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The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., May, 1928

No. 7

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poetry:—J. R. Herbin '30 (2 units); C. Osborne '29 (1 unit);
Lucy A. Massey '30 (1 unit; special award.)

Short-story: Eileen MacKay '29 (2 units)

Article: C. Osborne '29 (1 unit).

Unclassified: Eileen Mackay '29 (2 units); J. R. Herbin '30
(1 unit).

Science: W. H. Longley '31 (2 units)

Exchanges: C. Osborne '29 (2 units)

Month: Olive M. MacKay '29 (2 units)

Literary A's to J. R. Herbin '30 and Olive M. MacKay '29.

RUPERT BROOKE

Immortal voice of England's fighting men,
 Calling to comrades, men who are to be—
True spirit of each English field and fen
 Each silver stream, each swaying flower, each tree,—
Voice that will live, though in a foreign field
 Dust richens dust, and mingles with the rest,—
Voice that will live, though early hushed and sealed
 By that grim death,—we hear thy clear behest!
We honor thee, but mourn for that we lost—
 The life so young and eager, strong, robust,
 The life that loving England, served and fell.
The voice and England live, despite the cost,
 But may the rearer of that richest dust
 Be worthy of the right to toll the knell!

J. ROBERT HERBIN, '30.

THE WAY OUT

When I finished my college course I had intended to enter Normal School for a teaching license which should enable me to obtain a first class position; however, Dad's illness made this impossible, and to keep the home fires burning, literally as well as figuratively, I had to content myself with a school in the village of Glenelg and its salary of nine hundred dollars per annum.

I started out in September on my new life, quite as excited as I had been four years earlier when I arrived in Chester as a shy young Freshette, utterly alone and bewildered in the station hubbub. I was not frightened now, and I had that feeling of superiority which the roll of parchment in my trunk representing four years of hard work gives the most humble of us. I looked at the hurrying, work-worn farmers on the platform, and their grimy, rough-coated animals, and my snobbish superiority grew. What an aimless, wearying existence must be theirs; it could not be called life, this drab routine of soul-crushing labor and monotony. I thought of my own future, somewhat hazy yet but none the less glorious, and wondered how I could survive should I, with all the learning and advancement of the past four years, be forced to drag out the rest of my days in such a place among such people.

I climbed into the wagon beside the farmer whose home was to be my boarding house. As we drove along the road he pointed out places of interest and named the owner of each farm as we passed it. To me it was all a confused jumble of Christian names intermingled with vividly descriptive adjectives. Topping a slight rise in the road we came opposite a large white house which stood out sharply among its shabbier, less tidy neighbours

"That's the manse, Miss Wright," volunteered my companion, and noting my concern, he went on: "You'll hear Mr. Burns, the preacher, tomorrow—if you go to church with us.

It's Hurlbut that preaches in the Vale Church. You can go there if you don't hold with us."

I assured him that I never went to any but Presbyterian services and was rewarded with a long harangue on the wrongdoings of all other denominations. He had scarcely concluded with a tirade on the tricks of Methodists in general and those in the Valley, in particular, when an ancient car driven by a fine-looking man of middle age bumped by.

"That's him, Burns the preacher," cried the farmer, "He'll be going down to the wedding of Jamie's Christy to Tom Soldier"—Tom Soldier, as I later learned, had earned his name by virtue of a rigidly upright carriage rather than by feats of arms—"Did you see if the wife was with him?"

Mr. Burns had been quite alone, I told him.

"No. She don't often go to them; she's often poorly. Well, here we are. That's the new barn we put up this year."

As I stepped down from the wagon my hand was taken by a tall, white-haired woman.

"My wife, Mrs. MacGrath. This is the new school-m'am, mother."

Picking up my club-bag, which to my disgust the farmer made no effort to move, my new boarding-mistress led me into the neat, "country-smelling" house. I grew to like Mrs. MacGrath more every hour, and learned that if her husband was to be tolerated he must be humored.

The following day was Sunday, and "the Sabbath" in Glenelg was *kept* in the full sense of the word. To miss church unless physically unable to move was not to be thought of; thus I found myself sitting by Mrs. MacGrath in their old family pew, conscious of the interest centred on the new "school mam." The minister entered and the service commenced. I caught myself, oddly enough, searching among the women of the congregation for her who was the "poorly" wife of Mr. Burns. Many and varied were the female faces I encountered as my eyes travelled over the worshippers; many I longed to cartoon for my chums as we used to do; many were weary and pale with a grayish unhealthiness about them, but none

would I call Mrs. Burns. At last I decided she must be unable to attend the meeting and there my thoughts of her ended. The new object of my interest was a woman—no, a girl, in the front pew, a vivid, wonderful creature, not beautiful, but standing out in this gathering like a flaming peony in a field of common weeds. She was dressed quietly but with exquisite taste and in perfect style. How she came to be among these farmers I could not guess, but there she was.

When we gathered around the dinner table, Mr. and Mrs. MacGrath and myself, I resolved to ask concerning the girl; however, before I could speak the farmers wife opened the conversation.

"Mrs. Burns is looking fine after her little trip, isn't she, father?"

Mr. MacGrath, who I had already learned disapproved of women leaving home unless unavoidably so, grunted his answer.

"What need's there for her gadding to town so often, spending the minister's money on finery."

"She isn't happy here, father; she don't have much pleasure like she's used to. These men," with a wistful smile to me, "don't understand how much a woman on a farm needs a change now and then."

"Which *was* Mrs. Burns?" I asked curiously.

Mrs. MacGrath described her dress minutely and I realized with utmost surprise, even a little horror, that my flaming peony was a country minister's wife.

"But—how could she!" I cried "How did she ever marry *him*?"

"She got him, indeed. They have a way, that kind, and get whoever they're after."

I stared at her, and then remembered that she would look at it from a different point of view from mine. *She* pitied the minister, while *I*—already my heart ached for the wife, a flaming peony among common weeds. Mrs. MacGrath went on:

"I don't know how they met, nobody does, I guess, but they've been married three years now. When Mr. Burns came

here (that's five yeas ago) he didn't take to any of our girls, even though they was all after him. Well one day he went away (he often went for short spells) and when he came back he brought *her*, and that's all we know about it. He knew her for a long time, they say, but they won't either of them tell a word. She was pitifully lonesome first. We don't suit her and she knows it. She got one of them degrees like yours, and she talks like you, not us"—my egotism thanked her for the distinction—"but she's a nice quiet little thing and reads a lot."

I left the table thrilled over this romantic situation so near and wondered if this should possibly prove the plot for my great novel—which every young college grad intends to write. I thought on it all day and that night I dreamed I saw the minister's wife before me, who, like Helen of Troy, "turning on my face the star-like sorrows of immortal eyes," told me of her capture by the minister and of her imprisonment in the big white manse of Glenelg.

The next morning I commenced my school life once more, but now *I* was the instructor and after an impressive lecture was duly respected by the thirty small imps before me. During my first week of teaching I was visited in the class-room by the several trustees and by Mr. Burns. The minister was a kindly man, to whom I opened my heart at once, but my pity for his young wife was not lessened. When he was leaving he looked at me a little wistfully.

"You'll come to see us soon, Miss Wright? Mrs. Burns is young and she needs more friends like you than we have here."

I offered him my hand warmly and promised to visit the manse within the next few days. Accordingly Mrs. MacGrath and I sat out for the Burns' a few evenings later. We were received by the minister's wife. She was a wonderful hostess, gracious and thoughtful, but one could see that she was conscious of the wide social distinction between her and my boarding-mistress. We liked each other at once, and when we left she begged me to come again soon.

I ran up to the minister's house often after that, some-

times just after school hours, when we had da'nty little teas which the minister's wife served with a grace which showed the finest breeding. She did not tell me much of her former life but from slight references made during our conversations I realized the breach there was between the people she had always known and those among whom she now lived. One day my curiosity got the better of me and I asked her right out like an inquisitive school-girl, how she came to be here. I was sorry the instant I said the words and begged her to forget the impertinent question, but she said:

"I'll tell you why I married him. No one here knows and I want you to because you'll understand."

I was thrilled over her selection of *me* to hear her romance and was breathlessly eager to learn the reason for what had been causing me much perplexity since my arrival in Glenelg. Anne Burns did not love her husband; I had seen that at once. Even the villagers, who I fancied knew nothing of love, realized it. Why, then, had she given herself to a country minister? I nodded mutely and Anne went on:

"I married him on the impulse of a moment, of course. If I'd waited half a year I'd never have done it. I've known Graham Burns for years and he's always worshipped me, I think. Of course I never considered him as a possible husband and he was wiser than to offer himself as such, for the five years that he cared for me. I was in with a fast bunch at home and was as bad as any. I was the best dancer, skater, and tennis player in my set and when I hurt my back and the doctor told me I would never do any of them again I wished I were dead. I had to lie there and see them all go on without me and forget me. Graham Burns was there and—I wish I could tell you how good he was. He did everything possible for me and, Marion, I really thought I loved him. Perhaps I did, because lying helpless there I believed in God, too; I even prayed sometimes. Well, Jeff Carter, who used to be my partner in everything, married my chum, so, of course, everything was over for me. I tried to forget them and turned to Graham Burns. It seems funny now, but I told you I thought I loved him—and

we were married. I was happy for a few months and then I began to get better. I'm as strong as I ever was now, even though they told me I'd never walk again."

In my surprise I blurted out what Mr. MacGrath had told me about the minister's wife being often "poorly." Anne nodded.

"I know they think that. Maybe it's a rotten trick, but I can't go to all their silly affairs and one has to go if one's able to move at all, so I have to fake."

I felt for her keenly and I think my sympathy showed in my face. She went on with her story.

"Well, to cut a deathly long story short I found myself the wife of a country minister and not a helpless cripple but fit to challenge Suzanne Lenglen to a game any day. We've been married three years now and—he's better to me every day."

She clenched her hands together until her face went white from the physical pain they caused her.

"Better, yes!—but, my God, who wants a man, her husband, to be *better* to her all the time! Don't men know we only love them because they're stronger and masters! If Graham would strike me some day when I'm unreasonable instead of yielding I could care for him again, like I did when I was weak and he was strong. But now *he's* weak, and I feel so strong, and young. Have you heard the MacGraths say I go away a lot, to Oaklam? I do; I've got to, to save my mind. Jeffy Carter is there and I confess I go to him. He isn't happy any more than I am so we meet. I don't love him, but I want him. It's the call of the young to the young, and I haven't the will to resist. Have you ever felt that call? It's a twist in all our natures, I think."

She paused without moving her wide-opened eyes from the fire before her. I saw that she had forgotten me and was only unloading her heart in a hopeless wail against fate. I sank back farther into my chair, feeling like an unmarked atom in a tumbling chaos.

"But that's one thing we can all get over because we all get old, and I expect after twenty years of this eternity of pur-

gatory I'll be content to darn a country minister's socks and sing psalms, but now—I want my life and I take it."

She flashed around on me suddenly as though just remembering my presence, searching my face as if to read my thoughts. She must have read there the horror that was shooting through my muddled brain at this disclosure because she became defiant.

"Of course you'll despise me. Everybody does and I should myself, but I don't. I only pity myself and try to find happiness for me in a crooked way. When I was sick I did despise myself and looked upon my trouble as a just punishment for my wildness. I think it was, but punishments are easily forgotten when they are gone, leaving only a useless fetter that galls."

This was new to me, the thought of Mr. Burns, the prop of two communities, as a "useless fetter". Anne was talking into the fire again, oblivious of my being, with a softened, saddened face.

"I was happier then, than I have ever been, when I was utterly helpless, and—you won't believe me—but I've prayed to be the same again, while I could pray. I loved my husband then and loved my God, because I needed them; but now conventions tie me to them and their love irks me. Marion, you're good and pure. I'd die tomorrow happily if I could be that just one day. I can't save my soul *and* my body and it pleases God to save my body. I can't have both, it's hard to in this age, and I want my whole soul."

We heard the minister's car come in to the yard and I went away; I could not meet him then. I went to my room when I reached home to escape the garrulity of Mrs. MacGrath. Every nerve in my body ached to help Anne in her lonely, hopeless struggle, but my numbed brain could not furnish a thought. I could not rouse myself, until I hear a scream from the kitchen. In my tense state I fancied it was Anne who cried out and I rushed down at once. Mrs. MacGrath was standing pale and trembling by the table and the farmer

was talking loudly. At the sight of me his wife ran forward and threw her arms around me.

"It's the minister's wife, the poor lamb!—she's fallen and hurt her back again just in this last hour. She'll be a helpless cripple all her life. Oh, the poor man, and he worships her so."

I didn't stir because my limbs became too rigid to move, and back in my mind I was not surprised. Anne with her beautiful, fine body a helpless cripple, yes, but a cripple with a strong, whole soul, which she wanted, and got. I turned away with a sigh. Was it of relief or sorrow? I did not know.

EILEEN E. MACKAY, '29.

LYRIC

I thought I loved you when the dawn
Swept out the shadowy cobwebs of the night;
But from your heart a scornful lie had gone,
And laughed at sorrow in lost sorrow's sight.
Then when the shadows clothed again the world,
And the lone sparrow sought his sleepless mate,
I bid the passion in my heart grow cold,
It chilled my soul—I knew that it was hate.

CHRYSTAL OSBORNE, '29.

THE COUNTRY POST OFFICE

Not a gigantic event of history, but a commonplace event in a commonplace village is the subject of my article. The event was the burning of a post office. There is an old man who lives near that post office, whose name is Mr. Wolfe. He is small and bent, with kindly eyes, peering from a grizzly little face. He told me about the post office, as he remembered it, and his eyes shone as he recalled old, half forgotten events.

In 1892, Mr. Thomas McTavish came from Scotland and opened a store in Drayton in what was called the corner building. Mr. McTavish had been to the West Indies and Bermuda and had had a variety of experience before he came to Nova Scotia. His store was the only grocery store in Drayton at that time. The place was very sparsely settled. There was no church, but services were held every other Sunday in an attic room above a worthy citizen's home. The school was a one-roomed building set in an isolated spot, about a mile from the main settlement.

Mr. McTavish had three sons, who were very popular among their school fellows. Each day, after school hours, his store was visited by a bunch of boys who made out accounts for him and had general run of affairs. There was nothing orderly about the place. It was said that the generous but hasty hand of the old Scot went directly from the pork-pickle to the sugar barrel or fine linen. Despite his lack of scruples in that direction, Mr. McTavish was liked by everyone. About three years after the store was started, the boys had formed a society which held its meetings in the dim, dark upper story of the little building. This society was started first on purely business grounds, as its members were trying to raise money for their spring planting. It developed, however, into a recognized group and Mr. McTavish christened it the "Order of Good Times." Affairs continued prosperously about the little store until, after twelve years of occupation, the good Scotchman left it for the new building which he had built for

himself opposite the old one. The cast off building was unoccupied for several years and then became a post-office.

Mr. Wolfe, himself, was the first post master. He was dearly liked by everyone, especially by the children, who were all his favorites. Many a letter to Santa Claus or some other unidentified personality went into the kind postmaster's care. After about five years, Mr. Wolfe's health failed and Mr. J. H. Kent took his place. Mr. Kent was a snappish little man, but, although he was not as good humored as his predecessor, he made up for this disquality in efficiency.

Meanwhile, the village had been growing in wealth and importance. Stores and warehouses had arisen. A new church was built and the school house was repaired. At the beginning of the World War, Drayton was quite a prosperous village. I will never forget the day that war was declared. I was waiting in the post office for the mail to be sorted, expecting to wait for at least a half hour longer, when, to my surprise, the wicket opened and a nervous, excited Mr. Kent pushed a bundle of papers at me. A crowd gathered as the news spread—a crowd of eager, energetic youth, who were soon to enlist in that great struggle. Then, as the months went by, there were tragic scenes in the old post office. Old men, bent and anxious, looked eagerly for the news in the headlines. Young women, pale but tearless, waited there for news from loved ones. Many a mother have I seen, leaving the post office with the last news of her son in the torn envelope, crumpled in her shaking hand. The war robbed Drayton of its vitality just as it robbed the whole world of its vitality. In the post office where the "Order of Good Time" had played its part, where sturdy young workmen had shuffled and quarreled, after the war only dirty little children and tired-looking men and women, with now and then a returned soldier, broken by his experiences, waited patiently for news of the world that moved on without them.

After the war, Mr. G. R. Hill took the position of post master. Mr. Hill was a representative of all the tragedy and heroism of the war. He lost a brother and a son overseas; an-

other brother's health was shattered; and he himself was wounded at Vimy and had to have a leg amputated. The public is thoughtless and the most thoughtless representatives gather at the post office; yet, despite this and the fact that Mr. Hill was under physical suffering, no-one could have been more courteous and efficient than he.

Political campaigning brought about Mr. Hill's removal in 1927. There was much opposition to this act but without any result. His successor, Mr. Andrews proved very inefficient and his career ended when the building was burned.

A community has grown up around that little building. Pioneers have founded a settlement, which has grown into a prosperous village. Removed from the busiest life of the world, yet living a life of its own, the community was growing and thriving until the war cut short its hopes. Then, for a while, all seemed dead. On hot summer afternoons, I have stood by the window of the post office, looking out over the dusty road. How dead it all was—how desolate! Then the young people I knew left it and I left it too, only to come back now and then, when it seemed just as eve—

“A sleeply land, where under the same wheel,
The same old rut would deepen year by year.”

Tourists pass by in their cars, scarcely noticing it. Now, there is a dead pause in the development of that country side. Soon it will awaken from its sleep and start a new life around a new and finer post-office.

C. OSBORNE, '29.

MYSTERY

Why was it, when you knocked tonight,
Something that never came before
Slipped with you through the open door
And seemed to dim my candle light?

We talked of careless things; the room
Pulsed with a word you never spoke,
While shadows sleepily awoke
And stirred and trembled in the gloom.

You sang to one who lingered near,
Sang silver sweetly, tenderly,
And that still one I could not see
Heard far, far more than I could hear.

I think you saw within the fire
Much more than in the golden flame,
And did it whisper soft one name
That held the sum of heart's desire?

A name you never spoke,—but bars
Of silence came between us two;
A wistful dream you never knew
Sadly fled sobbing to the stars.

LUCY A. MASSEY, '30.

THE MINIATURE

No, she's not exactly *beautiful*, but Lorimer never painted *beautiful* women; he painted ones like her, who have not room for beauty in their face. All else of her is beauty, and her face is a world of its own. She was built on perfection's model. See that waist—its slenderness never needed the choking stays to shape it even in such days as those. Her little hand holding the fan seems a part of the crinoline and laces of her gown, as dainty and as frail as they are. So it would have to be or else that wrist could never lift it. The velvet ribbon on it is so small yet circles so much loveliness. There is another ribbon at her neck. Her lover placed that there, to lie against the flutter of her throat coming from her heart at thought of him. It is the love-light in her eyes that makes them shine so, not the fire-light as people say. From it, too, comes that "faint half-flush" that dies along her cheek. That was the artist's master stroke, as it was Frà Pandolf's of old. You say her eyes are stars?—then who would not be an astrologer, dangerous as it might be. To read one's fortune in those stars and to receive a confirmation from those perfect lips was happiness itself. She was as sweet, as graceful as those twin curls that frame her face. She was a promise made in youth which reached a perfect fulfillment in her womanhood. Did I know her, you ask? Yes, Madam, she was my first love.

EILEEN MACKAY, '29.

THE SUMMER TOURIST CAMP

It is dusk. A drizzling rain has been falling for several hours, and the air is uncomfortably chilly. Stepping from the train to the platform of the little mountain town, tired, dirty, and hungry, we do not look forward to a very pleasant summer. There is the usual hurrying and commotion, and, after long waiting, our baggage having been disposed of, we are set upon horses, and started on our way to the camp. Complete darkness prevails; the rain pours down. No one speaks. After riding for hours and hours, as it seems, we finally come upon a cluster of dark buildings with inviting gleams of light. We enter the main building and are met by the wonderfully mingled odours of all sorts of savoury dishes. Our spirits are somewhat revived. Then, after a good night's sleep amid the clean scents of pine and hemlock, we awake, much refreshed, to behold a beautiful landscape of woods and lakes, made more beautiful by the glorious sunshine. For the first camp breakfast in the huge rustic dining hall is assembled an interesting and high-spirited group, the typical tourist characters being an extremely fat, jolly woman in the latest sport clothes, a tall, grumpy, old man with a beautiful, fair-haired daughter, a deaf woman who is always talking to some one in a harsh, screeching voice, a lively old fellow who knows all the latest jokes and song-hits, has a good voice and a tall, sedate, unapproachable wife, as well as many others who are just ordinary people with smiling faces and cheery dispositions. The days are spent in riding, shooting, boating, fishing and swimming, and all too quickly the season slips by, and the good times are in the past. The time for departure and good-byes eventually arrives, and the little station platform is again the scene of hurry and commotion, as many new friends part with heavy and saddened hearts.

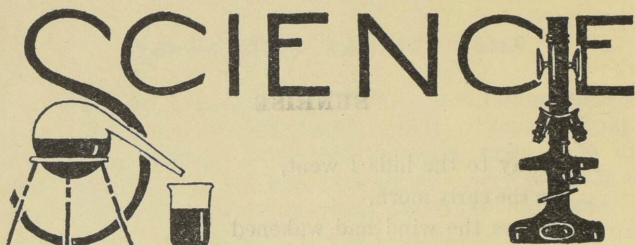
J. ROBERT HERBIN, '30.

SUNRISE

Away to the hills I went,
In the early morn,
Before the wind had wakened
The rustling corn;
When the clouds slept on the hilltops,
And the asters were bathed in dew,
And the rugged rocks and broken cliff
Lay helplessly askew.

Away to the hills I went,
Up a pathway 'steep,
Till I looked beyond the crags,
Where the waters sleep;
A faint ray crept on the waters.
In the stillness, the ripples smiled,
The sun came up like a long lost soul,
Dazed, terrified and wild.

C. OSBORNE, '29.



THE WORK OF THE DOMINION RUST LABORATORY

In 1882, the settlers on the banks of the Red River harvested a wheat crop that it had taken them ten years to grow, while, in contrast, 415,000,000 bushels of wheat were grown on the great Western plains last year. Rust, the bane of the wheat farmer, bids fair to destroy this crop, though, and make us dependent on other countries for our grain. Twenty years ago, Manitoba's hard, bread-wheat was the envy of the world—rust, last year, made half of her wheat crop useless for bread-making. The rust epidemic has been steadily increasing in the other provinces, also. Last year Alberta raised four-fifths as much wheat on six and a quarter million acres as Saskatchewan did, because of rust, on thirteen million. The scourge has made it impossible to grow wheat on great areas of southern Manitoba; so, at last, the Government was forced to act, and the institution of the Dominion Rust Laboratory at Winnipeg has resulted.

To the ancients, rust was a riddle explainable in terms only of the vagaries of the dieties. Thirty-five hundred years ago Moses pronounced it to be a pestilence sent from on high to plague the ungodly. A thousand years later, the Romans sacrificed red-haired dogs to their rust-god, Robigus. It was not until 1848 that man really began to understand its nature, and more of its secrets have been laid bare during the last thirty years than in the preceeding three thousand.

Rust, under the microscope, is recognized to be distantly related to that kind of fungus which we know as the toadstool. Parasitic by nature, it lives by stealing nourishment from a living animal. At first it was believed that all rusts are identical, but some thirty years ago a Swedish experimenter found that each susceptible cereal has its own kind of rust. Scientists then thought that there was one rust which took wheat for its host, but since 1916 forty different kinds have been discovered. The worst of it is that, even under a microscope, the forty kinds are undistinguishable. The only way to differentiate was to see what they ate.

Under the microscope there are little, red, cinnamon-colored pills,—the spores. In hot moist weather these sprout quickly, and, if they happen to be on a wheat plant, the tentacles shot out from the spores enter the wheat cells and take food from them which was intended for the grains. The disease spreads rapidly, for the spores are light enough so that they may be borne about on the lightest breeze. As many as 45,000 spores have been caught on a two-inch square piece of vaseline-smearred glass which had been exposed, at Winnipeg, for a day. They have been trapped two miles high in the air. They go long distances also, for they have been caught under circumstances which indicated that they had been carried 200 miles through the air.

As long as conditions remain favorable, the rust goes on turning out red spores. But as soon as the temperature lowers, the wheat begins to ripen and the rust sends out black spores. These black spores are able to last through the winter and start sprouting again in the spring. It was found that these black spores would not grow on wheat, but that they grow only on the barberry. With this as a start it was then easy to get the cycle of the spore. The barberry spores produced other types of spores which in turn carried the rust to the wheat again.

Immediately the barberry bush was outlawed by legislation, and people set to work to clean it out. During the next eight years the campaign went on and by 1925 not a single

bush was to be found, although a reward of \$50 for each bush was broadcast several times throughout the West. Still rust endured. The mystery of where it came from baffled the scientists until it was found that the barberry was growing wild in the states across the border. With the epidemic raging there, Canada could do nothing as long as every southern breeze blew millions of spores across the border. The plant chose the most inaccessible places to grow, and, although the Government was spending millions of dollars annually in an effort to wipe it out, it was doubtful if they would ever wholly succeed.

Another epidemic took place in 1923, and as a result of it the Government was forced to take action. It gathered a staff of competent scientists, and with the assistance of the Manitoba Agricultural College, they build a laboratory on the campus of the M. A. C. and set them to work on the problem.

Ordinarily the pathologist who undertakes to battle with any disease considers four methods of defence. He may try to exclude it altogether; he may try to destroy the cause of it; he may devise some artificial protection; or he may try to immunize the host.

In this case exclusion and the destruction of the cause have been shown to be equally futile. There was no bread wheat in the world that was immune to rust; so the plant-breeders made one that grows fast enough to evade the spring and autumn frosts north of the 49th parallel. Now the scientists are trying to find a wheat that won't feed rust. The first step was to find out how many rusts are present in Canada. This was started in 1919 and is still in progress. Each year some new kind bobs up and then disappears. The next step was the breeding by cross-fertilization of a good bread-wheat, suited to conditions in Western Canada and immune to all known forms of rust. There are wheats that are immune, such as the durum or macaroni wheat of Italy, but they cannot be crossed to produce a bread wheat. The bread wheat has twenty-one chromosomes, while the durum wheat has only fourteen.

The manual and clerical labor involved in this work is stupendous. Last year 120,000 individual wheat plants ran the gauntlet in the green-houses. Each of these had to be inoculated with rust by hand—a very delicate operation. After that, every day for two weeks or more, each plant had to be watched for signs of infection and each little reaction noted and recorded. At the start, when there weren't so many plants, the work could be done in the greenhouse. By using artificial light it was even possible to raise two generations in a year. But soon the numbers became too great and last year they planted five and a half acres, on which they observed, individually, 750,000 wheat plants.

It is said that the director and his associates have succeeded at last in finding a rust-resistant wheat. They, like true scientists, would not say for certain, but, certainly, they are hot on the trail and it will not be many years before rust will have succumbed before the onrushing surge of modern science.

The Acadia Athenaeum

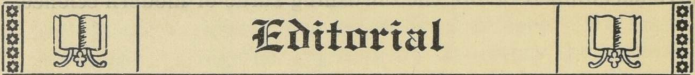
Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., May, 1928

No. 7

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This is the Graduation Number. To the Student body the Graduation *Athenaeum* must be rather an anti-climax—a sort of warmed over hash of half-forgotten incidents, written by half-forgotten ancients who have left Acadia for good. But to the aforementioned ancients, the graduation number is symbolic of their departure—it is their last function as part of Acadia University, and hence they linger over it with a sentimental pride which makes the paper insufferably dull to everyone else. But bear with our senility, you who have survived—it is the last time you will have to put up with us.

The *Athenaeum* has had a normally successful year. Much new talent has been brought forth, while several of those who had already enriched its pages have been rewarded with their Literary A's. The present staff has cooperated splendidly in the work of producing the paper; special credit is due to the editors of the general departments, who have often been faced

with the thankless task of writing up their own departments, on account of lack of interest by contributors.

The staff for next year, led by Don Wetmore as Literary Editor and Jim Wilson as Managing Editor, bids fair to out-shine our feeble efforts and make 1928-29 a banner year for the paper. All of the new office holders are regular contributors, and most of them have already had experience on the editorial staff. We confidently predict great things for the paper in the coming year.

The *Athenaeum* extends hearty congratulations to Mr. J. R. Herbin and Miss Olive MacKay on winning their Literary A's. Mr. Herbin's contributions have been chiefly to the poetry department, where his brief, well-written lyrics have been consistently welcome. Miss Mackay has been one of the mainstays of the short-story department, and her brightly original tales will be sadly missed.

Next year's staff will have a problem to solve. It has been smoothed over in a sort of way this year; next year you will be better prepared. The problem is, what to do with the Graduation number.

You can scarcely help noticing the slimness of this edition. The present staff makes no apology—the trouble was foreseen, but it was too late to combat it. For the Year Book, worthy publication as it is, has taken away one of the premier functions of the June *Athenaeum*, and has thereby reduced it to a painfully thin pamphlet.

The trouble lies in the time at which competition closes. The fifteenth of May hits the exact centre of the examination period; it is too much to expect the contributors to rally 'round with their usual zest. One remedy for the trouble, therefore, would be to set the closing of competition at a date before exams begin. This would mean a bit of a rush for the Literary Editor, but at least it would bring forth a normal number of contributions.

There may be other solutions—settle that for yourselves. But take a tip from those who have gone before you, and settle it early in the year—don't get caught at the last minute like we were.





THE XAVERIAN WEEKLY

It looks like "closing" when the Xaverian Weekly gives us an account of the year's activities for St. F. X. The article, "The College Bred Business," as well as being amusing, gives us something to think about. The appreciation of Service in "A Man's Poet" is an expression of a popular opinion, which many fear to stand by in writing. You certainly have a record to be proud of. We commend your editorial page.

COLLEGIATE

We find, in this paper, a valuable addition to our exchanges. Your activities have a variety of interest. There is much attractive thought in your literature, which presents a delightful field for the imagination. The humor is also pleasing. We might suggest more variety in literary subject matter.

THE LANTERN

We open this magazine to find that there are more collegiates who can entertain us on the printed page. Your essays and articles are commendable. We were surely surprised to behold the wonders that Latin can work on the simple and elegant word, "Canada." We like the poems on the age-old subject "Spring" and would also like to mention favorably

the poem, "Night." We feel that you have an interesting range of activity and thought.

THE A. C. MIKE

The busy experiences of life, mingled with refreshing humor and enthusiasm greet us in this paper. All we could ask for is a little more literary material. We thank you, "farmers," for your appreciation of the Athenaeum.

THE BRUNSWICKAN

This is a well edited and highly literary magazine and we value it among our exchanges. We congratulate you on the erection of new buildings for your university, and also on the well-written article concerning them. The poetry column is exceptionally good. The story, "An Introduction to the Sixteenth Century" is strikingly original. It is pleasant to find your literature varying in form and subject and maintaining its quality. We might suggest more attention to jokes and cartoons.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

This magazine never fails to bring fresh interest for us. The criticism of Mother Goose rhymes, in the April issue, is logical and well-balanced and startles us by the clearness with which it presents facts that are not usually taken into consideration. This is a good representative of your material. We look, in the McMaster University Monthly, for information of the readable sort. We sympathize with the writer of the poem, "Plug Week." Might we suggest a little more fiction and humorous material?

THE INTEGRAL

True to tradition, the Integral is full of science, but, when science can interest a diversified body of students, as the In-

tegral interests Acadia, we must commend the writers. Your jokes and cartoons are good and your paper is a worthy representative of your college. There is a noteworthy editorial in the April issue.

THE GATEWAY

In your Literary Supplement there is "good stuff" as the editorial indicates. We commend the poem, "Sunset on the Foothills." Your attempt at dramatics is worthy of praise. We like your humor, which seems ever present, but we also like the touches of beauty and literary quality which are present in this installment.

THE MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG

There is nothing trivial about this magazine. The editorial page is particularly interesting because it presents to us the high standard of the students that it represents. In its own field, the Techno-log is of remarkable quality.

ACADIA ANNIVERSARIES

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

The first event of the week of Acadia's ninetieth annual Convocation was the Dramatic Society's presentation of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. The play had been presented before to the Wolfville audience, and the repeat performance was fully up to the standard of the first production.

Except for minor changes, the cast was the same as for the first performance, and the parts were interpreted in much the same manner, although in several cases the interpretation showed a more finished touch than before. Henry Habel was in this, as in the former production, the outstanding success of the evening; in the part of *Shylock* he showed a degree of dramatic ability seldom seen in amateur circles. Virginia MacLean as *Portia* also turned in a brilliant performance, while Vin White captivated the audience as the comical, lovable *Gratiano*.

The music between acts was furnished by the Acadia Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Beatrice Langley.

THE MIKADO

On Saturday evening, May 19, the School of Music presented Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, *The Mikado*. The play was very well received, duplicating the great success of *Patience* last year. The catchy choruses took the campus by storm; voices never meant for opera have been making Willet Hall unfit for human habitation ever since.

The speaking and solo parts were all excellently taken; H. F. Cross as *Koko* and John Linton as *Poo-Bah* kept the audience in gales of laughter, while the solo work of Miss Metcalfe, Miss Parsons, and Mr. Massey was of a very high order.

The handling of the large choruses showed excellent direction, both musical and dramatic.

The accompanying music was supplied by the Acadia Orchestra.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERVICES

On Sunday morning the Seniors donned caps and gowns and assembled in College Hall for their first public appearance. Staggering under their load of dignity and culture, they navigated their solemn way down the aisle to listen to the Baccalaureate sermon.

The sermon was delivered by Dr. John Carlile of Folkestone, England. Dr. Carlile took his text from Isaiah 28: 28; his sermon was an exposition of Browning's philosophy of success in failure—the doctrine that there is no such thing as evil, in the last analysis, but that difficulties were put in the world for the ultimate good of humanity. The sermon closed with a few well-chosen words to the graduating class, which were greatly appreciated.

The Sunday evening services consisted in the unveiling of a memorial tablet to the late Dr. Sawyer. The address was delivered by Dr. Charles Eaton, and was much appreciated not only by those who had known Dr. Sawyer, but by everyone. Dr. Eaton's address was not only a touching tribute to Dr. Sawyer, but a very interesting talk.

HORTON ACADEMY EXERCISES

On Monday morning the Academy graduates were formally decorated with their hard-won laurels, and held their class day exercises. Norman Chapell read a witty Class Prophecy, after which Walter Bruce and Virginia Robinson read the Class Wills of the Cad and Sem respectively. Next came the Class History, read by John Swayne was valedictorian, and spoke the farewells of the class

in an excellently worded address. The ceremonies closed with addresses from several distinguished visitors.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET

The annual Alumni Banquet, to which each graduating class is invited, was held in the Dining Hall on Monday evening. Chancellor Whidden was the speaker of the evening, and gave a very interesting address.

CLASS DAY, 1928

On Tuesday morning, the Class of '28 held its last class meeting. Ted Taylor, life president, was in the chair, and the business for the day proceeded swimmingly, with none of the usual argument and delay. For this was no ordinary class meeting, but the Class Day Ceremony to which all good college boys go when they graduate.

First came the roll call. Those who had weathered the four years' passage answered in person; those who had fallen by the wayside were spoken for by their friends still with us. This took considerable time, as the '28's numbered well over eighty members, present and absent.

When the last gowned form had risen and bowed, the usual business was transacted. Amid much applause, it was moved, seconded and passed that the class banner should be given to the first of our sweet girl graduates to enter the state of holy matrimony. After several other items had been dealt with, the audience enjoyed a piano solo by Miss Irene Card.

And now the president announced the reading of the Class History. Arose that mighty warrior of '28, Warren Findlay. Stubs was certainly well qualified to recount the deeds and misdeeds of the senile seniors, for he had been in on all of them. Lots of us had been in on them, of course, but not many could have recounted those mighty deeds of yore in the interesting and amusing manner of the inimitable Stub.

Next arose the prophet, Archie Black, who "shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake" the future for his class-mates. We all knew that Archie had a goodly fund of humor, but we scarcely expected to be sized up quite as accurately as we were. One after the other we saw the future open up with most appalling probability—and not always a flattering probability, either. Oh, Frosh that are come when we are forgotten, if you have a friend in '28, look him up in the year book supplement. I fear you will find that Archie was right!

Last came the Valedictory. Elbert Paul was chosen for the honor of saying good-bye for the Class of '28, and he did it right worthily in a brief, well-written address. And then our last class meeting was over, and the class ceased to be a class and became a collection of poor little college grads, marching out of the collegiate world to the strains of the graduation march.

CONVOCATION

On Wednesday morning came the annual Convocation of Acadia University, when the '28's were decorated with their academic laurels and turned loose on an inhospitable world. Seventy-four begowned and dignified boys and girls filed up, to be solemnly pronounced Bachelors of Arts of Acadia University.

It seemed like a death and a birth to most of us. The President's address had a rather awful finality about it—it was a benediction for us, the departed. Not until then did we quite realize the stupendous fact that we were no longer members of the Acadia world—that the college was actually going to go on existing without our valuable aid.

When the last B. A. had returned to his place, degrees of Ph. D. were awarded to several distinguished visitors, each of whom made acknowledgement in a becoming address. The speeches of Dr. Carlile, as a visitor from abroad, and of Dr.

Eaton, as an old Acadia grad, were of especial interest to the student audience.

Again the graduation march. We marched up the aisles for the last time, and college was over. It may begin a new year in the fall, even without us, although we are at a loss to understand how such a loss could be borne. We hereby make our bow, and wish the old college luck in its effort to get along without us.



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