruits appear without flowers, for the styles form the longer axis of the catkin, while the leafy parts and stamens are changed into scales.”

One hundred years later Malpighi spoke of cotyledons as metamorphosed leaves.

Linnaeus derived his doctrine of metamorphosis of the flower from a comparison with the metamorphosis of insects. As the insect took on new skin from time to time until it reached maturity, so the calyx developed from the outer part of the stem, later the other parts of the flower unfolded from within. It is important to note that Linnaeus identified ordinary leaves with the exterior parts of the flower, since they both originated in the outer tissues of the stem.

Joachim Jung did much research work, but desiring to make a more complete investigation, he died with his work unpublished. His pupils, however, had the benefit of his work and published (1687) what had been left in manuscript form. He agreed with Cesalpino, that the plant is composed of two parts, the root and the shoot, the shoot was sub-divided into the stem and the leaf. He noted that the lower and upper surface of the leaf were unlike; also, the lower leaves of a plant might differ greatly from the upper ones. Such a plant he called "difformiter foliata."

These people were fore-runners of the poet Goethe, who advocated the theory, that the leaf and the stem were the fundamental parts of the plant rather than the root and the shoot. In 1790 Goethe constructed a typical plant called "Urpflanze", which illustrated six steps in the metamorphosis of the leaf: first, the cotyledons; second, the foliage leaf; third, the calyx; fourth, the corolla; fifth, the stamens; sixth, the carpels. Some think Goethe regarded these changes as due to a difference in the nutrition of the parts; others believe he built up his "Urpflanze" with the idea of a definite theoretical leaf, of which these other forms are modifications. "Professor Vines points out that Goethe's evidence, if strictly considered, was by no means conclusive. He rested his case chiefly on the occurrence of transitional forms which connect different kinds of leaf-organs, and on monstrosities, such as stamens which become petals. But it is possible to find forms at least superficially transitional between leaf and shoot, and to argue from monstrosities is al-

ways precarious. As the observed facts of transition and abnormal changes pointed to both ascending and descending metamorphosis, Goethe was puzzled, as many of us are still, as to the direction of the supposed evolution. It is from vegetative leaf to floral leaf or vice versa? 'For' Goethe said 'we can as well say a stamen is a contracted petal, as we may say of a petal that it is an expanded stamen; or that a sepal is a contracted foliage leaf, as that a foliage-leaf is an expanded sepal'".

One finds the name Wolff, (1767), Goethe's predecessor, and that of Goethe most closely connected with the theory. Goethe arrived at his conclusion deductively, Wolff, inductively. He examined the leaf-bud of the cabbage, the flower bud of the bean and others. He found the "appendicular members" developing in a similar way from the stem, and so concluded that they were morphologically alike. He states his conclusion thus, "in the entire plant, whose parts we wonder at as being, at the first glance, so extraordinarily diverse, I finally perceive, after mature consideration, and recognize nothing beyond leaves and stem, (for the root may be regarded as a stem). Consequently all parts of the plant, except the stem, are modified leaves."

Thus we see that in the beginning of morphological study, the plant was considered to be of two parts, root and shoot; while later, stem and leaf, the latter being subject to greater modification, were regarded as the two fundamentals. About 1867 after the publishing of the results of Naegeli's researches on lower undifferentiated plant forms, doubt arose in the minds of scientists as to whether the leaf and the stem could be regarded as the fundamental parts. Another thing which undermined this "leaf and stem" theory was the discovery of the phenomenon of the alteration of generations. From this it would appear as if the form, composed of leaf and stem, had developed in the course of evolution from a lower undifferentiated form. Darwin's theory, "the Survival of the Fittest" which held sway over all research work of this time, brought into greater significance the physiological causes of change and adaptation to environment. Need was

felt for distinguishing clearly the leaf from the stem. The first attempt was to regard them as axial and appendicular, but branches were also axial. The second effort was that of "relative position"; so many exceptions were found that this alone was not sufficient. The third idea was more popular than the other two. It maintained the theory that the leaf-outgrowth from an axis, differed from that axis in organization and structure. Those who accepted the idea of alternation of generations objected on the ground that the leafy growth of the moss is not homologous with the leaf of the higher plants.

Sachs claimed the differentiation between stem and leaf was relative in character. While there might be both internal and external differences in structure, both might be merged into one body called the thallome. The fundamental parts of the plant were the root and the shoot, not the leaf and the stem. The underlying cause of the difference between the stem and the leaf was due to adaptation. In structural nature, the leaf was only a "protuberance" of the stem developed for giving the plant more chlorophyll surface.

During the year 1884 Bower brought forth this theory: the structure of the leaf and the stem is much alike. The branching of the veins of the leaf from the mid-vein is comparable to the branching system of the stem. In early life the leaves of the lower plants are like those of the higher, if we consider both similar to the main axis in structure. In later life, they develop different form and structure for the purpose of adaptation and physiology.

Bower, Sachs, and Goebel agree that a plant consists of two main parts, the root and the shoot. Change of form is influenced by physiological conditions. Undifferentiated forms have become changed by the action of environment upon the organism.

"In modern times the morphological equivalence of appendicular organs has been confirmed in three ways: (a) by careful observation of actual cases of transformation, e. g. of bud-scales; (b) by the microscopic investigation of ap-

parently homologous parts; and (c) by more precise embryological evidence. There is no doubt that one kind of appendicular organ may be metamorphosed into another, or more generally, 'that there is a genetic relation between the forms of the same member'".

No definite conclusion has been reached in regard to the way in which evolution has taken place.

Vines and Goebel follow Goethe's idea of progressive metamorphosis; that is, from foliage leaf comes the reproductive leaves. Bower came to the opposite conclusion from his work on mosses, liverworts and other low forms of plant life. He maintained primitive forms bore spores, this tissue gradually became sterile until the form known as the foliage-leaf was reached.

L. M. PERRY, '21.

RADIO POSSIBILITIES

IN the rapid growth of radio communication, the appliances and methods have undergone, and are constantly undergoing radical changes, sufficient to justify the question whether in the near future we may not be using radio telephones with the same facility and at the same moderate expense with which we now use the ordinary telephone. Thus by doing away with the cumbersome cabling and wiring demanded by our present requirements we might further, still more, the scheme of building ourselves a Utopian world. This condition, indeed, might well seem to be approached if, by the mere taking down of a receiver, we could immediately converse with our friends, far or near, without having thrown at us the customary "lines busy."

But before we build too many castles in the air, let us consider the subject from a more scientific point of view, and in this manner separate the fiction from the fact. Taking this stand, and in order to partially satisfy the popular conception of the radio telephone, the man of scientific knowledge will pardon the absence of technical terms and phrases in the following, as well as a lack of important details in the brief outline of the working principles of the radio telephone.

It is my intention merely to enumerate a few of the fundamentals on which such a system is based, with an idea of presenting to the popular mind some of the difficulties preventing the installation of radio telephones in the offices and homes of the public.

Fundamentally the principles upon which radio messages are transmitted—either by telegraph or by telephone—are the same. This is done by sending out electromagnetic waves into space, by the aid of the key or transmitter, as the case may be. These waves are picked up and reconverted into the original signal at a receiving station.

When a pebble is thrown into still water, it starts a series of circular ripples or waves which spread out indefinitely with a speed of a few hundredths of a meter per second. Similarly an electric disturbance starts electromagnetic waves which spread out in all directions and travel with the velocity of light. Now in order to make use of the electric waves for the practical purpose of sending messages, it is necessary in the first place to produce regular electric disturbances in a circuit which starts the waves. Secondly, to get the waves into surrounding space and by means of these waves to set up electric currents in a receiving circuit at a distant station; and finally to use some device by which these received electric currents may be reconverted into the human voice. The device which these waves strike as they come in, and which turns them over to the receiving circuit, is called the receiving antenna. This is the wire aerial we see suspended at, or near, every radio station.

We have seen that a tuning fork may be made to vibrate sympathetically when some external object is set in vibration at such a rate as to equal the natural frequency, i. e. the number of vibrations per second, of the tuning fork. Then we say that the two are in resonance. In the same way, the radio receiving apparatus must be tuned to the same frequency as the sending apparatus. This, in brief, means that if a certain station sends out a wave length, say of 300,000 meters then only those stations whose receiving apparatus is tuned to receive wave lengths of 300,000 meters, or in

that vicinity, will be made to automatically respond. From this fact we see that different stations must send out their certain standard wave lengths, if interference with other stations is to be avoided. Also in this fact it is seen that were radio stations as numerous as those of the ordinary telegraph and telephone, great confusion would arise in the enforcing of a law by which definite wave lengths would be sent by each individual station. A failure to observe these rules would result in what is commonly called "jamming." This measure was adopted to a great extent during the recent war, when it was so desired to distort the enemy messages beyond recognition; and was effected simply by knowing the particular wave length the enemy was using, and sending out, from some intervening antennae wave of the same length, with sufficient force to cause the receiving phones to buzz in same such manner as does our ordinary telephone when someone scratches the vibrating diaphragm of the transmitter.

Right here it might be well to mention the fact that a radio sending apparatus may be made to generate waves of any desired length; and if operator A wishes to communicate with operator B, he, knowing B's standard wave length, sends out this wave length, which automatically causes B's phone to "buzz" and thus gives him the call. Thus we see from the foregoing that were the public to be supplied with radio telephones, the confusion would be such as to render invalid the service for anyone.

There is, however, a scheme outlined by which one may in the future actually have within easy access the privilege of conversing with our friends abroad. It is briefly as follows: The man, let us say Jones, wishes from his office at Halifax to communicate with his friend Smith aboard the steamer "Cassandria" off the China coast. He calls central at Halifax and makes known his wish, whereup Halifax central connects him with the central at "B" where is situated a radio station. The radio operator at "B" sends out a wireless call to S. S. Cassandria and asks for Smith. Smith is then called to the phone and the complete connection is then made from Jones to Smith through the aid of both radio and wire telephone. Thus we see that, disregarding the cost

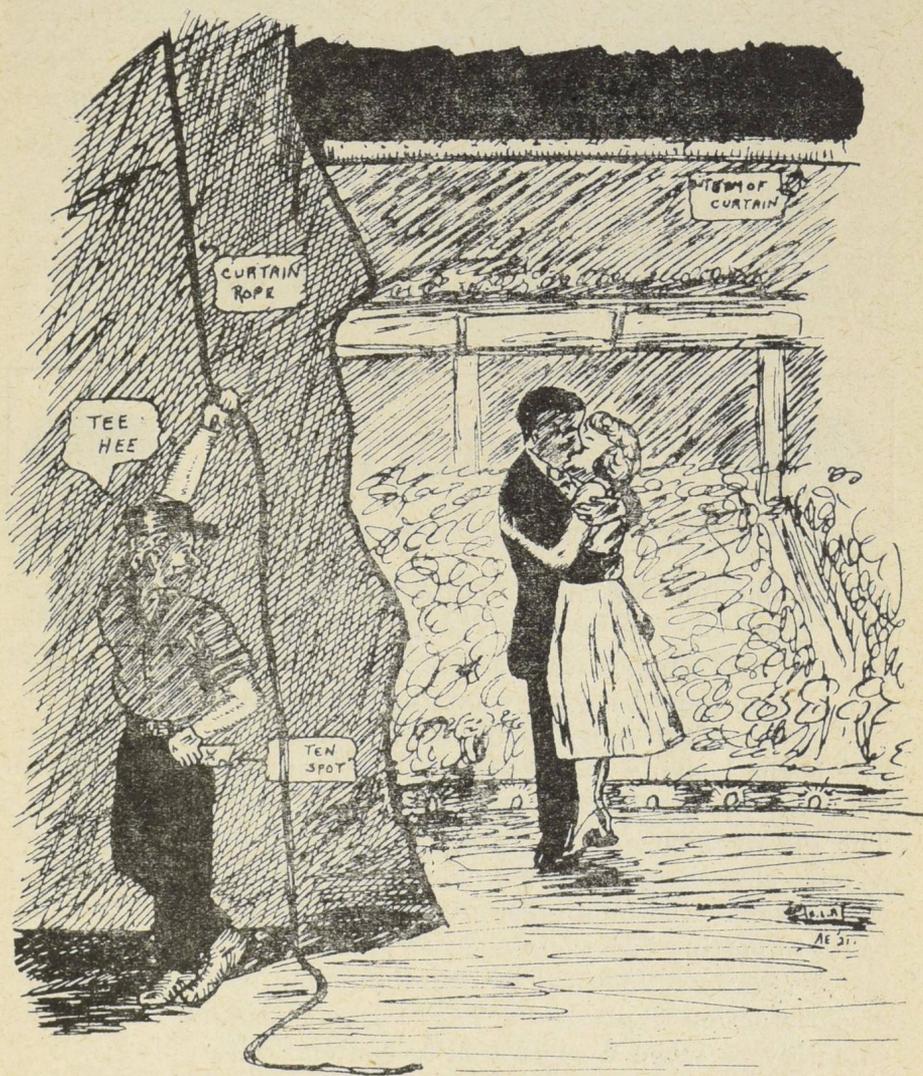
which will be mentioned later, a system consisting of several powerful radio stations situated at points of advantage and the ordinary telephone service co-ordinating the one with the other, would in the end accomplish the same result as though one had direct communications by wire to the party in question.

As yet the cost of sending radio messages over short distances on land renders the use of the radio telephone impracticable. Not so, however, when these messages are to be sent over large bodies of water as the cost of cabling and wiring necessary for our present needs together with the cost of keeping these cables electrically charged far exceeds the expense of sending a radio message.

With all the advantages and disadvantages of a system such as outlined above another obstacle exists: viz. the destructive effect an electric storm or electric disturbance of any kind in the atmosphere has in distorting electromagnetic waves. The effect is of such moment, however, as to make it practically impossible to pass waves over certain tropical districts with any appreciable amount of success. Until this obstacle and other obstacles of a similar nature have been removed, there is really little chance that any system of radio communication will be effected, satisfactory and reliable at all times and under all conditions. If these obstacles are to be surmounted there is but one way, the way of scientific investigation; therefore let us study for more understanding and a clearer knowledge of the behavior of our friend, the electromagnetic wave.

J. B. '21.

"THE MAN ON THE BOX"



FRAME-UP OR MISTAKE ?

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Editorial



THE one tendency of the editorial pen is to write "College Fire", but as so much is said on that subject in other parts of this number we shall content ourselves with filling in one or two gaps between what the others have written.

Perhaps the most commendable phase of the whole affair is the bearing of the student body under the difficulties enforced by the loss of our classrooms, and assembly hall. The inconvenience of carrying on work in clubrooms, store-rooms, church, gymnasium, and dining halls, and these in widely separated buildings, necessitating more than the usual haste in getting from one class to another, is taken as a matter of course. No word of complaint has been heard. No dissatisfaction expressed. The work is running just as smoothly as when we had less to contend with.

The thing, of course, that occupies most minds now is the new hall, and the million dollars that is to make it possible. We have not as yet heard a great deal about it, but work is going on quietly, plans are being made and perfected, so that when the campaign is launched there may be no hitch, no

blunder, but all may be done in the Acadia way; the objective may be reached—and overrun a little for good measure.

On behalf of the student body we wish to express our thanks and appreciation to the students of U. N. B. for their thoughtfulness in sending us a message of sympathy in the loss of College Hall.

We further wish to express our appreciation of the support the student body is giving the Athenæum. This is better understood, perhaps, when it is borne in mind that while this issue includes approximately 125 pages of M. S. S. the contributions totalled 375 pages. One regret is that some of the best stories and articles are too long for us to handle, reaching 5000 words. We prefer them of 1,500 to 2,000 words in length.

ACADEMY NOTES

THE Academy opened for the second term on January 6th, with most of the first term students in their former places, and a number of new ones enrolled, the greater part of whom have joined the middle class, making it the largest class in the school.

The teachers are in their respective places seemingly eager to implant in the minds of the students, those things of which they are most in need. If the implanting is carried on with the vim that was exhibited during the first term, there are interesting times in store for all.

After the burning of the college hall, the classes were carried on with great difficulty owing to lack of room, but a splendid spirit prevailed and the inconveniences were accepted without a murmur. Conditions have been much better since the completion of the Gymnasium, for two rooms have been placed at the disposal of the Academy. The Senior and Middle classes are being held there.

Prior to the burning of the College hall the Lyceum society gave an entertainment in the Senior class room. Mr. McLean rendered some splendid selections on the violin, ac-

accompanied by Mr. Gunn at the piano. This was followed by Mr. McKean who deserves mention as the star performer of the evening. The other selections were songs and recitations; special mention should be made of those given by Mr. Geldard and Mr. Trites.

Considerable activity is being shown in hockey. We are having three practices a week, and prospects of a good team are in evidence.

With the opening of the gymnasium the athletic spirit is unbounded. Already there are plans under way for the organizing of four or more basket ball teams. If this is carried out it should be easy to pick a team who could meet all comers—and stay for a while at least.

The conjectures of some Academy students, cited in the Academy notes of the December number of the Athenæum, have been challenged by the Freshmen, and an explanation asked for. Investigation has shown that a mistake was made and we are glad on this occasion to rectify it. Facts that have since become the property of the Academy student body in general, and of the writer in particular, were known only to those directing Academy football, when the questioned statement was written.

We now know that the Freshmen did talk football to the Academy; but that the day mentioned by the Freshmen for the game was scheduled for a College practice game against the Academy, and as the College team could not afford to lose a practice the Freshmen were forced to give way. Nothing of this was said to the boys, who were wondering why the customary game was not played. Nothing more was heard of it until the questioned statement was beyond the hands of the Academy reporter. Then the Freshmen challenged us but as our team had broken training, and some of them had left the Academy, we did not play.

We hope that this explanation will mend matters, for should the Freshmen break off diplomatic relations with us, we should regard it as a real loss not to be able to introduce the Newcomers to Acadia's favorite game.

WHY

Now in these days of stress and strife,
When strikers mar our peaceful life,
When Bolsheviki are all round—
On all street corners they are found—
When Labor howls and toots its horn
And Capital looks so forlorn,
I don't know why it all should be,
Can some wise man explain to me?
I've studied deep, I've pondered long.
I've written it in words of song.
But yet I have not solved this thing,—
Why strikers camp within the ring,
For shorter hours and more pay;
Then wonder at the prices gay
Of all the things we need in life.
For when then buy a hat for wife
They say it is three times too dear,
And howl about the profiteer.
But as I sit and look around,
With every strike I've always found,
That prices always rise and soar,—
And then again the mighty roar,
Another strike, another rise,
The cause of many tears and sighs.
My mind goes back to days of yore
Those far off days before the war,
When Bolsheviki were unknown.
And work was done without a groan.
Then everybody wore a smile
And said that life was quite worth while.
Why can't we have the same today;
The good old life, the good old way?

C. M. SPIDELL.

SEMINARY NOTES

Y. W. C. A.

The Annual Y. W. C. A. Fair was held on January 5 in Alumni Hall. The fancy work, ice cream and candy booths were most attractively decorated. The fish pond and fortune-telling booth proved to be popular—especially with the masculine visitors; the tea-room and the side show also were well patronized. Altogether, the Fair was a success, both socially and financially—the sum of two hundred and twenty dollars being realized.

VESPER SERVICE.

The true spirit of Christmas was realized at the Y. M. C. A. Vesper Service in the Chapel at five o'clock Sunday afternoon, Dec. 12,

The order of service was as follows:—

Hymn—It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

Invocation.

Chorus—(a) Away in a Manger.

(b) The First Noel.

(c) We, Three Kings of Orient Are.
Glee Club.

Soprano Solo—Christmas Herald.....*Coombs.*
Mrs. Hannah Russel Gregory.

Prayer—Berceuse from Jocelyn.....*Godard.*
Miss Pauline Tourjee Melson.

Scripture Reading.

Vocal Duet—Silent Night.....*Hayden.*
Miss E. Marie Underhill.
Miss Winifred Stephens.
Miss Ruth E. Vander Pyl at the Piano.

Address—Dr. H. T. DeWolfe.

Offering.

Chorus—(a) What Child is This?

(b) God Rest, Merry Gentlemen.
Glee Club.

Hymn—O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Benediction.

SLEIGH DRIVES.

The New Year has been greeted with the tinkling of sleigh bells at the Seminary.

On January twelfth at four-thirty the dignified (?) Seniors, with Miss Nelson and Miss Ellis as chaperons, set out for Kentville in one big sleigh. On their arrival, they found an excellent dinner awaiting them at "Cornwallis Inn". Later all went to the "Strand", after which they returned to the Seminary. The Seniors agreed that this event was one of the best of the year.

The "Jolly Juniors" took advantage of the sleighing on the same night. A similar programme was enjoyed by them.

On the following evening, the "First Year Class" drove to Kentville and attended the Strand, returning to Miss Harwood's Tea Room for lunch. This is the first year that this class has been so ambitious.

The joys of sleigh-riding proved infectious, and on the evening of the fourteenth, the "Specials" had a drive. They dined at "Cornwallis Inn" and enjoyed the Movies afterward.

PUPILS' RECITAL, SEMINARY CHAPEL

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1920 at 8 o'clock, P. M.

N.B.—These recitals are not intended as exhibitions, but as exercises for pupils in public performing.

PROGRAMME.

- Spaulding *Little Stranger.*
Miss Muriel Cox (Wolfville, N. S.)
- Lieurance *By the Waters of Minnetonka.*
Miss Ruth Manning (Bridgetown, N. S.)
Miss Mabel Pollard (Yokahama, Japan.)
- Wollenhaupt *Etude, op. 22.*
Miss Faye Haines (Freeport, N. S.)
- Reading *Selected.*
Miss Ruth Pollard (Yokahama, Japan.)
- Reinhold *Novellette, op. 23.*
Miss Emma McKinnon (Springhill, N. S.)
- Haydn "*My Mother bids me bind my hair.*"
Miss Grace Nutter (Fredericton Junction, N. B.)
- Chopin *Valse E minor.*
Miss Jean Creighton (Wolfville, N. S.)
- Lohr *Where my Caravan has Rested.*
Miss Barbara MacNeill (Sydney, N. S.)
- Rachmanninoff *Prelude C sharp minor.*
Miss Eileen Wilson (Fredericton, N. B.)
- Borowski *Adoration.*
Miss Verne Thompson (Oxford, N. S.)
- Chopin *Valse C sharp minor.*
Miss Hortense Griffin (Bridgetown, N. S.)
- Gounod "*Quando a te lieta*".
Miss Mona Parsons (Wolfville, N. S.)
- Alberto Jonas *Toccato.*
Miss Olive Purdy (Wolfville, N. S.)
- Faure "*Sancta Maria*"

SEMINARY GLEE CLUB

Mrs. H. Gregory, Conductor

"GOD SAVE THE KING"

PUPILS' RECITAL, SEMINARY CHAPEL

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1920 at 7 o'clock, P. M.

N.B.—These recitals are not intended as exhibitions, but as exercises for pupils in public performing.

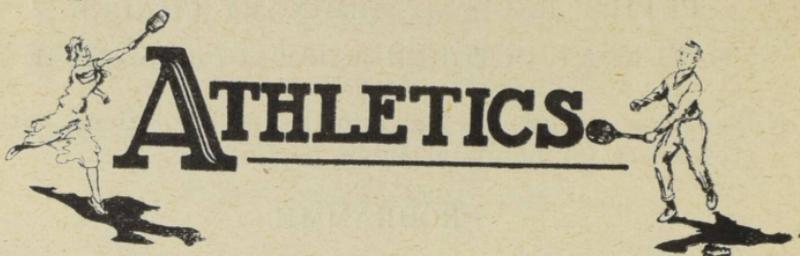
PROGRAMME.

- Kein *Slumber Song.*
Miss Helen Ingram (Wolfville, N. S.)
- Cadman *At Dawning.*
Miss Lucille Gabriel (Taunton, Mass.)
- Chopin *Valse op. No. 8*
Miss Mary Eagles (Grand Pre, N. S.)
- Reading *Selected.*
Miss V. Francis Coy (Upper Gagetown, N. B.)
- Horatio W. Parker *Valse Gracile.*
Miss Eleanor Mitchell (N. Sydney, N. S.)
- Harding *Cupid's Dart.*
Miss Margurite White (Somerset, N. S.)
- Tschaikovsky *Baccarolle.*
Miss Marion Bancroft (Annapolis Royal, N. S.)
- Mlynarski *Mazurka.*
Miss Hilda Kinsman (Centreville, N. S.)
- Chopin *"Valse" in E Minor*
Miss Bernice Sproule (Springfield, N. S.)
- Reading *Selected*
Miss Helena D. Sommerville (Hatfield's Point, N. B.)
- Mozart *"Voi che Sapete"*
Miss Dorothy Giffen (Goldboro, N. S.)
- Chopin *Valse Brilliante, op. 34, no. 1*
Miss Orinda Annis (Hebron, N. S.)
- Denza *To the Dance*

SEMINARY GLEE CLUB

Mrs. H. Gregory, Conductor.

GOD SAVE THE KING E. H. G.



FROM the close of the football season, November 16th, up to the Christmas holidays there were no athletic events of any description at Acadia, if we except some of the stunts pulled off at the Willet Ball Stag Party. The student body however, were looking forward to a resumption of athletic activities with the opening of the new Gym and the start of the hockey season after the holidays.

Now again hockey is in full swing. The old rink, the scene of many a hard fought battle, once more resounds with the clash of sticks, intermingled with the shouts of the coach, and the usual flow of spicy comments from the boards.

The boys come on the ice as snappy as ever, and hold to that fast pace which won victory for them last year. We are especially fortunate in having so many of our last year's team still with us. Capt. Beardsley and our coach "Ted" Stackhouse having both been with us last year, know all the boys and where they need the most practice, so they can work to best advantage. The prospect is bright.

The team is working hard; getting into condition with all possible speed in order to catch up to our New Brunswick colleagues who get on the ice a few weeks before us.

There will be only a single series of games this winter and, as a result they will be fast and decisive.

TRURO CONFERENCE.

On December 28th a meeting of representatives of the Maritime Colleges was held in Truro to arrange for Inter-

collegiate hockey for this season. It was decided to play only undergraduates in the leagues and to use the M. P. B. A. A. U. rules. The following official list of eligible referees was agreed upon:

John Hunter, Halifax.
 Ritchie McCoy, Halifax.
 Hadley McDonald, Antigonish.
 Judy Smith, Windsor.
 Jack Swaddle, Amherst.
 George Stuart, Amherst.
 George Thomas, Truro.

As in former years, the league will be divided into two sections, which, with their respective schedules are:

EASTERN SECTION.

St. Francis Xavier vs. Dalhousie, January 22.
 Dalhousie vs. King's, January 26.
 King's vs. St. Francis Xavier, February 11.

WESTERN SECTION.

Acadia vs. Mount Allison, last week in January.
 Mount Allison vs. U. N. B., first week in February.
 U. N. B. vs. Acadia, second week in February.

(Names of home team given first.)

The winner of the western section will play off with King's for the Sumner trophy, and with the winner of the eastern section for the intercollegiate trophy offered by the Halifax Herald, and for the league championship.

GYMNASIUM.

At last the long-deferred opening of the gymnasium is at hand. The thoughts of all are turning toward its basket-

ball floor and swimming pool. There is no danger either of the building being idle. Every available hour has been taken up with gym. classes of practices. There will be compulsory gym. for the Cads, Freshmen, Sems, Coeds, and possibly the first-year Engineers. All other students who wish to take gym. work will be able to do so. The pool will be open for swimming every afternoon.

BASKETBALL.

This year Acadia will enter a team in the intercollegiate basketball league, for the first time since the war started. There will be a number of difficulties to overcome, chiefly because we have not even had a suitable floor to play on in past years, and it requires more than one season, as a rule, to make up a team for this sport. Still, we have plenty of good material and lots of enthusiasm for the game, and these things will take us a long way toward winning the league. Practices are to start at once, and the college team will have five workouts a week, the coeds three.

Mount Allison vs. Acadia, March 23.

Acadia vs. University of New Brunswick, March 29.

U. N. B. vs. Mount Allison, April 5.

(Name of home team given first.)

Mr. Albert Corey is captain of the College team.

INTERCLASS BASKETBALL.

The practice hours for the different class teams have been set, and everyone is ready for the opening of the gym to start work. As far as can be seen, the league this year will be fast and exciting, as three teams, the Juniors, Freshmen and Engineers, will be evenly matched.

Schedules have been drawn up and fourteen teams have been entered. This will insure a hotly contested interclass league.

SWIMMING.

Mr. Russell informs us that as soon as possible swimming competitions and all games pertaining to aquatic sports are to be held. A swimming tank is somewhat of an innovation here and it is to be hoped that all the various water sports held will be keenly contested and much enjoyed.

.. CONCERNING "WILDCAT" HOCKEY

How about "wildcat" this year? It is nearly time to get together to draw up the schedule for the winter—if the same series, involving as many games as last year's, is to be played again. Last year, it will be remembered, some of the games were not played on account of the lack of time. The intercollegiate series will finish earlier this season so we had better get an earlier start in order to make it an entire success.

The interest and competition in last year's games shows the popularity of this sport. They who have not tried it have missed something. No experience necessary, just an old stick (second-hand preferred) and a pair of skates. No questions asked regarding past hockey record. It is good fun, good exercise, and provides convulsive entertainment for the spectators. So everybody turn out and make it wilder and better than ever.



The Month

DESIGNED BY HENRY BENTLEY

THE interval since the last issue of the "Athenaeum" will always be an outstanding one in the memories of the present student body, due to "the Fire" of December 1st, when College Hall was burned. Other events of note have occurred too, to be dealt with later, but the leading and most attractive features have been the social activities evidently a sort of reaction after the lull throughout the foot-ball season. Were it not for the occasional necessary attendance at classes, and the existence of such things as "tests", the last two months might have been very much enjoyed. In these two months have occurred also the Christmas recess, with all its festivities. But these were all too short, for immediately ahead loom two weeks of study which we cannot avoid, those weeks of dreaded examinations.

GIRLS DEBATE

Propylaeum began its series of debates on November 22, when the seniors and juniors matched wits over the resolution: Resolved that Japan's occupation of Korea has been beneficial to that country. The seniors, represented by Marion Grant, K. Fitzpatrick, and Lucy Smith, supported the affirmative. The Juniors debating were Ella Warren, Mary Wyman and Evelyn Colpitts. The debate was remarkably close, both sides acquitting themselves well. However, Miss Warren's rebuttal caused the decision to be given to the negative.

FOOTBALL PARTY

The close of the foot-ball season was marked by a very enjoyable social function on November 22nd., when Dr. and Mrs. DeWitt entertained in honour of the foot-ball boys. A jolly evening was spent in games, guessing contests, and making limericks on each other. Last but not least came the eats, which made the boys thankful they weren't in training. The evening came to an end with songs and yells.

ENGINEER'S PARTY

The Engineer's were "at home" to the co-eds in the "Drawing Room" of Rhodes Hall, on the evening of November 23rd. The room was gaily decorated and festooned with banners large and small.

Starting with the usual Tucker, and continuing it at intervals thruout the evening, between which a varied program was "staged", the usual Acadia good time resulted. Of course the biggest diversion was when "the eats" arrived. If the success of an affair can be measured by the comments in its favor, this one was eminently successful.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE DEBATE

The Athenæum meetings this year have been limited to debates very largely. On Nov. 27th. the Freshman-Sophomore contest took place, the subject for discussion being: "Resolved, that Britain was not justified in interfering in Russan affairs after the Revolution of 1917.

The affirmative was supported by Messrs. Campbell, Peters, and Brindly of the Sophomores, while the Freshmen, Messrs. Coates, McLean, and Brown upheld the negative.

The decision was given to the Freshman, C. S. Richardson, '21, acted as critic.

FOOTBALL CUP PRESENTED

A record of this month's happenings would not be complete without stating an event of the last chapel service in

College Hall. The Clark Trophy having arrived from the safety vault in St. John, it was presented to the captain of the Football team by Dr. DeWolfe, who made one of his usual witty speeches. The college yell was given for the team with all the vim we could muster.

KENTVILLE SAN. PLAY

On the night of December 1st. the staff of the Kentville Sanitorium presented the play "Seven Keys to Baldpate" in College Hall. Three old Acadia grads. Alice Fairn, Marguerite Woodworth and "Bush" Estabrooks were in the cast. The Sanitorium Dramatic Society deserves to be congratulated on their able performance. "Bush" showed to advantage as leading man.

SENIOR GIRLS' PARTY

The Senior Girls were entertained at afternoon tea on December 4th. at the home of Miss Marjorie Wickwire. An open fire, eats, and then more eats, made it enjoyable to all, so the girls say.

COLLEGE PLAY

The College Dramatic Society had planned to stage, "The Man on the Box" in College Hall on the evening of December 6th. This being prevented by the Fire, it was decided to put the play on in the Opera House. Each class resolved that this should be a banner night for the entire student body, so turned out in force. The "house" was entirely "sold out" days before the 6th.

The evening surely proved a banner one. The play was exceedingly well performed. All deserve eminent credit, for their endeavors were certainly crowned with success. The music, by the Acadia Orchestra is worthy of special mention.

The college spirit displayed is worthy of mention too, but perhaps that is unnecessary to be said of an Acadia

audience. The Engineers undoubtedly held the vantage-ground of the evening, for confetti and rice was richly showered from the balcony, on those below.

All classes resorted to various places "to eat" afterwards, and this surely did not dampen the ardor of anyone, as far as we could see. Undoubtedly this was one of the best evenings the present student body ever had.

The play was repeated on the evening of December 14th, for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. and although reports say that the acting was even more improved, we hardly think such a thing possible.

SOPHETTE PROPYLAEUM

On December 9th. the Sophettes had charge of Propylaeum. A synopsis of current events by K. Bowlby was the first clause, the next, a solo by Ruth Wilson. Next came a humorous playette called "Suppressed Desires" in which Hilda Wry, Mary Crandall and May Procter took part. The last clause was a chorus, in which amusing hits on the Freshettes were introduced. Altogether, the program was a credit to the sophettes.

POLITICAL CLUB

The Women's Political Club met in the club room on December 13th. The speaker was Mr. W. H. Stairs, who gave an account of the work of the Children's Aid Society in Hants, Kings and Annapolis counties. Mr. Stairs has been connected with this work for a number of years, so his lecture was of unusual interest.

JUNIOR FRESHMEN DEBATE.

On December 14th the Juniors and Freshmen clashed over the intercollegiate subject "Resolved that the excise tax, or so-called sales and luxury tax, imposed by the last session of parliament, was justifiable legislation."

The Freshmen supported the affirmative, and put up some good arguments. The speakers, J. Robinson, (Leader), Estey and Williams all gave good speeches and offer promise of good debating material for years to come. The Junior team, composed of Cameron (Leader), Elgy and Lank, who supported the negative, had their speeches well in hand and carefully prepared.

The judges awarded the decision to the negative.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S VISIT.

On December 16th His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada, honored Wolfville with a visit. The male student body of the institutions lined the streets to welcome him and the college band met His Excellency and party at the station and escorted them to the Church.

Special accommodation for the students was reserved in the Baptist Church and the Duke's address was listened to with greatest attention. The greatest enthusiasm, however, was manifested when he requested that a half holiday be granted the students of the various institutions in commemoration of his visit. Apparently no one objected to losing part of their valuable time if it would give His Excellency any gratification. The Acadia students have always been noted for their self-sacrificing spirit in this respect.

PARTY AT "TULLY TAVERN."

Once a year, "Tully Tavern" dining room loses its usual appearance and becomes a truly inviting centre for other reasons than the ordinary ones. On the evening of December 17th, the faculty and boys of the university were the guests of the girls.

Tucker, games, contests, and "eats" jostled each other thruout the evening, but we were the winners. Indeed we always look forward to these occasions as being the most pleasant of the year. May their number increase.

XMAS DINNER.

On December 20th, we had our annual Christmas dinner at Tully. The Christmas fare was very much enjoyed. Dr. Cutten and several members of the faculty were present.

PROPYLAEUM MEETING.

The last Propylaeum meeting of the year took the form of a Christmas party in the club room, after the Xmas dinner. After a program of Xmas music, Santa Claus (Zella Parlee) appeared on the scene, and distributed gifts and candy from the tree. We think we enjoyed the fun more than Santa, whose bulk hinted that he was too warmly clad to properly appreciate an open fire.

WILLET HALL STAG PARTY.

The boys in Willet Hall determined to close the season before the Christmas holidays with a "jamboree," so on Monday night, December 20th, Willet Hall was the scene of many strange and startling events. A Christmas tree was provided, also presents to match, and everything possible was done to promote a festive spirit. Wrestling matches, boxing bouts, etc., were staged, and some of the combats were well worth the price of admission. We would recommend Myron Brinton to leave the ministry and take up boxing as a profession. It is better paid.

After the crowd had wearied itself with its hilarity, refreshments were served and then the crowd headed by a jazz band decided to finish up a lively evening with a parade around the Seminary and Ladies' residence. Despite the music the parade was carried through without a casualty, and the boys returned safely to their dugouts after having spent an eventful and interesting evening.

"SINGS"

On the evening of December 19th, the students were in-

vited to Dr. Chute's after church. As usual this "sing" was highly enjoyed.

The first Sunday evening of this year, Mrs. Smallman invited the college students to her house for a "sing". A very pleasant evening was spent. A solo by Frances DeWolfe, and a selection by a male quartet, were much enjoyed. We very much appreciate Mrs. Smallman's kindness in opening her house to us.

JUNIOR SKATING PARTY.

On the evening of January 11th, the Junior's held the first skating party of the year at the rink. All report an exceptionally good time. Professor and Mrs. McPhee were the chaperons.

FRESHMEN SLEIGH DRIVE

Not to be out done by the Sophomores, the Freshmen had the first sleigh-drive of the year on the evening of January 12th. At the time of writing they are just returning, and if noise is a criterion of enjoyment, they must have had a jubilant time.

Y. W. C. A.

November 28—This was a missionary meeting and was in the hands of Miss Mary Wyman. Subject: "Missions in India."

December 5—Miss Pauline Parry gave an interesting talk on "Using What You Have."

December 11—Dr. Rhodenizer led a discussion of Matt. 7: 12-27.

December 19—Miss Winnie Chute read the "Story of the Other Wise Man."

January 9—Mrs. Foote read selections from the life of Mr. W. J. McKenzie, the Nova Scotian Missionary to Korea. Mrs. Foote also gave some interest facts as to the conditions in Korea today.

Y. M. C. A. AND Y. W. C. A.

The usual services of the Y. M. C. A. have been held these last two months, though the loss of College Hall has lessened the activities to some degree.

The joint Wednesday evening meetings have maintained themselves very satisfactorily. Among the recent speakers have been Dr. Spidle and Mr. Lumsden. Besides these, we were especially favored in having with us one evening, Miss Flora Clark, who is home from India on furlough. On the 15th of December she gave us a splendid address on the needs of the work in India.

Also, on November 30th and December 1st, the joint organizations had as their guest, Dr. Schofield, of Korea. His stay was all too brief, for we found him very helpful in suggestion and address.

On November 21st, the Y. M. C. A. held the first Sunday evening Y. M. service in the church. Rev. Dr. Huddleston of Halifax was the speaker.

During the week of prayer, on January 7th, the Y. M. C. A. took charge of one meeting in the Baptist church. Dr. Cutten was the speaker.



'60.—Mr. John Payzant died in California Nov. 16th. The body was brought to Halifax for interment.

'61.—Rev. Wm. H. Porter is residing in Vancouver, B. C. after retiring from the ministry. He was recently knocked down by a street-car and badly injured.

'63.—Rev. James F. Morton is teaching as Principle of Proctor Academy, Andover, N. H.

'68.—Dr. Lewis Hunt has retired from his medical practice and is living in London, Eng.

'69.—Dr. J. Johnston Hunt is living in Halifax and is an active worker in the legal profession.

'71.—To Dr. I. B. Oakes we extend our sympathy on account of the death of his brother at Nietaux Falls.

'71.—Mr. Wm. A. Spinney is employed as teacher in Boston and lives at Trinity Court.

'72.—Mr. Wm. M. MacVicar is supervising principle of Roberts' High Schools, Cambridge, Mass.

'73.—Dr. J. B. Hall has retired and is at his home in Lawrence town. On Jan. 5th, 1920, he married Mrs. Clara Balcolm.

'73.—Prof. A. J. Eaton is teaching Classics at McGill University.

'75.—Mr. Wm. G. Parsons is still practising law in Middleton, N. S.

'78.—Rev. Raleigh H. Bishop is living at Greenwich, N. S.

'78.—Dr. J. A. Faulkner is Professor of Historical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

'79.—Mr. G. Ormand Forsyth is practising law at Port Hawkesbury, C. B.

'79.—Mr. Rupert Haley has retired and is now in California.

'79.—Mr. Willard P. Shaffner is living in Kentville, but has given up his practice of law.

'80.—Dr. Samuel N. Bentley is engaged in the lumbering industry in Ravenna, Neb.

'80.—Dr. C. H. Day celebrated the 15th year of his pastorate at Watertown, Mass., on Nov. 3rd. Under his care the Church has doubled its members in that time.

'80. —Rev. G. I. Coulter White has now retired and is living in Summerside, B. C.

'83.—Dr. O. C. S. Wallace has published a very interesting article in the Western Baptist for December 16th., on the World's Alliance Conference, which met in London, July 19th.

'85.—Dr. Selden W. Cummings of Pasadena, has received a call to the Ruggles St. Baptist Church of Boston, Mass.

'85.—We extend our sympathy to Dr. S. L. Walker on account of the death of his father A. J. Walker, which occurred at Truro, December nineteenth.

'85.—Rev. J. Alexander Ford, M. A., of American Falls, Idaho, has received and declined a call to a church in Wenatchee, Washington.

'86.—Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Higgins have arrived in India.

'86.—Rev. A. K. DeBlois, of First Baptist Church, Boston, recently delivered a lecture in Worcester, Mass., on "The Modern Boy and the Ancient Book."

'86.—Rev. F. H. Beals has moved to Bedford, and has begun work in the pastorate there.

'86.—Dr. J. W. Brown, the pastor of the Bethel Baptist Church of Fort Fairville, Me., is publishing a local church paper called "The Baptist Guest."

'90.—Harry W. Brown, who has been acting as Assistant Deputy Minister for the Militia Dept., has received per-

manent appointment as the health of the former assistant has forced him to retire.

'91.—Rev. J. W. Litch has been appointed Superintendent of Missions in British Columbia.

'91.—Dr. J. H. McDonald is acting as one of the Examiners at Newton Theological Seminary.

'91.—Dr. H. P. Whidden of Brandon College is to be congratulated on the large number of students and efficient work done in the college this year.

'91.—Rev. J. H. Jenner is recovering from an operation, which he underwent in the New England Baptist Hospital, Cambridge, Mass. His church has been supplied by George M. Mott, who is studying at Acadia. Dr. Jenner was one of the speakers at the meeting of the Acadia Alumni of New England.

'91.—Dr. J. H. McDonald lectured in Hampton, N. B. on Nov. 29th and in St. John, Nov. 30. Both lectures were on subjects connected with war.

'92.—Rev. A. F. Newcombe has closed his pastorate with the First Baptist Church of Ontario, Cal., and removed to Los Angeles.

'95.—Miss Mabel Archibald is now editor of *The India Temperance Record* and *White Ribbon* which is published in Calcutta.

'95.—A farewell dinner was given to D. S. McCurdy at the home of Albert Knight just before his departure for Burmah. He was presented with a very touching farewell address, an automobile and one of the best typewriters on the market. Dr. McCurdy received the honorary degree of D.D. from Acadia last year.

'95.—W. R. Foote is on his way home from Korea.

'96.—Dr. G. B. Cutten attended the annual gatherings of Alumni in New England.

'96.—Rev. F. E. Bishop is again at work on the Florenceville field after a vacation due to illness.

'97.—Dr. Simeon Spidle has been supplying in the First Baptist Church, Truro.

'97.—We extend sympathy to Rev. W. I. Morse of Lynn, in the death of his mother which took place at Paradise, Nov. 18th.

'99.—Irad B. Hardy has been called to the First Baptist Church, Truro, N. S.

'00.—Rev. H. L. Kempton has accepted the pastorate of Salem Baptist Church, Ohio, U. S. A.

'01.—Rev. A. S. Lewis of Regina has been appointed President of the Baptist Union, Sask.

'01.—We extend sympathy to Rev. M. S. Richardson, Bridgetown, N. S. owing to the death of his father.

'03.—Dr. Leslie Eaton has taken over the dental practice of Dr. McKenna, Wolfville, N. S.

'03.—George C. Durkee has accepted a call to Springfield, Anna. Co., N. S., and plans to settle there next month.

'04.—L. H. Crandall, Hantsport, N. S., has been called to the church in Chipman, N. B.

'04.—We regret to report the death of Prof. Churchill deBlois Denton, of Summerland, B. C.

'04.—J. H. Cunningham spent a few days in Wolfville recently, organizing the million dollar campaign.

'05.—At Portland, Oregon, Nov. 5th to Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Strong, a daughter.

'06.—To Rev. and Mrs. Gordon P. Barss of Takkali, India, a daughter, Edith Mary on Nov. 1st., 1920.

'07.—Prof. W. R. Barss is engaged at the Boston Institution of Technology, in the Department of Physics.

'07.—W. R. Barss is succeeded by Denton J. Neily as president of the Acadia Alumni of New England.

'08.—Mrs. Herbert Bagnell (nee Lucy Lowe) is now at Hazel Grove, Prince Edward Island.

'08.—Dr. Malcolm Elliott is recovering from a slight attack of blood poisoning.

'09.—Rev. F. C. Rideout has been appointed Past Chaplain at Federal Service School, Kansas.

'10.—Vernon Chute is now in Toronto.

'10.—A. G. MacIntyre is directing the million dollar campaign for Acadia.

'10.—At Ningpo, China to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Thomas, a daughter, Oct. 20th.

'12.—Rev. I. S. Nowlan has recently taken charge of Men & Boys work, Brook's House, a settlement house in East Hammond, Indiana.

'12.—Austin Chute, is teaching in Buffalo, U. S. A.

'12.—Mary Porter is teaching in Windsor, N. S.

'13.—A. S. Bishop has resigned his pastorate with the Fairville church and is moving to Hillsboro.

Ex. '14.—Dr. G. Richmond and wife, of Sydney, spent Nov. 12 in Wolfville, renewing old acquaintances.

'16.—Douglas Borden is claims agent for a large hardware concern.

'16.—Mr. Murray Millet has been visiting in Wolfville.

Ex. '16.—Miss Vera Robbins is employed with the New Burrell-Johnson Iron Co., Yarmouth, N. S.

'17.—Kathleen Knickle is teaching in Lunenburg Academy.

Ex. '18.—On Dec. 28, Jennie Steeves of Hillsboro and Prof. E. D. McPhee, instructor in Psychology and Education at Acadia, were married.

'18.—Jean Goucher is in Wolfville assisting Mr. McIntyre, who has charge of the Acadia million dollar campaign.

'19.—Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Rouse on the birth of a son.

'19.—Isabel McGee who has been teaching in Saskatchewan, has gone to B. C.

'19.—Ruth Elderkin has returned to her school in Vermont.

'19.—B. R. Hall has been appointed Inspector of Schools for Cumberland Co., N. S.

'20.—Elmira Borden is teaching in River John.

'20.—Ethel Rand has completed her Normal course and obtained a position in Glace Bay.

'20.—Mildred Harvey is at home for a few months and is taking stenography and typewriting at Acadia Seminary.

'20.—Angela Herbin has accepted a position with Mr. McIntyre, in the Acadia million dollar campaign.

'20.—Carrol Clarke is at Normal School in Edmonton, Alta., not at Fredericton, as erroneously stated in the Dec. Athenaeum.

'21.—R. S. Longley has taken charge of the Parrsboro School, thus releasing B. R. Hall '19 for his new position.

Ex. '21.—Jean McQuarrie is taking a course in Social Service at Toronto University.

Ex. '22.—Ethel Verge is recovering after an operation for appendicitis.

Ex.—'23.—Nina Wickwire is teaching in Nanton, Alberta.

'24.—The sympathies of all his fellow students to T. Robinson in the death of his father.

Mrs. Dr. Trotter so favorably known among us has been appointed Dean of Willingford Hall in connection with McMaster University.

Sem, ex. '08.—Miss Mary Bagnell is visiting friends in Lawrencetown.

Sem. 'ex. '10.—Miss May Chute spent the holidays at her home in Waterville, N. S. She is at present teacher in Household Science at MacDonald College, P. Q.

Sem. 'ex. '14.—Marjorie Haley is spending the winter in Wolfville, where she has accepted the position of Kindergarten teacher in the public school.

Sem. '15.—Margarita Woodworth figured in the play, "Seven Keys to Balpath."

Sem. ex. '15.—Evelyn Spidell was married to Ralph Eaton, Custom House Officer at Kentville on Jan. 12.

Sem. '17.—Alice Fairn played the leading lady in the play "Seven Keys to Baldpate." She has now gone to Boston where she will continue her studies in elocution.

Sem. ex. '17.—Mrs. Ralph Pineo (Bess Porter) visited friends in "the valley" recently.

Sem. '17.—Violet Jacques is teaching in Alix, Alberta.



TO write exchanges one month isn't so bad; to write them a second month is harder; to write them a third time seems almost impossible, and that's where I am, on the forbidding threshold of the third time. Now the reason for this increasing difficulty may not be obvious. It might seem that the more experience one gets the easier it would be. The difficulty, however, lies in the fact that the faults which appear in a magazine one month are almost certain to appear in the second issue of the same publication, and so on in the third. You criticize it the first time, do the same thing in attempt number two, in perhaps different wording, and in number three you cannot think of another way to say the same thing. Before I start on the exchanges definitely, allow me to take a little space in discussing the several major classes of faults which seem to pervade the exchange world today. We will use no names, but, to use that hackneyed expression, "If the shoe fits, put it on". We will try to do the same. Let us first come to some understanding on this question, "What is the purpose of a college magazine?" To our mind, it is three fold: First, to maintain and develop literary ability among the undergraduates; secondly, to carry out to our graduates scattered over the country messages from their Alma Mater; thirdly, to show to other colleges and the world in general our student life and thought.

If we are right in this supposition that these three principles are those toward which a college editor should strive, then we can perceive and test out what we call "faults" according as they violate these principles.

First, and most criminal, the practice of filling a college magazine with graduate material. Apply that to your three principles, and you will find that it violates practically every one of them. If the students of a university have not enough ambition, for that is all that can be lacking, to uphold their own publication, there is something radically wrong—and yet it is being done today in more than one case.

Secondly, the tendency to change from a monthly magazine to a much smaller pamphlet of weekly appearance. Now I realize that in this case we can find fault in the first particular, namely, that it does not develop the literary ability of the students and against that we have to place the fact that svort news is certainly received in a much fresher form. However, we consider the loss to be far greater than the gain.

Thirdly, the habit of specialization. By this we mean an unbalanced magazine. Many of our agricultural exchanges suffer from this fault. They overwhelm the reader with articles on agriculture, but there is very little else. They fulfil ideal number three, but the others are very doubtful. Why not insert some stories, poetry, etc.? The fact that it is an agricultural college should not exclude these things. This is only one way that a magazine may be unbalanced. There are many others. For example, we realize that we ourselves have been inclined to be "heavy" during the last few years, but we are trying now to overcome that difficulty.

Fourthly, there comes the question of poor arrangement, including such things as lack of "table of contents", breaking up a story and putting half of it away at the back of an issue, which is, I suppose, an aggravation of what I was calling a third fault, that is, the insertion of advertisements among the reading matter. These things may seem trivial, and perhaps do not strictly violate our principles, but they all add, or rather, detract from the impression that we give to the outside world and to other colleges, so why not correct them?

With these few general remarks, which may or may not be correct according to the reader's point of view, let us proceed to a more definite study of the month's exchanges.

McMASTER MONTHLY.

This is not the season when outdoor bathing appeals to us, yet the article entitled "Baths" is certainly bright and interesting. The story, "Christmas at Camden Terrace" is well written, and the department which McMaster calls "Around the Hill", and we term "Month", is written in a thorough and entertaining fashion. We see no mention of intercollegiate athletics, which seems a pity, as they loom so large in many of our exchanges, and rightly so. We consider this issue is an improvement on last month. It has lost a little of its sepulchral note, and contains some light material.

BRANDON QUILL.

The "Quill" is weak in its literary department, but Brandon is young, the "Quill" is young, and doubtless this will be remedied before many years. On the other hand, we wish to extend our appreciation of the bright and lively way the magazine is prepared, which augurs well for the spirit of our fellow Baptists in Manitoba.

We are glad to see Professor J. Howe, an honor graduate of Acadia, mentioned in your pages. We congratulate you in your mutual attraction.

MANAGRA.

We note with interest that the students of M. A. C. are making good use of a wireless set. We shortly expect to be able to say the same. East should meet west then, with M. A. C., Acadia and Kings all equipped with wireless. Evidently there has been some oversight, as we find the poem, "Victory", by Mr. H. Manning, Acadia, '19, printed with no note as to author. This issue seems rather out of balance, with so much attention given to agricultural subjects. Remember that a college magazine is not wholly for home consumption.

VOX WESLEYANA.

There is a very rational article here on the S. C. M., a few lines of which we quote: "Can you think of Christ as a college man? If he were, would not his best work be done as of yore by personal contact, rather than by great demonstrations of enthusiasm? He would be the best friend of the men on the football and baseball fields, as well as in the class rooms, provided he could find a place open for him." Think it over, fellows. We hope the threatened discontinuation of "Vox" does not take place. You are always welcome here.

MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG.

This exchange is new to our shelves, and we wish to welcome it heartily. It is, of course, as the name implies, largely a technical publication, and hence not exactly in the class of our ordinary exchanges. However, there are two articles of a more general nature, one entitled "The soul of Business", and the other, "What must a college do?" which are well worth reading by anyone, busy though he may be.

This magazine has been kindly sent to us by C. W. del Plaine, Ex-'16, who is the Civil Engineering Editor of the Minnesota Techno-log.

"COLLEGIAN" (ST. THOMAS).

This little paper is worth of highest commendation. We are glad to welcome it among our exchanges. It has a touch of originality throughout, and is entertaining and inviting.

A part of an editorial reads as follows: "It is not the bored and blasé men of the times that have achieved success, and so it is not the scoffer who will help to place our school ahead. Therefore, let us be enthusiastic in our sports, at our literary functions, and at our school work. Lack of interest will put a school to sleep faster than chloroform".

The cuts and illustrations make this paper very inviting. We hope to hear from you again.

XAVERIAN.

The November Xaverian reaches its usual high standard of excellence. There are several good articles and stories, the best, perhaps, being "Stories in Words" and "Misguided".

The poetry displays fine form and finish. But on the whole the paper is a little too sanctimonious and would be greatly relieved by the introduction of a little levity.

Our congratulations on the success of your financial campaign.

GATEWAY.

The idea of asking for contributions to its pages from eminent men of the times is not unquestionable. "Resources of Northern Canada", by the famous explorer, Stefansson, is a really worth-while article. There is, however, in the paper a lack of the personal touch of the student of the university.

It is also a little hard on our romantic fantasy to find day-dreams crowded on the page where in large letters we are reminded of the grim necessity of winter overcoats!

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE RECORD.

This exchange, while not up to the college standard in some respects, that is, literary articles and stories, is particularly well prepared, admirably arranged, and is really a very attractive exchange, with its interesting skits and cuts.

WESTERN U. GAZETTE.

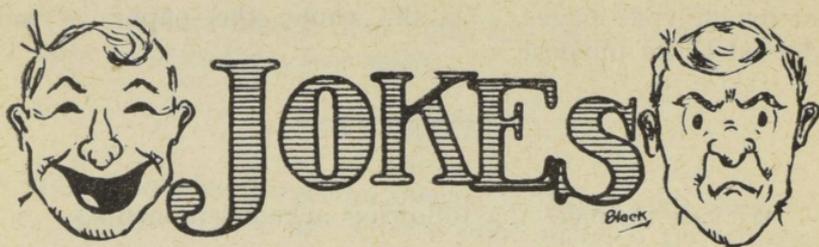
This exchange is in every sense a college newspaper, but we are glad to keep in touch with western college activities in this way. Sporting news seems to occupy the major

portion of your pages. On the whole, the paper is well adapted to its purpose.

We beg to make the following acknowledgments:

- “Dalhousie Gazette”.
- The “Sheath”.
- The “University Monthly”.
- The “Ubyyssey”.
- “King’s College Record”.





Dr. DeWitt—I must forbid all brain-work.

Fritz—May I continue to work at my poetry?

Dr. DeWitt—Certainly.

Davison—Hard work never killed anyone.

Davidson—I prefer an occupation with a spice of danger to it.

Prof. Cavie (after catching Cox using a pea-shooter in class)—“Mr. Cox, I am astonished at such conduct.

Cox '22—That's all right, sir. You go on lecturing, and I'll keep Joe Pyne awake.

Read, '21—I wired my father and said where is that money I wrote you for?

Parsons—What did he reply?

Read—He wired back: “In my pocket.”

Poole, '22 (speaking at A. C. A., Dec. 20)—I expect to have palpitation of the heart for the next two weeks.

Boulter, '22—“Is Rockefeller's money tainted?”

Mac, '21—“Yes, in two ways: 'Tain't yours and 'tain't mine.”

Activity (in Freshman Soph. debate)—Our opponents say that British interference in Russian affairs would affect Russia economically, but we are arguing from a financial point of view.

Miss M., '23—I wonder why Terrian always shuts his eyes while he is singing?

Miss P., '23—I guess it's because he can't bear to see us suffering so.

Steeves, '22 (meeting Betts with two girls)—“Hello, Hen.”

Betts—“Hello, Chick.”

Dr. Rhod (In English, 2, where Poole and Wetmore, due to late hours, are sleeping soundly)—“If Mr. Pools and Mr. Wetmore could sit next to, and lean on, each other, perhaps they would rest more comfortably.”

Parsons, '21—“The name Ruth seems to touch one of the deep places in your heart, Bill.”

Lumsden, '21—“That simply goes to show that I am not Ruthless.”

Mac N., '21 (at Cecies)—Have some ice cream?

Miss W., '23—Oh, just a mouthful, please.

Mac N. (to maid)—Bring along a brick.

Prof. (in drawing I)—Mr. Crockett, tell me how you would make a maltese cross.

Crockett, Eng. '23—Step on its tail, sir!

Leslie—What kind of a cigar is that?

Read, '21—It's called the “Soldier Girl”.

Lofty—H'm, I noticed it belongs to the ranks.

Hotel Clerk at Truro—Mr. Leslie, I'm afraid the bed is not long enough for you.

Lofty, '21—Never mind, I'll add two feet to it when I get in.

Weeks, '22—Ghee, Giddy, you look weather beaten today.

Giddy, '21—Yep. I bet Bob fifty cents it would rain today, and it didn't.

Co-ed (at reception)—You believe in spirits?
P-rk-r—Yes, when taken moderately.

Tommy—Well, I must go and shave.

Ken F.—Why, this isn't the first of the month, is it?

McCready (seeing Corey on street)—Why is Albert like a bookmark?

Miller—Why?

Mac—He's between two Pages.

Innis, '21—What's your idea of happiness?

Activity, '23—Nothing to do, and lots of time to do it in.

Miss M., '23 (after Xmas dinner in Tully's)—“I really don't know what to wish for?”

Rd., '21—“Well, then, I'll wish for you.”

Miss M., '23—Will you, really? Then there is no use fooling over this old fish-bone, you can have me.”

Prof. McPhee—Well, I hear we have all been busy during the holidays. Mr. Corey has been collecting “Pages” for his diary, while Mr. McNeil has been attending to his “Wry”.

WANTED TO KNOW:—

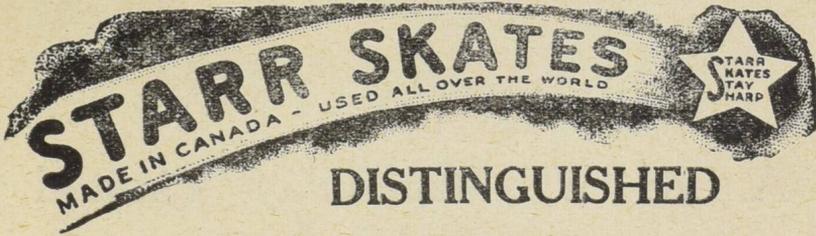
Why, when Lofty kept one girl skating for four bands; he didn't let her rest for at least one intermission period?

W-ll—ms, '24—Would it be any further to go straight across to Boston than to go around by way of Toronto?

Too bad—Acadia has a Marsh in the Sem., a Hill in the College, a Poole in the Academy and no geology prof.

My sermon for Dec. 5th will be on “Faith and Fire,” —“and Souvenirs”, added a student.

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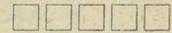
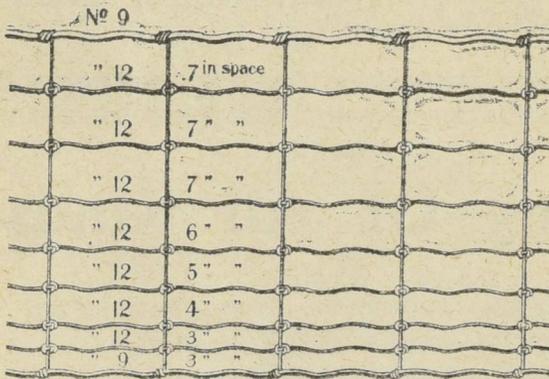
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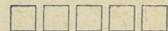
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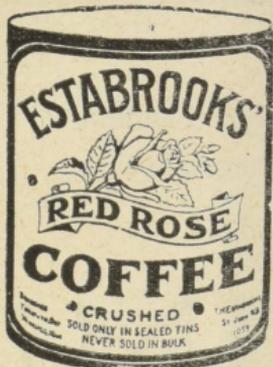
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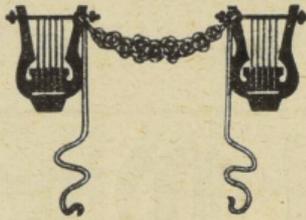
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