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December 1922

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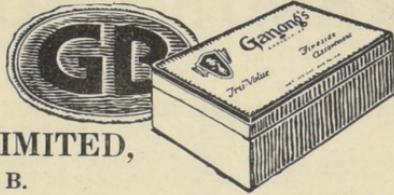
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# The Acadia Athenæum

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VOL. XLIX.      WOLFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1922      No. 2

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## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

- Poems:—1st, F. W. Doyle, '23; 2nd, W. P. Warren, '25.  
 Articles:—1st, Ethel V. Norton, '24; 2nd, F. W. Doyle, '23.  
                   3rd, Janet A. Kinsman, '23.  
 Stories:—1st, B. N. Goodwin, '23; 2nd, E. Louise Morse, '24.  
 Humor:—C. M. Spidell, '24.  
 Science:—1st, Edith V. Davison, '23; 2nd, No award.  
 Athletics:—1st, P. L. Judge, '23; 2nd, L. M. Rhodenizer, '24.  
 Month:—1st, A. E. Warren, '23; 2nd, E. L. Morse, '24.  
 Exchanges:—1st, A. E. Warren, '23; 2nd, Mary Patriquin,  
                   '23.  
 Personals:—1st, N. A. MacKinnon, '24; 2nd, Margaret P.  
                   Sylvester, '23.  
 Jokes:—Mary Brown, '24.  
 Cartoon:—C. O. T. Wieden, '23.  
 Snap:—No award.

Seniors—19 units.  
 Juniors—11 units.  
 Sophomores—1 unit.  
 Freshmen—  
 Engineers—

Pennant to Seniors.

## AN EVENING REVERIE

WHERE pine trees whisper in the wanton winds,  
Of eve she came to me, loose tresses from her brow  
Back-flung, a sable cloud; a moment stayed  
Her fleeting steps, a moment swiftly gone. And now

While sways the silver pathway of the moon  
On moving waters, fancy sees a frail canoe,  
Light-laden, slip past shadowed shores  
Half-veiled, concealed in evening's mystic blue;

Glide swift past wooded isles where ghost-like gleam  
The whitened sands; past crag-strewn, where crested waves  
Low-murmuring wake some wan sea-sprite,  
That from the hidden shoal the visioned maiden saves;

Glide swift with slender blade's smooth rhythmic dip;  
E'er onward, forward, ceaseless gliding till it seems,  
By silent hope its lovely burden borne,  
The fancied bark must reach the luring land of dreams.

F. W. D., '23.

## THE MAN WHO WON

“A camping trip—why Mrs. Harrison you couldn’t keep me away after an invitation like that! Thanks awfully; of course I’ll come.”

“Oh, I’m so glad, Dr. Carruthers. You see you are such an important man that I was afraid I couldn’t lure you away from that beloved hospital of yours. Frieda will be so pleased, I know. One of her old college chums is coming to spend a few weeks with her and is bringing her brother, so they will make up the rest of our little party, while I shall go along as chaperon to all you young people.”

“Well that is just the thing for me. I have been *thinking* I needed a vacation and now I *know* it. I really must go now—important operation on this morning—but I shall be around this evening to make further arrangements with you and Frieda.”

Dr. Donald Carruthers raised his hat, turned on his heel, and walked briskly up the street. His strong face, with its broad brow, delicate nose, and firmly-moulded chin scarcely showed the mark of his thirty-two years under the light of the enthusiasm which shone in his deep-brown eyes. The source of this enthusiasm lay in the invitation he had just received from the mother of Frieda Harrison, incidentally, in his eyes, the mother of the finest girl in the world. He reflected on his way to the hospital that he had been too busy working his way up to the position he held in his profession to realize how much Frieda had come to mean to him. But, he concluded just as he reached the big stone steps, that he had at last gained for himself recognition as a surgeon, and now he was finally prepared to gain for himself a wife.

Having settled this point satisfactorily in his mind, he dropped his boyish manner and was at once the keen-eyed, clever-fingered surgeon who already commanded the respect and admiration of the older men among whom he worked. During the next few days, preparatory to the camping expedition, he worked with characteristic earnestness and success, so that when the day of departure arrived, he rolled down

his sleeves after his last operation, put on his street clothes, and ran down the hospital steps with the air of one who was taking a well-earned vacation.

The Harrison car, with Frieda smiling a welcome, stood waiting for him as he reached the street. "By Jove, I didn't expect you so soon. Awfully sorry if I've kept you waiting."

"Oh, we just arrived this minute. Georgie you have heard me speak of Don—Dr. Carruthers, Miss Manning. And this is her brother, Ralph Manning." Frieda gaily made the introductions, then continued, "And now, Don, if you will just jump in there between Mother and Georgie, I think we are off on our trip. You see Ralph is a stranger to these roads, so I shall have to help direct him here at the wheel."

Thus placed, the little party started on their motor drive, which was to take them to a woodland cabin on the lower slopes of the Alleghanies. Carruthers carried on an animated conversation with Mrs. Harrison and the pretty, butterfly-type of girl beside whom he found himself. Yet, in spite of himself, his attention wandered more and more to the girl in front of him, who seemed, so he thought, more than necessarily interested in directing Ralph Manning's way. He was unwilling, at first, to acknowledge even to himself that the trip was not as enjoyable as he had planned, yet, as mile after mile flew by and Frieda's attention never wavered from the incessant chatter of the young man beside her, the admission was forced from Carruthers. Moreover, he was also compelled to admit that Manning was a figure who would naturally attract any girl, even tho a careful observer could see that no great depth of character underlay his ready wit and polished manner.

Accustomed, as he was, to success in his undertakings, Carruthers had rather taken it for granted that he would succeed in his intentions of gaining a wife. Now, however, for the first time, as he watched Frieda and Manning together, doubts crossed his mind in regard to winning Frieda Harrison's love. Their two days of motoring into the Alleghanies served only to strengthen these doubts. By the time they had established themselves in their cabin by the side of a forest lake, seven miles from the nearest town, by an infrequently travelled

road, these doubts had become fears. Yet with these fears came to Carruthers a stronger realization of his love for the girl, so that he finally reached a mental state wherein nothing seemed to him quite as important as to get rid of Ralph Manning in some way, any way, so that he might have a chance to urge his own suit with Frieda. This one desire obsessed his brain until the very sight of Manning became odious to him.

This was the condition of affairs on the morning of their fourth day in the open, when Frieda suggested that they go bird shooting. "Curses!" muttered Carruthers under his breath, as he picked up his gun and stepped to the side of Georgie Manning, who was following the retreating backs of her brother and Frieda.

"Don't they seem to be enjoying themselves this morning?" remarked Georgie as the couple ahead vanished among the trees of the forest. "And do you know," she added, looking quizzically at her companion, "I would'nt be surprised if I had Frieda for a sister-in-law some day. You can easily see how crazy Ralph is over her."

Carruthers strove to make an intelligent reply, and to appear interested in the conversation, but his mind was wandering rather badly just then.

"Oh, listen! Ralph and Frieda must have got a bird," cried Georgie as a shot rang out nearby in the woods.

Scarcely had she spoken when her words were followed by a woman's scream. Carruthers dropped his gun, and tore thru the underbrush in the direction whence the sound had come, leaving the girl to follow as well as she could.

One fear alone clutched at Carruthers' heart, one terror alone animated his body as he leapt thru the bushes—What if Frieda had been injured! The full significance of the thought had hardly time to take effect on his brain before he dashed into a small clearing and saw Frieda on the farther side kneeling over the huddled form of Ralph Manning. Unconsciously his tense frame relaxed and a gasp of relief escaped his parted lips.

Running to her side, he dropped to his knees beside the prostrate figure, gasping, "What has happened? You're not hurt?"

The girl turned to him with an imploring look, "Oh, no, it's Ralph. Do something, anything for him quick. Can't you see he's dying? I shot—" she covered her face with her hands, "I aimed at a bird and my shot went astray."

While she spoke, Carruthers bent over the unconscious form, hastily loosening the shirt upon which appeared a rapidly-widening, crimson stain, and ran his skilled fingers around the wound in the left side where the bullet had entered. Turning the man over, he made a more careful examination, then looked up with a grave face.

"What is it? Tell me—is he dead?" entreated Frieda standing with white face trying to comfort the weeping Georgie, who had by this time come up.

"No, he is only unconscious," replied Carruthers, "but the bullet is in there just below the heart. I can't tell exactly how serious it is, but I am afraid——"

"Oh, Don, you don't mean he won't live, that I have killed him?" cried Frieda freeing herself from her friend's grasp and turning to Carruthers. "Isn't there something you can do to save him?"

The surgeon shook his head. "There is one chance if I had him where I could operate, but he can't stand being moved and I have nothing here to work with." He turned and examined the man once more.

The girl came forward and laid her hand on Carruthers' shoulder, speaking in a voice which she strove to hold steady. "Don, we must find a way for you to operate and give him his chance. I could'nt bear to think," she shuddered, "that I had killed him. I——" the words came softly, "I love him."

Carruthers' head bowed lower over the man before him, but the expression which crossed his face was not wholly professional. For a moment he hesitated while the instinct of the man and that of the surgeon struggled within him. When he looked up his face was strained, but he threw back his shoulders with decision.

“Frieda if you will work with me I will do my best.” She nodded assent, and he continued in the crisp tones by which his hospital assistants were accustomed to know that Dr. Carruthers meant business. “Listen, can you drive the car to the nearest place where there is a doctor and bring him and all his instruments back here immediately. Forget the speed laws, because a few minutes may mean life and death the way this wound is bleeding. I must stay and try to stop the blood, or he can’t hold out until we operate.”

Frieda Harrison took one look at the surgeon’s strong face to give herself strength for the task before her, then turned swiftly in the direction of the cabin. Carruthers’ voice, “Perhaps you had better take Miss Manning to your mother since she doesn’t seem to be able to stand this,” reminded her of her friend, whom she quickly led away.

When left alone with Manning, the surgeon worked swiftly, feverishly, so that he would have no time to think. Yet in spite of himself as he bent over the wounded man, doing what he could to hold life there until the girl returned, he could not keep the words “I—I love him”, from echoing thru his brain. They seemed to paralyze his mind to all other thoughts, all other feelings. He shuddered as he realized that he was here alone with the object of that love, alone with the helpless man who prevented the realization of his dreams of happiness. Some demon within him prompted the question, “If Manning should die, would there not still be a chance for him to win that happiness he craved?” Again and again he fought it off, and as often it returned insinuating itself into all his thoughts.

At the end of an hour, seemingly an eternity, of this mental agony, Carruthers’ tortured brain caught the sound of the returning motor car. In a moment Frieda ran into the clearing, followed by a young doctor who had set up a practice in the small town. Carruthers made a mental note that the man looked like a promising assistant, then hastily examined the surgical instruments provided. They were crude in comparison with those to which his fingers were accustomed, yet perhaps more modern than he had dared to hope for in

such a place. With curt directions to his helpers he plunged into the struggle before him.

After half an hour of swift yet careful work, Manning had been carried to the cabin and placed in the hastily improvised operating room. All was in readiness for the operation, upon the doubtful issue of which the man's life hung. Carruthers in sterilized garments advanced and stood over the white-sheeted form upon the table.

With a start the surgeon discovered that the fingers which he laid on the instruments, trembled. In that instant all his old torment of mind, lost during the hurried preparations, returned to him with renewed intensity. There was but one chance in a hundred for Manning anyway; what if his hand still trembled as he probed for the bullet? The slightest wavering of that keen steel, the slightest tremor in the fingers that guided it, and no rival could stand between him and the girl he loved. Yet who could accuse the surgeon of carelessness who lost a patient under such conditions as these? Could even his own conscience reproach him if his iron nerve broke under such a strain?

Donald Carruthers glanced at the girl who sat with forced composure just inside the door. With one look at her white face and compressed lips, he took a deep breath, set his teeth, and began the fight for Ralph Manning's life. For the next hour, self was obliterated as his long, nervous fingers worked delicately yet with precision, among the living tissues in the man's side. It seemed at times as if the heart around which he made his incisions must cease its feeble beating, but still it persisted while the surgeon waged his fight with death. Time sped on, its passage unmarked except by the faint breathing of the man on the table, and the occasional metallic click of an instrument as it was dropped and another substituted in its place.

Finally Carruthers looked up after the last stitch had been taken in the wound, and beckoned to the girl waiting at the door. His face was haggard, yet it bore the light of victory as he said, "He will live. I have given him his chance—and he has won."

## GLIMPSE OF THE FOX INDUSTRY OF P.E. ISLAND

**S**ECURE in her youthful strength lies Prince Edward Island—a land of sunshine, dreams and memories. Prince Edward Island, formerly known to the Indians, her first inhabitants, as “Abegweit,” or “Resting on the Wave”, now known to her sons and daughters everywhere (ay, and to strangers who have never come under her witching spell) as “The Island,” is the cradle of the great fox industry as she is “The Cradle of Confederation.”

Here began the fox-raising industry, an industry destined to add to the fame of its birth-place; an industry which, now that it is placed on a firm financial basis, bids fair to become one of the great industries of the world.

Silver Fox pelts have always commanded high prices, and the idea of raising foxes in captivity occurred to a thrifty Islander, Mr. Charles Dalton. His first attempts in this line were unsuccessful, for he failed to raise the young foxes to maturity. He called to his aid Mr. Robert Oulton, who had been experimenting with black foxes for some time. Together the two men worked out their problem and in 1894 the first pens of wire netting were constructed and, in these, the young foxes thrived.

The success of this venture stimulated others to follow their example and the next few years saw the erection of several new ranches and the addition of new “black beauties” to the stock.

The pioneers in the industry by this time were becoming well-versed in fox-breeding lore, and, as a result, their business prospered beyond their most sanguine expectations. There is, however, among Islanders a strong Scotch strain, and to this element in their natures is probably due the fact that these canny men for some years kept their secret to themselves while they saw each year a substantial sum added to their bank accounts. However, the best-guarded secret will eventually find its way to the outside world, and, in spite of the fact that our sturdy Islanders attempted to secure a monopoly on the business, other ranches sprang up throughout the Maritime

Provinces, Newfoundland, Maine, Ontario, Michigan, and Alaska. This rapid increase in the industry was due to the remarkable sales of ranch-raised fox pelts which took place at London in 1910. At this time the finest collection of pelts which had ever appeared, was put on the market—a collection consisting of twenty-five choice pelts whose price averaged \$1386, the best one of which sold for the remarkable sum of \$2624.

The secret was out; and, although the pioneers banded together and agreed to sell no live foxes, the new ranches procured stock and prospered together with their older rivals.

Excitement now rose high. Those possessing means lost no time in investing in the El Dorado scheme. Farms were mortgaged while their owners put the proceeds either in a fox company, or, perchance started miniature ranches for them selves. Great business concerns which had a long, prosperous lifetime behind them imperilled their existence by tying up capital in fox shares; while many of the average men and women hurried to invest the savings of years in this rosy project. One result of this rapid investing was a remarkable inflation of prices, largely due to the formation of stock companies formed of individuals who possessing insufficient capital to operate a ranch on their own account put large numbers of shares on the market.

But the Great War came. Down crashed the air castles of many an investor simultaneously with the fall in the value of foxes. Many a man who had heretofore lacked none of the essentials and few of the luxuries of life, found himself face to face with bankruptcy. Some few canny persons who had availed themselves of the rapid rise in prices and who through keen business ability and foresight had sold their shares when the price was at its height realized great fortunes. But the majority of investors, blinded by the riches which beckoned so alluringly, after having sold at a profit, reinvested the proceeds in fresh stocks. As a result, when the crash came, it found thousands of dollars tied up in an industry which, instead of paying dividends of from 200 per cent to 500 per cent, as many of the companies had done, proved to be one from which only small yearly returns were received by the share-

holders, and one in which many companies were forced into liquidation.

But the fox industry was not the only financial project which felt keenly the effects of the war. Many long-established businesses felt the stress of war-time conditions and few revived in such a remarkably short time as did the fox industry.

The domesticated fox of today is the result of years of careful experimentation. Thirty years ago the ancestors of the present generation of foxes were wild. Many animals taken out of their natural habitat and transferred to artificial surroundings become inferior and sickly. But this is not the case with the fox. For the ranch-bred fox of today is four times as valuable as is his wild brother. Not only is he a more valuable asset for breeding purposes because he has adapted himself to his environment, but his pelt is far more valuable on account of its finer, more uniform texture.

After the initial cost of buying stock and building the ranch, the upkeep of the ranch is not an expensive undertaking. Provided that there are not many ranches in a given locality, the larger the ranch, the less expensive is the unit of cost per fox. For foxes are practically omnivorous. They will eat meat, raw or partially cooked, biscuits, vegetables porridge, berries, milk and eggs, and even grass. Economically, then, they are a valuable asset to a community for they will thrive on many things which otherwise would be wasted, or at least used as fertilizer. In an average ranch, a pair of foxes, can be provided for at a cost of \$40 to \$50. But in many districts where much cheap food is available the cost is materially reduced.

The ideal location for a fox ranch is an upland area covered with mixed evergreen and deciduous trees. The combination of the two kinds of trees is necessary, for, if the growth is all evergreen, the snow lodges late in the spring and keeps the ground very damp, and by this dampness the lives of the young pups arriving at this season are endangered. Although one occasionally sees a ranch with very few trees surrounding it—such a condition is not desirable, nor is such a ranch liable to have successful results. It is pre-

ferable to have the environment as nearly as possible like the foxes' natural habitat. Foxes are by nature very timid and are accustomed, in their wild state, to make their dens in secluded places in deep woods. In order to add to the foxes' feeling of security and privacy the majority of ranches have high board fences surrounding them to keep off inquisitive strangers, dogs, etc.

During the first few weeks of the young pups' lives it is essential that the foxes be not disturbed in any way. At this time even the keeper must be wary how he deals with his charges. For the mother fox, in her anxiety to save her little ones from the threatened danger, will take her babies out of the house and bury them alive to keep them, as she thinks, safe from harm. An illustration of this was seen some years ago in the Bunbury ranch a few miles from Charlottetown. A silver thaw in which a heavy coating of ice incrustated the trees, took place. The ice fell in large pieces upon the roofs of the fox houses, making the foxes very uneasy. In spite of watchfulness and care on the part of the keeper, great loss resulted from the destruction of pups. On account of this trait in the old foxes, during breeding time no stranger is allowed near the foxes, and even the keeper does not know how many pups there are until some time after their arrival.

Numerous people have expressed curiosity as to the cause of the superiority of the original Island stock. It is safe to say that nowhere else in the world have Island-bred foxes been equalled. Pelts from foxes raised in northern United States are light and thin; the fur of foxes from the far north is coarse and shaggy like the hair of a dog; but the Island foxes have soft, shiny pelts, of wonderfully fine texture and marvellous uniformity. These features can be accounted for in several ways; for example, the Island air is moist and cool, yet not too damp or cold. The quality of the soil, too, plays an important part in the formation of fine pelts; for a soil which contains much lime will burn the fur and make the pelts hard and dull. In Prince Edward Island the soil contains little alkali or lime—a condition which obtains nowhere else in North America except in a limited area in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. To these

facts may be added the opinion of some people that the Island foxes are a sub-species which is peculiar to this favored section, and which appears to be impossible to duplicate.

Apart from their financial value, to the lover of animals these little creatures are a continual source of interest and admiration—not only for their beauty and timid curiosity, but also for their surprising agility—an agility to which many an adventurous bird alighting within their pens has fallen prey.

The casual glance of a visitor at a fox ranch often reveals what appears to be a collection of empty pens around deserted houses. But a closer inspection reveals the fact that the apparently empty houses are tenanted, and sharp noses, pointed ears and shining eyes are visible at the entrance of their dens, while their owners are curiously peering at the stranger in order to find out about him all that their bright eyes are capable of seeing.

Beautiful, then, as well as valuable are these industrious little inhabitants of the great ranches of Prince Edward Island. A splendid future undoubtedly lies ahead of the industry which had its birth in "The Garden of the Gulf." And we feel instinctively the force and significance of the following quotation from one of Service's poems:—

“ ‘Did you ever see such a skin’ quoth he,  
‘There’s naught in the world so fine—  
Such fulness of fur as black as the night,  
Such lustre, such size, such shine.’ ”  
For look ye, the skin—it’s as smooth as sin,  
And black as the core of the pit.”  
And a prize likewise in a woman’s eyes  
Is a peerless black fox skin.

E. V. N. '24

## BRITAIN'S NEW PRIME MINISTER

WHEN Andrew Bonar Law became leader of the Conservative Party in 1911, it was said that there never had been a leader of a great political party with fewer outward signs of leadership. Outward appearances are sometimes deceptive, and this must be true with regard to Bonar Law, who, for more than a decade of years, has filled responsible positions so efficiently.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them. It is hard to determine, at first glance, which of these conditions applies to the career of the new British Premier. No man without the qualities of true greatness could achieve the unique position that England's Prime Minister holds today in the world of politics. To read the harsh criticisms now being heaped upon Lloyd George, but yesterday the nation's pride, is to be convinced of the fickleness of human nature and the utter uselessness of trying to combat public opinion.

The career of Bonar Law has ever been of interest to the people of the Maritime Provinces, for he was born in New Brunswick, and although Canada kept him for only a few brief years, she did not forget him when he left the land of his birth for the land of his fathers. Through all the years that he has been away, Canadians have ever kept him in mind, and now that he has become the most prominent figure in present-day political affairs, they are prouder than ever of the fact that Canada is the land of his birth. He is the first native of Canada to attain such a position in the British Parliament. We hope that he may not be the last. When more Canadians are enabled to take an active interest in the political life of the mother country, the bonds uniting nation and colony will be even firmer than they are at the present time.

Little is known of Bonar Law's Canadian childhood, beyond the fact that his birthplace is Rexton, New Brunswick, and that he received his early education at the Richibucto Grammar School. He is the son of a Presbyterian minister,

Rev. James Law, who returned to his native Scotland when the son who was destined to become famous was only twelve years of age. After removing to Scotland, Andrew attended the Gilbert Field School, Hamilton, and later the Glasgow High School. Here he apparently made a name for himself. An old master pronounced him "a boy of great mental power, a serious boy, a boy anxious to do well". Such extravagant statements from a Scottish schoolmaster point to unusual attributes on the part of the student. Or else his report came at a time when his pupil's ability had already been proved!

As a young man, he entered his uncle's firm, that of William Kidston and Sons, iron merchants, and worked himself steadily upward from a position on the office staff to partnership in one of the leading iron firms of Glasgow. Hard and uninterrupted application to his work resulted in the ability to retire from business at the comparatively early age of forty-two.

During his business career, however, he betrayed something besides mere commercial enterprise. For years he applied himself earnestly to the task of self-improvement by "taking lectures" at the University and by joining a literary discussion club. Early in youth he showed that supreme passion for argument that later won for him the name of the best noteless debater in the House of Commons. Even as a schoolboy he was fond of arguing. And later while mastering the iron trade in Glasgow he joined a parliamentary debating society, which had Government and Opposition sides, and observed all the forms of the House of Commons. It was here that he first conceived the idea of entering politics. On retiring from business he devoted all his energies to this purpose. At first people were not inclined to notice him, but finally he won a seat in Parliament, and started for London to obtain a name for himself. For a while he sat on the back benches, unnoticed. His Scottish reserve prevented him from winning many friends, but, self-reliant, he bided his time. And that time came. Soon the House of Commons recognized that he was a man who, when he spoke, had always something to say that was worth listening to. His

leaders saw that he might be useful and after only two years in Parliament he was invited to become a junior Minister. The Board of Trade required an under-secretary. For four years he filled the position with discretion and industry. Then Mr. Balfour's government went out, and Bonar Law found himself one of the leaders of the opposition. From 1911 to 1915 he held the position of leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. His war record has been excellent, and as Secretary of State for the Colonies, during 1915 and 1916, he showed a marked degree of efficiency.

Bonar Law is a man who has got to the front by force of character. He has risen with unusual rapidity, and in a time of stress has served his country well. He is a formidable, but always scrupulously fair political fighter, and as before noted, a debater of remarkable readiness and resource. Ever the level-headed logician, he appeals to reason and fact rather than to emotion and imagination. This, in all probability, accounts for the feeling that Bonar Law will never rise to the height of personal popularity enjoyed by Lloyd George. People want to be stirred, amused, hypnotized. Bonar Law's eloquence is of a different sort. As one man says, "He never makes anybody want to cheer". But, while he possesses few of the outward characteristics that make men popular idols, Bonar Law enjoys the esteem and respect alike of Parliament and of the country. He is, above all, a transparently honest and very able man. And genuine honesty and efficiency are sterling qualities which are almost rare enough to be picturesque.

By one bond alone Bonar Law has made himself endeared to thousands, at home and in the colonies. Two of his sons lost their lives in the Great War. Thus is he bound, by ties of grief, to many, many parents who find it impossible to forget the war.

His attitude, therefore, in regard to the settlement of the question that now agitates all Christendom, will be closely watched, watched with a feeling not of fear or of distrust, but of interest and warmest sympathy.

J. A. K., '23.

## IN THE MOONLIGHT

“MY dear sir, it’s all very well for you to come to me now, but allow me to observe that you’re a little too late”, said Mortimer Meredith, turning the double lenses of his spectacles on Wilfred Wilton’s troubled face, and tapping one finger gently against the letters piled on the office table. “Business is business—and really you have no right to express yourself so intemperately”.

“Yes,” retorted Wilton, choked by some violently repressed emotion, “business is business,—and cheating is cheating !”

“Sir !” exclaimed Meredith, indignantly, “have a care of what you say !”

The lawyer drew himself up with a jerk, and two dull red spots flamed in his cheeks.

But the man before him had justice on his side, and retorted: “Now, listen, Mr. Meredith, and say whether I have not grounds for what I advance”, and the rough looking farmer—for such Wilton was—leaned on the stock of an old rifle and gazed into the lawyer’s face. “You held a mortgage on my house. The interest was regularly paid and—”

“Nobody denies that, my good friend”, Meredith interrupted, half smiling—and such a smile that there was no mistaking its purport.

“And now, without notice, you foreclose the mortgage, is that it ?” said the other.

“That’s exactly it. The mortgage is overdue, and it has been for these last six months, which is the reason, as I said before, that you are somewhat late”.

“I had the money to pay—at least”, the farmer added, correcting himself, “I should have found it had I supposed—”

“Which is not to the point”, smoothly interrupted the lawyer, “and, as I said before, it is not business. When the mortgage is overdue the mortgagee has a perfect right to foreclose, without dancing attendance on the whims of any man. Besides, the place suits me; I want it for my boy. I

shall have it fitted up a little, and it will make a most picturesque bit of property. I always did fancy living on one of those tiny islands across the harbor”.

Slowly and deliberately Wilfred Wilton set his rifle in a corner, and pulling a worn pocketbook out of the breast of his coat, began to count a roll of crumpled and discolored bank notes.

Meredith leaned back in his chair and looked on.

“See, Mr. Meredith”, said the farmer, pleadingly, “here is thirteen hundred dollars. I’ve made it up one way or another, by begging, borrowing—no matter how. And the interest, I pledge myself, shall be paid within a month. It’s my home, Lawyer Meredith—I built that house; my wife died there; my little girl has played there among the trees and bushes! It doesn’t stand to reason that it’s worth as much to any one else as to me. Lawyer Meredith, I may have got excited in the heat of argument; but I’m ready to apologize humbly, if only you will say that things shall be square between us”.

Meredith shrugged his shoulders. He had set his heart on the place, and he had resolved that nothing should weaken him.

“Really, Mr. Wilton”, said he, “I’ve no time to spare this morning. The place is mine and no one’s else, and mine I intend it shall remain. Good day.”

Wilton looked at the wily lawyer a moment or two, with a peculiar expression on his face—an expression that was not pleasant to see—and then replacing the pocket-book in his coat, took up his gun, and walked out of the room, merely saying as he went:

“I’ll get even with you for this day’s work, Meredith—mark my words !”

\* \* \* \* \*

The full moon of August was hanging like a shield of pearl in the blue skies over Grass Island, and Junior Meredith, tired out with his day of fishing in the clear waters of the harbor, was fast asleep in the prettily-finished room where Wilfred Wilton’s wife had died almost two years before.

Asleep, with one arm carelessly thrown above his head, and the flush of youth and health yet dyeing his cheek, and all unconscious of the shadowy figure that flitted thru the clinging vines and bushes outside, and the gleaming eyes that blazed upon him like baleful fires.

And so Junior Meredith slept on, while Wilfred Wilton, the former owner, leaned on his rifle and watched him from the outside.

“A fair prey”, muttered the rough farmer to himself. “One shot and he would be snatched from life, and I—I would be avenged! Lawyer Meredith is a man of iron, but he has one soft spot in his heart, and this blue-eyed boy nestles there”.

He lifted his rifle to his shoulder, took deliberate aim, but paused a second.

“No !” he muttered, letting the gun crash down among the dewy bushes. “I cannot do it! Not in the room where Nettie died—not in the room where little Jeane has curled down to sleep a hundred times”.

With set lips and muscles working, the farmer walked down to the shore, where the waves of the harbor flashed blue and sparkling in the moon’s rays.

While Wilfred Wilton was resisting his great temptation, on the other side of the harbor another scene was being enacted.

Mortimer Meredith had got an inkling of his son Junior’s danger—it matters not how—and was soundly berating some of his employees, whom he had left to guard the boy.

“And so he’s alone on Grass Island! Did I not leave you to watch over his safety? My God, my boy!” gasped the old lawyer, who had good reason to fear the worst.

His face grew livid as he stepped into his boat that was tied to a wharf near his office. Snatching the helm from the wrinkled old boatman who accompanied him, he exclaimed:

“I think you must all be mad to have acted as you have done”.

The boatman changed a quid of tobacco from his right cheek to his left.

“Land sakes alive !” exclaimed he, “where’s the harm ? Who’s goin’ to hurt the boy ? It was his own notion, anyway. Hold on—ain’t you a-goin’ to wait till the rest gets aboard ?”

“I am going to wait for no one”, cried the lawyer, loosening the moorings, and pulling with long strokes out on the sparkling water. “As for you, Boland, you may regard yourself as no longer in my employment. I am done with the lot of you”.

Mortimer Meredith was flushed and heated with the unwonted exertion, as he finally drew up at the rude stone pier of Grass Island, tied his boat, and sprang ashore.

As he did so a man emerged from a cluster of bushes, the weird moonlight flashing alike on his pallid face and the barrel of his rifle.

“Good evening, Mr. Meredith”, said Wilfred Wilton—for he it was—not without a sneer in his voice, however.

The lawyer started back and grew pale.

“You here !” he cried, hoarsely.

“Why not ?” retorted Wilton, coldly. “I’m here, there, and everywhere. And this here’s an old haunt of mine, you know”, added he.

Meredith made no reply but walked hastily up the hill.

The farmer kept at his side. “Come to see your boy, I suppose ?” hazarded Wilton, after a few moment of silence.

The lawyer stopped short and turned savagely on him.

“Man”, said he, in a choking voice, “you wouldn’t—you don’t mean that—that you would dare to touch a hair of his head ?”

“Why shouldn’t I, lawyer ?” demanded Wilton coolly. “What quarter have you shown to me or mine that I should have mercy on your son ? I swore to be revenged, didn’t I ? But come on. Look with me upon your boy as he sleeps so peacefully in the moonlight”.

And side by side, they paused, Mortimer Meredith’s heart giving a throb of gladness as he saw his son in the fresh restful slumber of boyhood, his arm still thrown above his head.

“He was at my mercy”, said the farmer, in a hoarse whisper, “even as you are at my mercy now. A dead body more or less deposited out there in the bay—what does it signify? No, you need not start—you’re safe enough. The evil spell has passed away from me now. My wife died in that room, and I almost think it was her spirit that turned away my hand when I would have raised it against yonder boy’s life”.

And crashing thru the tangled bushes Farmer Wilton disappointed.

A week later Wilfred Wilton received an important document through the mail. It was a long yellow envelope, and on opening it he found the title deeds of Grass Island, made out in his name, enclosed in a sheet of paper on which was written: “With the thanks and grateful blessings of a father”.

And so Wilfred Wilton received his home back again as only his due. But Junior Meredith comes every summer to shoot and fish, and the childless widower follows him like a shadow, so no harm shall come to him. And Junior is never likely to know the peril that hovered near him that night, when the moon was at its full over Grass Island.

B. N. G., '23.



## CRITICS AND CRITICISM

THE modern tired business man, comfortably seated in his scientifically lighted reading room, little realizes or never thinks of the tremendous advances made during the last fifteen hundred years in his literary as well as his physical environment. He reads casually and yawns profusely over his beautifully-bound, "commonplace" novel. Similarly his ancestors grunted in disgust at the poorly-told tale of the day's events. They were seated, probably, in some filthy hovel, yet they felt superior enough to criticize, and it was in such hovels and because of such criticism that English Literature was born. There, some unusual enterprise led to the minstrel's song and with details magnified, it was carried over the land by him only to be forgotten with his passing. In some, notably the eastern countries, this is still almost the sole literature of the masses. In England and wherever Englishmen have gone, Anglo-Saxon story-tellers have become more and more expert, have organized and made literature into a highly specialized art available to most everyone.

From the unwritten, ever-changing, minstrel songs to the crudely constructed ballads and, later, the lyric and the epic; from the written Bible to the rudely acted Miracle Plays; from the carelessly related sequence of events to the written history; and from these to the narrative and finally the novel, may seem but slight advances. Yet in each case hundreds of years and thousands of artists were required to force each upward step, however small. During the centuries that preceded the invention of the printing-press, writers had little knowledge of the work of others. Writing itself was a laborious process; means of communication were scant and unsafe while the centres of population were widely separated. But by the time the press was evolved, the country had become so unified and so well known that men were ready and waiting for its arrival. Previous to this a single volume had meant years, oftentimes a life's work, but even the first and crudest presses turned out hundreds of copies, and today, have been so improved that they annually let loose hundreds of thousands, millions of volumes on the reading public.

Similarly the methods, varieties, and purposes of writing have multiplied. Originally there was no methodical reasoning in literature. It was the mere piecing together of detail without dramatic intent or characterization and it was only after centuries of careful study of the unimaginative and uncultured audiences that such things were thought important. This growth is peculiarly plain in the drama, where, apparently, it was first observed that mere narrative palled, that comedy and pathos, the featuring of the unusual, and of marked traits of character were essential to success. To introduce these improvements great ingenuity was displayed in adding to or detracting from the original folk-tales, and Shakespeare, the greatest plagiarist of all, was the supreme master in this art. But no works are more universally true or more cosmopolitan in appeal than his. This is due in no small measure to his unexcelled ability to eliminate superfluous detail and by his tremendous power to dramatize the most uninteresting narrative.

As for purpose, there was little or none in the original tale. It was the mere recitation of facts, sometimes to give the benefit of experience and, rarely, to furnish amusement. Later we find the Bible being transformed into drama of a type intended to teach, graphically, moral lessons to the uncultured; we find the imagination of the story-teller adorning and beautifying, moulding and adapting the original, captivating audiences with the crude but unique skill displayed. But in this there was no purpose save that of amusement. This cannot be said to be true today. During the last century, men have seen the tremendous powers that lay dormant in the press and through it have endeavored to impress their own eccentricities, or public, moral, or national issues on their readers. Bitter has been the criticism heaped on the modern writer for this reason and in many cases justly so, for undoubtedly literature has been debased and injudiciously used by unscrupulous interests. Yet the tendency to do this has been offset to a great extent by the necessity for concealing anything that hints of purpose, a necessity that requires the greatest skill—a skill which but few possess. Indeed, but a small part of the public lacks the power to see through an article

or story or essay and to criticize it, both plot and material, when used even most subtly for the advancement of some particular "pro" or "con". This is peculiarly true when productions represented as being primarily for amusement are so debased and it is on them that the harshest criticism, both public and professional, falls.

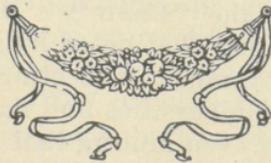
And modern criticism, as a whole, is harsh and unfair. Bitterly prejudiced and constantly aiming to discredit the contemporary writer, the critic is often warped in his judgments or impressed with his own traditional infallibility, uninfluenced by or forgetful of the fate of similar critics of the nineteenth century poets. But this is not altogether his fault; surrounded as he is by a heterogeneous mass of less than mediocre material, it is almost impossible to pick out what is noteworthy. No sooner does an unusual work appear than a host of imitations are produced, oftentimes overwhelming and concealing the original. For this last the originator is not responsible, nor can he govern it. But the critic, though aware of it, fails to consider the constantly increasing number of persons who are capable of imitating very successfully, but who are rarely, if ever, able to equal the skill of him who first presents the new idea or method of production. Instead he picks out his Chaucer and his Shakespeare, his Spenser and his Shelley, and attempts to compare all present writers with these few incomparable masters. He forgets the myriads of Smiths, Joneses and Whatnots who filled the bookshelves of former days with their long-forgotten trash. He compares moderns grouped indiscriminately with the select few left by the unflinching hand of Time. In this the critic is harsh and unfair.

Nor is it only for the inspired purpose and this superficial sameness that modern English Literature is criticized. It is openly attacked because of its realism, its naturalism, or its fantastic unreality, its moral tone or its lack of it, its jingly rhymes or its failure to possess them. It is secretly undermined because of its brevity. In view of the fact that in this, as in other ages, the public selects and judges for itself, this criticism is hardly understandable. Modern tastes cannot be said to have deteriorated. Such a statement could

scarcely be made in face of the tremendous advances made in every other intellectual pursuit and the greatly raised standard of literary appreciation. Yet despite the fact that Time and the Public, the greatest critics and eliminators, are doing otherwise, those who profess to know, almost invariably select works which omit no detail and allow no scope for the reader's imagination. They forget that bare facts do not have to be told and retold to the modern public. Mere textbook education has done away with the necessity for this, has carried information to all parts of the world, has made it familiar to all climes. Rapid and cheap transportation has brought it into contact with all races. Modern critics eliminate because of brevity. Minute detail is rarely necessary and length to the modern eyes is far from being a virtue.

Critics and criticism have existed from time immemorial. The cave man hurled a boulder at his neighbor for boring him with the common-place. The mediæval prince tortured his jester for re-telling a story, and the present-day, paid fault-finder roasts his victims in the refining fires of ridicule. But time alone has decided and it, only, will reveal the true value of contemporary literature, which for all its obvious defects—its tendency to propaganda, its lack of variety, its brevity—will undoubtedly rank high. How high the future alone will tell.

F. W. D. '23



## THE DEBATER

TO be seated at the back of some hall or lecture room, and to see a speaker rise from his chair, stride manfully and with utmost dignity to the center of the stage or desk, look fitfully on the faces of those before him, throw back his shoulders, clear his throat, and proceed to address the various members of the assembly, is to me a source of inspiration, accompanied by a feeling of hope and pity. Who can hear the words "Mr. Chairman, Honored Judges, Worthy Opponents, Ladies and Gentlemen", without being stirred to the depths of his emotion? A machine is devoid of emotion. Therefore there are those who ——, and for that reason, and for their benefit I will endeavor to portray my own emotions that by this they may be brought to a better understanding of debaters, their methods and their feelings.

First, let me ask a question. What is the impression left by the speaker's opening words, in which he addresses certain members of the assembly? You will note that he eliminates the chairman, the honored judges, and worthy opponents, from the category of ladies and gentlemen. Why is this? Anyone who has been in the position of speaker will readily understand the cause of this seeming diversion from the rules of etiquette, anyone who is desirous of displaying his ignorance for the first time on the stage or behind the desk needs to know it, and those who never expect to reach this pinnacle of fame should know it that they may not condemn the speaker unjustly.

Behold, the speaker has reached the center of the stage, and with a bland smile or a look of severity—usually the latter—he addresses the "Chair", "Mr. Chairman", without even suggesting that that noted individual—for noted he must be in order to conduct a meeting in which lives and fates of individuals, universities and nations are opined and settled,—yes, without even hinting that the person addressed has the least resemblance to, or displays any qualities of a gentleman. I myself have endured moments of torture and of anguish after addressing the "chair", moments during

which my voice was as steady as the hand of the proverbial inebriated gentleman who can never find the key-hole. After my symptoms of fainting had given place to self-assurance and a feeling of my importance, I tried to promote the justice of my case, only to be cut off in the most soul-stirring part of my oration, by the gentle but firm tappings of the chairman giving me to understand that the time limit was reached. Were it not for that fact. I too would join in the universal condemnation of the un-Christian methods of the speaker in omitting to call the afore-mentioned autocrat a gentleman. Therefore, ye aspirants to fame through the debating platform, guard well yourselves that ye be not guilty of calling the chairman a gentleman or even of supposing that he is one.

The speaker, after having thus nobly acquitted himself before "the chair," turns his face toward the judges. Mark well the face. Just one look, and "beauty sat bathing at a spring" is the thot that comes to mind. I do not mean to imply that Beauty would bathe in full dress plus a college robe. But the expression on the face of the speaker as he looks upon the judges must, according to my cramped imagination, be closely akin to the expression on the face of Beauty as she views her reflection in the placid waters of the spring. First an expression of supreme satisfaction; second a maidenly blush—at least we will call it maidenly, for the ancients tell us that maidens used to blush; third an expression of doubt. Why these various expressions? The case is simply this. Between his turning from "The Chair" and his blurting out, with grave danger to his vocal organs, the well known salutation "Honored Judges" his mind has been working with the rapidity of a Vickers Maxim. With his first glance at the gentlemen in question he really believes that they are going to credit all that he is about to say. This thought is short-lived, however, for behind the glittering spectacles of the judicial trio gleam faces hard and unfeeling, and rendered more so by the brilliant light from the overhanging tungsten lamp, faces utterly devoid of any brotherly feeling for himself or for his argument. This discovery evokes the blush, a blush of shame for himself at

being so easily deceived. Grave doubts enter his mind. No, they will not all believe—there will be one, two or three who will not believe. Therefore he cannot call *them* gentlemen. Real gentlemen, even though they do not believe, are too polite to say so, but these men—No ! No ! It cannot be. So, ye suffering listeners at a debating contest, remember this: If you were a debater while the judges radiated hostility toward you and your argument, you would never call them gentlemen, never, never, never ! Then with a backward jerk of his head the enlightened debater hurls “Honored Judges” at them through the intervening space with the “Honored” italicized and a question mark following judges, after which he turns his attention to the worthy opponents.

The chairman and the judges were doubtful parties in the case, but the opponents are recognized enemies and are to be treated as such. Behold the look of withering scorn on the face of the speaker, see the curl of his lip and the flash of his eye, as he takes a hasty view of their unintelligent countenances. Unintelligent ? Most assuredly, for no intelligent person would ever think of opposing the sane views of the speaker, much less attempt to break them asunder and scatter them as the winds of autumn scatter the leaves about the street. For a second he glares at them, growing inches taller the while. How utterly insignificant they seem, how devoid of understanding. Yet they must be greeted with a fitting salutation. Enemies they are; therefore gentlemen they cannot be, for in these days of modern thot an enemy is not considered a gentleman. I ask you, reader, if during the late war a German or an Austrian was considered a gentleman ? He was not, and anyone who even suggested that he might be sure was liable to spend the “duration” in an internment camp. Thus the speaker views the opposition with a smile of disdain. He bestows upon them a look of pity, as they have by now withered to mediocre proportions, and announces more for the benefit of their morale than for the enlightenment of the audience that they are “Worthy Opponents”.

These preliminaries being over, and having occupied but a few seconds, the orator turns his attention to the gen-

eral assembly. Here, at last, are people worthy of recognition, people with a friendly smile and an intelligence almost equal to his own. He stretches forth his arms as though to embrace them, and with an amateur stage-bow accompanied by a smile of pleasure and of self-importance, he greets them as "Ladies and Gentlemen". Then with an effusion—closely resembling that of a semi-intoxicated wayfarer making love to a lamp post—he launches forth into an uncharted sea of facts and figures, in which occasionally he becomes sadly shipwrecked.

Hear the confident ring in his voice, watch his expression as he in turn views "The Chair", "The Honored Judges", "The Worthy Opponents", and back again to the ladies and gentlemen. In his rising and falling tones you can hear the revised words of Marcus Antonius. "Friends, countrymen, Canadians, I come not to praise my opponents, but to bury them". Yea, verily. He steps backward and forward, marking time to the cadence of his words, thrilling the audience meanwhile with his intellectual chirps, evoking the pity of the judges and the mirth of his opponents, and stopping only to regain his breath or to look toward the corner from whence cometh his help. He retires graciously at the word of the chairman, smiling as only a king, a premier, or a debater can smile, and listens to the senseless ravings of his opponents.

Behold him when he hears that those calm-visaged judges have decided that his arguments were bad or even worse than theirs, and that the much-despised opposition have received the decision. The conflicting emotions that struggle for mastery in his face are even more noticeable than the emotions displayed by Cassius on the death of Caesar. Still it has not been all in vain. Has he not appeared before the public? Did not some of the ladies smile at him, while others laughed? Did he not discover how little he knew, how very little? Did he not learn that instead of being a great orator he is merely a poor talker? But has it been worth while after all? List ye to me, ye who are clamorous for debating fame:

“Virtue hath its own reward”  
But lessons unprepared and class marks low,  
While hunt for argument goes to and fro,  
Is your reward. And all your topics fine  
By hard work come, but as the wind they go.

C. M. S., '24.

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### HESITATION

He stood upon the awful, chilly brink,  
Where countless weary lovers stood before;  
His very soul within him seemed to shrink,  
With anguish penetrating to the core;  
He wondered at the weakness of his will,  
Which led him there that very course to take;  
He started hastily forward, then stood still;  
He did not dare the drastic leap to make;  
He shuddered at each gruesome, chilling thought,  
Depriving him of self-possession cool;  
But finally, yielding to his fore-planned lot,  
He lightly plunged into the *swimming-pool*.

W. P. W. '25

## RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS

WAS it worth while? is a question often put to returned Rhodes Scholars. Like many other questions it involves a question in reply. What is meant by worth while?

Does the questioner want to know whether three years spent in Oxford will bring greater material success in life? If that is the question it is hard to answer. I should hesitate to maintain that three years in Oxford in addition to a University course here will produce a return in dollars and cents, though on the other hand I think there is far too strong a tendency in this country to be unduly hurried about entering business or a profession, and that judged even by material tests three years additional mental training and broadening may not be a bad thing and may enable the man who takes them to overcome and perhaps outstrip in the long run the man without the extra training.

The question may, however, have a wider scope. The questioner may measure his "worth while" by other less material standards. He may mean "worth while" as a means of intellectual development, of a broader outlook on politics and society.

If that is the question then my answer is most decidedly "Yes". "It is worth while" I would answer because to use the words of the late Sir George Parkin, it is worth while "to be in close touch with a centre and system of training which has for centuries produced and to the present day has continued to produce, many of the ablest statesmen, lawyers, publicists, theologians, historians, critics, writers in prose and verse, men of thought and men of action, of which the Anglo-Saxon race can boast;" because it is worth while "to widen his observation of life and manners by holiday visits to countries like France, Germany and Italy, which in art, science, literature and government represent so many of the highest achievements of mankind;" because it is worth while "to be brought into more or less intimate association with men selected like himself from every community where the English language is spoken outside of the British Islands, and

with a large section of the élite of the youth of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.”

And there is another thing. Whatever may be our views as to the future of the Empire, no one surely can dispute that it is worth while to understand as far as possible the attitude and temper of mind of the people of England and Scotland, and how better can a man do this than by spending three years among them at such an impressionable period of his life.

There is no force in the objection sometimes raised that Canadians who go to Oxford will become less Canadian. Any one who takes the trouble to look into the facts will find that on the contrary Canadians return to Canada with a profound feeling of affection and admiration for the island which still is the source of so much moral and intellectual inspiration for the whole world, particularly for the Anglo-Saxon part of it.

Finally those Canadians who go to Oxford in a very real sense have the honour and responsibility of representing their own country in England, and of knowing that by them their country will be judged.

Here is an opportunity, here is an honour and a responsibility for the most alert, the most generous-minded and the most public-spirited of our undergraduates.

Note this article has been written by J. M. Macdonnell Esq, an ex-Rhodes Scholar and the secretary for Canada representing the Rhodes Trust.

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## THE RACONTEUR

WE were sitting by the fireside, my mother, father, brother and myself, gazing with half-shut eyes at the flames curling lazily around the huge log. We had discussed the trivial events of the day, and now were silent, each wrapped in the thoughtfulness induced by the leaping flame. We started as the whirring of the clock on the mantel foretold the striking of another hour.

“Eight o’clock”, said mother. “It’s time Dr. Simpson was in. He knows I don’t like to leave the door unlocked until late, waiting for the boarders to come in, so he promised he’d be back early to-night”.

“Promised”, said father grimly, “I don’t take much stock in his promises. He says himself that it used to be his business to tell lies, and I guess he’s never been able to get rid of the habit”.

“I suppose he has no call to tell lies now”, spoke up my brother, “but when he was a private detective, it seems to me that—”.

“Hush, William”, said mother, as the door banged. “Here he comes now”. And turning to me, “Jack, it’s time you were in bed. Get along now”.

But I begged to be allowed to stay up a little longer than usual. “Just let me stay up long enough to see if Doctor Simpson is going to tell some stories”. And seeing my eagerness—for our boarder was a skilful racenteur—she gave assent.

Soon he came in and stood by the grate, warming his hands—plump, white hands, different from those of the other men we knew—and talking in his genial way with my father.

The reproving looks of my mother did not prevent me from begging for a story. Dr. Simpson complied with my request by an exciting and highly improbable account of his early experiences among Indians.

“Is it true?” I asked at the close.

“Sure it’s true”, he replied. “Believe me, Jack, it takes a good, open fire, and a comfortable armchair, and a sympathetic listener to make a man divulge the black secrets of his past”.

His jovial face grew more serious than we had known it could be, as he added rather inconsistently: “That reminds me of a really true story that I have to tell you if you’d care to hear it”.

We settled ourselves to listen.

“It happened several years ago”, he began, “before I gave up my work as a private detective. You remember the Hamilton case, which made such a stir a few years back?”

You've forgotten? Well, it was this way. A young girl who, by the death of her aunt, had recently come into a large fortune, suddenly disappeared one day, while out shopping. She was seen at one of the stores at three o'clock in the afternoon, but no amount of investigation could find the slightest clue as to where she had gone, or what had happened to her after that. I was taking a rest after having worked in the Lawrence case—another story by the way—when I was called to start investigations on this. I came up to Ashton, where the girl, Mildred Hamilton, had lived before receiving her fortune, and I remained there for two weeks with little result.

As people became more familiar with the facts of the disappearance of Miss Hamilton, that subject ceased to monopolize the conversation. They spoke of other things, for instance of Jerry Martin, to whom she had formerly been engaged. Jerry, so they said, had felt so bad at the disappearance of his sweetheart, that he could no longer endure living in the place which, by its association, caused him so much pain, and had gone to work in a lumber camp up on the mountain. Without showing undue interest in the young man, I succeeded in learning enough about him to raise my suspicions.

Then I set out for the camp at which he was working, and reached my destination near nightfall. When I applied for a job as cutter, the boss regarded me with a peculiar air of shrewdness and curiosity, but did not at first reply. His wife looked me over quickly, and as her eyes came to rest upon my hands, she said, "From the look of your hands I should think you were more used to holding a pen than an axe".

"That's so", I replied, "but now I am looking for a change of occupation. You'll find that I can work as well as the next".

They told me to stay all night, and that they would decide by morning. That night I entertained my host with the best stories at my command, and in the morning they agreed to take me on. I suppose they thought I could entertain them, even if I were good for nothing else.

The next morning I scanned the faces of the men as they trooped in from the bunk house. I drew upon my memory for the description of my victim. Ah—there he was, lagging a little behind the rest, tall, and heavily made, with dark complexion and eyes. His hair was also dark, with the exception of one strand over his forehead, which was pure white. This mark, which I had learned was a family trait, unmistakably identified him. He was distinguished from his companions by the air of brooding, of unrest which hung over him; the haggard look in his eyes, the shadows under them, told the tale of sleepless nights. I noticed that the others left him somewhat by himself, repelled, no doubt, by his gloomy and aloof demeanour.

Martin and I, not yet accustomed to the hasty meals of a lumber camp, took slightly longer to eat our breakfast than did the others. As he rose to leave the room the boss entered.

“Everybody gone?” he asked. Oh, there you are, Martin. Take the new man along with you and give him a lesson in wood-cutting”.

Martin nodded assent, and strode out; I followed. We spoke little during the morning, but as we ate our lunch, I made some attempt to draw him into conversation, but with little success. He hardly awakened from his brooding apathy to answer my questions.

However, as I continued to work with him during the next week, I did my best to make friends. On our long walk back to camp at nightfall, and whenever an opportunity offered itself during the day, I would tell him stories I had picked up at different times. He began to listen eagerly, and when I came to the end of one, he would beg for more.

“It keeps me from thinking”, he told me once, after we had become friends. “I haven’t been so happy for weeks as I’ve been since you came. The days seem to pass so quickly now. Before, they used to drag so—every one seemed a year—and then, too, when a fellow is left alone all day with his thoughts, he gets morbid. Somehow, things seem brighter to me since I met you”.

I replied by saying how much I had enjoyed his company and valued his friendship.

I noticed that when I talked to him, the shadow seemed to lift from his face, and he showed hints of a more attractive personality than I would have credited him with at first. Perhaps under other conditions I would have liked him as well as I professed to.

When Christmas came, most of the men returned to their homes to spend the day. Of the thirty men in the camp, Martin and I alone remained. That night as we sat together by the fireplace in the bunkhouse, he began talking again in his eager way, of our friendship and what it had meant to him.

"You remember David and Jonathan, in the Bible", he said. "I always liked that yarn best of all that mother used to read to me, when I was a little shaver. I like to think that our friendship is something like theirs".

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women", I quoted half-lightly.

He started a little at that and changed color, as I had expected.

"That's not saying so much", he said bitterly, the gloom overshadowing his face once more.

This time I thought best to take notice of it.

"From the way you speak I should think you might have been jilted by some girl back there in Ashton", I said. He made no reply, but moved nervously in his chair, his face going livid.

"I've had some experience along that line myself", I continued, "but in my case it nearly turned out a tragedy". And I told him of the girl I had loved, and who had promised to marry me. I told him of my absence, lasting for two years, and my return, to find her married to another man. I paused then long enough to draw from my pocket the revolver which I always carried, and as I talked I turned it over and over in my hand.

When he saw it, Martin started and gave a stifled cry. I went on as if I had not heard.

"I was mad with jealousy. That night I passed and re-passed their home, watching her walk with him in the garden. Soon they both went into the house, and then she re-appeared without him, carrying a bundle in her arms. She came down

the path, drawing nearer and nearer to the hedge behind which I crouched. I had raised the revolver, and my finger was at the trigger, when she shifted the bundle in her arms, and I saw that it was a baby. I kept the revolver levelled at her as she crossed the street to her mother's house, but I couldn't shoot them. Somehow the sight of her there with her child calmed the jealous rage in my heart, and I crept away with the deed undone".

There was a dead silence when I had finished. Martin's face reflected jealousy, remorse, and indecision. Finally the last predominated. He glanced at me furtively once or twice; he attempted to speak, but stopped, whether choked by emotion or doubtful as to the wisdom of speaking, I could not determine. At last with a visible effort he broke the silence.

"Maybe I oughtn't to tell you", he began in a strained, husky voice", but I've got to tell someone. It seems to me that if only some one else knew, if I didn't have to bear it all alone, it wouldn't rest as heavy on my mind, and I could sleep easier nights. I've been thinking of telling you for a long time, Simpson, ever since we got to be such friends; but I never dared before. I thought then that you wouldn't understand, but after what you've just told me I know you will.

"Back in my home town", he went on, "there was a girl that I had always loved from the time we were going to school. I always thought she cared for me, too, and I planned to ask her to marry me when I got to a place where I could support a wife. But she got her fortune before I made mine, and there was enough of it to make her pretty popular in the neighboring city where she had moved with some of her grand relations. What with her looks and money, there was soon a lot of fellows hanging around wanting to marry her. She didn't pay any more attention to me; she didn't even write as she had promised; and three times when I called, she wasn't at home. The last time I called I heard her voice in the next room, and I pushed by the maids and there was Mildred talking to a lawyer chap.

"After that, jealousy got such a hold on me that I couldn't sleep nights. I got crazy at last, I guess, for the only thing I could think of was to get my revenge on her. One

day I drove to the city, planning to ask her to go for a drive. However, I met her outside a store and I asked her to get in. She wouldn't at first till I taunted her with forgetting old friends. Then she agreed, but she treated me like a stranger. I think she was a little afraid of me, for I must have acted queer. She wanted to turn back but I wouldn't. I drove on to a lonely road running through a field. Then I got out, pretending to fix the harness and as I passed around back of the wagon I drew my revolver and shot her as she sat back to me. I buried her there in the field, and I marked the place so I'd know it again. It's all so plain to me now, the field covered with gray grass, and gray sky, and the wind howling through the willows along the brook. It never leaves me for an hour at a time. If I was mad when I did it, I came to my senses when it was done. I'd no sooner done it than I felt I'd give the whole world to have her back again. At first I felt only grief at losing her, as if some one else had killed her and not I; but that soon passed. For weeks now it's been haunting me, and I suppose it will to the end of my days. I've thought sometimes that I'd end it all, shoot myself or give myself up; but I can't do it. In spite of all, I want to live—Oh, I want to live”.

He looked at me then fearfully, but my face expressed only compassion. I comforted him as best I could and got him to bed, where I heard him sobbing far on into the night.

The next morning I slept a little later than usual, and when I came to breakfast, Jerry was sitting alone on the long bench by the table. When I came in his face brightened. Indeed, he seemed more cheerful than I had ever seen him. It was as if by confessing his sin to another he had lifted the whole weight from his shoulders.

I answered his friendly greeting, then I stepped up behind him as he sat on the bench and drew his two hands behind his back. As he looked up at me, smiling half in affection, half in surprised enquiry, I snapped the handcuffs on his wrists, saying, “I arrest you in the name of the King”.

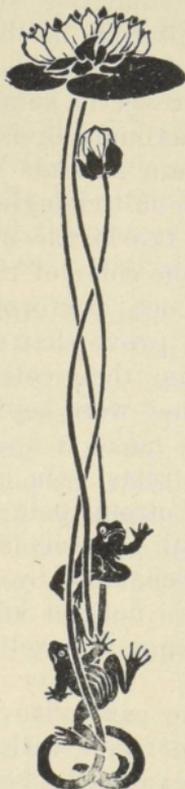
When he had finished, dead silence pervaded the room. Tears were streaming down the face of my mother, and there was a dull ache in my own throat. Our eyes were fixed upon him, accusing, hostile.

He laughed a little in his dry way, but the hands that he held toward the blaze trembled a little.

When he spoke again it was in the impersonal tone of a lecturer on social problems:

“The public mind”, he said, “has a sad tendency to make of the hero a villain, and of the villain a hero”.

—C. M. K., '25.





## PROTECTIVE COLORING AMONG ANIMALS

IT is a well-known fact that, in general, animals are so colored as to be inconspicuous against their natural backgrounds—in other words, that they show color adaptation to environment. This adaptation is shown especially well in the color changes of certain animals, such as the hare and the weasel, which are brown in summer, but white in winter, thereby having a maximum invisibility.

There are also certain animals which, to some degree, can change their color to suit changing environment. It has been demonstrated that the larvae of some moths, in making their cocoons, vary the color of these to suit a lighter or darker background. Loeb performed many experiments with fish, and seemed to prove that some fish are able, in a startling degree, to change their coloring to suit changes in the aquarium in which they were kept. In the flat-fish, there are some changes which make it appear unusually like the background on which it rests. On a dark bottom they appear dark, on a white bottom, pale; even the grain of the skin seems to change with coarsely and finely mottled backgrounds. The reflex mechanism by which changes such as these are accomplished is not yet known, but whatever the stimuli may be, the changes themselves would seem to have protective value.

During the war, the camouffleurs found that an aeroplane mottled on the upper side with dark colors, and painted underneath with silvery white, became invisible at about five thousand feet less elevation than did an unprotected plane. The advantage is readily seen. The idea came from

nature, for many animals show a very similar color variation—the most perfect example, of course, being found among the fish. The dark mottled color of their backs, when seen from above, makes them appear almost a part of the dark water and stream-bottom, while the silvery white of the underbody must so blend with the lighter colors of the water, as to render them practically invisible to enemies below.

This relative invisibility, in many animals depends not only on color, but often upon a combination of color, attitude and shape. Of this there are numberless examples. For instance: The larvae of the Geometrids, or measuring-worms have a bark-like skin, and very often are found clinging by the hind legs, standing out straight, stiff and motionless, appearing almost exactly as a part of the twig on which they rest.

Another very commonly mentioned example of this sort of protection is found in the "Walking Stick" (*Drafferoma femorata*). When it is at rest on a twig, its dark brown body and limbs can hardly be distinguished; until, perhaps, something startles it, and the observer is astonished to see, as it were, a part of his twig walking awkwardly away!

To quote just one more example of this protective combination of color and position: The so-called "Underwing moths", which have brilliantly colored hind wings, come to rest with these entirely covered by their bank-like forewings. In some instances, it would almost seem that these insects have power to choose suitable backgrounds. One very careful Nova Scotia naturalist relates the following personal experience: While camping, she noticed, on the tent, an Underwing whose fore-wings were almost an exact match for the canvas. She carefully removed the insect, and placed it on a shrub which grew beside the tent. The Underwing almost immediately returned to its former place on the canvas. She repeated the experiment, with the same result. Of course, one could not say that this proves the insect's power to choose a good background. It probably proves nothing of the kind; for, in cases such as this, one must guard against attributing instinct to seemingly instinctive actions.

In connection with this finely adapted color of insects, the question naturally arises: "Does this coloring protect them against their natural enemies, or only against man?" The greatest insect enemies are the birds. Experiments have shown that they also find most readily the forms most conspicuously placed for the human eye. Vision and color perception in birds, in so far as they have been tested, seem closely comparable with those of man.

All the cases so far considered have dealt with the protective resemblance of animals to environment, or to inanimate objects. In addition to these there are resemblances to other animal forms, which are advantageous. When one animal form possesses some characteristic, such as disagreeable taste or odor, hard integument, or sting, which makes it feared or disliked by its natural enemies, it is evident that there is a great advantage to any other animal which happens to resemble it. This resemblance of an unprotected form to a protected one is known as "protective mimicry"—a misleading term, since it implies something active on the part of the "mimic", rather than a mere result of natural selection, in the struggle for existence.

Examples of "protective mimicry" are common. There is the bumble-bee (*Bombus Hawardii*), which is almost perfectly mimicked by a fly (*Volucella evecta*). The fly is absolutely harmless. The honey-bee has an almost exact counterpart in a syrphus fly (*Eristalis latifrons*), and a wasp (*Vespa occidentialis*), is closely resembled by the beetle (*Clytus Margincallis*). Both of the "mimic" species are without stings, yet because of their fortunate resemblance to protected forms, are avoided.

The occurrence of phenomena such as these, among vertebrates is extremely rare, and many which have been reported have little support in actual fact. It is among insects that the phenomenon of "protective mimicry" is common.

As found here it is usually distinguished as being one of two kinds: "Bateria" and "Mullerian." "Batesian mimicry" (as defined by Bates) is shown when an edible species is protected thru resembling one that is inedible. Probably

everyone has noticed the milkweed butterfly (*Anosia plexippus*), commonly called the Monarch. It is a very large brown butterfly, which floats lazily along, and, if it were human, one would say it feared nothing. For it is possessed of a taste which renders it extremely obnoxious to its natural enemies, the birds. There is another butterfly known as the Viceroy,—also common here. It is of the same color as the Monarch, with much the same markings, but is considerably smaller. It does not possess the disagreeable taste of the Monarch, yet it enjoys the same immunity from attack. It can be proved experimentally that birds easily learn to associate color with taste. When a bird, therefore, has learned the taste of the Monarch, it will also refuse the Viceroy, altho when the latter has had its wings removed, the bird accepts it willingly. One can see, however, that this is protective only when there is an abundance of insect life, since, under necessity, the birds will eat even unpleasant forms.

Mullerian mimicry (explained by Fritz Muller) is a resemblance between two or more noxious species inhabiting the same area. Like Bates, he postulated that birds have to learn experimentally what forms are edible, and what not. From this he built up an ingenious argument concerning the advantage of such resemblance. He thought that it would be necessary for a bird to eat, or try to eat, several of these noxious insects, before the relation between color and taste is firmly fixed in mind. When there are several kinds which resemble each other, the lesson will be learned more rapidly, and at less expense to each species. Insects which exhibit Mullerian mimicry are usually brightly colored.

All these resemblances which have been considered, are external resemblances merely, and have absolutely no effect upon the classification of the “mimicked” and “mimicking” species; no more than the resemblance of the Buttercup and Cinque-foil prevents the one from being classed with the *Ranunculaceae* and the other with the *Rosaceae*.

One last case of “protective coloring” remains to be considered. It was noted above, that frequently noxious species of insects are brightly colored, which characteristic warns

birds and other enemies to keep away. There is here then an example of "warning colors". Formerly this theory, in common with the whole subject of protective coloring, received a prominence altogether out of keeping with its scientific value. The large amount of evidence collected to show that *warningly* colored insects are readily eaten, proves, however, that the protection is not perfect. It does *not* prove that the insects are not at all protected by their conspicuousness. One recalls at once the bees and wasps with their vivid yellow and black coloring. Among our common Vertebrates there are two specially protected animals—the porcupine and the skunk. Both of these may be noticed as standing out from the landscape, and the latter, especially, with the wide, white stripe down his black body, compels *visual as well as olfactory* recognition while he is yet some distance away. Most people accept his warning without delay and at such a time, one would settle perhaps to his own satisfaction, whether resemblance to surroundings, or resemblance to other animal forms, or the possession of "warning colors," furnishes the greatest aid to an animal in his struggle for existence.

E. V. D. '23

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## ACADIA NIGHT IN EDMONTON

FROM Acadia students and ex-students of Alberta, to Acadia students at Acadia, GREETINGS. Just to let our Alma Mater know that her sons and daughters, in the west, still cherish fond memories of the, "Dear Old White College," a get-together meeting of Acadia students and ex-students was held in the MacDonald Hotel, Edmonton, Alberta, on the evening of November 8th. As Dr. Patterson, our new President, is an old resident of Edmonton he was very desirous of meeting all Acadia followers possible before leaving to take up his new duties in the East. Due to the efforts of E. D. MacPhee B. E., Ex. '18, all Acadia followers with their wives or husbands (as the case happened to be), were communicated with and asked to meet in Edmonton to

renew old acquaintances, to make new acquaintances and most of all to meet Dr. Patterson.

From far and wide the invitation was accepted so that when gathering time came about thirty persons, directly or indirectly connected with Acadia, assembled. A private dining room was engaged and the following guests did full justice to the ample repast prepared:—Dr. Patterson, President of Acadia; The Misses M. L. Wortman A. L. S. '97, K. M. Wortman A. L. S. '07, H. M. Wortman '04, (all of Edmonton); Mrs. MacDonald A. L. S. (Boyle, Alta.); Mr. and Mrs. Horace Perraton (nee-Edna "Jack" Giberson Ex. '15, Edmonton); Mr. and Mrs. Scott Ex. A. C. A. '10 (Edmonton); Miss Marguerite Elderkin '15 (Edmonton); G. C. Hicks '22 (Alberta College North, Edmonton); C. E. Clarke '20 (Stony Plain); Mrs. C. E. Clarke (nee-Anna Schneider A. L. S. Staff 1919-21); Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Brooks '11 (Inspector of Schools, Stony Plain, Alta.); Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Tuttle (nee-Molly Johnson '05); Mrs. A. Gainer (nee-Mabel Fash, Edmonton); Mrs. David McKerricher (nee-Ellie Kempton); Mr. and Mrs. Harms (nee-Nan Anderson, A. L. S. '11); Miss Erma Fash '21 (Red Deer); Miss Elmira Borden '20 (Vermilion); W. P. Calhoun '16 (University of Alberta); Mrs. A. M. Munroe A. L. S. '09 (nee-Miss H. H. Hamilton); Professor E. D. MacPhee B. E. Ex. '18 (University of Alberta); Mrs. E. D. McPhee (nee-Jennie Steeves); Miss M. Bentley A. L. S. '01.

After dinner came the toasts: His Majesty the King proposed by E. D. MacPhee B. E.; Acadia heroes fallen overseas and now in Flanders Fields, proposed by W. P. Calhoun '16; Our President, proposed by Mrs. Perraton, Ex '15 and responded to by Dr. Patterson. The response to the last mentioned toast gave us a feeling of close comradeship to Dr. Patterson. The Board of Governors have obtained, in Dr. Patterson, a man who will measure up to their greatest expectations and a man who will perform the duties required of him can truly say that he carries a "God given" message.

Dr. Patterson loves the West. To leave behind his host of friends will be a hard task but he will carry with him the best wishes of all those with whom he has come in contact and will take a stirring message to Acadia. He has left the

mark of a "Sterling Character," indelibly stamped on a large number of people in Western Canada. We, who have met him, can truly say that he carries a "God given" message to Eastern Canada and to Acadia.

After the speeches were over the evening was devoted to Acadia Songs, and Yells, until 11.00 P. M. told us that it was near breaking-up time. Before the gathering separated an Alumni Association of Acadia students and ex-students was formed, to include the country from Red Deer in the South to the Peace River Country in the North, and to extend East and West to the boundaries of the neighboring provinces.

The officers appointed were:

#### OFFICERS

Dr. Patterson—Honorary President  
 E. D. MacPhee B. E.—President.  
 Mrs. Perraton—Vice-President.  
 Mr. Scott—Secretary-Treasurer.

#### EXECUTIVE

R. B. Brooks '11—Stony Plain.  
 C. D. Locke M. A.—Red Deer  
 Miss E. Borden '20—Vermilion.

With a resolution asking Dr. Patterson to carry greetings, from the Acadia Alumni of the West to Acadia students at Acadia the gathing broke up with a resolve to meet again at Easter. Any Acadia student coming to Western Canada is asked to get in touch with the nearest member of the Acadia Alumni Association of Edmonton.

C. E. CLARKE '20

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## Editorial



TO the reader of student publications and to those interested in student activities, one of the most interesting features of the past year, and at the same time one of the most promising for the years to come, is the growth of a student consciousness in Canada. By this we do not mean the so-called "college spirit" which prevails in every university and which really serves to keep the students of each in a kind of isolation, but rather the feeling of national unity which comes from studying the same courses, applying this knowledge to practically the same problems and, more especially, a feeling of responsibility for the solution and remedy for our social, national and international difficulties.

It is rather a singular fact that in the universities of Europe and Asia there is a much keener interest on the part of students in the affairs of government, and in the questions which concern their national life, and their relations to

other nations. In Central Europe the students meet and by resolutions or demonstrations they show quite clearly just where they stand in every matter. In India and in Egypt the students have shown their attitude towards their respective governments in no uncertain way. Again it is well known that in China, two years ago, almost the first ones to realize the danger of Japanese influence and to actively resist it were the students. And this is not the only question on which Chinese students have been moulders of public opinion.

Why then is there this difference between the attitude of these foreign students and that of the students of our own country?—In fact we might safely say of all those of Anglo-Saxon countries?

The answer is to be found to a large extent no doubt in the comparative political security of the latter countries, a security which has fostered this feeling of indifference not only among students, but to too great an extent among the people of all classes.

Because of the events of the past few years, and the conditions prevailing in the world at the present time such isolation and such indifference can no longer be safely maintained. The preservation of peace has its burdens and responsibilities no less than the waging of war, and it is for us as Canadians to do our share in putting an end to the settlement of international difficulties by war, and for us as Canadian students to do our share by so equipping ourselves for the future that we may take an active and intelligent part in our country's affairs.

Canada is represented in the League of Nations, but, so far, these representatives have had little means to express anything but their personal opinions or the views of political parties, for Canada has not developed a unified opinion on her own problems, much less upon international matters.

The student, however, has time for thought; his study reveals to him the achievements and the points of view of other nations, it shows him the mistakes of the past and gives him a guiding idea as to the wisest policies for the future. It should, in fact, fit him for leadership, and he will be fitted

for that leadership only if he develops the ability to think for himself, to receive new impressions, and the determination to uphold his ideas.

For these reasons, then, it is with utmost interest that we follow the plans for a great National Conference of Students to be held in Toronto at the end of the present year, for we believe that in the beliefs and aims of the Student Christian Movement of Canada lies the foundation for her future security and peace, and for her position as leader among the nations of the world.

### SEMINARY NOTES

THE Thanksgiving vacation has come and gone and we are once more studying hard. Our periods of work have been made pleasant by several entertainments, one of which was the Faculty Concert, Friday evening, 10 November. The following programme was rendered.

Allegro and Romance .....	<i>Wieniawski</i>
(from Concerto No. 11, in D Minor)	
Miss White	
Jewel Song.....	<i>Faust</i>
Miss Gifford	
A Cutting from "The Taming of the Shrew" ..	<i>Shakespeare</i>
Miss Cogswell	
Chant Polonaise .....	<i>Chopin-Liszt</i>
Miss Wood	
In the Dark .....	<i>Daniels</i>
Norwegian Echo Song .....	<i>Thrane</i>
My Lover He Comes on the .....	<i>Clough-Leighton</i>
Miss Gifford	
Story Telling,	
a. Candlemas Eve .....	<i>Mary Stuart</i>
b. Uncle Remus' Story .....	<i>Mary Stuart</i>
Miss Cogswell	
Hejri Kati .....	<i>Hubay</i>
Viennese Popular Song .....	<i>Kreisler</i>
Miss White	

The programme was enjoyed by a large audience. It was one of the best Faculty Concerts that has ever been given.

The following week the "old girls" were invited to a party given by the "new girls". The programme consisted of a country school examination, several games and guessing contests. Everyone was surprised when one of the faculty received a "booby prize" for one of the guessing contests.

The Pierian meetings are growing in interest. The latest Pierian paper was an al-Senior number and was edited and read by Miss Minnie Alward.

The Y. W. C. A. is proving successful. There is a large membership and we are hoping for a banner year. Rev. E. S. Mason and Rev. Douglas Hemmeon have each given us very helpful addresses. We are now making plans for our annual Y. W. C. A. fair.

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## ACADEMY NOTES

WHILE a number of the boys spent the Thanksgiving Holidays at home many remained here, and the pleasure of their vacation was greatly increased by a social evening, arranged by some of the Seminary girls.

The Y. M. C. A. speakers for the past month were Capt. A. C. Chute, F. C. Baker, Rev. Mr. Hemmeon, and A. McLeod, all of whom brot inspiring addresses.

Last year the Academy entered a soccer team in the inter-class league, competing in four games against the Freshmen all of which proved very interesting to watch. This year the Academy team under the direction of Capt. R. Zwicker have been playing a good brand of ball. In the two games played with the Sophomeres the first game was won by the Academy, score 2-1, the second being lost, score 1-0. The Cads stand a good chance of bringing home the bacon in the Soccer League.

### SOCCER.

Seniors and Middlers have played two games of Soccer the Seniors winning the first 2-0, the second being a draw.

## TRACK AND BASKET BALL.

While some of the fellows are showing great interest in track work others are indifferent as to their share in upholding the honor of the school in this branch of school life.

Basket-ball is just getting under way. The quality of the material on hand can scarcely yet be valued.

Owing to the practise periods conflicting with study hours, only one practise a week has been used. It is hoped that satisfactory arrangements can be made for an additional hour.

## RUGBY.

## Acadia 6—Kings 0.

In a clean game of rugby in Wolfville on Oct. 28, the supporters of the blue and white went down to defeat before those of the garnet and blue by a score of 6-0. The heeling on the part of Acadia was good, and the garnet and blue almost invariably got possession of the ball, the Kings scrim not being able to force them back. Although Kings had the ball in the territory of their opponents, they were not able to pierce the line, and the first period ended with no score for either side.

Both teams went into second period with a determination to win, and the playing was faster. This time the ball was kept in Kings' territory most of the period. The first try of the game was made for Acadia by Copeland shortly after the opening of the second half. After a fail to convert, the ball was kicked off from centre and again went into Acadia territory. For a time it seemed as though the white and blue boys would go over, and when the ball was kicked over the touch line with a Kings' man unopposed following it closely, it seemed certain that the score would be tied. However, Copeland, in a splendid run from near centre field, saved the situation for Acadia with a safety.

Shortly after this Johnson made a long run through the Kings' half line, and went over for a try. Neither try was converted and the game ended 6-0, in favor of the home team.

The line-up was as follows :

Kings—Fullback, Barker; halves, Preston, Timothy, Fraser, Jones; quarters, Wickwire, Oulton; forwards, Herman, Oyer, Patterson, D. Jakeman, K. Jakeman, Hope, Deering, Locke.

Acadia—Fullback, Porter; halves, MacKenzie, Copeland, Johnson, MacKay; quarters, Himmelman, Starratt, Peters; forwards, Culliton, Theall, Estey, Jenkins, Kee, Calder, Blakeney; Spares, Ferguson, Rettie, Crandall.

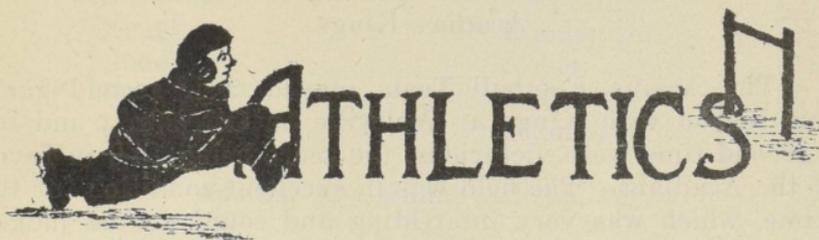
St. F. X., 3—Academy 0.

On October 30th, the Acadia Collegiate Senior Football team, accompanied by Dr. Archibald, arrived in New Glasgow to play off with Saint Francis Xavier Academy for the interscholastic championship of Nova Scotia next day; the winners to play Fredericton, the New Brunswick champions, for the Maritime championship.

Three o'clock next day, found the teams lined up on a field that was in very poor condition.

In the first half, Acadia was forced to take the defensive. The wind kept the ball continually in their territory, kicks against it being impossible. The work of the team was demonstrated here to perfection. The scrim worked like Trojans and controlled the ball a good half of the time. From a position in front of Acadia's touch line, St. F. X. secured a touch which they failed to convert. A feature of this half was a beautiful fifty yard run by Crossman, who broke thru the Xavierian's line, but the mud was too heavy for him and he was overtaken. The half ended 3-0, in favor of St. F. X.

In the second half, the garnet and blue immediately assumed the offensive, forcing the Xavierians to make numerous safeties. No scores being made in this half, the game ended 3-0 in favor of St. F. X.



THE football season ended as far as Acadia was concerned with the final whistle of the Wanderers' game in Halifax on Thanksgiving Day. The season, although fairly successful, was not as much so as we would like to have seen it. We were unsuccessful in the Western League, U. N. B. having the winning team. However the Acadians made a creditable showing in all the games in which they participated and at one time it looked as if they would win the Clark trophy which has now been in the possession of the New Brunswick University for two consecutive years. But what is almost as gratifying as the splendid work of the team is the fact that the spirit of the whole college has shown an appreciable improvement over that of the last two years. Credit for this is largely due to the "Pep" meetings which were held the night before each important game. However, there is still room for improvement and there is the opportunity to display it at the coming Hockey and Basketball games. All available athletic material is turning out to practices and with the wholehearted support of the student body, Acadia can look forward to a winter season in which she will have a splendid opportunity to recoup herself for the losses of the season just past.

The results of the games in which the Acadia team has taken part during the season are as follows:

- Kings, 0—Acadia, 6.
- Acadia, 11—Technical College, 5.
- Acadia, 15—Kings 0.
- Acadia, 12—Mt. Allison, 0.
- U. N. B., 11—Acadia, 0.

Wanderers, 13—Acadia, 3.  
Acadia—Kings.

The Acadia Football Team played their second game this season with Kings at Wolfville on Oct. 23rd., and for a second time were victorious, the score being 15-0 in favor of the Acadians. The field was in excellent condition for the game, which was very interesting and could not be judged by the score. The Acadia half line, as usual, did good work and made many sensational gains but the Kings' team seem to have a superior scrim. After the kick-off Murray got the ball and crossed the line for the first try of the game which was converted by Davison from a very difficult angle. Before the end of the period Clarke attempted a field kick but he was unsuccessful. In the second period Kings played a fine defensive game and several times they repulsed the rushes made by the Acadia half line, but eventually Anthony was successful in breaking thru, scoring the second try of the game which also was converted by Davison. After some hard fighting of the Acadians made another rush and Grimmer crossed the line for the third and last try of the game. This also was converted making the final score 15-0 in favor of Acadia. Dr. DeWolfe acted as referee.

The line-up:—

	<i>Fullback.</i>	
Kings		Acadia
White		Kitchen
	<i>Halves.</i>	
Jackson		Clarke
Davidson		Anthony
Coster		Morrison
Teed		Murray
	<i>Quarters.</i>	
Morrison		Grimmer
Best		Robinson
McCoy		Davidson
	<i>Forwards.</i>	
Walsh		Lewis
Shepherd		Wigmore (Capt.)

Norwood	Elderkin
Ernst	Rhodenizer
Goodwin	Noble
Cooper	McCready
White	Thompson

Acadia, 12—Mount Allison, 0.

Acadia and Mount Allison met at Wolfville on October 26th, in their annual rugby match in the Western Section of the Intercollegiate League. Despite the disparity of the scores, the game was hotly and evenly contested from start to finish. Acadia owed her large lead to the excellent work done by her backfield. The Mount Allison scrim had an advantage in heeling the ball, but were instrumental in having several free kicks called against their team.

The ball was kicked off by Mount Allison's forwards, who followed up quickly and downed the ball on Acadia's ten yard line. At the end of a few minutes of stationary play, the ball was kicked into Mount A's territory by the Acadia fullback. After a series of short gains, Clarke kicked a beautiful field goal from his opponents twenty five yard line. From centre field the ball was again carried into Acadia's territory, but the excellent tackling of her halves saved the situation. Play then surged back and forth for several minutes. Finally, on a cross field kick by Clarke on the visitor's twenty-five yard line, Grimmer obtained the ball and rushed it across the line for Acadia's first touch. Davison's attempt to convert was unsuccessful. Until the end of the period, the play was broken up by fumbling and bad passing. The score was 7 to 0 at half time.

Mount Allison began the game with a determined rush which seriously threatened Acadia's touch line. From a scrim at Acadia's five yard line, Mount Allison dribbled the ball across the line, but could only obtain a safety. Once again the visitors obtained the ball from the scrim, but their half line was stopped by the hard tackling of Acadia's men. Pressure was relieved a moment later by a long kick off touch made by Clarke. On the throw in, Acadia obtained the ball and passed to the half line. The rush of the latter culminat-

ed in an unsuccessful attempt to kick a field goal. A little later, the Acadia halves again got the ball, and after a good run, Anthony made a touch between Mount Allison's goal posts. Davison converted easily. The period ended with the ball in Mount Allison's territory.

The final score was 12 to 0 in favor of Acadia. Mr. Finch of Halifax refereed in a satisfactory manner.

The line-up was as follows:

	<i>Fullback.</i>	
Acadia		Mount Allison
Kitchen		Flood
	<i>Halves.</i>	
Murray		Stevenson
Anthony		Glennie
Clarke		Appleby
Morrison		Ferguson (Capt.)
	<i>Quarters.</i>	
Grimmer		Chown
Davison		Angevine
Robinson		Buchanan
	<i>Forwards.</i>	
Lewis		Wilkes
Elderkin		C. Stevenson
Thompson		MacIntyre
Rhodenizer		Norris
McCready		G. Wright
Wigmore (Capt.)		R. Ashford
Noble		H. Ashford
	Acadia—U. N. B.	

Acadia played the final game of the Western Section of the Intercollegiate League at Fredericton on Nov. 2nd, with University of New Brunswick to decide the winner of the Clarke Trophy. The weather was ideal and the field in good condition for the game. Acadia had a far superior half line but U. N. B. had the better forward line, which coupled with the kicking by Paul Fraser and Cain won for them the Inter-

collegiate title. During the first half there was no score by either team altho' the Acadias had to touch for safeties three times. Play was pretty evenly divided thruout the period—the ball being in Acadia territory one minute and in U. N. B. territory the next. In the second half U. N. B. began with a rush and after a scrim near the Acadia touch line Jewett went over for the first score of the game. Paul Fraser failed to convert. A few minutes later the U. N. B. forwards dribbled the ball into Acadia territory and Miller crossed the line falling on the ball thus making the second try of the game. The third and final score of the game was made when Lounsbury secured the ball in Acadia territory and crossed the line. This try was converted making the total score for U. N. B. 11 as against 0 for Acadia. The kicking by Fraser and Cain was worthy of note and these men were easily the stars for U. N. B. Morrison, Clark and Anthony with his tricky running played a good game for Acadia but the Acadians were "off color" and lost several chances by fumbling the ball and by poor kicking. U. N. B. had a very superior forward line which was largely responsible for their victory. The Acadia half line were unable to get away and thus Acadia's chances for scoring were few. The Acadia team played a good game and as ever showed the true Acadia spirit. Haley, of Moncton, acted as referee.

The line up:—

U. N. B.		Acadia
	<i>Fullback.</i>	
McKenzie		Kitchen
	<i>Halves.</i>	
Dummer		Anthony
Fraser		Morrison
Hagerman		Murray
Seeley		Clarke
	<i>Quarters.</i>	
Gibson		Grimmer
Lounsbury		Robinson
Cain		Davidson

*Forwards.*

Gilmore	Elderkin
Miller	Noble
Rogers	Wigmore (Capt.)
Jones	Lewis
Scott	McCready
Jewett (Capt.)	Rhodenizer
Akerley	Thompson

## Acadia, 3—Wanderers, 13.

Acadia played her last game of the season against the Wanderers at Halifax on November 6. This was merely an exhibition match, but it produced better football than either of Acadia's intercollegiate matches. The work of both half lines was excellent, and the quarters did just as well. The Wanderers' scrim was predominant during the first half, but in the second, Acadia's played a much better game than did their opponents. The high score against Acadia was caused by fumbling, and by passing the ball when it should have been kicked off touch.

The Wanderers kicked off with the wind at their backs, and immediately rushed the ball to Acadia's twenty-five-yard line. Here, the play centered for about twenty minutes. The Wanderers' scrim heeled the ball back to their halves, who were stopped again and again by the stubborn defence of the Acadia backfield. Despite their good defence, Edwards broke through for a touch after twenty three minutes of play. It was converted by Macoy. A few minutes later, Holmes intercepted a pass to Anthony and went across for another touch for the Halifax men. Macoy again converted making the score 10 to 0 at half time.

In the second period, Acadia began to play a much more aggressive brand of football. Their scrim took the ball from the locals, and heeled it to the halves who made good rushes into the Wanderers' territory. The good defence of Hunter and Edwards prevented the halves from scoring but the quick following of Lewis enabled him to dribble the ball across the line for Acadia's only touch; owing to the difficult angle Davison failed to convert. A few minutes later Macoy obtained

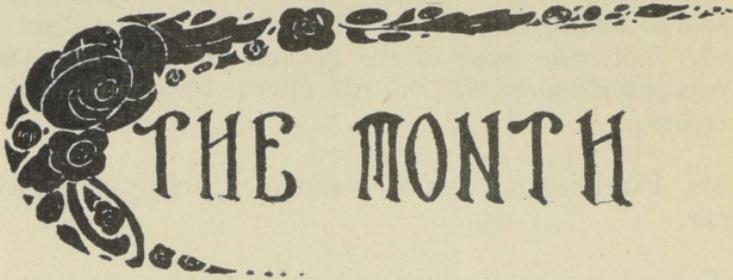
the ball on Acadia's twenty-five-yard line, and by a brilliant run scored another try for the Wanderers. It was not converted. Until the close of the period, the play centered in the Wanderer's territory, but the whistle blew without a further score.

Mr. Finch of Halifax refereed in a highly satisfactory manner.

The two teams lined up in the following order:—

Acadia		Wanderers
	<i>Fullback.</i>	
Kitchen		H. Edwards
	<i>Halves.</i>	
Morrison		Jack Edwards
Anthony		Arthurs
Clarke		Hunter
Murray		Holmes
	<i>Quarters.</i>	
Grimmer		Macoy
Davison		R. Macoy (Capt.)
Robinson		Campbell
	<i>Forwards.</i>	
Lewis		Armitage
Elderkin		Don Campbell
Thompson		Schwartz
Rhodenizer		Hattie
McCready		Craig
Noble		Young
Wigmore (Capt.)		Studd

In the second half, Hattie was severely injured and was carried from the field.



# THE MONTH

*“Time is a sort of river of passing events and strong is its current.”—Marcus Aurelius.*

ANOTHER month has passed swiftly over Acadia, leaving its impress on the now leafless trees of the Campus and on the autumn landscape which is putting on a wintry garb. Not less has it left its impress on the minds of the students, who have been assailed on one side by college work now settled down to a steady pace, and on the other by numerous athletic and social interests. The football season has come and gone, bringing forth even more than usual Acadia spirit, and now the interclass debates are occupying the foreground, while basketball promises to hold our attention in the near future.

Y. M. C. A.

The regular meeting of Oct. 25th was addressed by Dr. J. H. Macdonald on “The Situation in the Near East”. This subject was particularly interesting at this time, and the talk proved very enlightening to those present.

On Nov. 1st Miss Margaret Wrong, of the World’s Student Christian Movement gave a very interesting address on the conditions of students in foreign lands. Miss Wrong spoke from her personal experiences among foreign students, which lent more than usual interest to a subject in which we already have great interest.

Rev. Mr. Hemmeon was the speaker at the meeting on Nov. 15th, having for his topic “Unconscious Growth”. The interesting treatment of this subject held the attention of his

audience throughout the meeting, and proved beneficial to all who heard him.

### S. C. A.

The Rev. E. S. Mason was the speaker on the occasion of the first meeting on Oct. 22nd., and took for his subject, "The Hills of God," as read in Psalm 121. A solo by Miss Dorothy Mitchell was a pleasing feature of the program for the evening.

On October 29th, the meeting took the form of a song service, which was led by Miss Gwen Belyea. Miss Fitzpatrick gave a short address for the benefit of the new students on the former work of the Y. W. C. A. in supporting a missionary, Miss Bessie Lockhart. The soloist for the evening, Miss Duff, from the Seminary, was very much appreciated by those present.

The meeting on November 12th, was addressed by Mr. Hardy, a missionary from India. His lecture on the native Indian was made very interesting on account of the many personal touches which he was able to give.

The Bible study groups began their work on November 19th. The upper class met with Mrs. S. Spidell for a discussion of "the Christian Adventure". Miss White is leading the lower classes in the interesting study of Fosdick's "Manhood of the Master". Both of these courses are very interesting and will prove helpful to all.

### S. C. A. RECEPTION.

The annual S. C. A. Reception was held in the Memorial Gymnasium on the evening of October 26th. The gymnasium was artistically decorated with streamers of red and blue intermingled with red and yellow in honor of the Mount Allison football team, who were our guests. Dr. Spidell gave an opening address welcoming the Mt. A. boys, and congratulating our boys on their hard-won victory. Between the topics the following numbers were enjoyed.

Song-tableau—Dr. and Mrs. DeWitt, Miss Prescott, Mr. Mollins.

Vocal solo—Miss Duncanson.

Violin solo—Miss Clark.

Vocal solo—Mr. Mollins.

Rather a novel idea was carried out by introducing a promenade and tucker in place of two topics. The chaperones were, Mrs. DeWitt, Mrs. Spidle, and Miss White.

### ATHENÆUM SOCIETY.

#### SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE.

The first debate of the inter-class series was held on Saturday night, Nov. 11th. The subject under discussion was "Resolved that the system of government employed in Great Britain is superior to the system employed in the United States". The affirmative was upheld by the Juniors, represented by T. H. Robinson (leader), A. Brown, and M. McLean, while the Seniors, V. L. Pearson, (leader), A. S. Brownell and Chester Small supported the negative. The debate was of a very high type, and was well contested. The judges, gave the decision to the Seniors. Mr. E. R. Rafuse '25 presented a well prepared critic's report.

#### SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN DEBATE

This great clash of minds took place in Science Hall on Saturday night, Nov. 18th. The subject discussed was "Resolved that the Federation of the Maritime Universities as outlined in the plan submitted in the Carnegie report, would be in the interests of higher education." The Freshmen—Messrs. A. Neal, (leader), W. Forgey, and F. W. Crossman upheld the affirmative, while the Sophomores—Messrs. T. Cook, (leader), E. R. Rafuse, and T. H. Roy supported the negative side of the argument. Although the speeches of individual speakers were of a fairly high standing, the debate in general showed a lack of proper preparation and knowledge of the subject. We would suggest that it be just a little better next time. The judges—returned a unanimous decision

for the Sophomores, Mr. Curry M. Spidell in his characteristic way presented the critic's report.

### PROPYLAEUM.

#### SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE.

The regular meeting of the Propylaeum society, November 13th, was held in Science Hall. The doors were thrown open to the boys of both upper classes that they might hear the Senior and Junior girls debate the question as to whether or not the German reparations as set by the Treaty of Versailles should be cancelled. The affirmative was ably supported for the Juniors by Misses Walker, Archibald and Baker, while Misses Bowlby, Miller and Fitzpatrick contested the subject for the negative. The debate was of a high order, and in addition to excellent delivery, the speeches were carefully prepared, and showed logical reasoning. The judges gave the decision to the Negative. Miss MacNeill brought in the critic's report.

In Tully Club-room on October 23rd, the new girls presented their annual program to the Propylaeum Society. A synopsis of present day events by Miss Boyd, a violin solo by Miss Elizabeth Ford, a reading by Miss K. MacLean, and a piano solo by Jean Creighton were greatly appreciated by those present. A very enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the presentation of the drama "Little Red Riding Hood."

#### DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

On November 8th, the Dramatic Society assembled in Tully Club-room on cushioned chairs drawn up before a blazing grate fire to spend the time of the regular meeting in a social evening.

Partners for the evening were procured by having the men select one of a variety of hats, and then seek the owner of it. The company then proceeded to amuse itself by playing the inevitable Tucker supplemented by refreshments. The party broke up amid expressions of satisfaction at the good time enjoyed by all. Miss White acted as chaperon.

## HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

On October 31st, the Sophomores continued the annual custom of giving a Hallowe'en party. The announcement that it was to be a masquerade called forth many and varied costumes, ranging from butterflyes to Turkish ladies, not to mention numerous ghostly characters. Everybody found his or her way to the gymnasium which was appropriately decorated for the occasion. Marches, group games, refreshments, "Acadia's special", and Tucker combined to make an enjoyable evening. A flash-light picture brought to a close what everyone declared to be a very delightful party. Apparently, no less enjoyable to many was the walk towards Tully, if their reluctant parting under the hall lights may be taken as an indication of this fact.

## FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

On the evening of Nov. 7th, the new students followed the precedent established last year by staging their entertainment at the Opera House. The program opened with the usual "movie" of the evening, "Wild Honey", including some unusual slides demonstrating the artistic ability of the new students in portraying the Sophomores. Following this feature, Mr. Crossman welcomed those present, at the same time making it known to them that he did so not so much from desire as on account of a certain clause in the Rules for New Students. A program consisting of college songs and individual acts was then presented, in which a reading by Miss MacLean may be mentioned as particularly enjoyable. A-C-A-D-I-A closed the program which was much appreciated by all.

## SENIOR PARTY.

As a result of the Debate on November 11th, a pleased bunch of Seniors gathered in Tully Clubroom, which was tastily decorated for the occasion. After an informal chat, the game of Tucker was indulged in for some time to be followed by "Consequences", and dainty refreshments. The lateness of the hour prevented any further games, so the

party broke up amid the echoes of the '23 yell, and the strain of A-C-A-D-I-A. Miss White was chaperone.

### JUNIOR PARTY.

In honor of their debating teams, a class party was held in Tully on November 13th. The grate fire, and the cozy appearance of the club-room added greatly to the evening's enjoyment. After a variety of games, and dainty refreshments served by the girls, the party most reluctantly dispersed. Professor Rogers and Miss White were the chaperones. Everyone agreed that it was the best class party yet.

### FRESHMAN CLASS PARTY.

After their debate with the Sophomores on Saturday evening, November 18th, the Freshmen class assembled in the gymnasium to pass a social evening. Despite the unsuccessful ending of the debate, they were in the mood for fun, and indulged themselves to the utmost with games. Afterwards, they proceeded to "the Palms" where dainty refreshments were served. On arriving at Tully, they gave the Freshman yell, amid the echoes of which, they dispersed. Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock with Mr. C. B. Russel were the invited guests.

### COLLEGE SING.

Although we regret that Dr. Chute is not with us this year, we are assured of his personal interest in us by the fact that his house is always open to the student body. On Sunday evening, November 12th, the students gathered at his home in response to his kind invitation to a "sing". A pleasant evening was spent in singing the old hymns among which were interspersed several interesting numbers rendered by Misses Gilroy and Prescott followed by Mr. Harry Mollins.

### THEOLOGICAL CLUB NOTES.

We are pleased to see our meetings continuing in numbers and interest. This is undoubtedly due to the untiring

efforts of those in charge. Excellent speakers have been obtained for every one of the meetings, and those who attend feel that the meetings are one of the best features of their college course.

On October 7th our Chairman of Devotional Committee, Mr. E. Curry brought to us a stirring message, taking as his subject, "Lostness". We are indeed fortunate to have such an excellent speaker to choose the leaders for our meetings, for we are never disappointed when he has been unable to secure another speaker.

Mr. Flanagan of the Academy spoke very effectively on "The Four Withouts". It was an inspiring subject skilfully handled.

November 3rd brought us one of the "old boys", Mr. W. P. Warren, with a message full of thought and helpfulness, "Saving of Souls by All Means". It was a splendid interpretation of that much-talked-of expression of the great apostle Paul.

Mr. Freeman Curry spoke to us Nov. 17th, on the exhortations and promise of Christ to His disciples before He left them. It is our business not to question the time of the second coming, but to wait for power and then strive for a share in the coming of the Kingdom.

The Club rather surpassed itself this month by sending a representative "rooter" to the U. N. B. Acadia game, in the person of the president, Mr. A. A. MacLeod.

We have again organized a basket ball team with Mr. MacLeod as the captain, and hope to hear as good reports of their work on the gym floor as we do of that in the pulpit.



'79—Rev. M. C. Higgins has resigned the pastorate of the Clyde Ave. Baptist Church, Sydney Mines.

'86—Rev. J. W. Brown has closed his pastorate at Prinsedale, Me.

'92—Rev. A. A. Shaw, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was president of the New York State Baptist Ministers' Association and spoke at the meetings held in Albany.

'94—Dr. Edward Backadar, M. P., died at Halifax, Oct. 22.

'95—Miss Mabel E. Archibald has been spending her vacation in New Brunswick in the interests of Foreign Missions.

'96—Mr. Fred M. Fenwick, of New York, who has been ill for some months, is now recovered.

'98—Rev. C. W. Rose, of Amherst, has been ill with throat trouble.

'00—Rev. J. Austin Huntley, of Troy, N. Y., was vice-president of New York Baptist Ministers' Association, which met in Albany, October 24-28, in connection with the state convention.

'02—Rev. Egbert LeRoy Dakin, D. D., has accepted a call to the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'04—We extend our sympathy to Mr. J. H. Cunningham, of Bear River, in the death of his father, which took place November 11.

'04—Miss Rosamund Archibald gave a very interesting address on "New Methods of Teaching English", at the Pictou County Teachers' Union, which met at New Glasgow in October. She also visited Amherst and addressed a meeting of citizens and teachers in the afternoon, and of the Girl Guides in the evening. Her book "The King's English Drill" has been widely successful and a second edition is now being issued.

'05—Rev. Gordon Kierstead was treasurer of New York State Baptist Ministers' Association in Albany.

'09—Mrs. A. C. Moore, nee Dorothy Manning, and little son left Wolfville on November 16 for their home in Point Sissons, B. C.

'10—Arthur H. Chute, who has been spending the summer in Wolfville, left in October for Hamilton, Bermuda, where he will spend the winter.

'13—Tabernacle Baptist Church, of Utica, Nfld., of which Rev. Edward Bleakney is pastor, held its annual roll-call on October 30.

'14—Rev. A. A. Hovey has been granted the Jones Fellowship from Colgate to be used for further study at Chicago University.

Eng. '14—Morgan Tamplin has recently returned from the University of London, with first class B. Sc. and a first class certificate from the Associate School of Mines.

'19—Evalena Hill is the church visitor of the Congregational Church, Everett, Mass.

'19—Donald Grant is practicing law in the West.

'19—Ruth Elderkin is taking her M. A. at Acadia.

'20—Leonard Gray is attending Newton Theological Seminary.

'20—Miriam Chisholm is teaching in the West.

'22—Harry Atkinson has been appointed assistant pastor of the Clarendon Baptist Church, Boston.

Ex. '22—Helen Young is working in a law office in Boston.

Ex. '22—Maurine Elderkin is teaching in Everett, Mass.

A. L. S.

'17—Evelyn Cogswell has been appointed head of the Elocution Department of Acadia Seminary.

'18—Ruby Elderkin is working in Boston.

'26—Dorothy Giffin is studying at the Conservatory of Music, Chicago.





*“Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,  
He who would search for pearls must dive below”.*

—Dryden.

These, indeed, are the sentiments which we share and by which we, with hesitation, approach a friendly criticism of the excellent assortment of college publications which adorn our exchange shelves this month. It was Addison who said: “A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellences than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation”. This, we believe, should be the correct attitude for criticism among college magazines. Our failure is probably not often caused by our being partisan. We fail rather to create and make known the current of true and fresh ideas.

The task is not a simple one. The college magazine may be said to exist for a limited class of both readers and writers, that is, undergraduates, and those closely interested in undergraduate work. It is a means of keeping in touch with college activities, both local and distant. But more especially is it a means of encouraging the development of literary ability on the part of college students. It is to know, and to point out the best that is known and thought, in this sphere, that we would attempt to act as critics.

Our exchanges show many pleasing features. We are always glad to see a good proportion of literary material in a college magazine. Fortunate are those which have the support of the poetic genius. For ourselves we prefer the carefully prepared monthly to the weekly magazine: and we give definite preference to undergraduate material.

## THE ARGOSY WEEKLY.

“The plunge has been made”. We note with a slight feeling of regret that you have changed the form of your publication. We always appreciated the “Argosy” magazine, and it was a welcome visitor to our shelves. However, in undertaking new methods of publication, new responsibilities devolve upon the editorial staff, and it is our best wish that their efforts may be fraught with success. We appreciate your conservative attitude in regard to the retention of the literary magazine, which will be published three times a year. We feel it will be in the best interests of the student body which it represents, and that it will contain the very best material its contributors can produce. The continuation of the competition scheme, no doubt will have the desired effect. The illustrations furnish very valuable additions to your publication.

## THE XAVERIAN.

This is one of our most valued exchanges, since its literary department is of such a high quality. The Xaverian has been an excellent college production in this respect for a long time. The poetry is choice. The November issue contains several interesting stories and articles. “Thoughts on Trains” furnishes interest because of its psychological description of the human mind on such occasions. “The Adventures of a Bootlegger” is a well written humorous story. “A Trip to the Land of Evangeline” has a note of familiarity to us Acadians. The editorial column deals with some of the live topics of the day, such as “The Nova Scotia Coal Strike” and “Fire Prevention”. Writing of this type is a desirable project for any college magazine to carry out. On the whole you have a well-balanced magazine.

## THE BRUNSWICKAN.

We take cognizance of the fact that the University Monthly is “no more”, as the official organ of the students of the University of New Brunswick. Regardless of what-

ever motives may have inspired the change of the name of the magazine, this more or less radical step on the part of the new editorial board may be accompanied with great possibilities. "The Brunswickan will be just what the students make it", is a very good slogan. We note, with pleasure, the intentions of the editorial management of awarding Brunswickan distinctions for literary contributions. Go ahead, we feel confident of the fact that you'll find it work out all right. Your first issue contains several interesting stories, but there is a decided absence of poems.

#### THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

The Gazette is alive with items of interest, particularly for its own student body. The details of the daily proceedings in each department of the student life, and of the university itself are well written up in the weekly issues of the paper. In other words, the Gazette is "newsy". The sports pages are prominent ones, and deal with matters of general as well as of local interest exceedingly well. We recognize one of our former graduates as editor of this department.

"The Onion Skin" and "Lemon Extracts" afford much amusement in the weekly issues. We note, however, an absence of stories and articles. Only two poems, "Coming Home" and "In English Lanes", come to our notice. These are very good, and we would suggest that more space be devoted to the publishing of poetry, as well as other literary contributions from the students.

#### THE MCGILL DAILY.

The McGill Daily is a live paper, and appears to be making the daily issue a success. It possesses a strong editorial section. Two editorials of recent date, "Idealism in Education" and "Know Your Neighbor", are worthy of special mention. The paper contains all the essential departments of an organ representing such a large student body. The "Dilettanti" is a very interesting section dealing with book reviews. The "Daily" gleans many interesting articles from

other papers, and in this way functions as a digest. The "Correspondence" column affords opportunity for expression of individual views and controversial writing. But while this excellent paper deals with general news items of societies, sports and such like, and while it contains good editorials, it is neglecting one of the fundamental features of a college organ, that is, the expression of the literary ability of the general student body. We would appreciate seeing a little effort made in this direction.

#### PATCHES.

This is a literary magazine published by the undergraduates of University College. The October issue is well arranged. The appeal for verse ought to have a desirable effect upon the poetry columns of your future publications. The editorial on "Keeping Out Americanisms" is well written, and shares our sentiments. We might just quote the following extract: "We have no quarrel with the Americans. To say that they are a great and in many respects an admirable people is to utter a truism. Our quarrel is with Canadians, who, in their apathy, are rapidly allowing themselves to become Americanized, are letting slip the traditions of the Motherland, and are neglecting the development of a distinctive nationality, in which British characteristics are predominant."

"The Farce of Initiations" is an article dealing with this important subject from a very rational point of view. Your magazine is of a high order, and aims at a good literary development, and high Canadian standards. Perhaps a "table of contents" might add to the general appearance.

#### WESTERN U. GAZETTE.

Your editorial on the "Literary Aspect" deals very concretely with a problem with which we feel sure every college magazine is confronted. We have found the competition scheme of great value in securing contributions to the various departments. Other Maritime colleges have adopted

similar methods, and so far as we can judge, they have met with measured success.

We recognize that your weekly publications aim at a literary self-expression, which we regard as a splendid condition in a college paper. The articles which have come under our notice are well written. Your exchange column is one which merits commendation. The column reserved for "Student Opinion" affords opportunities to the controversial mind. We extend to you our best wishes in your literary endeavors.

#### ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW.

The midsummer number is a well arranged magazine. It makes a special feature of photos, illustrations and cartoons. The articles are short and snappy. "Radio" and the "Distinguished Visitors" are well written, and furnish interesting material. We consider, however, that too much space in your magazine, is devoted to departments such as cricket and athletics in proportion to the amount of literary material. There appears also to be an absence of the poetic Muse.

#### THE SHEAF.

This is a live weekly, published by the students of the University of Saskatchewan. It contains news items which appear to be well arranged and especially well written. The table of "don't" contains many helpful and practical suggestions for contributors. We have a few ideas of the trials of an editor. The "Letters to the Editor" afford room for the voice of student opinion, and should prove a very useful department of the paper. But doesn't a college publication represent something more than an enumeration of events? Perhaps an occasional story would help out.

#### THE GATEWAY.

This is a weekly, published by the students of the University of Alberta. Your publication contains a fair proportion of literary material. We read, with pleasure, an in-

teresting article by one of our former teachers, Prof. E. D. MacPhee. The "Intelligence Department" gives a snappy summary of various college proceedings in the different departments, while the "Casserole" furnishes "barrels of fun". The special "Music" number is one worthy of honorable mention. We note, with interest, that your college has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon our future president, Dr. W. F. Patterson.

#### THE INTEGRAL.

We acknowledge the Spring and October numbers of this excellent publication of the Tri-State College. This magazine is of a technical nature, and deals with problems, and facts of particular interest to engineers, but it also endeavors to add articles and stories of a general nature. The magazine has a well developed department of wit and whimsicality. The cartoons and illustrations form invaluable additions to the material. We greatly appreciate this publication on our exchange shelves.

#### HARVARD CRIMSON.

This is published by the undergraduates of Harvard, and finds a welcome place on our shelves. The "Crimson" is a well arranged newspaper, giving as it does the digest of the semi-weekly events around "the Square". The editorials are well written and deal with interesting and live topics.

#### YALE ALUMNI WEEKLY.

This number contains two articles of special interest: Dean Angier's Letter to Parents of Freshmen, and The Brick Rows Exhibition of Shelley. As an alumni publication the editorials on Enrollment Regulations, Need of Specialization, and the New Code for College Athletics, seem to express the problems of all our universities.

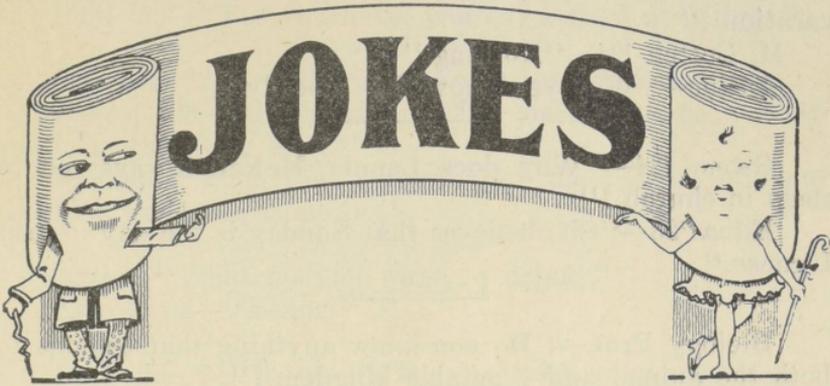
## THE COLLEGIATE.

The Collegiate is one of the most interesting magazines on our exchange shelf, and on others' too, judging from its long exchange list. The cuts of campus life and of their athletic stars are splendid. May well be classed as an all-round college magazine.

## MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG.

This splendid magazine is published by the Engineering Society of the University of Minnesota. The material in the November issue is well compiled, the arrangement showing good proportions in the different departments. The articles are written primarily for engineers and technical students, but furnish general interest for outside readers.





Prof. Rau. (giving test in Geology Lab.)—"Mr. Rockwell, mix up those rocks".

Bill—"Yes, sir, do you want a cut" ?

Chip '24—(Speaking about prospects for the track team)—"Estey will be our best man in a couple of weeks".

Helen '24—"Oh, this is so sudden !"

Dr. Hill (collecting test papers)—"May I have the next on please ?

Beatrice Borden '26—(Absent-mindedly)—"I'm sorry, but I have them all taken".

Parker '24—"How is it that Tommy gets along so well in history ?"

Collins '24—"Oh, he has his dates fixed ahead."

Soph. (to Freshman in Senior Seats at Chapel)—"Sit up front where you belong."

Fresh—"Oh, I'm not as green as I look."

Rockwell (showing father the College Library)—"How do you like it ?"

Father—"Do you mean to tell me this is all you have left of all those books I've been sending you money for ?"

Adline '24—"What are you going to study during Xmas vacation?"

M. Cutten '24—"Nothing."

Adline—"Why you know that already."

---

Gwen. '24—"Why does Lennie McNeil always go to sleep in church?"

Edna '23—"She believes that Sunday is the day of rest I guess."

---

Biology Prof.—"Do you know anything that belongs to both the animal and vegetable kingdom?"

Bezanson '25—"Yes sir, Tully hash."

---

Prof.—"What are you doing back there Clarke? Are you learning anything?"

Clarke '24—"No sir. I'm listening to you."

---

V. V-gh-n '23 to E. G-dw-n—"Don't you hate to walk with tall people?"

Ede—"No, do you?"

---

B. Sm-th '25—"Why does Alce look so weary tonight?"

H. D-m-ck '25—"Oh, she has a vision of a Hill before her."

---

Brownell '23 (In Education Class)—"That was Francis Bacon, wasn't it sir?"

Dr. Kellogg—"No, it was Roger Bacon."

Pearson '23—"He just had the wrong kind of Bacon."

---

Flewie '24—"What a pretty suit you have on."

Florence '24—"Do you think so?"

Flewie '24—"Yes, I just adore *Brown*."

---

Elspeth '23—"What has come over Pugs lately that makes her look so drowsy?"

Vivian '23—"Sleepy, I guess."

Inga '25—"I have an appetite like a canary."

Paul '26—"Yes you have, you eat a *Peck* at a time."

---

Grimmer '23—"Where were you last night?"

Deacon '23—"Down at the Club discussing the war situation in the Near East."

Grimm—"Then that accounts for the powder on your shoulder when you came in."

---

Artie—"What do you want to drink?"

Skip Read—"Beans."

---

Peel '26—"Shut up Parks, you have your mouth open a foot."

Parks '26—"I don't care if I have it open all the way."

---

1st Co-ed—"Have you heard the story about Smithy's head?"

2nd Co-ed—"There's nothing in it."

---

1st Co-ed—"Where does Lusby come from?"

2nd. Co-ed—"It must be from England, because he always writes Eng. after his name."

---

Parker '24—"Do you live down by Doc. A.'s?"

Chip '24—No, why?

Parker '24—Then what's the idea of all the midnight walks?

Chip '24—Wonderful embracing nights.

---

### FAMOUS SAYINGS.

Brownell '23 (after visiting the Sem.)—"It was just like this fellows, Veni, vidi, vici."

Calculus—"Men may come and men may go, but I grow long forever."

Rockwell—"Our class won the Bible."

Biff Howatt—"Gimme".

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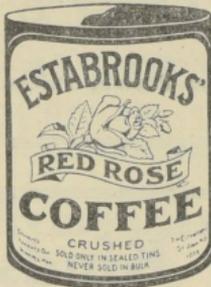
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