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January-February, 1924

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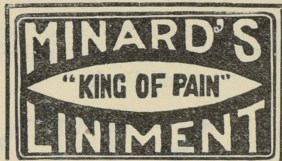
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# CONTENTS

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Awards for the Month.....	1
Content—J. G. McKay .....	2
In Memoriam—John George McKay .....	4
The Snow Flurry—H. M. Bannerman, '24 .....	18
The Raid—C. R. Gould, '26 .....	19
Are We Thoughtless Automatons ?—T. W. Cook, '25...	25
In January—E. Ardis Whitman, '26.....	29
A Day Off—A. T. Smith, '24 .....	30
The Trials of a Skating Rink Manager—C. M. Sidell, '24, 34	
Solitary Wasps—T. W. Cook, '25 .....	37
Peat and Its Possibilities—H. M. Bannerman, '24.....	41
Artificial Pearls—F. M. Cleveland, '26.....	44
Editorial .....	48
Seminary Department .....	51
Academy Department .....	52
Athletics .....	55
Month .....	58
Personals .....	67
Exchanges .....	69
Jokes .....	75
Cartoon .....	78

# The Acadia Athenæum

Vol. L.

Wolfville, N. S., Jan.-Feb., 1924.

No. 3.

## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems:—1st, H. M. Bannerman, '24; 2nd, E. Ardis Whitman, '26.

Articles:—1st, T. W. Cook, '25; 2nd, Olive M. Archibald, '26.

Stories:—1st, C. R. Gould, '26; 2nd, A. T. Smith, '24.

Humor:—A. T. Smith, '24, and C. M. Spidell, '24.

Science:—1st, T. W. Cook, '25; 2nd, H. M. Bannerman, '24; 3rd, F. M. Cleveland, '26.

Athletics:—1st, E. R. Rafuse, '25; 2nd, C. M. Spidell, '24.

Month:—1st, H. M. Bannerman, '24; 2nd, Inga M. Vogler, '25.

Exchanges:—1st, C. M. Spidell, '24; 2nd, M. G. Perry, '27.

Personals:—1st, Jean C. McLaughlin, '25; 2nd, (no award).

Jokes:—B. N. Goodwin, '24.

Cartoon:—E. R. Rafuse, '25.

Snap:—(No award).

Seniors ..... 13 units

Juniors ..... 11 units

Sophomores ..... 5 units

Freshmen ..... 1 unit

Pennant to Seniors.



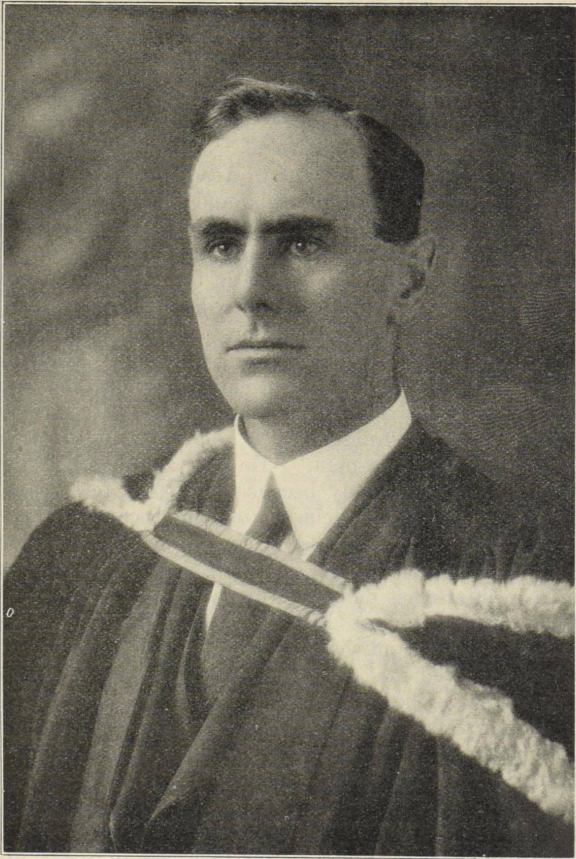
## C O N T E N T

What if the way ahead be overgrown,  
 A maze of tangled brier and thorn ?  
 What if the trail be all obscured, unknown,  
     That other feet have worn ?  
 Have you not asked the Guide ? Has e'er the past belied  
 His promise ? You are trusting Him ;  
 Press on ; fear not ; whatever path you take  
     *Must* be the best !  
 The choice is yours, 'tis true ; choose carefully—  
 A future is at stake,—and prayerfully ;  
 But when the choice is made,  
     To Him the rest !

The Backward Way, the way by which you came,  
 Seems it as tho' a wanderer there  
 You drifted fretful, discontent,—your aim  
     To find some path more fair ?  
 That road, you say, was long, uncharted, weary, wrong,  
 And crossed with pain ; the shadows there  
 Obscured the soul's true purpose, buried faith  
     In deepest night ;—  
 But wait ! You ventured not ere you had prayed  
 The guidance of His grace ? You sought His aid,  
 His hand ? Then spurn regret,  
     *That* path was right !

What if the cruel years have snatched the gleam,  
 And Life's one pearl lies lustreless ;  
 The joy in that which was, or might have been,  
     Forever laid to rest ?  
 If Earth from Heaven seems far, the World a lonely bar,  
 Where breaks the surf of Life's wild sea,—  
 Cold, heartless sea, whose greed brooks no return  
     Of all it takes,  
 Be still ; be calm ; eyes see where yours do not ;  
 Some plan o'errules, some Mind transcends your thought ;  
 On Earth, in Heaven, somewhere, God compensates.

J. G. McKAY. '15.



JOHN GEORGE MCKAY, B. A., M. C.



## IN MEMORIAM

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JOHN GEORGE MCKAY

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“THERE was a man sent from God whose name was John.” To his many Acadia associates and friends he was more familiarly known as “J. G.” Born at Little Branch, N. B., in 1886, he came to Acadia from the farm, the lumber camps, the fishing vessels, and “the dredge” of the Miramichi River District. Frequently he used to refer to his work “on the dredge”, which seemed to symbolize and summarize his preparatory course in the great university of life in the face to face and hand to hand contacts with the hardly workmen of the out-of-doors. Called to the Presbyterian ministry, he entered Acadia Collegiate Academy in January, 1911, the following fall entered college, and graduated with credit and honor with the Class of 1915. His career at Wolfville was well described at the time by the tribute, “He was every inch a man.” He early became a leader in collegiate life, not merely because he was a few years the senior of the most of his classmates, but because of his versatile interests, his abilities, his friendly nature, the strength of his moral character, and his wide experience. He participated in inter-class debates, won the Athletic “A” in football and tract, acted as Editor-in-Chief of the *Athenaeum* in his Junior Year and won the Literary “A”, held the presidency of the Students’ Council and the House Mastership of the Academy in the Senior Year. In addition to these absorbing interests, he supported the religious organizations of the university and town and found time to be a good mixer at the principal social functions of the campus. All in all, he was a splendid type of modern college man, honest, companionable, unselfish, well-orbed in his manliness.

I shall leave to others better qualified to speak of his year at the Harvard Divinity School, his distinguished war service, his studies and Y. M. C. A. work at McGill University, and his outstanding relation to the Student Christian

Movement. It is one of the failures of human nature, particularly in these busy days, not to appreciate fully the worth of a true friend and comrade until after several years or until God takes him. For some time, I had been joyfully anticipating our next class reunion, when I might have the opportunity of gripping the hand of good "J. G." again and telling him how much I esteemed him. What was my astonishment when, during our vacation in New Brunswick in August, the shocking report of his death reached me. I have before me one of his letters, an eight-page, hand-written, very intimate letter, which I received from him at the time of my marriage soon after our graduation and parting in 1915. In the light of his life as I now see it, what a wonderful letter that is! Very few, if any, would have taken the trouble to write as he wrote. I have a portion of another letter that come from him to a friend in 1918 from Reading Hospital, England, in which he says, with characteristic hilarity, "But it's great to think that the slaughter is over, and life about to assume a normal tone again. It has been a funny old time for the last four years." Referring to his wounds and the joltings of the box car on the way to the casualty clearing-station, he remarks philosophically, "But all that is incidental and really of small account—compared with some things that one has seen and heard 'over there'." There is a classic definition which came to my attention several years since which seems so applicable to him:

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty nor failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."

It is my privilege, not only to write these few lines of personal appreciation, but to act as an intermediary through whom several persons might commemorate this worthy life



in a variety of loving tributes. If space permitted, I should like to include several articles and poems from his pen. This memorial, however, has only one, the poem "Content", which Mrs. McKay says best of all expressed his philosophy of life. It is the purpose of the family to publish a volume of his poetic productions in the near future.

*Rev. Walter S. Ryder, 1915, Savanna, Ill.*

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"I am glad of an opportunity to express appreciation of my dear friend, 'J. G.' I call him 'my friend' because we were so intimate during those five happy years at Acadia. I recall the many, many times that, weary with studying, we pushed the books aside and talked to each other from our hearts. Both of us were men when we entered school and had a considerable background of experience. On this account, perhaps, we found more in common with each other than with other members of the class. In any case, we looked upon the world of men and things thru mature eyes and saw them, I think, as they really are. Appalling need impressed us both and not once but often 'J. G.' declared his desire to be 'indispensably useful' somewhere.

"I shall always remember my friend as one whose mental and moral powers were above the average and whose genius for friendship was exceptional. Everyone felt perfectly at home in his company and was the better for it. His conscientiousness, seasoned with good humor, made him exceedingly popular. Why he should have been taken from earth so soon is one of the mysteries of Providence, but I cannot resist the feeling that God wanted him for bigger work somewhere else."

*Rev. C. A. S. Howe, President of Class 1915.*

*Amesbury, Mass.*

“The members of the class of 1915 have suffered the loss of a real man. J. G. McKay’s career had only just begun. Why one so worthy of the bright future which lay ahead of him should be taken, we cannot understand. During our college days he endeared himself to us all. We were enriched by his presence. Our loss is great.”

*Rae VanH. Wilson, Secretary of Class 1915.  
St. John, N. B.*

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“It was with a great sense of personal loss that I learned of the passing of J. G. McKay. He was one of the world’s Big Brothers—always helping others, concerned with their problems and their troubles, forgetful of himself. He was never too busy to help someone else. A kind, impartial and sincere adviser and a very true friend. Such a big heart and a broad outlook will always be a source of inspiration to all of us who were privileged to know ‘J. G.’ and to have his friendship. May it be a never-ending memorial to him and may we pass on to others what we learned from him of Big Brotherhood.”

*Grace Blenkhorn Kinsman, 1915, Regina, Sask.*

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“A ‘gentleman unafraid’ was J. G. McKay. His splendid courage, whether in class affairs, in sports, or on the battlefield, won for him distinction. His unfailing courtesy and sympathetic understanding of difficulties endeared him to his associates, and the members of the class of 1915 have suffered a real loss—the loss of a friend.”

*Hazel A. Clark, 1915, St. John, N. B.*

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“In the anniversary number of the *Acadia Athenæum* of June, 1915, an anonymous biographer wrote, ‘He was every inch a man,’ and these words must express the opinion of every classmate who found himself associated with ‘J. G.’ McKay. Any words of admiration and esteem which his friends may pen must appear inadequate as a memorial to a man whose life was so replete with deeds. My intimate

association with 'J. G.' ended at Harvard, where, with Jimmie Green, we ripened a friendship which had its beginning at Acadia. To use our beloved classmate's own words in his commencement address, 'It is interesting to watch men—to watch them as they come out of the shadows, pass by in the full glare of the light, and lose themselves again in the shadows.' We have always followed 'J. G.'s' life with interest, but it is with great sorrow that we watch him pass from the glare of activity into the shadows of rest. The shadows, we know, could not fail but appear bright to 'J. G.' as they would be illuminated by his abundant faith. He has achieved immortality—immortal in his good deeds and in the hearts of his friends. An actor on the stage of life whose part seems to have ended too soon."

*Prof. Dr. Alden B. Dawson, 1915, Oak Park, Ill.*

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" 'A man for the ages'—one likes to think of 'J. G.' in that light. Truly he was a man among men—self-effacing, courageous, a 'brilliant and a shining light' and a power among men. His was a profound optimism, and one thinks of Browning's lines:

'One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;  
Never dreamed, though right was worsted, wrong would  
triumph;

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.'

'His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man!'

*James A. Green, 1915, Detroit, Mich.*

---

" 'J. G.,' the Big Brother of 1915—one of Nature's noblemen—a man of high ideals and unafraid to live up to his convictions. His passing has cut short a career which could not have been other than brilliant, and each and every one of his old associates is experiencing thereby a very real and personal sense of loss."

*M. Hazel Smith, 1915, New York City.*



“If we might find, beloved, where the gleam  
That guided thee, a happy pilgrim, here,  
Glanced in its onward flash o’er hill and stream,  
Or o’er some desert waste or strange blaspheming mere,  
'Twas on the bosom of the blameless Christ  
It rested,—that, at least, we dare to know;  
He would not, for he could not, fail that tryst;  
And there we leave him, safe from every foe.”

*Mary Kinley Ingraham, 1915, Librarian  
at Acadia University.*

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“The true impact of the call to arms in the world war came to ‘J. G.’ at Harvard, where, on a bed of sickness, he decided that his duty as a Christian and a Canadian, lay in the midst of the turmoil. Rendered unfit, by that illness, for combatant service, he found, with the Y. M. C. A., ample opportunity to serve in other ways. Ever mindful of the needs, physical and spiritual, of the lads in kilts or khaki, he gave them of his best, up the line or back in billets. During the Amiens drive, a classmate, whose battalion ‘hopped off’ through Rosieres in an attack, noted ‘Y’ men here and there distributing chocolate bars to the boys, and on returning a casualty, a few hours later, was delighted to find ‘J. G.’ in charge of that advanced ‘Y’ post, doing all in his power for the wounded and the dying. A clasp of the hand, and a ‘cheerio’ and ‘J. G.’ was away to look after others. Later in the day he moved his post to the newly-won objective, where, under shell and machine-gun fire, he continued his splendid service. ‘J. G.’ was awarded the Military Cross for what he did that day, though ‘all in the day’s work’ to him, and richly did he deserve the honor. More than the one Acadia boy met ‘J. G.’ that day, and with them all that memory will never fade.

“‘J. G.’, in Canada once more, found that the ministry had not quite the same appeal. Having caught, upon the fields of battle, a vision of service to young men, where he had rendered it, and seen it given by others without thought

of life or death, he was loath to let it go. Somehow creed and doctrine seemed to matter less, and young men, future leaders of our growing nation, seemed to need the personal rather than the pastoral touch to lead them to know the Christ. 'J. G.' was offered and accepted the Student Secretaryship at McGill University. The students there, as elsewhere throughout Canada, were about to develop a new Christian organization to replace the 'Y', which had just withdrawn its always helpful supervision in order to give them complete control. The right man in the right place, 'J. G.' took a leading part in the several Student Conferences that followed. From them has emerged a type of Christianity that is distinctly student in character, and which has already exerted a profound influence upon our student life. Freed from creed and doctrine, impelled by a fine faith in their Master, the students have thought through with Christ the story of His life, and solving with Him their personal problems, they have found a joyous Christianity that has inspired theologian and layman alike. The Movement, through the media of several great conferences, has spread among students the world over, and a world-wide fellowship of Christian students, with a new and more understanding love for their Master and their fellows has come into being, a universal brotherhood of the future leaders of the world, a means, God grant, of bringing to pass that world peace for which all people pray. To all who know the great part that 'J. G.' played in bringing this to pass, there comes the question, 'Who knoweth but he came into the world for such a time as this ?' "

*Arthur W. Roger, 1915, Toronto, Ont.*

---

"It was with deep regret that a while since I learned of the death of our beloved J. G. McKay. Well do I remember when he reached Wolfville for study, a young man of high principle and purpose, intent upon getting the most out of his college years and upon enriching others by the best of which he was capable. From the day he first set foot on The Hill until his graduation he wrought in all relations with



fellow-students, and in the life of the community around, for the social, intellectual, and spiritual uplift of all within the compass of his influence.

“About ‘J. G.’ there was nothing of the uncertain. All of his acquaintances understood that he was of the reliable quality, a fellow everywhere to be counted upon to stand staunchly for the right. For this his friends and associates profoundly esteemed him. Teachers looked to him as a prudent and dependable ally in everything promotive of general weal. He was a young man of the all-round sort, or about as near that as can be attained. When he took leave of Acadia we had assurance that he would be of great worth thereafter to any community favored by his presence. And we are pleased to know, now that he has been so early cut off, that he was grandly fulfilling our large expectations.

“Nor after all has his work come to a finish, although we shall here see his face no more. Acadia students, and all others well knowing him, will, by recalling what he was and did, by recollection of the manly man, the leal-hearted friend, the loyal servant of the Lord, be quickened to what is purest in thought and most elevating in service. With gratitude to God for the life and ministry of this splendid fellow, an old teacher of his rejoices to pay a word of tribute to his fragrant memory.”

*Prof. Dr. A. C. Chute, of Acadia.*

---

“I was shocked to hear of the death of Mr. McKay, for it seemed that one so full of strength and vitality and one whose life promised so much in usefulness could not be taken away. I remember him as he came to Acadia, followed his course year by year, and was not surprized when the call came that he should go overseas and win his military cross. I remember his fine appreciation of things worth while, and while still an undergraduate his poetry, which was published in the *Athenaeum*. Strong on the football field, strong in classroom, strong in his moral sense, strong in his dealings with others, I have looked upon him as one of the men of which Acadia might be proud, and prouder year by year.



The impression which he left on the faculty, on his fellow students, and on the boys who came under his influence in the Academy, makes death a mockery, for one cannot die while his influence is continuing from year to year in the lives of others.

"I was not, of course, in personal touch with him in connection with his life at McGill, but I have no doubt that at Stratheona Hall the same strong, healthful influence radiated; and that McGill and her students are better because he worked among them."

*Rev. Dr. George B. Cutten,  
President of Colgate University.*

---

"Along with others I had the privilege of knowing J. G. McKay at Acadia. We remember him for the strength and physical fitness that made him so useful to his Alma Mater on the football field; and for the strength of mind and character that gave him a position of respect and honor among the students of all classes.

"It was the same old 'J. G.' that I found at McGill, except he lacked some of the physical ruggedness of other days. Yet he spared himself not at all. Early and late he planned and worked for the Student Christian life at McGill and in other Canadian Universities. His patience, ability, heroism and success do credit to Canadian Student life and to the Alma Mater that first opened the door to a larger world of service.

"He was never popular in a superficial sense. But beneath the surface, where the stronger, steadier currents move he made permanent friendships and won a more than common loyalty for those things that remain."

*Prof. Dr. C. A. Dawson, of McGill.*

---

"A familiar figure has passed from our campus. A well-bred comrade is absent from our class rooms. A trusted friend of students has left Stratheona Hall. J. G. McKay was known and respected by a large number of people in the city of Montreal and in the university. To these the

news of his death came as a shock—but to those who had worked with him in the college and in the work of the Student Movement his absence will be felt most keenly for many a day. It is to his untiring effort, his never-failing patience, his whole-hearted sympathy, and his unselfish devotion that the S. C. A. in large part owes its strength.

“His breadth of mind made him friends in many quarters. Truly could it be said of him as of few others to the same degree, ‘He was a man of Christian spirit.’ His interests were wide and his foresight and keen judgment were admired in many student bodies as they were in the one he gave his life to serve.

“It will be a long, long time, if ever, before the students of McGill will find one who, to such an extent, made their interests his own.”

*McGill Daily, October 1, 1923.*

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“I love him, Nan, with the reverent, beautiful love with which people must have loved Jesus. Often I have thought that ‘J.G.’ was as near to being a living Christ as any human being could be, and when there were difficult ways to travel I would turn to him in fact or memory as readily almost as I would turn to God. I think I shall always go on doing that, because he gave himself so unreservedly that I know him, and he lives on in me in the life he gave to me. I have known few, perhaps none others, who were so ideally happy as you two were, and your joyous life was an inspiration and ideal and an influence and encouragement to all of us who look forward to some day marrying if it comes our way. This wonderful joy in life, this beauty that I know, this experience of knowing God that means life to me is all because of that wonderful friend who came to McGill and *believed* in us, ‘who never doubted clouds would break, who marched breast forward’ with a steady, shining eye, and a warm, firm grip of your hand. He showed me Jesus.”

—A member of the first Bible Study Class  
at McGill in a letter to Mrs. McKay.

"I cannot tell you how much 'J. G.' was with us at the Conference; it was a wonderful experience. We seemed almost to talk with him, and he seemed to talk through us. I have never known death to release life in such power and joy as 'J. G.'s going home has done for those who knew and loved him. All the McGill people and the Toronto friends who loved him would talk about him, and always there was joy in their tone, and a light on their faces, and a glow in their personalities that seemed to come from the life of 'J. G.' in them."

—*Part of report of memorial service at  
Elgin House Conference.*

---

"A few days ago it was my privilege to attend a memorial service in the Muskoka Lakes for Mr. McKay, conducted by the Student Christian Movement. At five o'clock one afternoon, as the sun was setting behind the hills, a hundred students from various colleges of Central Canada slowly wound their way up the mountain side overlooking Lake Joseph. As the group sat on the ground among the rocks many an eye was wet and many a throat was tight as each person thought of the occasion which brought him there. Mr. McKay had made himself felt in the lives of these students, and many were realizing for the first time what a loss they had suffered in his death. The McGill students of the group realized more fully their loss on their return to Strathcona Hall, only to find empty a place occupied by their former adviser and friend. Mr. McKay was a man of even temperament; a man always ready to listen to a student express his opinions or complaints. We always felt that we could go to him and be received with sympathy. Now that he is gone many of us feel a great emptiness in our lives."

—*Errol Amaron, at memorial service at  
Presbyterian College.*



"If one were to look throughout Canada for a typical example of the finest Canadian spirit, energy, ambition, devotion, determination in the face of difficulty, it would be hard indeed to find a finer one than was manifested by John G. McKay. Born nine miles from a railway, on a New Brunswick farm, his opportunities for schooling limited, his life up to the age of eighteen spent in the tilling of the soil, for the next ten years in lumbering, fishing, farming, one year in charge of a dredge,—it is hard to conceive of any man more handicapped for a college career. But John McKay was one of those whom hardship could neither bend nor break; he determined to go to college, and to college he went. At the age of twenty-eight he worked his way through preparatory school, and through Acadia, finally gaining his B. A. degree in 1915. Then came the war and, although at the cost of much sacrifice, he put in one year at the Harvard Divinity School, he was not one of those who could be deaf to the call. He felt that in the war service of the Y. M. C. A. lay his opportunity.

"Like many another he fretted through two years of duty in peaceful theatres. At last 1918 saw him with the 2nd Canadian Division on the way to Amiens. Almost without training he was plunged into the work of that lightning battle and no officer of the Canadian Y. M. C. A. worked harder or better. If his knowledge of campaigning was small his courage was great, and it was a career of service where danger was never shunned that was cut short when he was wounded by a shell at Cambrai. The Military Cross with which he was decorated was a recognition he well merited.

"Before he was out of hospital he was attacked by 'flu, and from his wound and the disease his health was permanently impaired; he never regained his rugged strength before he died on August 7, 1923.

"While he was recuperating from his illness in 1919 he met in London Dr. Frank Adams, who very quickly became convinced that here was the man to take charge of the McGill Y. M. C. A., and the activities centering at Strathecona Hall. McKay became Secretary of the McGill Y. M. C. A. in

August, 1919, and at the same time commenced his studies at the Presbyterian College, from which he graduated this year.

“In 1920 the Canadian College Y. M. C. A.’s joined in the great movement of British and European students known as the Students’ Christian Movement, and McKay’s strong personality at once placed him in a very outstanding position among the members of the Canadian Associations. In the words of Dr. Adams, he ‘became one of the foremost Spirits in this Movement and was a leader who embodied the principles of the Movement and one in whom implicit trust might be placed.’

“He was a keen supporter of student activities, he followed with great interest the work of the track, in which in his youth he himself excelled; he coached the English Rugby Team in 1920 and in 1921 he was an enthusiastic member of the Cosmopolitan Club and the Literary and Debating Society, bringing to whatever he did the same energy, the same unassuming but conscientious spirit that he had shewn in France.

“At the close of 1922 he attended the Convention of Canadian Students’ Christian Association in Toronto and among the thousand delegates he was, perhaps, the most prominent figure—he had just been invited to become Vice-President of the Movement when death took him.

“In 1916 he married Miss Annie R. McRae, of Black River, N. B. (latterly of Calgary), who is left with his little son Ian to remember with pride the work of a true and devoted man.

“Jack McKay was no blind leader. He accepted no doctrine until he could convince himself that it was right, but once he had made up his mind he never turned back. He knew that ideas must alter though the truth remained, and he firmly insisted on recognizing changed viewpoints. We have been so careful of the feelings of the boys of fifty years ago,’ he once said, ‘that we have almost lost touch with the

boys of today.' It was through no seeking of his own, but as a natural consequence of his rugged character, of his unflinching intellectual and moral honesty, that he came to wield an influence among men, an influence which was always for good—he died as he had lived, in the service of his fellows, his country, and his God."

*General A. W. Currie,  
Principal of McGill University.*





## THE SNOW FLURRY

THE earth lies silent 'neath the leaden sky,  
Low-hanging clouds embrace the mountain peak,  
Belated crows with hurried wings pass by  
In haste, their friendly clump of fir to seek  
Before the shades of night enshroud the dales.  
A sullen chill appears to hover round  
As evening shadows lengthen into night,  
While echoes loudly from the glens resound  
As though a thousand nymphs in song delight  
To stir the perfect stillness which prevails.

A sudden heave. The tree-tops bow and beck  
As from the east an icy blast is borne.  
And in its train a light and transient speck  
Of fleecy whiteness, starry-like in form,  
Darts swiftly on its journey to the ground.  
The spell is broken. Feathery snowflakes whirl  
And thickly spot the turf with whited stain,  
While bitter, biting wind with woeful skirl  
In restless mood, will toss and turn again  
The billowy blankets over crag and mound.

The angry howl of Nature's pent-up wrath,  
The whirring of the snowflakes' whirling flight,  
The moaning of the treetops in his path,  
Is heard afar, as onward in his might  
The Storm King scales the heights and sweeps the glens.  
Until, with fury spent, the winds subside  
And dusky night relents to Phoebus' ray.  
A snowy mantle stretches far and wide,  
While countless banks and billows now display  
The glittering lustre of a million gems.

H. M. B., '24.

## THE RAID

VANCOUVER'S Chinatown is ever a place of mystery.

In the daylight it holds romance in its grip. It is a place where East meets West, a place in which a portion of the Far East becomes a portion of the Far West, like a dirty, rough gem in a setting of the gold of the Pacific sunrise, the crimson of the sunset, and surrounded by the priceless emeralds of the water, the woods, and the islands. By day it is a place of little, ramshackle shops, quaint with their savoury spices, their dried fish and their little earthen idols. By day Chinatown is also a place of old tenements, their lanes choked with ill-smelling garbage and their balconies overcrowded with the scum of Chinese society. In the streets appear the women, clothed in the garments of their native country but wearing on their feet the product of the Western World, and holding their children's hands, children of a race apart from that of their parents, for in these children Eastern blood is mixed with Western culture.

But Chinatown of the night is a place of two-fold mystery, of tragedy, of revenge, and of death. The quaint little shops are all closed; the tenements offer no sign of bustling life; no humans except a few wanderers, roam the streets. A few shadows flit from darkness to darkness, and when the autumn fogs come swirling down over the city, grasping in their arms the dust and smoke of the day, even these shadows are not seen, *but* they are felt. Chinatown of the night is a place on the streets of which no white woman would tread, or a white man, for that matter, unless he could not avoid it.

Detectives Kennedy and Ramsell were standing on a street corner in the heart of Chinatown. With their plain clothes, the collars of their coats turned up, and their caps pulled down, and especially because of the thick, clammy fog, these men might have been taken for shadows. And that is exactly as they wished to appear. Even the lonely policeman on his rounds had not noticed them, and he was patrolling Chinatown because of his keen eyes and daring nerve.

For Kennedy and Ramsell, the pick of the force, were on a man hunt, trailing one Wu Fung, wanted not only for murder but also for being one of the leaders of the drug traffic. Wu Fung was a desperate man, who for years had been enticing the youth of the city into his evil den, somewhere in this firetrap of the city. And for years the people of Vancouver had endured him because they could not catch him, but now double effort was exerted to trap him. Lately he had been more bold than usual, for he had not only been selling his opium on the streets, had not only killed one of his own race who had tried to prevent him, but had been so daring as to flaunt himself before the eyes of the police force. They knew now what he looked like and they were prepared to meet him halfway. Truly the fight was on.

The two detectives at this moment were just deciding in which direction to go. For a week they had been trying to find Wu Fung's den of thieves, but with no success. So they were standing at the corner in the shadow of an old building, watching through the choking fog the ghosts of sly, bent figures flit by. No sound was heard, save the fluttering of the night creatures against the street lights and the distant rumble of the rest of the city. Accordingly they were astonished to hear footsteps crossing the streets. For these footsteps were not those of the Chinese men in their soft-soled slippers, but were the tap, tap, tapping of high heels. It was a woman. Soon she came into the small circle of light and the two men saw that she was Chinese, and pretty at that, with her sloe eyes, her small, crimson mouth set in an oval face, white with rice powder and made more white still in contrast with the coal black hair, drawn tightly back in the Oriental fashion.

But now these features wore an expression of pain, yes, and of fear. What could this girl, for she could not have been twenty, be doing on the street at midnight. To the surprise of the men, she halted, glanced at them, hesitated, and then addressed them in English.

"My father—he's fallen and I can't find a doctor. He's suffering terribly. I can't lift him. Would you help me ?



He's over yonder", and she pointed across the street to a high, spacious building with a single door, over which was written simply "Chinese Mission".

Kennedy and Ramsell glanced at one another. Did she mean what she said, or was she a consummate actress? As the girl's flower-like face was lifted with a piteous air, Ramsell questioned his fellow detective with raised eyebrow and the latter, after a moment's hesitation, said to the Chinese:

"All right, lead the way. We'll see what we can do for your father."

So, grasping their revolvers, they followed the girl through the darkness. At the door, she stopped and lightly knocked with a peculiar, tripping tap. A portion of the wood slipped to one side, an Oriental said something in a guttural tone, the girl replied in her low, soft voice, and the door was opened.

The trio found themselves in complete darkness. The men grasped their weapons more tightly, the girl clung closely to Kennedy's arm. After a while, their eyes becoming more accustomed to the dark, the detectives could make out the situation. They seemed to be in a very long corridor, with many little doors, all of which appeared to be closed. At the father end, a set of stairs were seen to run upwards, probably to a second story. The only illumination was a small gas light at the farther end. The air was stale and suffocating.

Cautioning them to be silent, the girl quickly led Kennedy and Ramsell across the length of this hall and behind the staircase, where she ordered them to lift a small trap door. They were now completely hidden from view. Opening the door in the floor, they could distinguish in the poor light, and with Kennedy's torchlight, a rough ladder. All three descended and again found themselves in a second corridor, very similar to the one above. Everything was as quiet as death, save for a faint mumbling which might have been a lonely street car or some one talking. Glancing around, Kennedy pointed towards his feet, where shone a beam of light. It evidently came from beneath a closed door

at the end of this hall, nearest to the three. When the Chinese girl saw the detective point this find out to his friend, she clutched his arm, lifted up her face and whispered in a trembling voice,

“Wu Fung”, and was gone in a trice up the ladder.

Kennedy and Ramsell were too astonished to follow her and could only look at one another until the situation became ludicrous. And yet they could not help questioning themselves who this girl could be with her appealing manners and fabricated story. Was she friend or foe? She seemed so different, some way.

But the steady murmur brought Kennedy and Ramsell back to their senses. There were two doors, they perceived, both of which showed traces of light, one at one side of the corridor and one at the end. Stealthily creeping along the wall, the men quietly approached the side door, turned the knob, and slowly opened it. They found themselves at the entrance of a small room. Opposite the door was a large chair against the wall. On one side they saw an idol, resplendent in festive wreaths, before which were burning two joss sticks, giving out a pleasant aroma. Opposite this group the two detectives saw with horror a man fastened to the wall with a huge knife. Around him on all sides were points of steel. The man evidently was dead, and Kennedy and Ramsell did not dare approach him for they saw that this was a death chamber, full of traps and snares for the unwary. The whole scene was lighted with a gas jet, and something prompted Ramsell to turn it off as they left.

Again clinging closely to the wall, and quickly reaching the door at the end of the hall, they quietly opened it. Thrusting their revolvers before them, they entered another room, and as their arrival was not noted for a moment, their eyes unconsciously took in the details.

It was a large place, and as one would expect, roughly finished. There were about eight tables, at each of which were seated four Chinamen, who were gambling. In the centre of the den was a large roulette wheel, or something similar to it. At this was seated an old Chinaman, round of

face and large of body, with deep set eyes of no color, for who has ever been able to perceive the color of a Chinaman's eyes? His mouth was a single gash of pale red across his expressionless face, and this with his narrow eyes told that he was cruel, sensual and fanatical. In his mouth was the long stem of an opium pipe, which he was smoking. Near him, also smoking and caressing the Chinese, was a white woman, a creature of the underworld, a slave to the drug habit. The air was thick with fumes. The murmuring and guttural tones of the men continued. The two detectives were standing with their backs to the wall, having twisted around the door, and thus escaped notice for a short time.

But not for long, for Wu Fung, the Chinese at the table, tending the wheel, saw a slight movement. His eyes turned to theirs and dilated, his mouth twisted in a grimace, and he uttered a shrill cry. All heads turned towards him and then to the door, and all reached for their knives, but they were being covered by the pistols of the two sleuths. Kennedy rasped out:

"Quit that noise. Don't one of you move, or you're a goner. I have you now, Wu Fang, you murderous infidel."

But the depraved white woman behind her consort crouched down to the floor, wriggled along to the wall behind the protecting line of coolies, and pulled a cord, cleverly hidden from casual eyes. Instantly the three walls opened up, revealing numberless little doorways. And instantly the fiends rushed for them, scuttling like rats, and disappeared. Several were caught by the pistol shots, but not one of them was Wu Fung. He had vanished.

The two men also rushed to these doors, but before they could reach them, they had closed as if by magic. After glancing at the dead or wounded Chinese, they both ran for the door by which they had entered. To their surprise and anger it would not open. They shouted and threatened in vain, and battered against the wood, but they could not move it. They were trapped. Suddenly they heard a crackling sound. Turning around, they saw tongues of flame creeping around the cracks of the small end doors. Swiftly they



reached them and tried to smother the blaze with their hands, with their coats, but to no avail. Then once more they attacked the large door and again were stalled. The fire was spreading tongues of flame up to the ceiling, licking the dry rotten wood and blistering the men's bodies. In their attempt to escape they were not only harassed by the heat and smoke but also by hordes of rats, caught in the same trap. Soon their pain became intense and only eased when they found themselves slipping, slipping into a darkness worse than night.

They did not hear the fire siren in the street outside. They did not see a small Oriental girl rush up to one of the firemen and speak to him. They did not know that aid was coming. In fact they did not realize anything until they awakened up to find themselves completely bandaged and feeling all blistered and burned.

The fire had soon been put under control and confined to one room. On an inspection of the building, the police stumbled into the death chamber. What a sight greeted their eyes ! Pierced by the knives was not only one man but two. The second, a Chinaman, was old, round of face, large of body, with eyes of no color and a mouth which was a single gash of pale red across his face, now full of horror, a mouth in which were portrayed cruelty, sensuality and fanaticism. And in his embrace and transfixed by the same bit of steel was a white woman, a creature of the underworld, a slave to the god Opium.

Wu Fung had walked into his own death chamber, in his haste mistaking it for a shelter for his consort and himself.

C. R. G., '26.

## ARE WE THOUGHTLESS AUTOMATONS?

THERE came to our halls near the close of the last college year a man from across the sea: Dr. Herbert Gray of Glasgow, Scotland. He had something to tell us. As he told it we had a chance to measure the man, and found both mind and heart of goodly stature. But at the same time he was measuring us, and has set forth his impressions in a recent number of a well-known magazine. They are not altogether flattering. Physically as animals, and tempermentally as social beings, we look all right to this keen student of human nature. But intellectually he finds us sadly wanting. American students, he says, do not think. Their mental food is carefully predigested by their professors, and they accept it uncritically. The problems of life never touch them. They have none of the deep intellectual yearning to get really at the heart of things, which he finds so common in the Europe of today.

Now, we have heard this charge before. Keen writers of our own land have informed us of it, and any who have done a little unproscribed mental work have long suspected that something of the sort might be true. And when we see so cultured and catholic-minded a man as Dr. Gray pointing to this as an almost fatal weakness of American student life, it behooves us to consider whether it is true, and if true, what meaning it has for us.

Is it true of us at Acadia? Dr. Gray, I suppose, included all the colleges visited on this continent in the broad term, "American." Let us understand, of course, that he was not discussing innate mental ability. The lack that he deplored was that of interest in things intellectual—the eager questioning attitude that refuses to be satisfied with things superficial, but seeks unceasingly, passionately for deeper truths, the fundamentals of science, of philosophy, and of religion.

What is a college education for, anyway? I would emphatically say that it is not primarily for physical, moral, or social training. These things are absolutely essential to a



well-developed personality fitted to take a place in a world of human beings, but this training is the birthright of every citizen and should be available not only in colleges, but everywhere. The intellectual side of college life, however, is distinctive. College students are mentally a highly selected group, and it is this kind of training that marks off a college from all other institutions. Now we may roughly divide the intellectual work of a college into two parts: imparting of knowledge and developing of thinking ability. Not that the two can be sharply distinguished. Ability to think effectively on complex problems is dependent on the possession of a large and well organized body of knowledge, while on the other hand, in many fields the comprehension and organization of the facts is directly dependent on ability to think. Yet the distinction is useful, for writers on college life are constantly assuming, according to their point of view, that one or the other is the sole aim of college training, under one of the fallacies that a walking encyclopaedia is a valuable college product or that one can think without something to think about. The underlying issue, of course, is: Do we think in order to gain facts (with a view to practical application), or do we gain facts in order to think? I have no hesitation in stating that while the gathering of facts is essential, the thinking that a student does for himself is one of the chief values of college life. Thinking is essentially solving problems. Has that any practical value in life? I think if we would ask any industrial, scientific, or political leader he would say that the great shortage in his field is of men who are not automatons, but who really think. Where will the problem-solvers of this generation come from if not the colleges? They have the cream of the intellect of the nation, and they alone have the facilities for imparting the essential back ground of scientific and historical data on the other side, for what purpose have we minds if not to think on the great problems of life? The college courses that seem so prosaic to us fairly teem with question marks.

Thinking, however, is not easy. No one thinks for the mere pleasure of it. For thinking—real thinking—involves



the use of brain paths and mental abilities that have been lately acquired in human development. Thinking is essentially work, and, like all work, must either be undertaken for an ulterior end or judiciously mixed with play to provide a pleasurable element. Either we think because of our interest in solving some problem or because it is necessary to meet some concrete situation, such as a midyear examination in logic or economics. Dr. Gray's charge is that we have no eyes to see or interest to solve the problems of life that everywhere are staring at us, if we would only look.

Is it true, then, that in this sense we do not think? There are a few facts that seem to point that way. Passing by the lamblike attitude of most of us in all college business meetings, is not the choice of studies some indication of unwillingness to think? Do we not find fewer and fewer students electing subjects as they ascend in scale of difficulty, culminating in a handful who choose to study Philosophy, which is the problem science *par excellence*.

Then, what about the attitude of most of us to our studies? Would not one listening to our casual talk get the impression that the various subjects on the curriculum were some kinds of engines of torture, necessary evils which must be got through some way as quickly as possible? I think this is nowhere so clearly shown as in regard to English literature. Here the election or non-election of the subject is no test. One may study English literature for almost any purpose, from a pass mark to the problems of Philosophy. English prose and poetry is rich and varied. One may find in Swinburne a most musical melody of ear-pleasing sounds; in Tennyson (among many other things) a giant struggle of faith against doubt; in Browning and Carlyle, a robust philosophy of life; in Ruskin, political economy, and in all a wealth of imagery and delight in power of creative imagination. Yet how much of this mine of wealth do most of us make our own? I strongly suspect that an analysis of the attitude of students toward these would reveal a depth of misunderstanding and mental laziness of which we did not dream. In a university where a confession of pleasure in the reading of

Shakespeare is looked upon as a mild form of insanity, and one who professes a liking for Browning is judged a hypocrite, or worse, such a state may be easily possible.

Then, how much discussion of vital problems do students carry on outside of the classroom? Frankly, I think there is almost none. As far as an intellectual or practical interest in questions that require concentrated thought, college life is as dead as the proverbial door nail. We have scientific experiment, but no scientific speculation. We have a superficial knowledge of literature, but little or no idea of the deep wells of thought and feeling that are hidden in it. We have plenty of religion, of a kind, but do not care enough about it to think out a working creed that will harmonize with the main trend of our lightly accepted scientific dogmas. And it seems to me that there is a very real danger here. We hear it often said that there is no clash between religion and science. And each being true in its own sphere, this must be so. But the laws of science, uncritically accepted, are not compatible with religion. The aim of present day science seems to be to reduce the universe to a mechanical formula, and religion, by its very nature, can never be so reduced. This is probably not true of the greater scientists, who are also philosophers, but the tendency of the narrow-visioned rank and file is to drift into two exactly opposed habits of thought, until they wake up some day to find that their religion and science are poor team mates and one must go. Some never wake up, but go through life with their religious dogmas and scientific concepts in two separate, thought-proof compartments.

If it be true that we do not think, I do not believe that we can justly blame our professors. You may be judges who have heard their efforts to stir a reluctant class to do a little constructive thinking even on practical problems.

Dr. Gray, I think, was deeply disappointed. He came with a real message to help to solve problems—which he found did not, for us, exist. He would have helped us to think our way through our doubts, but we were too self-satisfied and thoughtless to know that such things could be. He might have led us to the larger day, but we were so busy



with our little heaps of sand in the darkening twilight, that we never saw the outstretched hand.

Have I been unduly dogmatic? I have not meant to be. It may be that Dr. Gray misjudged American students. It may easily be that I have sadly misinterpreted the narrow sphere of college life that I know. I necessarily judge on superficial evidence which may miss the very heart of things. There may be an appreciation of the great minds of literature, there may be earnest thought on great questions at which we do not guess. Is it true that we do not think? Was Dr. Gray misled by the mental turmoil which must follow the great war in Europe, and foolishly expected a similar state of affairs in America? The question is a large one. What do you think about it?

—T. W. C. '25.

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## IN JANUARY

RED is the light in the window, eager and warm and red,  
But the moon is cold in its splendour, chill with the  
chill of the dead;

And the yellowed grass is amoan in the wind, amoan with a  
solemn strain:

“I am old, I am old, and the night is cold, and youth cometh  
never again”.

Gay is the light in the window, young and aflame and gay,  
But the trees are scarred with their conquests, and stern and  
solemn and gray;

And the ruts are deep in the frozen road, and the sparrows  
atwitter with grief,

“The air is chill and the wintry hill is barren of flower and  
leaf.”

Kind is the light in the window, tender and glad and kind,  
But there's strength in the rugged branches and clean is the  
swirling wind,



And my errant heart in its roaming calls out to the heart of the wild:

"I am weak, I am weak, and thy strength I seek; O wilderness, make me thy child."  
—E. A. W. '26.

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## A DAY OFF

THE telephone bell jangled petulantly. I stared at it reflectively before I thought to pick up the receiver.

"Is that you, Bert?" came Mr. Jennings's voice over the wire.

"Yes, sir," I hastened to reply.

"Tell your father I will not be at the office today. I am going up to the club for lunch and will golf this afternoon."

"Yes, sir."

"By the way, Bert, have you finished that work I gave you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I see no reason why you shouldn't have the day off also, good bye."

"Thank you, sir. Good bye."

I hung up the receiver. "Hot dog," I murmured.

Mr. Jennings never took a regular vacation as Dad did, but every now and then he took a day off to rest up. Frequently I came in for these holidays also. I sauntered towards Dad's office and opened the door. Dad had not yet arrived but Goldie was there. Goldie was indeed there and the pains of death had got hold upon him.

"Er-grump er gwall walla walla," grunted Goldie, one hand clutching his throat.

I stood aghast. "Goldie," I gasped, "are you poisoned?"

"Er row row ah," answered Goldie, not noticing my advent.

I rushed over to him. "What is it?" I asked, fearful that he would die before he could pay me the two and a half that he owed me.

Goldie looked up and then flushed. "I am just practising ventriloquism."

"Oh," I said faintly, and then I treated Goldie to a loud and expressive "Haw! Haw!"

"Well?" he asked testily.

"A ventriloquist, are you?" I enquired. Then, quoting from some advertisement that I had seen in a paper, 'Be a ventriloquist, throw your voice anywhere, fool the teacher, your friends—.'"

"Aw, shut up," he broke in rudely, and would have followed some hot retort, but Dad entered.

"Good morning, boys," said Dad jovially.

"Good morning, sir," we duetted. I continued solo, "Mr. Jennings is taking the day off; he will be at the club if you want him. He said I might take the day off also."

"Very well," said Dad, "and since we won't be very busy today, I don't care if you go too, Goldie."

Goldie did. He waited for no change of mind, shot out a "Thank you, sir," reached for his hat, and was at the door before I was. Together we emerged on to the pavement.

"What will we do?" I asked. It seemed natural that I should do this since Goldie always took the lead.

"We will go to the beach," decided Goldie.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a perfect mid-summer afternoon. Goldie and I lay stretched on a rock, basking in the sun. It had been a gala day. We had taken in all the beach amusements and were now drying ourselves after a dip in the sea.

"Avast!" said Goldie suddenly, "let's go."

I had been drowsing, drinking in the blissful sunshine. I felt right then that I was too happy, that something terrible ought—or at least was about—to occur. It occurred. Goldie's words startled me. I made a sudden motion to rise without using my arms. I ought to have known better. After this I will use all the arms at my disposal. The noise of cloth being rent in twain was perfectly audible. I stood up and a small but apparent rip was present in the seat of my bathing suit.

Goldie gave an idiotic chuckle.

"Come on," I snarled, and stalked ahead.

I flatter myself that I walked unconcernedly, nay nonchalantly to my bathing house, despite the fact that the beach appeared a little more crowded than usual. No doubt I would have made a record for touring bathing beaches with ruined bathing suits, but I never got a fair chance. Goldie followed a short distance behind and traitorously pointed me out to mutual acquaintances.

All that stuff about friends leaving you in times of adversity is not the case. Mine rallied round wonderfully. Many of their suggestions were really good, and if I had had the time I might have tried a few of them, but my bathing house was close at hand and I sought its shelter. I was about to scale the few steps leading to the door when a gentle, feminine voice hailed me from within.

"Oh, please! I'm in here."

I was bewildered, yet the woman's argument sounded probable. I looked at the number on the door. Most certainly it was the hut that Goldie and I had hired for the afternoon. I saw cause to expostulate.

"What are you doing in my hut?" I asked indignantly.

"Dressing," was the cool reply.

I sat down disconsolately on the steps. I would not have been surprised if they had given way. I was expecting anything. To my disappointment the steps successfully sustained my weight.

"This," I murmured, "has been a very pleasant afternoon."

The hoots of the crowd bore themselves in upon me and I took time to listen to what they were saying. This was bad, for I became enraged and all my attempts at repartee only seemed to be involving me. I picked up some pebbles and hurled them at my tormentors, reckless whether or not I did bodily harm. They scattered and insulted me at long range.

From time to time the ill-placed bathing beauty gave me encouraging reports to the effect that she would be out in a few minutes. Meanwhile I mediated on the mockery of friend-



ship. Mockery is good, and someday—, at this point I first became suspicious of Goldie. He had chosen to sit on the sand closeby instead of assisting my friends. Now this was most unlike Goldie; moreover, he gave a little cough. I remembered hearing that cough earlier in the day. I knew then how unreservedly he had betrayed me.

I rose and entered the bathing house. It was quite empty. Goldie was hard at my heels and he grinned as he closed the door.

We dressed in silence. We made our way to the station and boarded our train, Goldie making half-hearted attempts to start conversation, but I acted as though I hardly knew him. Goldie couldn't keep it up, it was too rich. He cleared his throat and addressed the electric lights at the top of the car.

“Be a ventriloquist, throw your voice anywhere. Fool—.”

“Goldie,” I broke in, and I flatter myself that my voice was quit controlled, “please hand me that evening paper!”

I turned to the sporting page as Goldie commenced again.

“You gotta admit—,” but I knew what was coming. I wasn't going to admit anything.

“Who do you think will win the American league?” I asked irrelevantly.

—A. T. S., '24.

## THE TRIALS OF A SKATING RINK MANAGER

"HOW'S the ice in the rink?"

"None!"

"None! Why, what's the matter?"

In answer you gaze at the questioner for a moment, and, after having decided that he is really innocent, you give him a pitying smile, turn your back on him, and walk down the street.

"How's the ice?" On every street corner, by every lamp post, in every store—and you shudder when you think of the post office—this innocent query is heard. Sometimes it is hurled at you with such force that you wonder, "Where did that one hit?" and you seek some adequate retaliation. Then again it is asked in sweet, plaintive tones that come somewhere out of the depths of a fur coat, and you turn around to see a pair of eyes looking straight at you, and below the eyes is a little, much powdered nose, while below the nose, and kissing the fur coat, are a pair of lips. "Heavens, to be that coat," is your first thought, and the next is, "I wish there were ice." Too full for words, you shake your head. Then with an "Oh, I'm sorry," she's gone. You have scarcely awakened from the trance, during which your walking has become slightly erratic, when the same question is shot at you sideways by some stern-visaged, skirt-wearing Brigadier, and all the little joy that had entered your soul but a moment before flits away, and you think, "I hope to heavens it stays warm all winter." And thus they come. You become utterly devoid of feeling. You look up into the unrelenting heavens in which the sun shines bright and warm; no hope there. You look at the earth beneath your feet, where the snow is rapidly changing into water, which runs away in little sparkling rivulets. From there you direct your gaze to the house-tops from which the snow-water has been dripping unceasingly day and night for the past week. Your face is like that of a sphinx, and your arms hang listless at your sides, while from your lips come the words, "How long, oh Lord, how long!"

What can you do? You think of the vision in the fur coat. No! it would be useless, for if you took her down to the rink and let her gaze upon the little ice that remained it would surely all melt. Oh, if you could but find that alum-eating, female Brigadier and let her look upon it, she would surely freeze it like a rock. But she has disappeared.

There is no hope. You must be long-suffering. The populace is innocent and ignorant. They think because it is January that water will freeze even though the thermometer is registering forty degrees. So you go home and read the Book of Job for consolation. You find that he too was annoyed by ignorant neighbors. Then, after having refreshed yourself at this fount of much-suffering, you start for the rink to have another look at the ice that should be but is not.

Your humble hired-servant sits in the office, covered with sackcloth and ashes. His valued henchman sits opposite, barely discernible through a cloud of blue smoke raised to appease the wrath of the Ice God. Moody and sullen they sit, and you, alas! having become infected with the great cry of the times, and forgetful of all their loyalty to you, disturb their equilibrium by blurting out, "How's the ice?"

The sackcloth and ashes are forgotten, likewise the burning of incense, and with the aid of many hands and feet you are precipitated, plunk, on the weather-eaten and watery ice. "Well, how is it?" rings in your ears, and as you look about you in rather a dazed fashion, you come to the conclusion that it is in rather bad condition. Yes, where you are sitting is an exceptionally damp place, cold too, but being too unnerved to rise to your feet, you continue to sit.

From your lowly position you view the rectangular pit of past happiness and present misery. Your eyes travel until they fall upon your two valued and hired servants standing in the doorway. — 'Twas they who put you there. Yes! but the disconsolate look on their faces awakens memories. Something stirs within you, and, raising your eyes and hands heavenward, you chant in doleful notes the song of Omar:

"Ah men, could thou and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry sheet of ice entire,



Would we not shatter it to bits, and then  
Re-freeze it nearer to the hearts desire!"

Sadly the hired servants return to the office to take up again the sackcloth and ashes and the burning of incense. And you again remember friend Job. "Ah," think you, "could he but have sat here for a few moments his temperature would not have been so high." You rise to your feet and, without a word of farewell, you depart.

The sun shines bright and warm; the sparrows twitter in the apple trees, and the snow melts, melts, melts! You reach home and the seclusion of your room without mishap. Peace at last.—"The telephone, did you say? All right."

"Hello!"

"Oh, hello! How's the ice?"

"How's the WHAT? Ice? It's damp, cold, and it's, it's———Oh, go to the ———" Bang!!!

\* \* \* \* \*

Slowly you come back. Far away a voice is heard; now it's gone. No, here it is, so faint. Oh yes, words; funny things aren't they? You can't catch them. Ah, here they are.

"How is he, doctor?"

"Oh, he's all right now! He quit raving last night and he'll be up in a few days."

You open your eyes one at a time, and motion the doctor to your side. Then in a voice that's miles away and sprinkled with tears, you ask, "How's the ice?"

The doctor looks down at you with a benign smile, "Fine, fine, they've been skating for a week."

You then close your eyes and drift away to a garden of dreams where fairies on silver skates play hockey in the hear of a rose while you, perched on the topmost petal, direct operations through a megaphone. —C. M. S. '24.

## SOLITARY WASPS

OF all the busy, bustling inhabitants of the sub-human world, few are more familiar to us than that great group of insects of which ants, bees, and wasps are the leading members. Our acquaintance with bees, and especially with social wasps, is very probably associated with experiences of a highly emotional type. We are not likely to forget them. Yet very few know anything about that important and interesting sub-group, the solitary wasps.

Their origin goes back to the dim and distant past. Dr. Wheeler, of Harvard, has estimated the time since their appearance on the planet, as over a hundred millions of years. He himself examined fossils from Tertiary times which have been the tombs of ants, bees, and wasps for at least fifty millions of years. And the structure of these is practically the same as that of their descendants of today. At the farthest, the members of this great group are but distant cousins to each other. Close relations of structure and behavior show that the solitary wasps have as their ancestors some form of primitive hymenoptera, and that ants, bees, and social wasps are descendants of a primitive form of solitary wasps. This makes the study of solitary wasps much more significant. For as a link in a chain leading up to the most highly specialized form of social life in the whole sub-human world, they give valuable evidence of the genesis of co-operation and mutual sacrifice for the good of the species, the observation of which fills the onlooker with deep wonder, almost with reverence.

In a species so old, and in which the structure of modern and ancient forms is so similar, we would expect to find very definite forms of behavior. And this is so. As their countless ancestors made their nests, hunted their prey, and provided for their offspring during ten, twenty, thirty millions of years, so the wasp of today grows, builds, marries and is given in marriage in such iron-clad racial ways that it is almost always easy to prophesy, given the name and life his-

tory of a family of wasps, just how any particular insect will pass her brief summer life. Yet there are variations. These appear both in adaptations of particular species, and in acts of individuals so startling as to lead uncritical observers to credit them with almost human intelligence.

Now, though each wasp passes through a definite behavior cycle, just what form that behavior will take depends upon the particular ancestry of the wasp. It may be profitable to run through a day in the life of a typical wasp:—*Priononyx Aratrum* Lep, called *P. Aratrum* for short.

It is a fine, sunny day in September. Mrs. *P. Aratrum* rises from her couch, and after feeding on nectar from nearby flowers, goes off in search of prey. Soon, she finds what she wants: a large grasshopper, pounces on it, grasping it in her mandibles, and drives the sting deeply into its body. Then, still holding her victim, she flies with it to a convenient hiding-place, probably in long grass. Next, she finds a little open space nearby, and begins to dig, cutting the soil in tiny chips of uniform size. After a few minutes of hectic labor, however, she decides that the hole does not suit her, and leaves it. After a few such false starts she seems satisfied and for half an hour works steadily excavating, taking the big pellets out with her mandibles and kicking the dust behind her. A crooked tunnel about five inches in length and in shape somewhat like a poorly made pipe-elbow, is the finished product. Up to this she brings her grasshopper, goes in, turns around and pokes her head out, grasps the hopper, and drags it in. She takes but a moment to lay the egg and she is out again and hard at work filling up the hole, packing the dirt down with her head. When the hole is filled her work is done and away she flies. The whole performance from the time she started to dig has taken about an hour.

This brief sketch covers the major features of the life of an insect above the surface. Down in the ground, however, the egg is hatching. In a few days a small larva appears, begins operations on the grasshopper, eats it up, and spins



a cocoon. A few days more and a full-fledged wasp emerges, to repeat the cycle of life again.

Now there is much fixed, instinctive behavior in all this. The stinging is instinctive. Every solitary wasp stings its prey. The sting also acts as a preservative, so that the food is kept in fair condition for the new-born larva. Many of the hoppers are merely paralyzed, a fact which led Fabre to credit the mother wasp with marvellous intelligence and accurate knowledge of insect anatomy, so that she could sting in exactly the right place to paralyze but not to kill. But many studies have proved that the larvae thrive on dead insects, and also that the stinging is a purely reflex act following immediately on contact. The taking of a particular kind of prey is a fixed characteristic. In this there is much variation between species. Yet each wasp takes a particular kind of animal food determined by ancestral traits. Bee-taking wasps take bees, fly-taking wasps prey on flies, and if the particular food of any species were to become extinct the species would probably perish, even though the country abounded in food on which their cousins were flourishing. The method of attacking and capturing prey, mode of taking prey to the nest, general style and locality of the nest, and the spinning of a cocoon or not, are all determined by the hereditary characteristics of the particular species. Space permits but the mention of one of these: the general style and locality of the nest. Most wasps dig in the ground. But here the kind of soil preferred differs. Some like sand, others clay. Wasps also build in wood, straw, stems of plants, mud houses on buildings (the "mud-daubers"). Again, each species sticks strictly to its own element and form. It might be mentioned here, however, that the mud-daubers show evidence of some intelligence in adapting themselves to the buildings of men.

In the details of the working of the major instincts, however, there is much room for variation. For example, our "Aratrum" might have dug but one hole. She might have dug steadily without looking at her prey, or have gone to look at it uneasily every few minutes.

Some "aratum" leave the hopper in plain sight of the hole, others hide it at some distance. Some close up abandoned holes, others neglect them altogether. The number of hoppers used also varies, and also their faithfulness in returning to unfinished nests. Similar minor variations of behavior occur among all solitary wasps.

Concerning intelligence, but a few instances can be mentioned here. They possess a highly developed visual memory. Careful observations and experiment have shown that wasps return to their nests with accuracy from relatively long distances. All wasps, when leaving a new nest for the first time (if they intend to return), make a careful locality study of their surroundings. This is done by flying around the nest in a circular path, looping every few feet.

One other highly significant incident deserves mention. No less than nine independent observers noticed individuals of one species of wasp taking a small pebble in its mandibles and using it to tamp down the earth on its burrow! Surely we are justified in postulating some idea of relation of means to end in this case. Many observers also record unmistakable signs of anger and fear in wasps.

Notice one more fact: gynarchy, or the dominance of the female sex. The mating process occurs once for all in the spring, and after this the male simply disappears. All the vital activities of the species are carried on, unaided, by the members of the so-called weaker sex. T. W. C., '25.

## PEAT AND ITS POSSIBILITIES

TO the average Canadian mind, the word *Peat* conjures a picture of an Irish moor with a few old men and women engaged at the back-breaking task of spading up cubes of turf and piling them in the sun to dry for fuel. In this country of ours, the abundance of wood and coal, hitherto, has made it unnecessary to look for any fuel other than these, in order to heat our homes and stoke our boilers. Other uses for peat have not been seriously demonstrated, hence the general public has paid but little attention to the vast amount of wealth and utility that is embodied in the enormous areas of peat-lands within our borders.

It is estimated that there are 37,000 square miles of peat bogs in the Dominion of Canada. At an average depth of six feet, these would produce about 9,300,000,000 tons of peat. The Geological Survey Department has carried on a systematic investigation of these bogs, so that detailed reports may be obtained regarding many of them, especially those situated in the Eastern and Maritime Provinces. Further, the Survey Department has established an up-to-date peat manufacturing plant at Alfred, Ontario, where several thousand tons of peat have been excavated for demonstrative and experimental purposes. But, other than these, and the activities of a few exploiters—who, by promoting “wild cat” schemes of development, have partially destroyed a few bogs—the peat resources of Canada are untouched.

In outward appearance, a peat bog is nothing more than a barren, moss-covered plain with only an occasional and stunted tamarac, black spruce or other conifer plant, to break the monotony of the scene. Such plains are generally found in low, flat, poorly drained country, or in depressions which have retained still water for thousands of centuries by means of an under-lying strata of impervious material. The peat is made up of partly decomposed vegetable matter, chiefly sphagnum moss and such caux plants as reeds, rushes, and sedges. These plants grow up and die down annually. Their



disintegration is effected partly by atmospheric oxidation, and partly by anaerobic bacteria, yeasts, moulds, and fungi which are present in the still water. As decomposition goes on the products become water-logged and sink to the bottom. Thus, in the course of centuries, the deposits attain considerable thickness and the lower layers, under the super-incumbent weight, are greatly compressed and carbonized.

The color of peat ranges from a light yellow through various shades of brown to jet black, according to its degree of humification. The more humified and darker substance is generally of a viscous, oily nature, and is classified as peat fuel, while the lighter colored material, found near the surface or in the younger bogs, is of a tough, feathery nature and is referred to as peat litter. These two grades of peat are thus seen to be distinctly different in their physical properties and, as their names would suggest, they are also widely diversified in their uses. Both, however, contain about nine times their own weight of water. This must be removed before the peat can be utilized for commercial purposes, and the removal of the water is the real problem which confronts peat engineers.

Numerous attempts have been made by European and American engineers to remove water from peat by mechanical means, such as hydraulic pressure, or by the use of artificial heat, while other attempts have been made to alter the chemical composition of the peat and so reduce the water ratio. But, thus far, none of these methods have given satisfactory results.

The only process which has proved successful and economical in removing moisture from peat is that which takes advantage of natural atmospheric evaporation. This process is comparatively simple. A specially designed machine excavates the peat and conveys it to a macterator where it is thoroughly pulped. It is then carried to a part of the bog, or adjoining land, prepared for drying purposes, and spread to a depth of about six inches. After giving it time to set, the pulped peat is cut into blocks, separated a little, and thus left in the air to dry. In this way the moisture can be re-

duced from its original 90% to about 25%, and, as a result, the peat is converted into perfectly good fuel.

Peat gives good results when used as a fuel for domestic purposes. It lights easily, burns with a yellow flame, is free from soot and cinders, and leaves only about 10% ash. It has 62% as great efficiency as coal, and 30% greater calorific value than hard-wood. Its greatest draw-back as a fuel is its bulk. Peat has about four times the volume of coal, hence it is much more difficult to transport and to store.

However, fuel is only one of the varied uses to which peat may be devoted. It contains a high percentage of nitrogen, consequently, when properly treated and burned in a by-product-recovery plant, ammonium sulphate can be easily obtained for use as a soil fertilizer. In Ontario, thirteen bogs have been investigated with this in view, and it was estimated that they would yield about 560,000 tons of nitrogen which would be sufficient to manufacture approximately 1,800,000 tons of ammonium sulphate. But there is a simpler way of using peat for fertilizing purposes, and it is in this that the litter assumes its greatest value. When dry, peat litter is extremely light and porous and has exceedingly high absorption properties. Owing to these qualities, if it is used as a bedding for cattle or other domestic animals, it acts as a scavenger, absorbing all the moisture, and retaining all the ammonia gases, which would otherwise pass off in the air. Adding to these its own bacterial and nitrogenous ingredients, the litter forms a very valuable compost, thus providing the agriculturist with an economical and highly efficient fertilizer. These facts have been fully realized in Northern Europe during the past few years, to the end that the drying of peat litter for agricultural purposes has become a large and profitable industry.

In addition to these, peat moss has many other uses. A long list of chemicals such as methyl alcohol, acetone, paraffin, and others may be extracted from it. During the Great War, hundreds of tons of peat moss were used as an absorbent in dressing wounds. In England a process has been patented for making paper from peat. By mixing molasses

with properly prepared peat, a food for cattle is made which is used extensively in England and the Scandinavian countries, while its thermal qualities have caused peat litter to become a favorite packing commodity in the European markets which handle fish or other perishable produce.

Such are some of the uses of peat moss. But from these it may be seen that the vast areas of peat bogs which are popularly termed useless and deplored as waste territory, have a very definite and practical value. Therefore, the development of this natural resource only awaits demand, and, ere many years, we may expect to see these dreary-looking barrens turned into money-making, utility-producing industrial centres.

—H. M. B. '24.

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## ARTIFICIAL PEARLS

EVER since the instant when some carnivorous, stone-age ancestor of ours swore as he spit out something hard and round which he found in the oyster he was eating, and his wife with characteristic feminine avidity, picked it up, every member of the female sex has adored and desired those "calcareous concretions of peculiar lustre," namely, pearls—pearls in which one could find the silvery sheen of the moonlight on the ocean, the soft whiteness of the winter's snow, and the love-light of lovers' eyes.

About seven centuries ago, pearl merchants of Europe began to realize that the natural supply of pearls could not begin to meet the demand. Accordingly, the jewellers began to make artificial pearls. The body for the pearl was a little ball of plaster, which they covered with a paste made from fish scales and glue. The pearls looked fine, but the heat and moisture of the wearer's body caused the glue to melt and run off, with dire results, as can readily be imagined. In 1680, Jaquin, a Parisian maker of rosaries, conceived the idea of making the body of the pearl of glass, and painting the glass with the pigment from the fish scales, minus the unstable glue.



Until 1914, the French jewelry manufacturers made practically all of the world's supply of artificial pearls, obtaining the necessary scales from fish caught in Russia. The war put an end to the Russian fishing industry and, due to this circumstance and the embargo on pearls, no more artificial pearls could be obtained on this side of the Atlantic. The women, however, still called for more pearls, and American manufacture of the precious gems was thus necessitated. The discovery by the Bureau of Fisheries that American fish scales made just as good "pearl essence," or "pearl pigment," as the scales of Russian fish, paved the way for the American jewelry concerns.

In the actual manufacture, there are two kinds of foundations for the pearls, the solid glass bead and the hollow glass sphere. An interesting note here is that in modern manufacture they give an opalescent tinge to the glass used for forms by careful treatment with hydrofluoric acid.

Perhaps the most important stage in this manufacture is making the pearl essence. The scales of every species of fish cannot be used in making this pigment. As far as is known, the only American fish whose scales are suitable for this process, are herring and shad. In France, they used the scales of the bleak, or white fish. As soon as the fish are taken from the water, they are carefully washed to remove any dirt, blood, or mucus, which may be clinging to them. Then the fish are allowed to drip, and when they are comparatively dry, their scales are removed either by rubbing two fish together, or by scraping with a wooden knife. The scales of the back and belly are kept separate, for those of the latter are of fine texture and make better essence. To keep the scales from putrifying, they are placed in water containing either a little silver chloride or some salicylic acid, in either of which the scales will remain fresh indefinitely. It takes between six and seven thousand herring to furnish scales enough to weigh five kilo—and it requires five kilo of scales to make one kilo of essence. When the scales are to be made into essence, the preservative is poured off, and the scales are placed in a glazed porcelain mortar. By means of a flat,

peculiarly-shaped pestle, the operator proceeds to crush the scales, moving the pestle backward and forward with a rocking motion in order to separate the scales gently and gradually into longitudinal sections. After the scales are crushed thus for several hours, clean water is poured into the mortar and the crushing process continued. The silvery scales are reduced by this treatment into a state of extremely fine division, the particles forming either a suspension in the water or floating upon it. After a short time, the liquid containing the particles is strained into another vessel, the silvery pigment passing through the silk strainer with the water, while the coarser pieces of scales from which the coloring matter has been partly derived remain in the meshes of the strainer. These larger particles are again put through the crushing process in water, and the water is strained as before. This double trituration, or crushing, usually succeeds in removing all the pigment from the scales. The filtrate is now mechanically stirred for several hours, after which it is allowed to settle, the silvery white pigment rapidly collecting at the bottom of the vessel. This residue is the "pearl essence," and, like scales, it keeps fresh indefinitely in water to which silver chloride or salicyclic acid has been added, though it rapidly putrifies in pure water.

Before the essence can be applied to the glass beads, it must be mixed with a good grade of white gelatine. This is accomplished by first swelling the gelatine in a salicyclic acid solution, then pouring off the acidulated water into pure water. After the gelatine is all melted, the same volume of pearl essence is added to it, and the two substances are carefully mixed until a smooth, homogeneous product results. This mixture is kept in a liquid state on a water-bath.

Concerning the application of the pigment to the beads, if the beads are hollow the operator takes a little of the pearl pigment in a pipette and blows it into the glass sphere through a tiny orifice in the glass shell. Then the bead is placed in a "centrifugator," a machine revolving at twelve hundred revolutions per minute, which spreads the essence evenly on the inside of the bead. The gelatine and pearl essence quick-

ly dries and takes on a hardness like cement. The pearl is now filled, by means of a pipette, with a melted mixture of wax and sodium baryta which gives the pearl a weight approximating that of the natural gem. When the pearls are made from solid beads of glass, the pigment must, of course, be applied to the outside. This is accomplished by thrusting a short aluminum wire into the threading hole of the bead, and the pigment is applied by dipping the bead in the gelatine-essence and then sticking the wire upright in a cork, so that the pigment will spread evenly on the surface of the bead, the excess essence running down the wire. After the essence is dry, the bead is quickly dipped in a mixture of acetone and pearl pigment, which mixture gives the pearl an indelible, silvery white lustre, equalling that of the natural gem. The above process is the old way. The modern way of applying the gelatine essence is with an air-brush, by means of which an even coating of any thickness can be quickly applied on a bead. However, the acetone finish is obtained in the same manner as in the old process. After the gelatine essence has cooled and set, all that has to be done to prepare the pearls for milady's necklace, ring, pendant, ear-rings, and other feminine eccentricities is to polish them on chamois powdered with French chalk.

—F. M. C. '26



# The Acadia Athenæum

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Thomas H. Robinson, '24.....Managing Editor.

E. Louise Morse, '24.....Literary Editor.

E. R. Rafuse, '25, Science.

C. M. Spidell, '24, Month.

L. M. Rhodenizer, '24, Athletics.

R. A. Thorne, '25, Exchanges.

Catherine Black, '24, Personals.

A. T. Smith, '24, Jokes.

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## Editorial



J. G. McKAY.

### AN APPRECIATION.

ON August 7th, 1923, the Alumni of Acadia, the Student Christian Movement, and, in fact, the world as a whole was made poorer by the loss of J. G. McKay. In another department of this issue, those who knew Mr. McKay personally have expressed their sense of bereavement in his death. It remains for us, the Acadia students who have not had that privilege, yet who have benefited by all that he has passed on to us, to offer our tribute to his memory.

Such a tribute can be but small in comparison with the loss of a great man. No eulogy can ever be worthy of a noble life. Yet we feel that we should not refrain on that account from doing all that is left us to do in memory of one who is

gone. A memorial must of necessity be subjective. Its object is already beyond the affect of our appreciations. Yet the effect remains with us. We are better for having recognized true greatness and having paid our tribute to its passing; and the honor which we accord to it is the measure of our own ideals of nobility of life.

The class of 1915 were privileged to claim J. G. McKay as one of their number. In his four years of college life, he proved his all-round manliness in every phase of activity, perhaps the best record of which is given in the biography of the graduation *Athenaeum* of '15. His biographer wrote:

“ ‘He was every inch a man.’

“ ‘J. G.’ as he was familiarly known, was born at Littlebranch, Northumberland County, N. B. He came to Horton Collegiate Academy in the winter of 1911. He returned in the fall, taking Senior work in the Academy, and his Freshman year in college. During his college career he has been prominent in all student activities. He has been a valuable member of both the football and track teams for the last three years, winning his distinction cap in both sports. In his Junior year he served as Editor-in-chief of the *Athenaeum*. In his Senior year he was President of the Students’ Council. In addition to these duties, he served as Housemaster in the Academy and was thus one of the busiest men in college. ‘J. G.’ intends to study at Harvard next year; we wish him all success.”

This is as his fellow students wrote of him. But even after his graduation had taken him away from Acadia, his influence remained behind him as a factor in the lives of the students who followed. His life had furnished an ideal which lived on as something toward which others might aspire. He had created traditions which were a rich legacy to his Alma Mater, and which added to the sum total of those traditions which together go to form the “Acadia spirit.” It is thru the lives of such men who have set their stamp upon Acadia



while students here, that we, who follow in their footsteps, have cause to feel such pride in speaking of that spirit. It has come into existence because Acadia has had such sons as J. G. McKay.

Yet another bequest he left to Acadia, and in this it is particularly fitting that the *Athenaeum* should offer him tribute. Mr. McKay was the first Editor-in-chief of the *Athenaeum* who earned his position thru the greatest number of contributions to the paper. The system of awarding units in the different departments was worked out during his Sophomore year, and in that year he secured the highest aggregate of units awarded, thus gaining the editorship in his Junior year. His poetic contributions to the *Athenaeum* were of a very high order and added much to the literary value of the magazine thruout his entire course, during which his support was unflinching. Under his editorship the *Athenaeum* was very successful, and it is perhaps we of the Editorial Staff who best appreciate the effort this must have meant to the one upon whom devolved the combined work of our Managing and Literary editors. Besides all this, however, Mr. McKay instituted a new custom which has done much to make the *Athenaeum* what it is today. Before the year of his editorship, "A's" were awarded for athletics and debating, but there was no recognition of literary talent. In his first editorial Mr. McKay pointed out the unfairness of this, and suggested that the unit system of *Athenaeum* awards lead to the winning of literary "A's". His suggestion was followed, and to him we owe the fact that today we have this form of recognition for merit of a literary order.

Others who have known Mr. McKay in his work as he went out from Acadia into the world have testified to the worth both of the man and of his work. This also is another way in which the influence of his life has been indirectly shed upon Acadia. Reports of the esteem in which others have held him have come back to his Alma Mater and have inspired other Acadia students to try to live up to the ideal which he has raised before them. To see a good man succeed in a noble cause is ever an inspiration to others, and so Mr. McKay's



success becomes a greater incentive to the graduates who follow him from Acadia to maintain the standard he has set up for Acadia students.

The test of a great university is not in the number of its professors, not in the extent of its curriculum, nor in the magnificence of its buildings. It is in the character of the graduates whom it sends forth into the world. And in applying this test, what university would not be proud to have it's worth measured by the value of a life such as that of J. G. McKay! Acadia is indeed proud to have numbered him among her sons, and in recognition of the true greatness of the man, she thus attempts in some small measure to do honor to his memory.

## SEMINARY DEPARTMENT

THE last two weeks of the old term were spent in writing exams. Hockey and basketball teams were organized but were left until 1924 to commence work.

The Sem opened the second term with the entrance of nine new girls. Hockey practise began and a fast team is expected to be developed. Reba Freeman was re-elected captain. In basketball there is good material and although we have little time for practise, we intend to challenge Edgehill or H. L. C. in the near future. The captain this year is Jean Murray.

Instead of the usual Y. W. C. A. Fair, a canvass for the money needed for the Y. W. C. A. Budget was made, and a most generous response was given.

The new officers for the Pierion Society have been elected: President, Virginia Dixon; 1st Vice-President, Alice Davis; 2nd Vice-President, Cecelia Bradshaw; Secretary-Treasurer, Cristine Cavanagh. The first meeting of this term was held on Saturday evening, January 19th, and the following program was much enjoyed:



## THE LYCEUM.

The Lyceum, the Literary Debating Society of the school, after a period of inactivity, has been started up, the first meeting and entertainment of which was held on Saturday, December 8th. It was a success, and everyone who attended was very much pleased with the program.

## COMMERCIAL CLASS PARTY.

On Monday evening, December 3rd, the Commercial Class held a very successful theatre party. Owing to the class being so small this year, a number of Seniors and Middlers were invited to fill up the ranks.

Proceeding first to the Seminary, where they were joined by an equal number of the fair sex, they made their way to the Orpheum where it is doubtful if the picture lent as much to the general enjoyment as did the company. This part of the evening's entertainment over, the "line" wended its way back to the Seminary and proceeded to the gymnasium to indulge in games and refreshments. There the time passed all too quickly and it was with regret that the party broke up at the end of what all proclaimed to be a delightful evening.

The officers for the new term are as follows:

School President—E. Short.

Vice-President—M. H. Outhouse.

School Secretary—W. E. Smallman.

President Athletic Association—C. Crandall.

Vice-President—G. McLaughlin.

Secretary—H. C. Kirby.

President Y. M. C. A.—M. Arnold.

Vice-President Y. M. C. A.—C. Ferguson.

President Lyceum—L. Jenkins.

Vice-President—A. R. Mills.

Secretary—C. Belding.

Judge School Court—E. Short.



Prosecuting Attorney—T. Cudhea.

Clerk of Court—B. Berry.

Constable—C. Ferguson.

Pianist for Chapel—G. Pond.

### ATHLETICS.

**I**N the Bulmer Cup races of Saturday, November 24th, the Academy took second place.

The most remarkable running was that of Denton, the last runner for the Academy, who, by doing the first lap in 63 seconds, brought the Academy from third to second place, and then maintained that position, and finished the mile in 5 min. 11  $\frac{2}{5}$  sec.

The track team was as follows: Wetmore, Ferguson, Smallman, Crandall, Hutchinson, Outhouse, Berry, and Denton.

### BASKETBALL.

As is the custom, the Academy entered a team in the Interclass Basketball League, but unfortunately did not make a very good showing compared with the other teams.

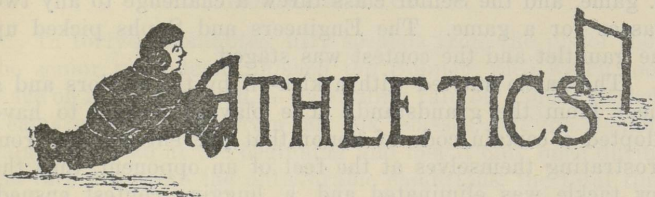
The line-up was as follows:

Forwards—Raymond, Outhouse, (Captain).

Centre—Hutchinson, L.

Guards—Corning, Webber.

Subs.—Crandall, Shatford, Arnold.



Interest in athletics was dormant for a short time after the close of the football season. This condition, however, was but temporary and was followed by an intense interest in the outcome of the Bulmer Relay race and the Inter-class Basketball league.

As in the past years, attention is once again focused on the material available for the college hockey and basketball teams. In hockey, we have suffered a big loss in the graduation of most of last year's team. But with Clark and Wright, the only remaining members of the team, as a nucleus, we have every reason to believe that coach "Ted" Stackhouse will be able to turn out a team worthy of the traditions of Acadia.

The prospects in basketball are very bright. Here the ravages of graduation have not been so severe as in hockey. Of last year's Intercollegiate championship team, only two have graduated. Although the loss of Wigmore and Mac-Cready by graduation is a severe blow to the team, enough regulars remain to seriously threaten the championship aspirations of the other Maritime colleges. Moreover, a very efficient coach is at hand in the person of Mr. Osborne. With the benefit of his coaching on the material available, Acadia can look forward to some interesting basketball games.

### FOOTBALL.

SENIORS 8—SOPHS AND ENGINEERS 5.

The warm, sunny days during December awakened the football instinct which had been slumbering since the U. N.

B. game, and the Senior class threw a challenge to any two classes for a game. The Engineers and Sophs picked up the gauntlet and the contest was staged.

The battle started with a kick-off by the Seniors and a cheer from the grandstand. The players seemed to have adopted a certain code of honor that prevented them from prostrating themselves at the feet of an opponent, thus the low tackle was eliminated and a hugging contest ensued. Lest the spectators become weary of too much hugging, half-nelsons and leap-frog, supplemented by balance-on-the-corner-and-everybody-swing methods, were interspersed as diversions.

Very little ground was gained either way during the first period, and the play surged back and forth. Once the Seniors were on the verge of penetrating into their opponent's territory, but a free kick was called against them when one of their number went up the field too fast for the referee to follow comfortably. However, soon afterwards Messenger found the ball in his hands and there being no one in the way, he decided to amble over the line and make a score which Clark easily converted.

On the opening of the second period, the Soph-Engs.' determined to at least even the score, and soon went over in a body for a try. This was converted making the score 5-5. The play now became real and fifteen men on each side played stellar games. Outstanding among the most noticeable was Biff Howatt when he flung himself bodily against Blenkhorn and whirled with the ball outside the side-line. This was unique in that most of the tackling of the game appeared to be the tactics of "lounge lizards" rather than that of Rugby players. The period ended with the score 5-5.

To play off was agreed and Robinson scored a try for the Seniors, making the final score 8-5 in their favor.

Although it would be difficult to pick "stars" from among the players, it is generally admitted that several played a brand of football not often seen on Acadia Campus.

Anyone desiring the personnel of the team may procure the same from A. T. Smith '24, and T. D. Anderson, Eng.



## BULMER RACE.

In forty-five minutes, fifty seconds from the pistol shot, the senior track team finished the Bulmer race which took place on November 24th, in a drizzling rain on a muddy track. Teams were entered from all six classes, but the Seniors gained the lead at the beginning and lost it only once during the race. Despite the unfavorable conditions, the total time for the race is the best it has been for some years.

Senior team:—Collins (Capt.), Marshall, Estey, Troop, Clark, Messenger, Thompson and Chipman.

The best time was made by Chipman of the Seniors and Denton of the Academy who tied at 5:11 sec.

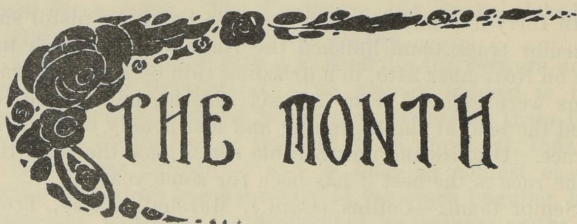
## BASKETBALL.

The opening games of the interclass basketball leagues began on the evening of December 6th, and three games were played daily from that date until the circuits of the leagues were completed.

The teams competing in the men's league were Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshmen, Engineering and Academy.

The league was easily won by the Seniors, who had a total score of 65 points as against 14 points of the Sophomores who were their most dangerous rivals. It should be noted that the Senior team lost but one game of basketball during their whole college career, and that was lost to the Engineers during their Freshman year. The Senior players were: Clark, Chipman, Brown, Rhodenizer, Robinson, Collins and Estey.

The girl's league was composed of the Seniors, Juniors, Sophettes and Freshettes. This league was more closely contested than the men's—a feature which rendered the games more interesting for the spectators. The Juniors carried off the honors, repeating their achievement of last year, by accumulating a score of 10 points, while their strongest opponents, the Sophettes, obtained 7 points. The Sophette players were: Pauline Colbath, Jean McLaughlin, Beatrice Smith, Carol Chipman, Helen Lawson, Inga Vogler, and Evelyn Bentley.

A decorative floral ornament featuring a large rose and various leaves and smaller flowers, arranged in a horizontal, slightly curved pattern.

# THE MONTH

*"The moving finger writes; and, having writ moves on."*—Fitzgerald.

THUS another month has swiftly flown. But a brief backward glance over the events enacted, the tasks accomplished, and the pleasures enjoyed, is sufficient to convince us that it was a month well worth living. In athletics, football passed, interclass basketball came and went, and now hockey holds the centre of the stage. Social functions have been plentiful and enjoyable. The Christmas holidays, long looked forward to, have come and gone. In fact, the brevity of time has been our only handicap. The coming event, however, is beginning to cast an unmistakable shadow before, and all is becoming quiet, as studies have assumed first place for the mid-year examinations which are only a week ahead.

## ATHENÆUM SOCIETY.

On November 24th, the Freshmen met the Sophomores before this society in a wordy battle on the subject: Resolved, that capital punishment should be abolished. The Freshman team composed of Messrs. Mason, Messenger, and Potter, upheld the resolution and won the decision over the Sophs, who were represented by Messrs. Foster, Dunlap, and Crossman. Mr. R. A. Thorne as critic submitted a clever and witty report on the program.

On December 7th, the Junior-Freshman debate took place. The Junior team, consisting of Messrs. C. L. Fillmore,

A. Harris, and Malcolm MacDonald, upheld the affirmative of the question: Resolved, that a Federal embargo on the exportation of pulpwood from Canada to United States is not justifiable. They were successful in winning the decision over the Freshmen team, composed of Messrs. Manning, MacKay, and A. C. Fillmore. A splendid critic's report was submitted by Mr. E. L. Curry.

### CLASS ACTIVITIES.

#### *Seniors.*

Following the Senior-Junior Girl's debate, on November 20th, the grave old Seniors repaired to the club room of Willet Hall where, for a few hours, they forgot that they were grave and old as they indulged in a joyous class party. Misses Griffith and Webster, Professors Rogers and Osborne, chaperoned. Music, Tucker, and good eats constituted the program of the evening which terminated with the usual yells and singing of A-C-A-D-I-A.

Elated by the success of their team in the Bulmer race on the afternoon of November 24th, the boys of the Senior class decided to give expression to their joyous spirits by celebrating. Consequently, they gathered in Willet Hall club room at 10.30 p. m., the same evening, bent upon a stag party. Oyster stews, pie, ice cream, coffee and cake composed a menu, which was served lavishly. Music, both vocal and instrumentl, was manufactured in faultless discord, Tucker evolved to four and eight hand reels, and all went merrily until the wee sma' 'ours o' th' morning. Finally the revellers withdrew to sing their good-night lullabys to the fair occupants of Tully and the party was over.

The first party of the New Year was held on the evening of January 8th when the members of the Senior class were most hospitably entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stirling. Games and amusements of various kinds filled an evening which proved most enjoyable to all. So also did the delicious refreshments which were served, and which



suggested that the hour for parting was drawing nigh. All too soon the adieus of the hostess were said, followed by the "walking party" which brought more adieus outside Tully's walls and marked the final break-up of the party.

#### *Senior-Junior Sing.*

Through the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Chute, who opened their hospitable home for the purpose, the members of the Senior and Junior classes enjoyed a sing on Sunday evening, November 25th. The music was good as the students joined heartily in the singing of the favorite old hymns. Solos by Miss Duncanson, Miss Prescott, Mr. Parsons, and a mixed quartette, added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

#### *Juniors.*

On Wednesday, November 28th, the Juniors held a class party. After enjoying a thrilling movie show at the Orphæum, they wended their way back to Tully club room, where for the remainder of the evening they made merry. Games of different kinds were played, refreshments were served, and, when the time for parting came, one and all declared it a well spent evening. Professors Jonah and Osborne chaperoned.

#### *Sophmores.*

The members of the Sophmore class were entertained at the home of Mrs. E. L. Gould on Friday evening, November 30th. A very pleasant time was spent with music and games. Delightful refreshments were enjoyed and when the approach of the mid-night hours necessitated its termination, the Sophs with one accord designated this party as being the best yet.

#### *Engineers.*

On Wednesday evening, November 21st, the members of the Engineering class gave a party. Accompanied by their

lady friends, they attended the theatre. After the conclusion of the theatrical program, they returned to the drawing-room of Rhodes Hall, which was decorated for the occasion, and where the remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent in games and music. Tasty refreshments were served, after which a few more rounds of *Tucker* were played. Then with the customary yells, the party ended. Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock chaperoned.

On December 17th, the Engineers celebrated the advent of Christmas holidays by a real, honest-to-goodness "stag" party. After attending the college play at the Orpheum Theatre they replenished the inner man and set out on a midnight parade. Frequent and loud were their war-whoops, and not until failing voice, and breaking dawn intervened did they gave up the parade to return to their respective places of abode.

#### *Freshman*

The Freshman treasury being filled to overflowing, it was thought best to spend the surplus in a class party. After a dispute as to the form it would take, a theatre party was decided on. The fair sex chose their partners by lottery, greatly to their assumed dissatisfaction. Finally, the Freshmen assembled in Tully club room on Wednesday evening, December 5th. From Tully the class marched in orderly procession to the "Orpheum," where they enjoyed an "enlightening" movie. After the show was over, the group repaired to "The Palms" and there consumed immense quantities of ice-cream. College songs were sung, and the party broke up with cheers for the chaperons. Dr. and Mrs. Thompson and Prof. and Mrs. Bancroft.

#### DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

On Monday evening, December 17th, under the auspices of the Acadia Dramatic Society, the English comedy "Mr. Pim Passes By" was presented, in the Orpheum Theatre, to a large and appreciative audience. The performance was

an exceptionally good one, and interest was keenly sustained throughout. Much credit is due Miss Pearl Griffith, head of the department of expression at the Ladies Seminary, to whose efficient and painstaking coaching the success of the play is due.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Anne, the maid .....	Dean Lusby '24
Carrway Pim, a passer by .....	Doane Hatfield '27
Dinah, George's neice .....	Olive Archibald '26
Brian, an artist .....	Byrns Curry '26
Olivia, George's wife .....	Kathlyn McLean '26
George Marden, J. P. ....	Harold Bannerman '24
Lady Marden, George's aunt .....	Meredith White '27

After the Christmas holiday, the cast assembled in Truro where they preformed before a large audience. Thence they went to North Sydney, Sydney, Stewiacke, and Amherst, repeating the play with continued success. The students greatly enjoyed their little tour, and are loud in their praises of the wonderful hospitality and the good times with which the people of the different towns greeted them.

#### FIRST YEAR STUDENTS ENTERTAINMENT.

On Saturday afternoon, December 1st, the First Year students gave an entertainment in the Orpheum Theatre. A very creditable program was offered, and, although each of the numbers presented was of interest, probably the most entertaining and at the same time instructive, was the act in which Barney Google and his intelligent horse, Spark Plug, preformed. This remarkable pair revealed several astonishing facts regarding some of our fellow students.

#### GLEE CLUB.

The long-talked-of Glee Club has been orginized at last. On Tuesday, November 22nd, the men of the University



gathered in solemn conclave in Willet Hall club room and, ere they parted, organizational plans for the club were drawn up and the following officers elected:

President—C. M. Spidell, '24.

Vice-President—Don Messenger, '24.

Secretary—F. H. Crossman, '26.

Treasurer—R. P. Thompson, '24.

Mr. W. E. Israel was selected as pianist, and Mr. Jones of the Musical department of the Seminary has kindly consented to direct the chorus. We extend our most hearty wishes to the club and trust for its success.

### “NAILS” PARTY.

The Independent Order of the Nails launched forth in social enterprise on the evening of November 29th, when, in Willet Hall club room, they were at home to their lady friends. The room was prettily decorated, games and refreshments were enjoyed and thus a very pleasant evening was spent. Professor Rogers, Professor Osborne, and Miss Griffith were the chaperones.

### PROPYLAEUM.

On November 2nd, the regular meeting of Propylaeum Society was held in the Physics lecture room. The entertainment for the evening was the Senior-Junior debate, the subject being: “Resolved, that religion was a more potent influence in Puritan times than it is at the present day.” The Senior debaters were Eldred Bridges, Winnifred Armstrong and Kathleen King, while Grace Beardsley, Alce McLeod and Claire Cutten upheld the honor of the Junior class. The debate, won by the Juniors, was a most interesting one. The critique was given by Ardis Whitman. The judges were, Professor Balcom, Dr. Rhodenizer and Professor Rogers, each of whom commended the debaters on the praiseworthy attempt they had made, following the American method of debating.

The next meeting of Propylæum was on November 26th. After the business was completed, the society was entertained by the Sophettes.

The programs took the form of Owls and we do not know whether they were meant to indicate the great wisdom of the Sophettes or the "great noise" frequently made by them. However, their "hoots" on this particular evening gave enjoyment rather than the reverse. Hoot I. was an interesting synopsis given by Laura Davidson, which was followed by a duet by Kathlyn McLean and Margaret Freeman. Hoot III. was a reading by Laura Duncanson and the last Hoot of all was a dialogue entitled "Wanted—a Wife" in which the Freshettes were given a chance of seeing themselves as others see them. Rebecca Cook was the critic for the evening.

On December 10th, in the Physic lecture room, the next regular meeting was held. The evening's program, on this occasion, was the Sophette-Freshette debate. The decision was given to the Freshettes. The Sophette debaters were: Olive Archibald, Mary Currie and Marjorie Mason. The debaters for the Freshman class were: Constance Hayward, Ethel Ludson and Mary Bishop. Edith Goodwin was the critic for the evening.

The Christmas Propylæum was held on December 15th. A musical program was presented, consisting of:

Clause I.—Solo.....Carol Chipman  
 Clause II.—Piano Duet....Helen Lawson and Ella McMahon  
 Clause III.—Quartette...Ethel Hudson, Margaret Freeman,  
   Nellie Hudson and Ella McMahon  
 Clause IV.—Christmas Tree .....Santa Claus

Amid much laughter, a very pleasing-mannered Santa Claus distributed presents for all. Evelyn Bently was the critic.

#### TULLY PARTY.

Tully Tavern was at home to the faculty and students of the University on Saturday night, December 1st. As usual,

this semi-annual event was the out-standing social affair of the season. The decorations were pretty and artistically arranged. The program was of a high order and cleverly presented. The evening passed all too quickly and when the time for parting came A-C-A-D-I-A was sung, after which the girls escorted the boys home.

### WILLET HALL STAG PARTY.

True to the ancient custom of their predecessors, the inhabitants of Willet Hall held a "Stag" party on the Saturday night prior to the Christmas holiday. This proved to be a festival function indeed. Eats, songs and mock trials, in turn, occupied the centre of interest for some time, while instrumental music supplemented the din. A visit from Santa Claus with a bag full of toys brought joy and gladness to the hearts of all, as well as providing equipment for increased noise. The party progressed with great hilarity until the crowing of the neighboring barn yard masters announced the approach of dawn. Then with a few rousing college yells the party broke up.

### Y. M. AND S. C. A.

Interest in the work of these societies is on the increase. During the month we were fortunate enough to have Miss Gertrude Rutherford, Associate Secretary of the S. C. M., with us for a few days. Miss Rutherford's visit was greatly appreciated and has given impetus to the work of the movement.

During her stay here, Miss Rutherford addressed the regular Wednesday night meeting on the subject of Student Christian Movement; and also a mass meeting of the students of the College, Seminary, and Academy. Her addresses were most instructive and helpful.

On November 21st, Dr. DeWolfe addressed the joint meeting of the Y. M. and S. C. A. He chose as his topic, "What would Jesus do if He were a student at Acadia." Needless to say the address was most interesting and greatly enjoyed by all who were privileged to hear it.



On November 29th, Professor Rogers led an exceedingly interesting discussion on Toleration with special reference to race and bilingual problems in Canada. This proved to be one of our very best and most interesting discussion meetings.

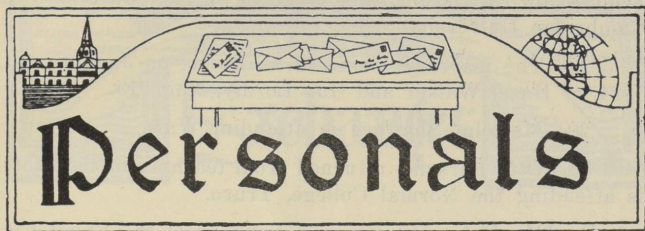
The final meeting held before the Christmas holidays was led by Mr. E. L. Curry, where the subject of Prohibition was up for discussion. It proved a popular theme and not an entirely dry one.

In addition to these activities, the S. C. A. continue to hold their Sunday evening meetings and the Y. M. C. A. their Sunday evening sings. We were privileged by sending two delegates to the Indianapolis conference of Student Volunteers. Miss Alce McLeod and Mr. Preston Warren, members of the mission class, were selected to represent us on this occasion.

On Sunday evening, January 13th, the Y. M. and the S. C. M. held service in the Baptist Church. Miss Alce McLeod and Mr. Preston Warren, the Acadia delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention, Indianapolis, gave voice to some impressions received at the convention. The church was filled, and the addresses were splendid. A plea for a more constructive Christian program in all phases of life seemed to be the note sounded at the convention.

#### *S. C. A. Fair.*

On the afternoon of Saturday, December 8th, the girl's S. C. A. held a very successful tea at Tully Tavern. The rooms were tastefully decorated and afternoon tea and supper were served, while the grab bag and Bingo offered much amusement.. Several musical numbers and a reading during the afternoon were much appreciated. The proceeds of the tea were expended in sending a delegate to the Indianapolis conference.



'66—Rev. David Allan Steele, M. A. ('68), D. D. ('94) is the only living member of his class. He was Pastor at Canso ('65-'67), at Amherst ('67-'96), and since that time Pastor Emeritus at Amherst. Dr. Steele has been a constant correspondent of the *Christian Messenger*, *Christian Visitor*, and *Maritime Baptist*, and has contributed to the last named paper a special series on Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and *One Little Book*, 1923-4. He is also the author of a sketch of the history of Amherst and of the Amherst Baptist Church, the latter being contained in *One Hundred Years with the Baptists of Amherst*, 1909, and of *Impressions of Mrs. H. M. N. Armstrong*, published (1920) by the Women's Missionary Aid Society.

'80—We regret to record the death of Isaac Chipman Archibald, at Chicacole, India, on January 4th, 1924.

'90—We regret to hear of the death of John Frederick Herbin, on December 29th, 1923, at his home in Wolfville, N.S.

'01—Born on December 24th, 1923, to Mr. and Mrs. Wylie Mannie of Amherst, N. S., a daughter.

'05—Loring C. Christie has moved to London, England, where he is in commercial law with Sir James Dunn.

'19—Ernest Boyle has completed his course at McGill and is now practising medicine in Nanton.

'19—Carl Beals received the I. O. D. E. Overseas Scholarship for the province of Nova Scotia, and is now at Cambridge University.

'20—The marriage occurred at Truro, on January 1st, 1924, of Hazel Walker and Guy Lordly, Eng. '19.

'20—Malcolm Shaffner is attending Yale.

'21—Otto Parsons, returned from teaching in the West, is attending the Normal College, Truro.

Ex '21—Helen Schurman is training at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Eng. '21—Roy Chipman is attending Yale.

'22—Leon Parkin Steeves is in the Department of Science, Biology branch, at Groton School, Groton, Mass.

Ex. '22—Ada Maurine Elderkin is teaching at Everett College, Mass.

Ex. '22—Alethe Laird is spending the winter in Kentucky.

'23—George Gardiner has received the I. O. D. E. Overseas Scholarship for Prince Edward Island.

'23—Norma Webster has resigned her school in North Sydney, and has accepted a position in the High School at Island Pond, Vermont.

Eng. '23—George Reid has returned from Niagara Falls and is at his home in Hantsport.

Eng. ex. '24—Tom Lusby has accepted a position in Chicopee, Mass.

Ex. '25—Robie Bezanson is with the Fuller Brush Co., St. John, N. B.

Ex. '26—Cassie Faulkner is spending the winter at her home in Port Williams.





“Critics!—appalled I venture on the name,  
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame.”

—Burns.

We are not thinking of fame especially, nor are we contemplating cutting anyones throat. What we are doing is indulging in a little judgment on the merits of our fellow students in other colleges. If our judgment seems to be awry to anyone, as some things seem to be awry to us, we would ask you to repeat the following lines by Pope:

“ ’Tis hard to say if greater want of skill  
Appear in writing or in judging ill.”

Having thus excused and fortified ourselves, we now begin with the Exchanges.

### THE ARGOSY WEEKLY.

This little news sheet seems to have been instituted for the purpose of keeping the students acquainted with weekly events. As such it is successful, but we miss the old Argosy and the writings of real literary value which used to appear monthly from the pens of the Mount Allison students.

### BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL.

We find in the Fall Number of this magazine some interesting reading, and if the “adverse criticism” of the past.

referred to in the editorial, is responsible for the present high standard of the magazine, the students of Brandon should glory in the fact that they were criticized.

In the summary of the address delivered by Dr. Sweet we gain an insight into the ideas and character of the man who is to guide the shaping of the future policies of Brandon. We feel justified in saying that Brandon will, under his direction, add to her splendid past achievements.

“Reading for Pleasure” is an excellent article, and “A Summer at Lake Louise” makes us wish for a similar experience.

#### THE BRUNSWICKAN.

In the latest issue of your magazine, we see the addition of a new department, in the form of Notes from the Law School. In the editorial, U. N. B. voiced her desire to play intercollegiate games for trophies and cups, and not for the possession of ball or puck. We would like to have other colleges given their opinion concerning this matter. Our only criticism is that we think more literary material would improve your magazine, although it is good as far as it goes, the college activities being especially well written up.

#### THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

This is an old favorite, and keeps in touch with the outside world to a great extent. We cannot pronounce it a sheet filled with literary gems, but that is not its aim. It keeps us posed on the doings at “Dal.” so “carry on.” However, we would like to see more literary material.

#### THE GATEWAY.

This paper not only catalogues university activities but devotes much space to literary articles. The publication of November 27th is worthy of highest praise. Good work, Alberta!

## THE INTEGRAL.

A valuable paper for anyone interested in engineering. The article on "Hydro-Electric Power Collection" is especially interesting and instructive. It is decidedly an engineering magazine and about the only pages interesting to the entertainment-seeking reader are the two: "The Spice of Life," and "Tri-stale Poetry." When life becomes weary turn to these.

## KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.

There is no college magazine more welcomed than the production of Kings. It is now naturally permeated with a little Halifax atmosphere, but the King's spirit is as much alive at it ever was at the old home in Windsor. The magazine contains some good articles. The one on "Impressions of Bolshevik Meetings" is vital and well worth reading. "Everyday Philosophy" is tinged with humor and we hope the unknown writer will accept our congratulations. "Edgar Allen Poe and the Woman" is also a worthy production. We find that you also, along with The Trinity University Review, publish many anonymous articles. Surely the writers will favor us with their names next time.

## McGILL DAILY.

This paper is, as usual, full of university activities and advertisements. We cannot quite realize what it means to publish a daily, but McGill has acquired the art. The editorials are of a high order, and the articles, though not numerous, are good.

## THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

This magazine contains work of a very high order. The article on George A. Birmingham is especially well written and contains much good criticism. The editorial is also worthy of comment. The position of editor on a college



magazine is not an enviable one, and we heartily agree with what you say. Perhaps we might suggest that the magazine could be improved by some original poetry, and also by a science department. What it contains is good, but more variety is needed.

#### MANAGRA.

We find this magazine to be among the best. The exhilarating breezes from the prairies are always welcome. Judging from the space given to college activities, we surmise that everyone is giving the good cause a boost. Get a little more literary material and you will have a magazine that will be hard to beat.

#### MARITIME STUDENTS' AGRICULTURIST.

This is purely an agricultural magazine, and contains several good, although short, articles. The humorous side of life is not forgotten among the sterner phases, and we would compliment the N. S. A. C. on its magazine.

#### MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG.

This is another purely engineering magazine, and contains many valuable articles, also a section of potent jokes, and now and again we find a little corner dedicated to literary art. The article, "Should an Engineer be Cultured" touches a vital question and shows some real thinking on the part of the writer. The material for the magazine is well chosen, and authentic.

#### RED AND WHITE.

The December number of this magazine is well worth reading from cover to cover. The material, including stories and articles, is well written, and well selected. The latter part of the editorial, "A Modern Tendency," touches a vital spot in modern journalism, and yet there are many publications that do follow the high standard which the editorial

writer mourns as becoming decadent. The world is getting no worse, we think, but a little pessimism causes us to stop and consider once in awhile.

### SAINT ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW.

This is indeed a review. The college activities are carefully tabulated, but the sprinkling of jokes keeps the reader awake. The numerous pictures add to it's general appearance, but there seems to be a dearth of literary achievement.

### THE SHEAF.

Saskatchewan is forever coming to the fore. We find in the Sheaf that all college activities are boosted. We hear them saying that getting out a college paper is no joke—we say “Hear, Hear!” and also extend our congratulations to Saskatchewan.

### THE TECH FLASH.

Since reading the “Flash,” we feel that we have a personal acquaintance with every member of the Nova Scotia Technical College. That you are a wide awake aggregation there can be no doubt, and if some of your members follow their Willet Hall habits, we are sure that you are awake at all hours.

Social life seems to be greatly in evidence, especially dancing. What is it, “Stag,” or do you go into the high-ways and bid them enter? In case you become weary with the hollow mockery of jazz, we would suggest an occasional round of Tucker. It is quite proper, we assure you.

We have noted with great satisfaction your entrance into inter-collegiate sports, and your splendid showing in football. In hockey you should be even more successful. Carry on, Tech!

## TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW.

The last issue contained several good articles, but who are the writers? There is no way of telling whether the work is done by "Grads." "under Grads." or whether it just happens through spontaneous generation. An occasional story would improve your publication.

## THE UBYSSEY.

This weekly compares favorably with other college weeklies, being a catalogue of weekly events. The Literary Corner adds greatly to its value, where now and again a real literary production is found.

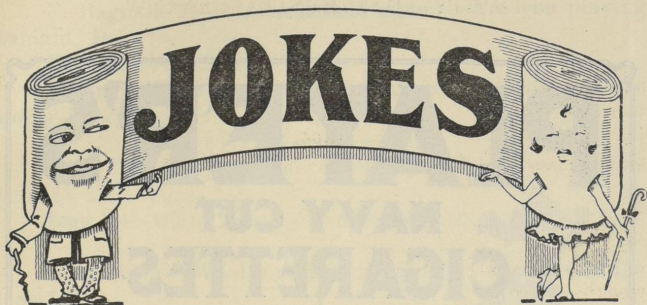
## WESTERN U. GAZETTE.

This sheet is always welcome with us, and keeps us informed that Western is holding her own in all phases of college life.

## THE XAVERIAN.

The Christmas number compares favorably with the generally high standard that this magazine has always attained. Of the stories, we consider "Diamonds and Dice" the better. The poetry is good, especially "My Holiday." On reading "The Opium Dreamer" we wonder where the author got the realism.





Tommy '24—(As class bell rings). I wonder how they summon deaf mutes to classes?

Troop '24—They ring dumb-bells, I suppose.

Dizzy '26—I could never be as big a fool as Mason.

Fritz '26—No, your size is against you.

June (trying to assemble a basketball outfit)—Has anybody got two pairs of sneakers?

The Wicked Flea '26—I have.

June—I meant any man.

Perry '27—Do you think it is right to associate with one's inferiors?

Marion '27—I don't think I ever met any of them.

Prof. Wheelock—What are the states of equilibrium?

Marven '27—Newton, Staple and Jiggle.

Anderson, Eng.—How old did you say you were?

His woman—Why, I've just reached twenty.

Anderson (after another look)—What kep yuh?

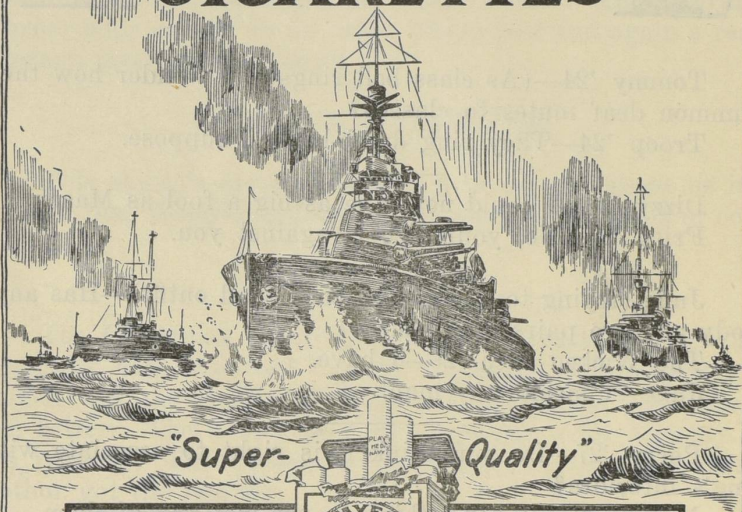
Helen '24—Why do they call Troop the bungalow man?

Chip '24—Because he only has one story—for the ladies

# PLAYER'S

## NAVY CUT

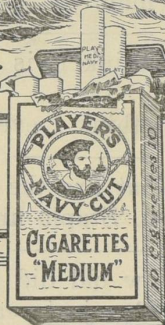
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F. Bagnall '24—(at basketball game)—Are you playing tonight, Dean?

Dean '24—No.

F. Bagnall '24—(excitedly)—Oh, gee! I'm sure we are going to win.

---

Edith '25—I hope you never let any man kiss you by surprise?

Jean '24—Oh no! But I often let them think they do.

---

Smith, Eng.—What month of the year do women talk the least?

Estey, Eng.—In February.

---

Curry '26—Words fail to express the love I bear for you!  
Co-ed—Did you ever try candy or that sort of thing?

---

Ra—That girl certainly doesn't look twenty-two, does she?

Mac—Not now, but I s'pose she did once.

---

Old Thing—And did Brownie say that he loved you as he had loved no other girl?

Young Thing (shyly)—Yes.

Old Thing (cruelly)—Doesn't he say it beautifully!

---

Meridith '27 (telling E. C. his fortune)—And I warn you someone will cross your path.

E. C. '24—Don't bother about me, warn him.

---

Dizzy '26 (seeing man beating a horse)—Stop that! Your poor horse can't speak like Balaam's ass, but I can.

---

Aldy '24—Oh Biff, may I borrow one of my ties just for today?

---

Covenant '25—What is a mirage?

Firpo Harris '25—Getting stuck in the mud, I guess.



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What made "Friday" so mad when the man said he was selling musical instruments and bagpipes?

Collins '24 (on verge of collapse)—Did you say there was a diamond pin taken up in the collection?

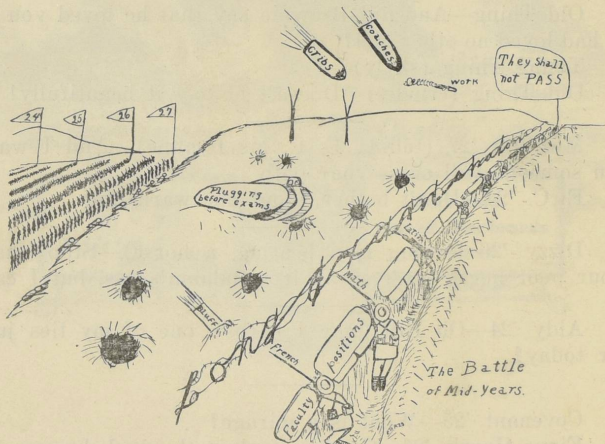
Spy '24 (soothingly)—No, no! a dime and pin.

Dr. Spidle—I am glad to find you studying so hard. Why do you do it?

Jim Wardrope '27—I'm too nervous to crib.

Mollins '25 (as Leighton hits his thumb with hammer)—Such language! I never heard such cursing since I was born.

Leighton (savagely)—Then there must have been some horrible oaths the day you were born.



Fillmore '25—Please, Short, may I borrow your club-bag?

Short '25—Yes, but why all the formality.

Fillmore '25—I can't find it.

---

Sem—Why didn't you write to me if you say you loved me all the time?

Cad—I couldn't find any postcards with the right words written on.

---

Ede (in church)—I wonder where that awful draft is from?

El (investigating)—Speed Whitman is sitting right behind us.

---

Perry '27—Didn't the audience miss you when you left the stage?

Mason '27—No, confound it! Somebody got me with a cabbage when I came thru the wings.

---

Prof.—What is the effect of the moon on the tide?

Anne '26—Little, if any. It affects chiefly the un-tied.

---

McClatchey '26—Send these flowers to Miss (fill in here) and charge them to me.

Florist—What name, please?

McClatchey (blushing)—Oh never mind, she'll know who they are from.

---

Co-Ed—I will accept you on one condition.

Stude—That's nothing, I entered Acadia with six.

---

J. G.—'24—How near were you to the correct answer for the first one?

Brownie '24—Two seats to my left.

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