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*Ed. Stan*

October, 1928

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# The Acadia Athenaeum

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No. 1

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## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poetry:—Evelyn Jenkins '31; Melba Roop '29; A. E. Roland '31 (1 unit each).

Short Stories:—Jean Miller '29, 2 units; C. Osborne, '29, 1 unit.

Articles:—C. Osborne, '29, 2 units; Melba Roop '29, 1 unit.

Humour:—Jean Miller '29, 1 unit.

Unclassified:—Evelyn Jenkins '31, 2 units.

Science:—No Competition.

Athletics:—No Competition.

Exchanges:—No Competition.

Month:—Greta Rose '30 1 unit.

Jokes:—No Award.

Personals:—Mary Roscoe '31; Greta Rose '30; 1 unit each.

**MILD GREY SKY**

Mild grey sky,  
Where go the colors  
That, creeping high,  
Kiss the earth, then  
Fading, die  
Away from the heart of you,  
Mild grey sky?

Pure white sky,  
Where go the winds  
That softly sigh,  
And swirling swish  
A sad good-bye  
Into the heart of you,  
Pure white sky?

Deep blue sky,  
Where go the clouds  
Soft drifting by?  
Who is the sculptor  
Shaping them high  
Over the heart of you,  
Deep blue sky?

Pale wine sky,  
The little white lights  
I love will try  
Confiding in me  
Those secrets shy.  
Stars are the heart of you,  
Pale wine sky.



## THE WRITER'S PEN

Doctor Drawn suddenly aroused Doctor Bent from his pipe-dreams with a sharp exclamation. They were just pulling out of a station along the line.

"By George! Bent, this is the very place."

"What place?" Doctor Bent inquired lazily.

"The place where Mrs. Grant Nelson used to live."

"Mrs. Grant Nelson? Who is she?"

"She died last year," replied Drawn. "You probably never heard of her. By George! that's a queer story too. She had been my patient for three years when she told it to me."

"Invalid?" inquired Bent.

"No, at the end of that time her health was almost completely restored. Ordinarily her nerves were quite strong, but sometimes at night when she was out in the darkness she would be terrified. It's an interesting story. I'll tell it to you as nearly as I can in her own manner of telling it to me.

"She was a small woman, vivid personality, her eyes kindled when she began: 'I suppose you've wondered, Doctor, what brought about my nervous condition.' "I told her that I had—often; and she continued, 'It's nearly eight years ago now—I was going home from my aunt's one night. It was dark; only a sprinkling of dull stars. The snow was packy, making my feet clumsy, and I had nearly a mile of lonesome country road to walk before I reached home. I was a little nervous of the night and couldn't help glancing from side to side and over my shoulder all the time to reassure myself. There was an empty house I had to pass and, as I came near to it, it seemed to be so close to the road I grew frightened and began to wish I had let my uncle walk home with me. But I walked on. When I got right opposite the home I seemed to hear a voice. I began to run, turning my head as I did, so that I could still watch the house. Soon I was well past and my courage began to return. There was only a short flat to cross and I would be able to see home from the top of the hill. But when I reached the top no light greeted me. Why?

A light was always left. I couldn't understand. Suddenly, glancing over my shoulder, I caught a glimpse of light from the empty house. I was terrified when a moving object came out from the house and down the road toward me. I began to run and had scarcely started when a shriek came from somewhere behind me. My breath was choking me; then I plunged down in a deep horse-track and fell hard on my face. I tried to get up, but my ankle hurt so badly I couldn't, then I lost consciousness. When I awoke, I was lying in our own living-room. A twitch in my ankle soon made me remember everything. I wondered where Dad was; and how I got home. I struggled to sit up and, in doing so, I could see out the window. The sky was pierced with flames! They were in the direction of the haunted house. At that time I was nearly hysterical. I cried out to Dad and no one answered. Then I saw a note on the table. It was from Grant, now my husband, and told me that he had carried me home, that it was he who had come out of the house and that he had carried me home but had had to leave immediately. Everything seemed to be a horrible dream to me. What was Deputy Officer Grant doing that was so important? Where was Dad? What was the fire? Then I heard footsteps outside and almost at the same time Grant's voice called to tell me it was he. When he strode in, his face was harassed and his manner agitated. I was so relieved from my terror that I couldn't question him coherently, but he told me it was the empty house burning and asked me about the explosion, if it frightened me. I hadn't heard that at all. It had happened soon after Grant left the house, and I was still unconscious. Then Grant began questioning me about Dad, where he was, when I had left the house, and everything he could think of. I couldn't understand his questions and began to demand if anything had happened to my father; Grant then told me the story of the night. The empty house had been used as a liquor station and a shipment was supposed to go out across the border the following day. He had been walking by that night, just to keep an eye on the house and had discovered one of the doors open. He stole up closer and could hear a voice which he recognized. It was saying something



about a cargo going tomorrow. There was nothing he could do then, so he started on. He was startled by the yell the same as I, but he had some idea what it meant and that's why he had to hurry back after bringing me home. When he got back to the house, it was after the explosion had occurred and the house was in flames—a crowd had gathered. They were grouped around a prostrate figure. It was Dad. Then I began to realize that Grant was believing Dad was involved in this liquor deal. He told me it was better that he should tell me than someone else. I was furious. In my rage over this, I even forgot that Dad was seriously hurt, until Grant suggested that he carry me to Dr. White's, only a few steps down the road, where Dad was.

'That night was the most terrible experience of my life; waiting—waiting in dread of what Grant had said and in fear that Dad would die. In the morning Dad had recovered beyond all expectations and I was permitted to see him. His mind was disconnected; part of the time he was back in the empty house; his speech was incoherent. Suddenly looking straight at me he began asking me about the preceding night. He said he had started after me when,---And he kept repeating "when, when, when," and couldn't get any further. Then the Doctor made me go out. The next morning I was allowed in again, Dad was worse and still thinking about that night and said something about telephone and shipment. That afternoon he died.

'It was a week later before I was able to put together the scraps of Dad's conversation to prove his innocence. In the empty house there was still a telephone, a small company telephone, which connected with certain parts of the country, which our telephone at home did not overlap. Dad had gone in there to call up some Jones—he had mentioned the name of Jones in his delirium—to arrange for a shipment of something. That very day a letter came to me from this same Jones sympathizing with me in my loss and referring to my father's conversation with him that same night a moment before the explosion in which Dad was caught. It was a shipment of pulp they were sending to Maine that Dad had been arranging. I

forgot to tell you why the house was fired. It was because one of the liquor gang on guard had mistaken Dad for an Officer. And that's the story, Doctor, behind my terror of certain nights when it's just dark enough to give dead objects the appearance of life.' "And so she ended her story trembling with excitement. Dr. Drawn went on, "I just prepared her a soothing drink when her husband called for her."

"She married this revenue officer then?" inquired Bent.

"Yes, he seemed quite worried when he discovered what she had been talking about. But now the queer part of the story—

"Say, this is good enough for a novel," Dr. Bent interrupted.

"As I was saying," Drawn resumed, "the queer thing was that Mrs. Grant Nelson was a perfectly sane woman—except for this one hallucination."

"What! Do you mean that this never happened in her life?" demanded Bent.

"No, it happened alright, or most of it, but the queer part is—her father was one of the gang!"

"By Jove! then she just manufactured the proof of her father's innocence. Well, you can hardly blame her. It's a wonder she told you about it all.'"

"No, it isn't that she just made this thing up, but that she believes it; every word of it, every single thing that she told me she believes."

"How can that be when she was right there at the time?"

"I don't know; her husband told me that from the day she succeeded in puzzling out the thing for herself—"

"What about the letter from Jones?" Bent interrupted.

"She never got a letter from him. In establishing her father's innocence, she imagined that as possible proof, I suppose, and incorporated it into her explanation of events as truth. But her husband had told me from that time until she died she has believed and told the same identical story."

"Certainly good material for fiction," Bent affirmed again. "Ought to write it up, Drawn." And then, seeing a queer grin on Dr. Drawn's face, Bent sank back into his cushions



with a grunt, remarking, as he resumed his pipe. "Practising on me eh? So that's the way we're fooled by the writer's pen!"

JEAN MILLER, '29

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### AT COLLEGE AGAIN

There are a great many small universities in the world, and Acadia is just one of the many. Each of these universities represents a group of people of different types and gives them a chance to express themselves, individually. Opinions differ as to the value of social contact, but all must agree that we are exposed to it, for better or for worse, when we came to college.

Let us consider the different kinds of people. There are those whose whole being demands the society of people. Unless they are happy, they are unhappy, they are never just content. The thrill of excitement, the quick throb of music through their pulses, the rough ardor of football gives life and breath to them.

Others are content at times to be alone. They want friends to build and perfect their own personality. They are introverts who are trying to fulfil their share of the bargain of creation. Each new friendship adds a cubit to their stature and is a new conquest in their study of humanity.

Some even avoid comradeship. They find satisfaction in books and the fictitious people created therein. Usually such people are afraid of life. Sometimes it is because they have been sheltered, other times they have not been sheltered enough. It is "Man's inhumanity to man," which drives them from the real to the imaginary.

There are quiet people, who shrink from the crowd and there are gay and noisy people who wish to be always the centre of it. There are intellectual people whose zeal is to perfect their minds; there are religious people whose zeal is to perfect their souls; there are erratic people whose zeal is for anything and everything; and there are indifferent, blasé people, who have no zeal whatsoever.



These all meet at College. What, then, does it mean to them? Those who seek excitement find it, but find with it the more serious tasks of books and classrooms, the introspect a place to build up his personality only in so far as he is willing to share it with others; the bookworm finds plenty of books but he finds, too, that his studies are interrupted by careless, noisy creatures that he cannot help but see and hear. College is a place where we find the warmer, friendlier side of humanity. In college no one is really the centre of the crowd and no one is entirely left out. Oh yes, college life may be selfish, it may have its limits and its mean side, but it is worth trying for all that. And so we are back to Acadia for one more year.

C. OSBORNE, '29

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### NIGHT

Farewell bright sun — since dawn your burning flame,  
Has bathed in golden light, the scenes of day;  
But now night's artist hides them all away,  
And paints his picture in the vacant frame.

He blurs the vaulted canvas shadow black,  
Then, taking up a brush of silver hue,  
With quick and skillful touch begins anew.  
Soon night-robed fairies draw the curtain back.

Ah! wondrous beauty, stars all silver bright,  
That seem to dance and laugh in merry glee;  
A pale and shining moon shedding its light—

The background black, now seems a purple sea,  
Where silver barks are drifting into sight;  
For night to silvery magic, holds the key.

MELBA MADIE ROOP, '29

**LEST WE LOSE OUR EDENS**

Mac and George were hidden behind the vines on the parsonage veranda when a big Essex sedan stopped before the hotel, two blocks away.

"That's Mike Doran and Jane Wright," said Mac. "My mum says Jane shouldn't run around with Mike because he's married already."

"I know," said George. "I saw my Daddy talking to Jane. He made her cry."

"Mike says he's going to run away with Jane sometime and not bring her back again. Everyone thinks Mike's grand. My mum says he's a fool and he'll get into trouble. She knows him. He comes from the States." Mac was very wise for his ten years.

"Mike is nice to me," said George. "He gave me ten cents. Maybe they're running away to-night."

Meanwhile a tall dark man and a small, neatly-dressed woman entered the hotel. The building was brilliantly lit for supper and the two figures showed up plainly as they entered. The lady was attractive. She was gay and vivacious, and behind her wide-open childish eyes lay a hint of something recklessly tender.

As soon as they had disappeared within the little white house, the boys climbed into the Essex sedan.

They were just going to look it over, but an opened box of chocolates tempted them further and soon they were comfortably examining all the contents of the ample back seat. George hesitated about meddling. His father was a minister. Mac's father, on the other hand, was a good-for-nothing, who sold old cider to the neighboring farmers, and Mac had seen lots of bad company. He was a reckless little fellow and, just now, was intensely interested in Mike Doran. He continued his little story to George while he rummaged through mysterious parcels and he did not hear Mike and Jane come out. George saw them.

"Oh, Mac," he cried, "they're coming."



Mac did not listen and George was striving desperately to open the door but it would not budge. Mac took in the situation.

"Might as well get a ride out of it," he said, and ducked under the rug. George followed and Mike and Jane got in.

Mike was excited. He talked incessantly. His dark face was flushed and his head thrown back. Mac peeked out at him and decided he was wonderful, after all. Jane was quiet in comparison. She seemed almost afraid.

They drove fast. George whispered to Mac, "Perhaps they won't go home to-night. Gosh, Mac, I'm scared."

"Shut up" said Mac, who was thoroughly excited.

It happened suddenly as all such things do happen. They swerved to avoid an on-coming car and the sedan crashed over into a steep ditch. The other car stopped and several men got out. Before they had time to right the over-turned car, Mike, only slightly injured had pulled himself free. The other figure in the front seat was crushed and dead. After the car was opened, two nearly smothered, but otherwise uninjured little boys were found wrapped in a big rug in the back seat. It was Mac's father who lifted them out. Mac opened surprised blue eyes—

"Why, Daddy, how did you get here?"

"How did you get here, little boy?" asked Mr. Green sharply.

"We're home, George! Ain't this queer!"

"Where did you think you were?" Then a little softer, "They just went for a ride and were coming back to the Hotel. Jane's dead. They're in the house, you kids had better go upstairs."

George and Mac were upstairs in Mac's bedroom fully five minutes before they recovered their senses and their curiosity. Then they crept down and peeked into the parlor. Mac knew of a good corner where they could see and not be seen. There they huddled together like two scared kittens. Two other figures entered the room at the same time. One was a grey-haired man of middle age, the other a wild-eyed, hysterical young woman.



"His wife," Mrs. Green whispered to the man beside her.

Mike was crouching on a couch near the place where the little boys were hiding. The flush had died out of his face, leaving a deadly pallor. When the last two persons entered, the pallor became greater. He gasped and covered his face with his hands.

What happened next, neither Mac nor George could tell. Everyone was talking and the young woman fainted before Mac's couch. In the corner of the room on a wide cot, Jane lay alone and peaceful.

George's father and another man were talking.—

"Do not tell her," said the minister, "It might kill her. You had better leave. I'll be responsible for to-night."

Several men left. The woman on the floor lifted herself and looked with wild eyes at Mike.

"Oh, Mike. are you there? What have you been doing, Mike?"

Mike lifted her up, "What is the matter, dear? It is alright, I am here."

"I'd kill him," Mac whispered excitedly.

"You have killed little Jane, Mike. They will take you to prison."

"I know they will." Mike was passive.

"They will kill you, Mike. Don't you care? Oh, Mike, say it was not your fault."

Mike sat back, muttering and only half-conscious. His wife turned from him to the minister and then back to him again.

"What was he doing, sir? Was he—Oh, he was not, though. He is mine. Do not kill him—Oh, Mike, you have broken my heart." She began to sob, harsh, strangling sobs. Mike tried to comfort her but she pushed him away. His lack of feeling irritated her passion. He seemed stunned. At last the minister urged him to go away.

He brushed by Mac and George as he went out. The two children caught sight of him, sitting on an old bench, smoking his pipe.

"He'll probably get into Dad's cider," whispered Mac.

"Let's go to bed," said George. "I'll stay with you to-night."

"Let's peek once more first."

Mac led the way to their corner again. In the half-darkened room, only the two women remained.

The young wife was sobbing, "He is good, Mrs. Green; I know he is good. He never meant no harm. He ain't had no mother, Mike ain't, to keep him from being wild. He prays God to help him. Oh, Mrs. Green, say they won't hurt him. He is good, I know he is good."

Mac and George went to bed. They did not understand.

C. OSBORNE, '29

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### A SONNET TO TRIGONOMETRY

Think not, O demon Trig., that I would woo  
Your grace! Think not, O mother Math. that I  
Would to your child now sing sweet honors due!  
I swear I rue the day that her first cry  
Disturbed my tranquil life. No ancient gods  
Need I to call upon to yield my tongue  
More strong. The hatred I bear thee applauds  
Enough each bitter word I write. Among  
The other tortured ones, I sit in class,  
And then, in that half-dead sub-conscious ear  
(For though if there in flesh, in thought, alas!)  
My Prof. to utter, "Sine, Cosine," I hear,  
And "Log., Colog." in tense hypnotic voice,  
Till truly would I die from very choice!

JEAN MILLER, 29



## BEATEN GOLD

The gods were angry at the dolls who assailed their neighbours for a clay called gold. They threw big thunder-jars on their heaven-floor, upset the lightning bowls, and sent the rain splashing over the white land below.

Two fairies sat huddled under a mushroom to keep their wings dry. They watched the rain come—grey and silver-white, advancing very voicelessly and still over the misty mountains. It hung in thin unearthly veils against the pine trees, and made little rivers stream through the grasses. A clap of thunder sounded and the fairies daintily covered their little pink ears with their brown small hands.

"If I could only get the gold," sighed the girl-fairy, Shawn, between claps. "It is nearly time for the autumn sunsets and a new painter is needed to tint them. Tissa, the fairy queen, has promised the position to the first fairy who brings her a crown made of beaten gold. I'm tired of hanging tinkling pendants about the throat of roses! Can you think where I can get some gold, Mellow, dear?"

"You have lots of time. You are only a child yet—scarcely five hundred years old. Why not wait till next autumn?" said Mellow. He disliked thinking.

"Time is a giant that never dies," said Shawn seriously. "He draws reluctant souls into the light and teaches them to love it, then, having taught, thrusts them into darkness again. It is cruel! But we are fairies and Time has no influence over us. Please be quiet and think."

The misty myriad melodies of rains struck the silence with slender silver whips.

"You could drink moon-gold from a cup of acorn wood at midnight," ventured Mellow, who tired of the silence.

"Oh-h-h, I know," cried the fairy clapping her little hands. "I could ask the Man in the Moon for a teeny-weeny piece. He gleams yellow with gold. And he's coming here next week."

The following week Shawn went up the winding little path to the deserted garden. She drank in the pungent lifting scent of trodden needles under foot, and then, on a blade of grass watched the west grow dark and the quiet stars come out, one, then another, in the sky. The Man in the Moon hesitated, tiptoe, on the grove of pines. He was a silky gold spider creeping over a velvet sky, leaving frail cobwebs of clouds behind him. Shawn went up to a quivering twig on a birch tree and stretched out her little hands to carry on a gay flirtation with the Man in the moon; but he had no eyes for a fairy with beautiful silken wings and no pieces of gold for one not deserving them. Shawn flew down from the tree quite disconsolate.

"Gold! Gold! about me," she thought. "This golden dust that fills the air. I cannot grasp it. Why are my hands empty? The Man in the Moon is mocking me!"

Suddenly she heard voices and noticed for the first time the two Human Beings who had occupied all the Man in the Moon's attention. Shawn felt resentful. If it had not been for them—these two worshippers who walked hand in hand looking deep in each other's eyes and kissing silently while the lights one by one seemed to go out—the Man in the Moon would have paid some attention to her; and, perhaps, even given her some gold. Then the fairy noticed that a glitter was being encircled around one slim finger of the pretty Lady Human Being. It was a gold ring. Shawn flew up and stole it when the pretty Lady Human Being was not looking. Then she carefully folded it in an old dead leaf and hid it in the heart of a wild rose. She would come back on the morrow to beat it into a little crown for Tissa, the Queen of Fairyland.

"Youth glories in illusion," thought Shawn, "Just now they think love is a wonderful strange thing. But wait. If Truth is hideous they have none of it for they are young and love freedom and beauty. Let Truth live with old age; a heavy fist clutched in a palsied hand. I think the gods fear old age, for it has eaten from the Tree of Experience, and so they conquer it—with death.' "

\* \* \* \* \*

All day long the fog had been a trailing shawl, draping it-



self carelessly about the old house, and drifting over the garden wall to settle lazily among the dead leaves. The dwelling dozed behind closed shutters, too tired to mind the steady drip of moisture, or the sparrows in the misty gutters twittering so hopefully. The dusk, tiptoeing softly in the path of day brought the golden Man in the Moon and the quiet stars again. Shawn wandered up to the garden to get her ring. Capricious, shy, alluring, she danced along, and hummed a little tune under her breath. She was very happy. Now she could have the position she had always envied. "What lovely burnt oranges and deep roses" she thought, "I'll use to tint the sunsets." She would have a pretty new home, too, with maple leaves for wall paper, silver pebbles to line the porch, a butterfly's wing for a carpet, and cobwebs for casement bars. Suddenly she stopped. There was the pretty Lady Human Being without her lover. She was searching all over the tousled garden. Shawn followed her along the gray-aged wall, and heard her say to herself. "Oh, dear God, please find me our ring before he comes." Shawn felt distressed. Why the pretty Lady Human Being was crying softly; crying and shedding big rain-bow tears; crying for her ring, for the little gold glitter that was to be beaten into a crown for the dainty Queen of Fairy-land.

"She must not weep so much," thought Shawn. "I can get the gold some place else, perhaps." So she dragged the ring with its big star from its hiding place into the path of the pretty Lady Human Being, and then with light wings she flew away. She had a heavy, heavy heart for so small a fairy.

The Man in the Moon saw it all. He sent one of his moon-beams to tell Shawn to come down to the river's edge and he would give her some gold. And he smiled quietly to himself.

Later, the pretty Lady Human Being and her lover saw what they thought to be a golden star falling from the heavens.

EVELYN JENKINS, '31

**THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD DICTION TO SINGERS**

How often the jesting remark is heard concerning a singer, "Well, was he supposed to be singing English, French, German or Italian?"

A joke—yes—but too often this remark does not arise from the speaker's lack of knowledge concerning the languages mentioned, rather from the faulty diction of the singer.

It is indeed a sad state of affairs when an English speaking citizen finds it difficult to recognize his native language when it is being sung by a fellow countryman.

Probably enough words are recognizable to make it possible for one with a vivid imagination to understand what the song is about. Why should only the imaginative few be thus privileged? Why should not all listeners be able to sit back in comfort, rather than on the edge of the seat, straining their ears to catch an intelligible word.

There are ways by which good diction may be acquired. First—practice speaking distinctly. Talk rather slowly making the vowel sound plain and biting off the consonants clearly.

This should not be done fifteen minutes a day and then forgotten, but, in every remark, the aim should be to speak so clearly that no one will find it necessary to say, "Pardon me, I did not understand you."

"But," says the singer, "talking words clearly is entirely different from singing them so."

The reason often given is that some words cannot be sung clearly without sacrificing beauty of tone.

How many people who attend recitals and concerts in which singers take part are competent judges of tone production? Probably very few.

On the other hand practically everyone present can be given enjoyment, if the singer enunciates distinctly in whatever language he may be singing.

Further—it has been found by practical experiment that if the art of enunciating is properly understood and carefully



practiced, each word can be made quite distinct by the singer without injury to tone.

True—the tone color may be changed somewhat, but it will quite possibly be for the better, in any event, the tone will not be ruined.

In order to acquire good diction, the singer should first clearly understand certain very important facts.

In the case of a held note, it is always the vowel sound which should be sustained for the required length of time; all consonants being enunciated quickly, but at the same time as distinctly as possible.

For example, if it should be necessary to hold three beats on the word “come”, the singer should form the k sound clearly with the back of tongue and teeth, then keep the mouth open so that the hold will be on pure “ah.” Immediately preceeding the fourth beat, the humming m sound should be formed.

Two alternatives, sometimes heard, are thus avoided; either of which leaves the audience in equal ignorance as to the song’s meaning.

Should the singer become so interested in tone production that he fails to sound the final consonant; or on the other hand, become so afraid the listeners will not hear, that he sounds it immediately, the results are equally disastrous.

In the first instance, the listeners might possibly hear a sound resembling kaw, and if the consonants in all other words were equally slighted, the effect would be very much like a vocal exercise on the various vowel sounds.

If, on the other hand, the vowels were slighted, the result might possibly be worse; not only would the word be unintelligible, but the resulting sound absolutely unpleasing.

Many singers already appreciate the importance of the words to all listeners, but it is the earnest hope of music lovers that all singers make a greater effort to cultivate clear diction, better phrasing, nobler interpretation, and thus give to the world many more true artists.

MELBA MADIE ROOP, '29

**IN THE AUTUMN WOODS**

Set out on a hill against the sky,  
A maple flamed from afar;  
And I used its gleam to guide me by,  
As a sailor uses a star.

I roamed all day o'er the autumn woods,  
Painted with scarlet and gold;  
And the treasures gained from the solitudes  
Were more than my heart could hold;

For I found in the quiet autumn vales  
All that the summer might bring,  
The grandeur and strength of the winter,  
The glory and promise of spring.

A. E. ROLAND, '31



## **THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF UNIVERSITY STUDENTS NEWS BULLETIN**

### **I. The Imperial Conference of Students.**

It was originally planned to hold the Second Imperial Conference of Students this Fall, but owing to the inability of some of the more distantly removed delegations to make satisfactory arrangements to attend, it was decided not to hold the Conference until 1929. The Conference will be officially opened on September 6th, 1929, at Montreal, Quebec, and will be held jointly at the University of Montreal and at McGill.

Invitations have been sent out to all the universities in the British Empire to attend this gathering and already satisfactory arrangements have been completed for the attendance of delegations from India, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Hong Kong, England, and Scotland. It is also anticipated that delegations will be in attendance representing Ireland, Malta, Ceylon, Bermuda, Trinidad, and other British possessions, as well as representatives from international organizations, the Royal Colonial Institute, and the Universities Bureau of the British Empire.

The Conference will last ten days and the programme will include addresses on Imperial subjects by several outstanding men in Canada and the Old Country. In addition to the discussions on various student topics; a varied social programme will also be included, and, in conjunction with a special Tour for Old Country Students which is being organized from England, it is hoped that some of the visitors will go further across Canada sight-seeing.

The First Imperial Conference of Students was held at Oxford and Cambridge in 1924 and was attended by about one hundred students. At that time it was planned to hold the Conference every four years, and through Canada's central position, and representations made by the NFCUS, it has been made possible to have the Conference in Canada next Fall.

While each country is only permitted to have two delegates for official voting purposes, every student attending a University in the British Empire is invited, and indications are that the gathering will be very colorful.

The agenda of the Conference will include discussion of the following topics: student magazines and publications, the organization of athletic teams; debating tours; student exchanges and tours within the Empire; travel facilities for students; scholarships; student loan schemes; lectureships; openings for post-graduate work; the National Unions of Students within the Empire; The International Confederation of Students; establishment of an Imperial University; other international student organizations and international movements.

## II. Debating

The NFCUS has three debating tours under way at present.

(1) On the invitation of the National Union of Students of England and Wales, and the Student Representative Councils of Scotland, a team of two will sail on the White Star liner "Albertic" on October 4th, from Montreal. Mr. Melvin K. Kenney, the leader of the team is a University of Toronto graduate. In addition to having attended the two Conferences of the NFCUS since its organization, he has had an outstanding career at Toronto, having held many student offices including the Vice-presidency of the Students Administrative Council; he also represented Toronto on the Debating Team that went to the United States, has captained the Soccer Team, and also served on the "oars". Mr. Bernard Alexander, the other member of the team, is a popular McGill man, and has had a particularly outstanding career in the debating field.

The subjects the team will debate upon are as follows: (1) Resolved that this House is opposed to all forms of censorship; (2) Resolved that this House deplores the influence of Lead Soldiers upon the young. (3) Resolved that this House deplores the desire of the British Dominions to become self-sufficient; (4) That this House calls upon the next Imperial Conference of Prime Ministers to take steps to secure an effec-



tive redistribution of the Population of the Empire; (5) That the boundary between Canada and the United States is artificial and should be abolished.

The team will not return to Canada until after the New Year, and while overseas will be entertained not only at the Universities where they will debate, but also at the country homes of several English and Scottish Statesmen, whose doors are always open to students from the Dominions.

(2) A team representing the NFCUS and comprised of Mr. Gurney Evans, Univ. of Manitoba; Mr. C. F. McCrae, Univ. of Western Ont., and Mr. Albert Smith, McMaster University, will make a five weeks tour of the United States under the joint auspices of the National Student Federation of America and the NFCUS. This tour will get under way early in February, 1929, and the subjects will be announced next month.

(3) WESTERN TEAM. Last term Central and Western Canada received a team made up of three Maritimers. This year the Western Universities are sending a team east, and already debates have been arranged at practically every university centre. Mr. Nelson Chappel, a graduate in Arts at the University of Alberta will act as leader of the team; he will be partnered with Mr. G. E. Britnell, one of the finest debaters that ever represented the University of Saskatchewan on an inter-collegiate team, and W. J. Masterson of the University of British Columbia, a student who also comes to the town with an enviable record from his Alma Mater Society.

The subjects selected for the debate are as follows, the home university being given choice: (1) Resolved that the present system of Instalment buying of manufactured articles is in the best interests of the buying public. (2) Resolved that this House is opposed to all forms of censorship. (3) Resolved that the existing agencies are adequate for the establishment of World Peace.

The first mentioned subject was one for debate on the Maritime Schedule last year at Calgary, Alberta, where that team met representatives of the Canuck Club, and was also debated at Regina, Saskatchewan, where the Maritimers met a team composed of representatives of the Young People's Pub-

lic Speaking Club. On both these occasions the subject met with unqualified success, and incidentally, the ways of modern civilization and particularly the economic aspect, received a severe overhauling, before being upheld.

### **III. British Students Tour**

During the month of July a party of sixteen students, including both sexes, from Oxford, England, visited Canada and the United States. During the latter part of their trip several days were spent in Toronto and Montreal, where they were entertained through the courtesy of representatives of the MFCUS.

### **IV. Annual Congress**

The 10th Annual Congress of the C. I. E., better known to Canadian Students as the International Confederation of Students was held at Paris commencing August 10th and continuing until August 24th. This Congress was the largest and best attended in the history of the international student organization, delegates being present from over thirty countries. At the same time, the International Students' Sports were held under the auspices of the National Union of Students of France.

### **V. All Canadian Inter-Collegiate Amateur Athletic Union**

In pursuance of the recommendation of the last Annual Meeting, the officers of the federation have been following up the possibility of promoting a national organization for the control and standardization of athletics and athletic rules in the universities. The W. C. I. A. U. as well as the Maritime Inter-collegiate Amateur Athletic Union have approved of tentative proposals to bring about a meeting of representatives of the three great University Unions in Canada but owing to various delays it has not yet been possible to get delegates together at some central point.

### **VI. Exchange of Undergraduates Scheme**

By far the most elaborate and far-reaching national under-



taking of the Federation is the Exchange of Undergraduates Scheme, and matters have so favorably progressed with the various university authorities that there are now only two university members which yet remain to approve of the principle underlying this great national interchange of students. The fact that not one university in the Dominion has turned down the proposals of the National Federation speaks equally well for the aggressiveness of NFCUS representatives and the generous and broad-minded point of view that the Faculties and Governors have been adopting. It is but further indication of the "national" view-point which has been developing so rapidly following the enthusiastic celebration of Canada's Diamond Jubilee.

Briefly speaking, the Scheme provides that any third year student (that is, in his third year) may visit another university in the Dominion and take a year there, which will give him the necessary credits when he returns to his home university to immediately take up his fourth year. The Scheme is equally applicable to students taking graduate work provided he returns to his home university to pursue studies, and in both cases the university visited will charge that particular student no academic fees. Any number of students up to one per cent of the total student body will be permitted to take advantage of the Scheme, and similarly no university will be under obligation to take in any more students under the exchange than one per cent of their enrollment.

#### **TO ALL REPRESENTATIVES**

##### **I. Annual Meeting, 1928**

The Annual Meeting for the year 1928 will be held at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, on December 26-27 28-29. *Details as to transportation and other arrangements will be mailed in due course.*

##### **II. Agenda, Annual Meeting**

Thirty days notice to each member of the Agenda for the coming Conference is required by By-law One (1) of the Con-

and turn to see what further remarks the youngsters have to make on us. Better!—our literature is very good, good stories; Athletics—well done Acadia! As we bow our thanks a final pat and splash are administered at once. Of our wit they say: rather a lot, but some very good bits.

Might *we* now venture a word of advice, Black and Gold? We like your cover design and everything about your magazine, but would it be impossible to add a little purely literary material? We are sure it would not, and look forward to seeing our opinion confirmed very shortly.

### THE COLLEGIATE OUTLOOK

The Outlook is an excellent example of an all around magazine. Its staff and contributors must be live wires to put out such a splendid paper. In this magazine also we find we figure in the Exchange column. We trust the criticism is sincere, however trite it may sound. But here, shades of The Black and Gold!—they admire our cover design. They call it striking and there is no hint that something better could be found. We leave these two excellent magazines to fight it out, and retain the right to our own opinion, that we would not exchange our cover for anything we have yet seen.

### THE KING'S COLLEGE RECORD

This magazine is a favorite among our Exchanges. Its literary material is of a very high standard and is abundant. Articles are especially favored, almost to the exclusion of all other literary forms. We regret that the articles and other contributions are not signed in full. Initials are very indefinite things that pique our curiosity. There is no key to this puzzle in the whole book so there is nothing for it but to guess and guess or give it up. We follow the system of rewarding competitors with literary "K's" with much interest.

### THE PARKDALIAN

A new Exchange has entered our lists. It is a collegiate paper from Toronto and the finest of its kind that we have the



# The Acadia Athenaeum

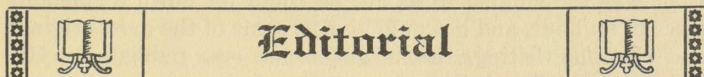
Vol. LV

Wolfville, N. S., October, 1928

No. 1

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Don Wetmore, '29	-	-	Literary Editor
J. R. Herbin, '30, Science			Eileen McKay, '29, Exchanges
Guy Henson, '29, Athletics			Olive McKay, '29, Month
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Volume fifty-five of the Acadia Athenaeum commences with this issue. Those who will be responsible for it you will find listed above. It is impossible to say what the coming year will hold, but we are only too glad to be able to devote a few of these lines to what last year's Literary Editor was pleased to call the "half-forgotten ancients" who left us four months ago. We miss the Class of '28 and we particularly miss those contributors of the class who helped to swell the Athenaeum's head and pages. Floyd Cleveland's characteristically masculine verse will no longer add punch to these pages. We'd welcome more like **Kismet** and **The Gun Man** and **Into The West**. We'd like to hear him say again:

*Im going to live life for all that it has,  
Till the sun sets over my head,  
I'll have all the thrills, for I know I'll be  
One hell of a long time dead.*

Another contributor we will particularly miss is Lloyd Jenkins,—that scholarly fun-maker who was such a vital part of the campus last year. “Louie’s” short stories were always interesting and they plainly reflected his “immense capacity for taking pains.” It will be a long time before we forget **Disenchantment** and **The Princess Laughs**. In poetry and plays he turned out good work, and the novelty of **Who Cheated** showed his cleverness. Without any hesitation we predict for “Louie” a nice little corner in the field of writing. Ken Kierstead, that good old standby in the Athletic Department, was particularly active in the writing of science articles and interesting events. Ken’s contributions were marked by the characteristics which made him so popular with us all,—well-chosen words coupled with forcefulness, reserve and dignity. He could always be depended on for a well-written article, and we will miss him for himself and for his work. Finally we take pleasure in remembering that carelessly brilliant Blair Fraser. Blair was the enigma to us all; he could jot down a splendid piece in an hour, and he could give us some of the most original and vigorous writings this magazine has ever published. His characteristically amusing “sweet disorder in the dress” never was allowed to repeat itself in his mind, and his work was either ingenious or deftly touched with a bit of George Jean Nathan. He filled the difficult position, that we are now sweating over, in a manner that pleased everyone. It is our earnest wish that we can live up to half his cleverness.

The Athenaeum has suffered with the loss of these splendid contributors. Certainly we are hoping that someone will rise to take their places, and we are optimistic enough to believe that we have some good runners-up, but we will always remember them and be mighty pleased that we were “in the swim”, as it were, with them. We must not forget that they are Acadia men; they have the stamp of the college on them, and, no doubt, they are proud of it.

An editorial in the graduation number of the Brunswickan contains a thought that could very well be reprinted here, and the liberty is taken:—“Wherever we shall go we shall always bear, like the felon of old, a brand, an indelible mark, that has



been burnt upon us by the four years we have spent with each other in this college." Written by the retiring editor, this sentence probably held a wistful hope that it might be true; we doubt if it was a happy conviction. To undergraduates alone is the privilege given to assure themselves that they have the chance to be thoroughly burnt by their college. Too many graduates have realized, too late, that they were only scorched, when it was in their power to brand the principles on which Acadia was founded upon their own selves. Now is the only time to see whether Acadia is going to leave a deep mark on us or only an impression. If we ask ourselves honestly, there is not one who does not want to be vigorously burned by this old college, and burned deeply, so that we can point to our brand proudly, as the soldier does to his scars. The question is, are we trying to be burned as deeply as we can? It is up to us to decide right now. A scorch soon disappears, but a brand is indelible.

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It is easy to notice that there is a scarcity of material this month. This is probably due to the fact that the middle of the month came more quickly than most expected, since the first two weeks were full of welcomings and games, and buying books and registering. Next month the Athenaeum expects a large number of contributors and needs them. The classes of '31 and '32 are far too negligent of the opportunity their college magazine offers them. There is no better time to begin writing than in your first two years, for three reasons. First, because it affords time to win your Literary A with contributions that you have carefully worked over, and not those which you have scribbled off in an hour. Second, because it gives you a chance to compare your work with that of the more experienced upper-classmen. Third, because it gives you plenty of time for improvement.

The Athenaeum will welcome heartily any new contributor. Remember that even if your work is not accepted at the first, it need not mean that it is inferior, but merely that it has been outclassed in this particular issue.

Several changes will be made in this volume of the Athenaeum, commencing with the next issue. These changes should be of interest to everyone.

*Editorial Department.*—A new Editorial Department has been opened to encourage the writing of editorials and to get the best available views on any particular subject. Editorials may be written on any subject of interest to college students. Only one editorial shall be printed each month. Since editorials should primarily be short, only one unit will be given each month in this department. Science Editorials will also be eligible.

*Exchange Department.*—The aim of this department shall be, not so much a general review of the exchange magazines, but a guide for Acadia students to the best things published by other colleges. Contributors who write up Exchanges shall give a short, preliminary criticism of a magazine, and then a detailed survey of the most interesting and enjoyable features in it. In other words, a list shall be made of the best features in each magazine, together with a few explanatory remarks about each feature.

*Month Department.*—This department shall take the form of a newspaper department. Write-ups for any event must be handed in to any editor of this magazine not later than two days after the event has occurred. This change will not go into effect until November 16.

*Cartoon Department.*—Units will be given in this department for small cartoons illustrating accompanying jokes. The jokes need not be original although the cartoons must be. These cartoons will be placed in the joke pages.

*Student Opinion Page.*—The Athenaeum will be glad to publish any letters from students or graduates which would be of interest to the college in general. Write us what you think of your magazine, what you think of your football team, what your debating plans are, what changes you have made in any particular society. We are only too willing to publish your opinion.





# ATHLETICS

Fall and football—those two inseparables—have roiled around again. Yells and songs are echoing in the air. Players are training as they haven't trained for years. The college is alive with football gossip, and everyone, from Freshmen to Professors, can hardly wait for the next game. The college hasn't been so enthusiastic within the memories of our most ancient students. There's only one reason—Acadia has a winning team in league football again.

Before college opened, our energetic manager, George Chambers, and Coach Kelly made arrangements with the Halifax Rugby officials to give Acadia a berth in the Halifax City League along with Dalhousie, the Wanderers, and United Services. Home and home games are to be played. Acadia is to entertain for the first three Saturdays and to play the remaining games in Halifax later on.

Meanwhile the Girls Ground Hockey practices have begun and the schedule for the interclass soccer league is being made out. All in all, the biggest season in athletics in recent years has begun.

## ACADIA, 0; DALHOUSIE, 0.

Acadia had an edge on the visitors in everything but scrum work, in the opening classic of the season, but were unable to cross the line. A huge crowd of about 2000 people, 500 of whom were from Halifax, witnessed fiercely fought football throughout all seventy minutes of play.

The Acadia scrum, bolstered up with several new players, worked poorly, but the backfield, one of the most brilliant ever to represent Acadia, made up with brilliant tackling, running, and punting. Our team had a decided edge in territory, both when favored and when handicapped by the wind. Four long runs by Captain Bill Matthews were the outstanding plays of the day, only a brilliant flying tackle from behind by George MacLeod saving a score when he had worked his way through the whole Dalhousie team to the fifteen yard line.

Hewatt almost scored for Dalhousie when the Black and Gold three-quarter line made a long run to the Acadia five yard line, Eville forcing in out of touch with a flying tackle. The kicking of Bill Wickwire, Dalhousie captain, accounted for many long gains.

MacDonald played a great game at full-back for the visitors, while the Sutherlands and Irvine played well in their scrum, which is perhaps the best in the League.

Acadia's new players showed up well and gave promise of a brilliant team when they get working together. Eville did great work at full-back, and the Montgomery brothers, Buckley and Laurie showed real football talent. Ducky MacLean, back in the game after a forced lay-off last year, charged around the scrum like a thunderbolt and played a fine game.

The line-up:

Dalhousie: Full-back, MacDonald; three-quarters, Hewatt, McLeod, Sutherland, Jones; halves, Wickwire (Captain), A. Sutherland, Davidson; forwards, Townsend, Baird, Campbell, Irving, Wishait, Smith, McRae.

Acadia: Full back, Eville; three-quarters, Matthews (Captain), Dugan, Wilson, Laurie; halves, Buckley, Ryan, Munroe;



forwards, P. Montgomery, B. Montgomery, Price, Hubley, White, McLeod, McLean.

ACADIA, 0; UNITED SERVICES, 0

Acadia played ragged football in their second League game and were lucky to escape without being scored against. The Services team has improved remarkably over last year, when Acadia swamped them 39-0. The good sportsmanship of the visitors, both when badly trimmed and when deprived of victory through bad luck, is much appreciated by Acadia players and supporters.

The closest approach to a score came with only ten minutes to go in the second period. Edwards blocked Eville's attempt to clear with a punt when almost standing on the line and both he and the Acadia full-back fell on the ball almost at once. It was a hair-raising play. Referee Mull's decision of a touch for safety is generally held to be the proper one.

Towards the latter part of the game, the Services kept Acadia bottled up inside their twenty-five yard line but the desperate defense of our back field saved the day.

George, who played flying half for the Services, was the outstanding man on the field, his punting being some of the best ever done here. Porteous, captain of the visitors, was a tower of strength in their scrum and Gilham, Cowley and Thompson also played splendidly. Ryan and Laurie with Matthews were the pick of the Acadia team.

The line-up:

Services:—Fullback, Gilham; three-quarters, Wurtele, Cowley, Edwards, Thomas; halves, George, Fader, Hope; forwards, Porteous, (Capt.), Rhodes, Caldwell, Bingham, Harris, Stagg, Barlow.

Acadia: Fullback, Eville; three-quarters, Laurie Wilson Buckley, Matthews (Capt.) halves, Ryan, Dougan, S. B. Davis; forwards, McLean, McLeod, Hubley, Price, Munroe, Montgomery, White.



Exchanges—no award! We are letting that phrase become a household word in our literary circles. How much longer shall this one poor department drag out a shadow of existence on starvation rations among its blooming, red-cheeked brothers? The Exchange shelf has not yet filled up with the usual number of magazines and papers, but there is no reason for such a dearth of competition. Are we afraid of a little work for our units when they may be won more easily in other departments? Surely we will not admit so shameful a reason. Let us disprove it next month and have a first, second, and third award in our Exchange department.

### BLACK AND GOLD

We are always eager to “see ourselves as others see us” and so we welcome any criticism which appears in exchanges from other colleges and schools. It is not boasting to say that these criticisms are usually favorable for we congratulate ourselves that we edit one of the finest college papers in Canada. Sometimes, however, we get taken back a bit, when we see a frank and, we trust, judicious word which lets us know that in the estimation of certain brother institutions we still linger far from perfection’s goal. A little dash of cold water met us upon turning the pages of *The Black and Gold*, St. John’s College School, Winnipeg, but they saved themselves from the wrath of our outraged pride by reviving our chilled bodies with a hearty clap on the back. We refer you to the Exchange Department of their June 1928 issue. They do not like our art headings, apart from that of Science; surely something better could be found for our cover design; editorial—not so interesting. All this unpleasant food for thought we digest painfully



and turn to see what further remarks the youngsters have to make on us. Better!—our literature is very good, good stories; Athletics—well done Acadia! As we bow our thanks a final pat and splash are administered at once. Of our wit they say: rather a lot, but some very good bits.

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### THE PARKDALIAN

A new Exchange has entered our lists. It is a collegiate paper from Toronto and the finest of its kind that we have the

good fortune to receive. Stories, poetry, and the general departments are well filled with excellent material. We wish especially to commend the art headings. There must be some clever fingers among their students as well as ingenious minds. We hope we shall find your issues on our shelf regularly, Park-dalien, because we know a good thing when we see it.







# The Month

Once more we have slipped easily, and by imperceptible degrees, into the swing of things. That funny feeling that makes us look around and say, "Well—we're back," rather flatly, and grope around in our minds to try to realize the fact, is gone. Classes are under way. There even comes an occasional murmur of "tests" to chill the young blood. The football season has opened; concerts have begun. We're part of it. We're back.

If we have so far in this editorial appeared to forget the new and untried portion of our college students, the slight has been only apparent. The "freshies" form as real a part of the college as, say, the seniors—and attract a great deal more attention. We are glad to welcome them, and we believe that the check put upon them, however unpleasant it may be, is for the most part a kindly one. Welcome, "Freshies"—it's good to be young.

## FRESHMAN CLASS PARTY

The Freshmen this year, not to be outdone by the upper classmen, started the round of social events by having a marsh-mellow roast in the Doug Woods on October 3rd. As usual the verdant ones were well chaperoned by members from the other classes who enjoyed the refreshments. With the old Acadia spirit in attendance the party was pronounced a "howling" success.

## PEP MEETING

On October 5th the first pep meeting of the year was held in the Gym. "Barny" Linton led the cheering in his usual enthusiastic manner. Dr. Hutchins and Dr. MacDonald spoke a few encouraging words. Bill Matthews, Captain of the football team, and Fred Kelly, coach of the squad, were also called upon for speeches.

## STUDENTS' UNION

The first meeting of the Students' Union was held in University Hall on October 6th. The First Year Rules were read and accepted.

Meetings of the Lower Judicial Committees have been held to try those breaking the rules and many have been the punishments inflicted upon the poor unfortunates.

## JOINT S. C. A.

Sunday evening, October 7th, the two units of S. C. A. met in room A4 for a joint sing. Carrol Snell, president of the boys' unit, and Mary Chase, president of the girls' unit, spoke appropriately of the work of the movement and welcomed the new students into this phase of college life. Prof. Bayne and Prof. Havelock each brought an inspiring message. The Acadia quartette rendered a selection.

## BLISS CARMAN

On October 8, 1928, the first programme of the Fine Arts Course was presented—a lecture-recital by our greatest Canadian poet, Bliss Carman. In his own peculiar manner he read a number of his poems, many of which are well known favorites. This evening will be sure to be remembered as an outstanding one in the Fine Arts Series.

## SENIOR CLASS PARTY

The Senior Class Party, held on October 9th differed some-



what from former parties in that it was held, by invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, in the Avonport Community Hall. Buses transported the revellers, who substituted their gravity for gaiety, to Avonport, where, with the orchestra in attendance, a really jolly evening was spent.

### PROPYLAEUM

On October 10th the first meeting of the Propylaeum Society took the form of an initiation for the new girls. Armed with umbrellas and other rainy day equipment they submitted to many ingenious nautical experiences, to say nothing of calmly swallowing the delectable food prepared by the Sophs.

### ENGINEERS CLASS PARTY

The Engineers followed suit by staging a party at the Ridge October 11th. The beautiful night aided in making the party enjoyable. It was a huge success according to the reports of the Freshettes.

### GIRLS' S. C. A.

The girls' unit of S. C. A. held its first meeting of the year in Whitman Hall reception room October 14th. With a few remarks from the President, Mary Chase, a short talk by Mrs. McLean and a reading by Ginny McLean this meeting was a sample of the many more interesting ones which the year will bring.

### FINE ARTS

The second Fine Arts program was a recital by Luella Melius Prima Donna Coloratura soprano who captivated her audience by a charming presentation of the following program:

University Hall

Wolfville, N. S.

Monday, October 15th, 1928

#### I.

Care Selva, from *Atalanta*..... *Handel*

Fingo Per Mio Diletto.....17th Century, Composer unknown  
 Aria—Charmant Oiseau, from *Perle du Bresil*.....David

## II.

Die Forelle.....Schubert  
 Mondnacht.....Schumann  
 Er Ist's.....Wolf

## III.

Aria—Shadow Song from *Dinorah*.....Meyerbeer

## IV.

Comment Disaient-ils.....Liszt  
 Guitares Et Mandolines.....Grovez  
 Filles Des Cadiz.....Delibes

## V.

Vesper Hymn.....Old English  
 Rain Drop.....Wolfarth-Grille  
 The Lamplighter, from *Sketches of Paris*.....Manning  
 The Wren.....Arr. by Weckerlin

Mr. Roy Underwood, Accompanist

Management: Haensel & Jones, Steinway Hall, New York.





Dr. MacDonald delivered an address on militarism to the Baptist World Alliance held at Toronto in June.

We are glad to welcome back Professor R. L. Jeffery after a year's leave of absence.

Dr. D. G. Davis, for several years head of the department of education of Acadia, has been appointed principal of the Normal College, Truro.

The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Professor and Mrs. Havelock on the birth of a daughter.

'61—Rev. William H. Porter, who was Acadia's oldest living graduate, died in Burnaby, B. C., in June 1928.

'68—The death of Dr. Lewis G. Hunt occurred at his home in Richmond, England, in June. He rendered distinctive medical and civil service to his country. He received an honorary degree from Acadia in 1909.

'83—Rev. Dr. W. C. Goucher recently celebrated his fortieth anniversary as pastor of the Union Street Baptist, St. Stephen, N. B.

'87—At a special convocation of Acadia, in September, E. R. Morse of Vancouver received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Laws.

'90—At the 1928 Convocation of Acadia University, Dr. C. A. Eaton of Plainfield, N. J., received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

'91—At the 1928 Convocation of Acadia University, Dr. H. P. Whidden of Toronto received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

'92—Dr. A. A. Shaw of Granville, Ohio, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law at the 1928 Convocation of Acadia University.

'93—At the special convocation of Acadia, S. J. Case of Chicago received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Laws.

'95—Dr. W. R. Foster, Missionary to Korea, is home on a year's furlough.

'96—Dr. G. B. Cutten of Hamilton, N. Y., former president of Acadia, recently spent a few days in Wolfville.

'00—Mr. Glendinning is returning to India this fall to resume his mission work.

'03—Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Tedford have returned from India and are now occupying the Missionary Home in town.

'12—A. A. Chute, who spent the summer in town, left recently for Newton, Mass., to resume his position on the staff of the Country Day School for boys at Newton.

'14—M. C. Foster, Ph. D., is at Yale University.

'16—Mildred Schurman has joined the teaching staff of Horton Academy after spending last year in Europe.

'17—Ruth Woodworth is on the teaching staff of the Halifax Ladies' College and is also studying at Dalhousie University.



'18 and '12—Mr. and Mrs. Ross W. Collins are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Collins was formerly Margaret Chase.

'18—Esther Gould was married to Dr. F. W. Laird of Victoria, B. C., at Rockford, Illinois, in July, 1928.

'19—At the 1928 Convocation of Toronto University, Francis Archibald received the degree of Ph. D.

'20—Mrs. Mary Mercer is on the teaching staff of Horton Academy.

'20—George Nowlan of Wolfville was one of the successful candidates in the recent Nova Scotia Provincial Election.

'20—W. V. Delaney was married on September 1, at Watertown, N. Y., to Mrs. Marion Bochus.

'20—Dr. Donald Foster is engaged in Research work for the U. S. Government.

'21—Marion Grant has returned to her position in Bayton College, Belton, Texas.

'21—Rev. C. B. Lumsden has resigned his pastorate of Dartmouth Baptist Church to study at Yale University.

'21—Elsie Layton, director of religious education for the federated churches of Willington, Conn., received her Master's Degree in Religious Education from Newton Theological College last spring.

'21—Dorothy Schurman is on the teaching staff of Colchester County Academy at Truro.

'21—Mr. and Mrs. John Mosher (ex. '23) are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

'21—The marriage of Grace Porter to M. G. Taylor was celebrated Sept. 10 in Maracaibo, Venezuela.

'22—C. K. Ganong has been appointed to the W. A. Black Chair of Commerce at Dalhousie University.

'22—Margaret Ford was awarded a fellowship of \$500.00 in the department of history from Toronto University last spring.

'22—Mabel Nichols is again on the teaching staff of Kings Co. Academy.

'22—Irene Haley has accepted a position in the Iowa State College Library, Ames, Iowa.

'22—Rev. C. Harry Atkinson is now pastor of the First Baptist Church, Medford, Mass.

'22—Ella Warren is teaching French in New London, Conn.

'22, '21—Isabel Murray and Frederick Simpson were married in July, 1928.

'23—Alma Slocomb received the degree of M. A. from Acadia in 1928.

'23—Norma Webster graduated from Simmons College in June, and has accepted the position of Secretary to the Dean of Admissions at Dartmouth College.

'23—Fred Fitch won a scholarship in medicine at the University of Toronto.

'24—Helen Archibald is now engaged in Y. W. C. A. work at London, Ontario.

'24—Mansell McLean was married, in September, to Mary Johnston of New Glasgow, in New York.



'24—Amy Prescott has joined the staff of the University Library.

'24—Tommy Robinson has accepted a position in Colgate University.

'25—Pauline Colbath, who has been teaching in U. S., has joined the staff of the Grenfell missions in Labrador.

'25—Charles Fillmore is on the teaching staff of Colchester County Academy at Truro.

'25—The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Stanley Seaman on his marriage to Beulah Mills.

'25—The marriage took place recently of Grace Beardsley to J. S. Wallace of Halifax. The Athenaeum extends congratulations.

'25—The Athenaeum extends deepest sympathy to Ren Thorne on the death of his wife.

'26—At the 1928 Convocation of Acadia University, Albert Flowers and Zoa MacCabe were awarded M. A. degrees.

'26—Watson Close received the degree of B. D. from Acadia in 1928.

'26—Gerald Eaton has a position as instructor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he has been studying for the past two years.

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'26—Gerald Eaton has a position as instructor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he has been studying for the past two years.

'26—Elizabeth Murray was awarded the degree of M. A., with honors, at Western University, London, Ontario, this year.

'26—The marriage of Otto Noble and Beulah Rye took place at Sackville, N. B., on September 26.

'26—Gwen Patterson is teaching French in Norwich, Conn.

'26—Rev. Frederick S. Crossman leaves this fall for India to assume mission work.

'27—Harold Archibald received his M. A. from Acadia in 1928, and has been appointed an Assistant Professor of Mathematics at the West Virginia University, Morgantown.

'27—Walter Graham received his M. A. from Acadia in 1928 and has accepted a position as instructor of Classics at Horton Academy.

'27—Robert Johnson ("Bud") received his M. A. from Acadia in 1928. and is now vice-principal of Wolfville High School.

'27—George Levy, pastor of the Boylston Church, was ordained in Wolfville during the convention of the United Baptists of the Maritimes.

'27—The engagement has been announced of Virginia Dixon to D. E. Richards of Campbellton, N. B. The marriage will take place this autumn.

'27—The marriage of Greta Shaw and R. D. Johnson was celebrated in Wolfville, September 7.

'27—C. G. E. Langille is studying for the degree of M. A. at Toronto University.

'27—Gwendolyn Spurr is on the teaching staff of Alma College, Toronto.



'27—Austin Rand is continuing his studies at Cornell University.

'27—Ben Gullison, who has been studying medicine at Edinburgh University, was a recent visitor in town.

'27—Colin Munro is continuing his post-graduate work at the University of Michigan, Ann Harbor.

'27—Grace Perry is on the teaching staff of Branksome Hall, Toronto.

'27—Nita Trethewey has resumed her teaching position in the Mansfield High School, Mansfield, Mass.

'27—Doane Hatfield has a position in Toronto.

'27—Mary Bishop has resumed her duties on the staff of the Ossining School for Girls, Ossining, N. Y.

'27—A number of the girls of the class of '27 held a reunion at Evangeline Beach during August. Those present were Margaret Belyea, Louise Fritz, Helen Simms, Marion Smith, Lydia Miller, Mary Bishop, Elizabeth Ford, Grace Perry, Greta Shaw, Nita Tretheway, Ila Freeman, Gwen Spurr and Ethelyn Osborne.

'27—Wallace Barteaux is again on the staff of Kings Co. Academy.

'27—Marion Smith is teaching at Kings Co. Academy, Kentville.

'28—Margaret Crichton is studying sales work in New York.

'28—Elizabeth Corey is continuing her studies at Acadia.

'28—Eric Cousins has returned to Acadia.

'28—J. W. B. Findlay has returned to Acadia.

'28—Margaret Gallaher is on the teaching staff of the Kentville Public Schools

'28—Lena Keans sailed for India on September 11.

'28—Richmond Longley is taking post-graduate work in mathematics at Harvard University.

'28—Annie MacLachlan is at her home in Great Village, N. S.

'28—James Nowlan is studying for his Ph. D. at Toronto University.

'28—Frances Parlee is on the teaching staff of "Netherwood" at Rothesay, N. B.

'28—Margaret Schurman is engaged as an assistant librarian at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass.

'28—H. T. Stultz has a teaching fellowship in Zoology at Yale University.

'28—Jean Wyse has a fellowship at University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario.

'28—Maie Glendinning is studying dietetics at the Fifth Avenue Hospital, New York.

'28—W. A. Crandall is engaged in teaching at Dartmouth, N. S.

'28—G. N. Hamilton was ordained in the Nictaux church, in September.

'28—Elbert Paul was ordained at Mahone Bay in June.

'28—E. D. Bent is working in Quebec.

'28—The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Olive Saunders (Ex '31) and Floyd Cleveland on their recent marriage.

'28—Irene Card and Ted Taylor are to be congratulated on their receipt of the class banner.

'28—Archie Todd is principal of the Berwick High School.

'28—Blair Fraser, Literary Editor of last year's Athenaeum, is teaching in Stanstead College, Stanstead, Quebec.

'28—Lloyd Jenkins has obtained a scholarship in English at McGill and is pursuing his M. A. at that university.

Ex. '29—Beryl Freeman is in Moncton, N. B.

Ex. '29—R. H. Braman is studying at Wycliffe College.

Ex. '30—Hilda Johnson is teaching in Neils' Harbour, Cape Breton.

Ex. '30—Annie Fitch is now living in Toronto where she is taking business training.

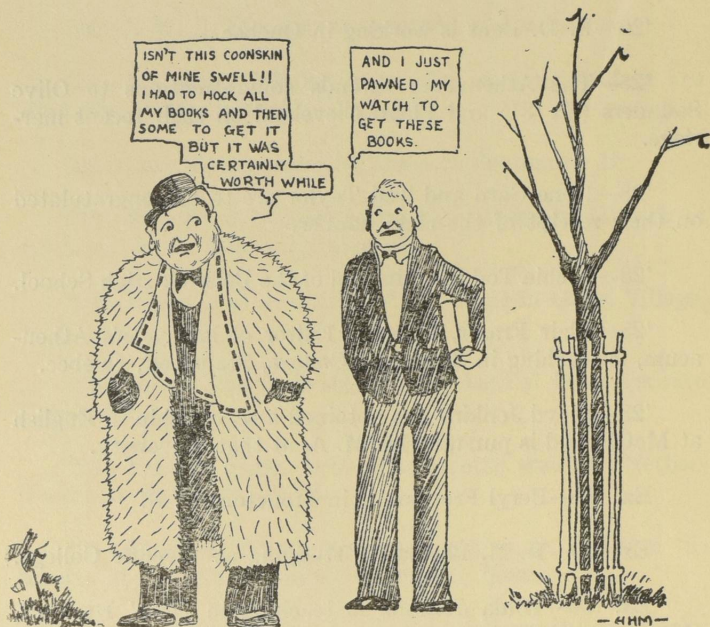
Ex. '30—Dorothy Blackadar is teaching in Yarmouth.

Ex. '30—Rae Swan is teaching in McAdam, N. B.

Ex. '31—Carl Atwood is attending the Nova Scotia Agricultural College at Truro.

Ex. '31—Gretchen Siteman is teaching in Bridgewater, N. S.





Marj. '30: What did you pay for your leopard's skin coat?  
 Jean '29: Five hundred dollar—spot cash.

Matthews '30: I never like to eat.

Squank: How's that?

Mattie: It spoils my appetite.

Pitt '32: Do you think the eyes are an index to the mind?

Peters '32: No. I know a lot of girls with bright eyes.

Robbins '31: Love surely is blind. Hymie called that bowlegged girl he went out with last night an angel.

Carl: She looked more like an arc-angel to me.

The reason that there aren't any angels with whiskers is that they have such a close shave getting to heaven.

Fresh: Sir, what did you say art was?

Prof. Abell: Art, my young man, is the undying effort to express as completely as possible an inexpressible emotion.

Shaffner '32: I just thought of a good joke.

Casey '32: Aw, get your mind off yourself.

Vallis '32: Are you familiar with college girls?

Chisholm '32: Yes, invariably.

Then the belle chimed in, wrung her hands and tolled her story.

Mike (not Ike): These girls! Doggone 'em, they forget my kisses and I forget their names.

Risley: Ike Newton had the dope when he went to college.

Sam. How's that?

Risley. They say he used to put quicksand in the professor's hourglass so as to shorten the hour.

Overheard at the Ridge the other night. For two cents I'd kiss you. Here's a dollar, boy, let's get going!

One of the freshman said that the reason he wasn't going to buy a pin-stripe suit was that he was afraid that he might get stuck.

Prof. Havelock: How did the students like my chapel address?

Dr. MacDonald: Well, they all nodded approval!

He (romantically): I'm gushing over with love for you.

She (coldly): Well, don't spoil the rug.

Em. '30: Tell me, Ev, what does X mean at the end of a letter?

Ev. '30: Often times it merely shows where a body lies, Em.

Life: A pickle sandwiched between two eternities.

Risley Eng. '30: Gadzooks, man, hast heard what is all over ye school?

Harper: Zounds, yokel, enlighten me with dispatch.

Risley: Prithee, knave, 'tis ye roof.

My sweetheart's back is sore, my lads,  
I dropped her on the floor,  
The soulful bliss of her sweet kiss  
Has gone for evermore.  
The lights were low, the room was dark,  
She sat upon my knee,  
Then some young loafer under the sofa,  
Stuck a pin in me.

Freshman: How many students are there at Acadia?

Rozovsky: About one in every ten.

Prof. Cross (in oral quiz): Could you be Premier of Canada?

Leonard '32: Yeah, but I'm all signed up for a job with a bond house when I get through here.

MacDonald '31: Have you seen one of those instruments which can tell when a man is lying?

Denny '31: See one! I married one!



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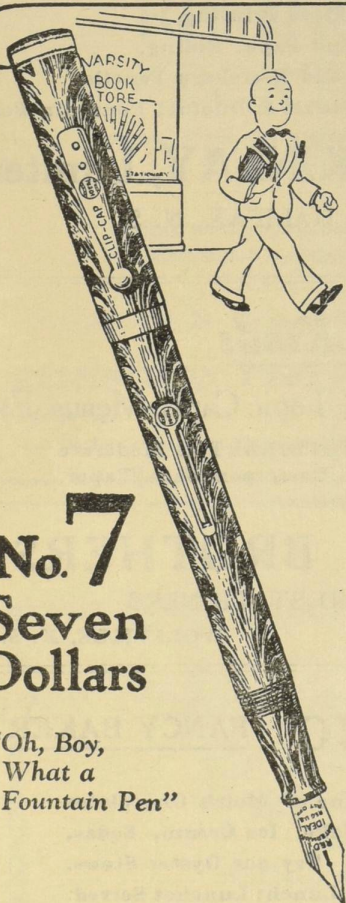
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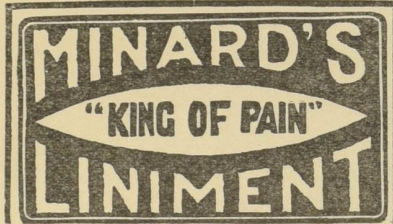
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