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The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., February, 1928

No. 4

ATHENAEUM COMPETITION

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poetry:—C. Osborne, '29.....	2	units
F. M. Cleveland, '28	1	"
R. W. Ward, '29 (special award)	1	"
Short Stories: D. D. Wetmore, '29	3	"
Olive MacKay, '29.....	2	"
Jean Miller, '29	1	"
One-act Play:—D. D. Wetmore, '29	2	"
Articles:—K. V. Kierstead, '28	2	"
Guy Henson, '29	1	"
Unclassified:—Guy Henson, '29	2	"
Floyd Cleveland, '28.....	1	"
Humor:—Guy Henson, '29	2	"
Science:—K. V. Kierstead, '28	2	"
2nd—No Award.		
Athletics:—No Award.		
Exchanges:—Eileen MacKay, '29	2	"
2nd—No Award.		
Month:—Aileen Ross, '29	2	"
Mary Chase, '29	1	"
Personals:—Olive MacKay, '29.....	2	"
2nd—No Award.		
Jokes:—K. V. Kierstead, '28	2	"
Jean Miller, '29	1	"

Short Stories Featured.

Pennant to the Juniors.

THE FOREST CHAPEL

The night on the forest is falling;
Now, follow the trail of the wind,
Out where the trees are swaying
And troubles are left behind;
Out where the moon steals softly
Through fleecy banks of clouds,
Where branches creak and threaten
And shadows hang like shrouds.

From the depth of the wintry forest
Comes a mystic, magic call;
There pour your soul in obeisance
In that fairies' palace hall—
Where the snow makes a fleecy carpet
And the dark and white of the trees
Are shadowy pillars of mercy,
Bathed in the still, cold breeze.

The great queen-mother above you,
Smiles down and the pillars shine;
The fleecy snow-carpet glistens
And mocks at the glowering pine.
From life with its tests and troubles
And dull monotonous things,
Steal away to the forest chapel
And dream beneath unseen wings.

MY LITTLE STORY

Being a woman well on the road to fifty, and having a natural propensity towards fatness, it was with some aversion that I viewed the object of Mr. Simpson's suggestion. The hill was steep and winded most dizzily; and, although I decidedly strained myself, I could not see any reason why I should attempt the thing at all. It was such an uncouth affair. Afterwards, I was glad that I had taken Mr. Simpson's advice, for that afternoon was one on which I often look back with keen enjoyment.

Alternately laughed at and encouraged by our friends, we set out right after lunch. All the hotel guests were assembled on the verandah; and, as we were leaving, they said they would watch every step we took; but, personally, I knew Mrs. Petterson would lose no time in hastening to her room for the forty winks during which she says she never sleeps—"just rests." Then, too, that very straight and square-looking Miss Giffaw would soon go in and practise her scales. She never neglects them, and I know, for my room is directly over the parlor.

So you see, Mr. Simpson and I really did not care what our friends thought or said. We knew they did not mean it. We just considered ourselves and decided that, after all, we were in perfect condition to see that magnificent view of the famous four counties. Mr. Simpson, as usual, was wearing that green and tan hiking costume in which he has constantly appeared at breakfast, and, as for me, I had at first decided to wear dark clothes, mostly on account of my figure, but Mrs. Carter suggested that by the time I reached the top I wouldn't have one anyway, so I might as well dress coolly. She persuaded me to wear my white drill. The creases make it stick out terribly, but, of course, I gave in. Then, I tied my panama on with one of her numerous scarves since she said the wind would be high up there.

We reached the top just a little after four, and Mr. Simpson suggested that we have tea at the old farm-house we had just passed. This old house—a delightfully antique affair—overlooked the road just as it turned at the very top. Now climbing a hill does make one hungry. With Mr. Simpson being so conservative, I felt that I must do all the talking, and that also stimulates the appetite. Accordingly, I agreed and we approached the old tea-room-farm-house.

As we drew nearer we were somewhat surprised to see a large automobile outside the door, and Mr. Simpson expressed the idea that it must be quite an expensive affair to have reached the top of this great hill, at all. I did not argue with him, since I have learned to leave all knowledge of mechanical things to the dear opposite sex. I quite pride myself on my wisdom in knowing the ins and outs of men—real men, that is, of course.

When we drew nearer the door, we heard voices. Two or three people seemed to be speaking all at once, and their voices were decidedly not low. We did, of course, the natural thing; we stopped to listen. But presently I heard someone swear loudly, so hurried dear Mr. Simpson on and knocked as quickly as I could. There was quite a long pause as the voices quieted down, then someone was told to go into some room, and a fat old lady with a peculiar twist in her walk and a red, weatherbeaten, though kindly, face came to the door. She did not say a word at all, but from her eyes something seemed to stretch out to us in a grateful welcome.

Being a woman, I felt it my place to speak.

“Do you serve meals here at all hours, my good dame?” I asked. Of course I knew they did, but one had to say something.

She nodded, and we were shown into a room, with a great bay-window overlooking the four counties. We knew it did because of a sign above us while on the menu card was reproduced the very scene itself. Behind a counter at the entrance to the room, stood a gruff old man of sixty or so, with whitened hair, and reddened nose, and watered eye. He was quite evidently a retired man of the sea. Beside him, stood a

young man who looked to me like quite an athlete, although Mr. Simpson later remarked he was probably born that way. He was standing in a very graceful manner, and his good-looking sport clothes and splendidly kept hair gave him quite a cosmopolitan appearance.

The old woman was waiting to take our orders, but she was apparently very nervous. The two men were talking rather loudly and she wanted to stop them. Unfortunately we could not make out what they said, at all. I was glancing over the card, listening in vain, when suddenly the old man swore with such ferocity that I ordered simply tea and toast when I had every intention of having a broiled half-steak.

"Blank, blank!" he said. "Consider the matter definitely closed."

The young man did not speak; he merely shook his head and walked over to the window, where he sat down.

By this time, Mr. Simpson had chosen tea and toast also, (of course I knew he would have whatever I did) and the woman started off presumably towards the kitchen. When she reached the door, the old man stopped her.

"Go, speak to Marie," he said. "See that she does it."

The young man seated near us started up angrily and seemed about to speak, but, with a sigh, he turned back to the window. The old woman, shaking her head, went out.

Now by this time, of course, I had formed my own conclusions. I always flatter myself that I have quite a skill in psychoanalyzing affairs of this kind, and I told Mr. Simpson so. He replied that he considered it merely a fad-dish fancy—psychoanalysis, that is—so I did not press him on the matter. In a few minutes, however, I was not at all surprised to see a young slip of a girl, who had but recently brushed the tears from her eyes, bring in our orders; but I was very much surprised, indeed, when, on removing a slice of toast, I found a little note under it. Mr. Simpson saw it too, but I admonished him to keep silence. You see I have read Bertha Clay extensively, and I realized the immediate need for dramatic action. I looked around me. The old couple were vigorously arguing near the counter, while the

young man, who had evidently seen the note, was watching me in surprise. My intuition—it is present in women only—told me that to open the note and read it before him would involve no serious consequence. As for Mr. Simpson, I realized that he had always been mine to command or take, so I lifted the paper and perused it.

It was an appeal—a heart-rending appeal from one woman to another and I knew that I must obey its call.

“Would you be so kind,” it said, “as to keep my parents’ attention during the next five minutes. I know you are staying at the hotel and I promise to see you there tonight and explain it all. When I noticed you coming up the hill, I earnestly felt that you would help me in this trouble of mine. Please—please do. Your Waitress.”

I raised my quizzical eyebrows to Mr. Simpson and he raised his to mine. Mine were the more quizzical.

“Shall I—do it?” I asked, without thinking.

“You always do,” he replied, and intimated that he had not yet seen the note. I was rather provoked at that, but, nevertheless, handed it over to him and formed my plan of campaign. Obviously, the young man knew nothing about the contents of the note, and I did not dare, while in the enemy’s lines, to enlighten him.

Mr. Simpson finished reading and ventured to say something, but I turned to speak to the old man by the counter. I opened my mouth twice before saying a word, but now felt that I could not turn back. Thus I embarked on my first—but unfortunately, not my last deception.

“Have you been living here all your life?” I asked him in a miserable voice. He looked at me sharply and I followed his eyes, but could see nothing wrong with my personal appearance.

“No, not as yet!” he gruffly replied.

This rather appalled me, but I soon rallied to the attack.

“Do you have many tourists?” was my next attempt.

“Not now.”

“Do you like having tourists?” This was all I could think of.

"They are our trade."

"Then you like them?"

"Yes."

"Do they come up the hill?—Is this your wife—How do you do?—Very glad to meet you.—What is your name again, please? Er,—yes, so am I. Meriwell?—Oh, I thought you were enquiring after my health. So sweet of you!"

And so I went on, lying here and improvising there. I got along splendidly for my allotted minutes, and Mr. Simpson whispered to me to stop. However, for kindness' sake, I attempted two minutes more. Those minutes were fatal, and poor Mr. Simpson says he'll never forget them 'till the day of his departure. (From this world, he meant. He takes it for granted—and rightly, too—that I understand all his biblical allusions.)

To fill in the extra minutes, I decided to talk about the four Counties. I walked over to the old man, shook hands with his wife, and ventured the subject. It was an exceedingly silly thing to do, I now see, for it turned out that this was our landlord's favorite topic. Nothing would do but he must drag his wife, Mr. Simpson and myself out to the door where he would explain it all to us. As we turned, I noticed for the first time that the young man, who had formerly been sitting right at the window, had left the room. This rather surprised me until I saw that the note, which I had left under the toast, was gone. I quickly turned to Mr. Simpson. He merely hung his head—in shame, I believe.

It was I who went to the door first, and so, naturally, saw the whole affair before the rest. I must have given a little gasp, for the old woman cried out in alarm and the man brushed past me with such a force that dear Mr. Simpson had to catch me from incapacitating myself. Then, I thought of my folly, for just as we were coming out, our young lover of the window was hastening to the car with two suit cases, while seated in the cary, urging him on, was Marie the daughter. By the time Mr. Simpson had rightly balanced me, the old man had stopped the youth and was calling down the wrath of gods and small fishes on his head. He reached for the

suitcases and threw them towards us with such verocity that the dear girl's lingerie went over Mr. Simpson's head. I really don't believe the poor man had ever had such an experience before. He and the suit cases seemed all broken up. The father went quickly to the car and dragged Marie out, meanwhile grasping the boy by the collar. With that, the young man's temper suddenly rose. He thrust the old man's arms from him, seized Marie, and started for the car. The father's face went livid; he ran after the couple, seized he boy and started to strike him with his cane. By this time Mr. Simpson was crying softly to himself, the old woman was laughing hysterically, and I was feeling belligerent.

What a wonderful movie! Surely it was my cue now, and I had better start in. I strode over to them and remembered Bertha Clay

"Stop!" I cried. "Stop at once or I shall have you arrested."

The ferocious man looked up. "You?" he said. "You go straight to the—"

"Stop!" I again cried. I was really frightened he might finish his sentence. "You are insulting me and I shall have you twice arrested." I scarcely knew whether such a thing were possible, but I went on. "You are doing a wicked thing this day and you will bitterly regret it. I shall have you up before all the law courts of the state and I shall put you in prison for life."

"You? you?" he asked. "Who are you?"

I thought for a second, then decided my exact identity.

"I—I—(drawling it out, you know)—I—am—*his* mother!"

The couple looked up in amazement. They did not know good acting as I did. As for the old man, he started to speak, but I immediately stopped him.

"Listen," I said, and noticed Mr. Simpson and the old woman coming towards us, "I want you to know, now, what objection you have to my son marrying your daughter; and if my husband—yes, that is he—(Mr. Simpson blanched) thinks your reason shallow and pachydermatous (of course he did not know what that meant), and if you do not let the

couple go, he will see that the case is tried, and tried in the best courts of the district. For we have money—we bathe in it—and with money you are monarch of all you overlook.”

The old man looked suspiciously. “You,” he said, “are merely tourists.”

“You are grievously mistaken and you will find it out soon to your incredible discomfiture,” I replied. “Our son brought us up here in his car and we have been tramping around all afternoon. He especially asked us to have tea at your place and this is the reception we get. Why, sir, it is ridiculous, preposterous. You—actually beating my son! Oh, give me my smelling salts, Simon.”

Mr. Simpson, of course, did not play up, so I was obliged to go without them and turn to the young man.

“My boy,” I said, “take dear Marie and go. I wish to have a talk with these poor people.”

The youth jumped at the chance and the car disappeared around the bend before any of us realized they were gone.

Presently, I turned. “Mr. Simpson,” I said, “It is time; we were leaving. Please pay the bill. I have had an enjoyable afternoon. I do hope I haven’t inconvenienced you quaint people. As I shall see your daughter soon, it really seems quite probable that I can patch things up and reconcile you to her marriage with the young man. Clever ruse, wasn’t it? I have never seen the dear man before.”

“That,” replied the old man, “is quite evident. He has been coaxing Marie all week to go back to the city with him, but we forbade it. We needed her so. But now—she is gone. Oh, well, perhaps it is for the best. And, after all, the visit will only be for a month. She will be back in time for the big tourist trade.”

“The visit?” I asked and instinctively moved closer to Mr. Simpson.

“My good woman, thank you for your patronage,” he said. “The lad is my son who has been living in the city for the last two years.”

I looked at him for a long time; saw Mr. Simpson nervously pay the bill; then, almost mechanically, started off down the

road. By the time we reached the hotel, I was feeling less ill, but Mrs. Petterson and Miss Giffaw never knew why I took a whole basketful of Bertha Clay's books down to the cellar, that night, to be burned.

This is the end of the story. I really dislike giving it such an ending, but, after all, the joke is on me; and since it is my little story, it rests with me to tell it in whatever way I please; don't you think so?

D. D. W. '29

OUR SHIPS

Our ships weren't built on the self-same stocks,
From far distant ports they came,
But we both sailed the same High Seas—
Our ships were without a name,
For ships are nameless on the seas of life,
'Till they reach the ports of Shame.

Out of a misty dawn with blood shot red,
After a night of hell,
We awoke to find our ships as one
Sailing over the settling swell
Of a sea that had been rough for many days,
And we thought it just as well

To sail together, and so we sailed
Alone under sunny skies,
And we sailed at night under silver moons,
Waters chuckled as we swept by,
And we bucked the ice on the seas of strife,
Together—you and I.

And out of the rarest day of all,
Out of the sunset fair,
There came the storm that tore us apart
In the dawning; you weren't there—
Just broken lines and ravelled twines,
To heighten the dark despair

Dimming the eager eye that scans
A horizon wide, for a long-lost sail,
And the wind that drives my ship along
Whispers a weary wail
Of Hope that is lost, Ambition gone,
Of Love that had to fail.

F. M. C. '28

THOMAS HARDY

With the death of Thomas Hardy, the last of the great Victorian novelists, England lost a man who was mourned by both noble and peasant. His burial service took place in two widely different environments. In Westminster Abbey, where his ashes were buried, the literary men of the nation, Kipling, Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy and many others were gathered to pay him homage. His heart was buried in the old Millstock Churchyard where his first wife had been interred several years before, and here he was mourned by a large number of peasants, ploughmen and other people who had known and revered him.

If one cared to do so, they could select from the crowd of people gathered in the Churchyard, many whose characteristic traits, had been embodied in Hardy's characterizations.

This burial of his heart in one place, and of his ashes in another, reminds many people of the conflict between the two arts in his earlier days. He was born in Wessex County near Dorchester, and received his education in classics and in literary studies at his own home. He never attended a college or a university.

Hardy also studied Theology, influenced by several friends who were going into the non-conformist ministry. In discussions, however, he always took the side of the established church. Later on, Hardy disbelieved in all forms of religion, and in the place of this he substituted a deep and understanding love of nature in all her forms.

After he had finished his article apprenticeship with an ecclesiastical architect, he went to London, and there allied himself with a firm of Gothic artists of the modern school. He now published his first book which was an essay on "Colored Brick and Terra Cotta Architecture." During the next ten years he kept on with his literary work, and at the same time practiced architecture, unable to decide which to choose as a profession. He produced his first novel which, curiously enough, was sent to a firm who employed George Meredith

as their proof reader. Meredith returned the novel to Hardy, and suggested that he write one with more plot in it. He immediately undertook this task, but in this second novel, the plot was overdone. Here, the influence of Hardy's wife came into good effect. She it was, who had induced him to give up his study of ecclesiastical architecture, and to take up literary work in earnest, and now it was due to her efforts that his second novel was again re-written, and soon after published.

The next novel to be produced was "Under the Greenwood Tree," and this attracted the attention of a Mr. Greenwood, who was so taken with the style of the novel that he looked the young author up, and gave him assistance in his work which enabled Hardy to write continually from that time forth.

The spirit of poetry could not be kept out of Hardy's works. He wrote, however, both prose and poetry with equal success. In this matter, his skill as an ecclesiastical architect gave him an intimate familiarity with the old historical movements of Wessex, and at the same time it gave him the keen eye for form so noticeable in all his works.

His writings are characterized by his pessimism, but this pessimism has not arisen from any sorrow or disappointment in his own life, and is not the least personal. It is of a more philosophic and temperamental nature. As a spectator of History, Hardy looks upon life as a vast tragedy, and he regards optimism as a ribald insult to the pain of humanity. His pessimism never expresses itself in cynicism, and seldom does he show scorn for the weakness of the characters in his novels.

He differs greatly from many of his contemporaries, by the fact that the reader is never sure that the hero and heroine will come to a peaceful and happy state in the conclusion, after being beset by many trials of various magnitudes. With Hardy the worst may happen at any moment, and one follows the fluctuations with both hope and terror.

Despite this pessimism, Hardy is unexcelled for the subtlety of feeling, and charm of expression which his humor sets forth. This source seems to be inexhaustible, and to never

grow stale. The childlike simplicity of his characters cause the dark shadow of tragedy to lift, and furnishes the reader with wholesome delight.

Hardy brought out the dead pageant of his own home county, Wessex, and colored it with his thoughtful passion, and bitter art. He made Wessex in such a way, by his own selection and shaping, that long after the original Wessex is forgotten, the Wessex of his imagination will be remembered.

Hardy's plots although consisting of harvests of formation are really the proof of his doctrine. He shaped the natures and careers to show happiness as the occasional episode in the midst of a drama of pain. He had studied minutely the life of man, and he therefor chose for the characters in his novels, peasants and petty townsmen whose small concerns would have been overlooked forever, had not a pitying dramatist brought them into existence. These men fumble for happiness in a small province,—fumble for it, and more often lose it, and then die at last, as if there was no other province to be buried in.

Many have criticized Hardy's novels, and have said that some of them, especially "Tess" which is the woman's side of the sex question, and "Jude" which is the man's side, are indecent. If these critics, however, would re-read these books, they would find in "Tess" wonderful dramatization, as well as beauty of landscape, and in "Jude" they would discover secret after secret which had escaped their notice before. Both of these novels reveal a great depth of thought, and if Hardy is very set against an optimist who lacks firmness, it is because he believes it unfair not to let the young people know how the dice are loaded. His extreme candor is salutary to contemplate, and it gives one the feeling that they are after all very grateful for it.

Hardy was a great man, and kind memories of him will live long in the hearts of the people. Whether or not his works will last — time alone will tell.

K. V. K. '28

THE LITTLE VOICES

They came riding on a wave crest,
Dancing there in fairy glee,
Out of Nowhere into Somewhere—
Children of the restless sea.

Up the slippery rocks they scampered,
Found me sitting idly there,
Wove a spell of dreams around me,
Golden threads like mermaid's hair;

Caught a sunbeam that was playing
Where the waves are green and white,
Hid it in among the sea-weeds,
Left it hidden from my sight;

Rode upon a vagrant sea-breeze,
Tamed its temper, trained its will,
Back and forth across the harbor
Guided it from hill to hill;

Laughed a dainty little laughter
Like the sound of fairy bell,
Or the subtle, noiseless cadence
Of the night tide's gentle swell.

And the mystic Little Voices
Danced around me merrily,
Till I caught their careful laughter
And I laughed both loud and free,

Till the wildness dormant in me
Heard the calling of its kind,
Felt the primal urge awaking,
Knew the Voices in the wind,

Felt the urge that knows no baulking,
Burst the bonds so strong before,
Danced the dance of Little Voices—
And then left me on the shore.

Now I seek it in the breakers
Past the Point and up the Bay;
In the sea drenched moon I seek it;
In the sunshine through the spray.

But it calls, and I must follow,
Highway, byway, path or trail;
One thing matters, and one only,
It has called—I dare not fail.

R. W. W. '29

THE SENATE VS. REFORM

Since the early days of Confederation, the Senate has been the most attacked institution in Canada. Private members have denounced it, and party leaders from MacKenzie to King, when it was upsetting their favorite plans, have assailed it time and time again. Some of the criticism is well deserved. Much of the abuse directed at it is hurled wildly in the most blissful ignorance and appreciated in the same spirit. If a parliamentarian wishes to enliven his speech in this respect the Senate serves a useful purpose—he makes a quip upon the sages of the Red Chamber. If he wishes to stir up his constituents, he damns an adverse majority in the upper house with election eloquence. As an object of attack the Senate has been rivalled in recent years only by prohibition.

But the Senate defies them all. Intended by the Fathers of Confederation to be an ideal body, it has been judged from the first, not by its merits in comparison with other proposed upper houses, but by the amount by which it has deviated from the ideal held for it.

Its powers in respect to the House of Commons are fairly well defined. It has essentially a two-fold protective duty—protection of the Canadian people against the evils of hasty, incomplete, and unauthorized legislation and protection to minorities, especially the racial and religious ones of Quebec, against discrimination by majorities. It was hoped at Confederation that the Senate would be an impartial body which would regulate legislation wisely as a moderator between parties. So much for its duties. The way in which it was to fulfill them through clearly put, is too often forgotten and is the cause of much rashness in proposing schemes for Senate reform. The method for regulation, or protection, was to be by delaying any legislation to which it took objection until the restive whim of the people on the matter had become their sober will. This right does not, of course, extend to money bills.

The ninety-six members of the Senate are chosen for life

twenty-four from each of the great divisions of Canada, the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, Ontario, and the West, by the governor-general-in-council, or, in practice, the leaders of the party in power.

This method and length of appointment have always been since confederation days the favorite point on which to attack the Senate, until Premier King and the Liberals began to challenge its powers of veto.

Some party or private member has always been looking askance on the Senate since the present constitution has been old enough to criticize. In 1874, after Sir John A. MacDonald had been steadily bestowing vacant seats upon his followers for seven years, David Mills, later a Liberal Minister of Justice, attacked its partizanship, but was soon appeased when the Liberals secured power and with it control of appointments. Later on, from 1891-1896, the Liberal party made some reform of the Senate a plank in their platform but were too busy with other matters to carry out reform when they did get office in 1896 and the prospect for a Liberal majority in the upper house seemed bright. Two private members agitated for some sort of change from 1906-11. Mr. Lancaster, supported at the time by Mr. Meighen, pleaded for abolition during three successive sessions until frankly told that the Commons were wearied of him. In the stress of war times, Sir Robert Borden took up the cry again, but again the Senate scorned all attempts and escaped unscathed.

Undaunted by the Senate's historic ability to weather the blasts let loose from the Commons, Mr. King and powerful elements in all three parties are once more determined to change it. Their ire aroused by the Senate's vetoing several government bills of importance, especially the Old Age Pensions measure, which had passed the lower house by unanimous vote, the Liberals charge it with being the last resort of the defeated party and a stronghold of vested interests. With alarming determination they declare that the powers of the Senate must be cubed as are those of the House of Lords by limiting the number of times it may veto a bill to two in as many years.

Before consenting to such a change in a body which has stood the test of sixty years of Confederation, we would do well to consider how such a change would affect the working of the Senate. The Canadian Upper house, as pointed out above, has an unusual function, that of delaying legislation of doubtful value until the sober will of the people toward the bill is manifest.

Will, then, the value of the upper house be enhanced by limiting its power of delay to two years? It is true that the representatives of the people should be real makers of the laws. But the Senate's duty is to assure that the representatives of the people give a well-considered judgment to matters of importance. It should and does, despite its partizanship, see that no party obtains power on one issue and then adopt a new policy which the will of the people has not sanctioned. The Canadian Senate would lose these values in respect to what may be again called hasty, ill-advised, or unauthorized legislation should its right to veto bills be limited to two successive years when the term of office for the party in power is five years.

There is another great objection to the proposal, an objection which is being raised by our racial and religious minorities of Quebec. The peculiar interests of the French-Canadians had a great influence upon the kind of Senate Canada adopted at Confederation. In the House of Commons, a body subject to the hazards of elections, they are easily outvoted. The Senate, on the other hand is a stable body composed of members well acquainted through long experience with the rights which the French Roman Catholics regard as constitutional. As a result, the inhabitants of Quebec are hotly opposed to any change which would let a party elected to office for a five-year term of office put through legislation despite the protests of the Senate. As in the case of nationalization of education and many other measures, their claims hinge upon both equity and constitutional right and cannot be ignored.

Nor would the Senate readily consent to limitation of its powers as those of us in Nova Scotia who are watching our own

Senate being handed into its grave know full well. There is indeed an ultimate power at Westminster to which the Commons could appeal but such carrying of our problems to England is an unpleasant business with our relations with the mother country as ill-defined as they now are.

The rejection of so many schemes for reforms and the strong objections to the present one must not be taken to prove that the Senate is not in need of improvement. Just the contrary is the case. Such improvement, however, cannot be brought about in the heat of party frenzy by appointing only such members as will pledge themselves to party control, especially in such matters as Senate reform, as the present government is avowedly doing. Such action will only emasculate the Senate and lower the quality of its members. What is needed is the injection of new elements by giving a deserved representation to the universities, the banks, the trade unions, and the farmers. Perhaps the term of office might be limited to a definite number of years. Through such enlightened measures, uninfluenced by party scheming, the Senate might be stimulated to give to Canada some of that impartial service dreamed of by the Fathers of Confederation.

G. H. '29

A REVERIE

When the summer's day is ending
And the shadows creep to earth,
When a weeping willow shudders
And all sunshine and all mirth
Creep away beyond the mountains,
There to play in other lands,
With the little Hindu children
On the baked and burning sands;
Then the lonesome moon slips slowly
From the sultry Punjaub plain,
Dips into the cold blue ocean,
Comes up on the earth again.

C. O. '29

IN A CONTINENTAL BOOKSHOP

The Old World is a quiet place, aged and thoughtful. Quietest, most thoughtful of all, are the continental bookshops which spread back from the scant bustle of the street at their windows like a camera from its lens. Around some corner you will chance upon them, huddled side by side the length of a crooked, cobbled street. As you stroll by, you are attracted by the dog-eared volumes displayed outside and feel lured by the magic of the place to enter.

Down a step or two, as if into the den of Morpheus, and then you find yourself in a book-lined niche from which a tiny door leads into what seems a net-work of other chambers, all packed with strong shelves sagging with their burden. All is deserted and a living silence hangs about the retreat. You do not—you cannot move until from behind a stack appears the bookseller, a pensive creature, whose eyes merely rests upon you while his spirit wanders away to worlds unseen. Tall of figure, dressed in a suit of modest grey or rusty black, he listens with patience while you valiantly attempt to make known your *desideratum*. Perhaps he asks you to repeat your wants, perhaps he understand and informs you that you do not speak French “comme un anglais.” Then you are raised from the ranks of mortal men and become quite eloquent upon the fond longings which have sent you to him. He listens calmly, attentively, eye still dreamy and blissful, perhaps may even place his hand upon your shoulder and incline a friendly ear that you may the better commune. You are like kindred fleshless spirits, yourself especially lost in the strange old-world mystery of this scholarly retreat.

You will never leave him without buying. O sordid spirit, that would mock you for it or call it a deception! Where is life but in dreams, in gentle forgetfulness of flesh and things about us? All else is struggle and unhappiness. Many a cosy contemplative hour you will enjoy at home with your talisman; True you may know how to read it but crudely, but it will be quite enough that your friends think you enjoy

it. And you will enjoy it! Not in itself, but for the recollections of your friend, the bookseller.

And so, you will chat with your friend musingly and long until perhaps an obtrusive foreign-looking gentleman, impatient with waiting, will cough meaningly. Thus you will be brought to your senses and to profuse French apologies. Your friend, the bookseller, will do up the purchase silently and sadly, as though in sorrow at the loss of your company. You will take a last glimpse and bid him adieu. As you emerge again into the sunlight and wander dreamily along the cobblestones, the some worthy bourgeois will jostle you and a chance collision with a lady or prominent lamp-post will cause you to swear yourself gently back to life. But all that day, you will be ecstatically light of head and late at night will fall asleep planning another visit to your friend, the bookseller, on your return to France.

G. H. '29

THE GUNMAN

There's another notch in me gun tonight,
There's another empty shell,
The bars in the window are throwin' stripes
On the white-washed wall of me cell.

It was a wild, wild time in the Red Dog today;
I was playin' a lousy game,
With Tom and Jack, Black Ben and Shea—
What's that? You don't know my name?

You don't need to know. You'll soon be told,
When they ring the court-house bell,
And I'll go the road that some men go—
And maybe it's just as well

That they send the man who kills to join
The one whose life he took away,
And they'll both sift cinders and sweat and swear,
And maybe they'll try to pray

To the God they both forgot on Earth,
In a life for pleasure bent,
But a God that they'll remember well
When it's too late to repent.

How's that? He isn't dead at all?
The doctor's saved his dirty hide?
Well, I'll be damned! Gimme back me gun.
I wish to God he'd died!

F. M. C. '28

WHEN THE RISE FALLS

The sea is a delightful place—for those who have never been on it. You stride along the heaving deck, feel the salt breeze on your face, flirt with sparkling-eyed touristesses, hear sea-stories, etc., etc., and finally tear yourselves away from travelling companions with handshakes and tears.

This may be all very true—I really didn't stay on deck long enough to be able to contradict it. My experience is that the heaving deck leaves you all overboard but the skin and bones, the salt breezes give what is left a cold, the sparkling-eyed touristesses turn out to be sea-sick spinsters, and your sea-stories are confined to directions on bottles of Sol-volatile and to boasts by your steward about the number of people who weren't at dinner, as though that made it a successful voyage with the success all to his credit.

It was my first time at sea. Of course we were all sure we wouldn't be sick, every landlubber of us. The liner was steady, the swell glorious as we passed the last neck of land, I bethought me of the poet's line,

"And feel forever its soft rise and fall,"

and felt moved to poetry myself, when a voice at my elbow, remarked very fortunately:

"Been on lots of rowboats worse than this."

"Er, yes," I replied, waiving the muse. "Sea-sickness is foolishness. You've only to keep your spirits up. A lot in telling yourself you're alright, auto-suggestion, you know." He didn't but he agreed. You can make a man believe anything by telling him he isn't going to be sea-sick when you're sure he is.

Fortunately we hadn't long to wait for dinner. My new friend and I paced the promenade in the meantime, each growing conscious of something internal, we were not quite sure what. A bit of a breeze and a swell welcomed us as the land dropped behind. We hailed it like vikings and assured each other that we were exhilarated by the roll of the ship. Many of our erstwhile energetic companions has relapsed into deck

chairs and looked pale and watery about the eyes. Soon funny sensations swept over us at each dip of the bow and with each roll it became worse and more and more difficult to keep from bumping into one another. We were no longer worried, we were frankly alarmed.

The dinner gong came but didn't save us. "This sea voyage has certainly given me an appetite," remarked my acquaintance.

I stole an anxious glance at him. *He* looked worried and watery-eyed.

"Quite", I replied. What a wonderful exhibition of fortitude!

We turned down to the dining-room. There were the passengers, the dourest crowd imaginable, looking as though they were expecting another St. Bartholemew's Massacre. But despite them the food revived me.

"Good fish, old man," I remarked through a chaos of fish and bread, to my companion.

He seemed doubtful. "Yes, but you can't keep a good fish down," he returned and went on deck hurriedly. I began to see the handwriting on the wall.

It wasn't long then. A dazed sensation went over me, just as the Englishman must have when he murmurs over the 'phone, "Are you there?" I persuaded myself that I shouldn't be so sympathetic toward a chance companion and went on with the fish boldly. And then the bow dipped and a horrible feeling surged over me from the pit of my stomach to the tips of my ears. I left without excusing myself.

Five endless minutes passed. Straining far over the rail, I was shaming the Yellowstone Geyser at its grandest. A sad-eyed passenger approached me with sympathy.

"Do you know, old fellow," he encouraged me, "I believe there's something in that auto-suggestion business the waiter was speaking to me about."

"Yeah? I believe the sea has something to do with it," I remarked between gulps.

He left me in despair.

How I flouted nature that night! My stomach threw

every law of gravity to the winds, laughed in the face of Einstein and the rest, did a dozen new capers along with the old ones, and just when I was convinced that perpetual motion has been discovered and it was inside me, even disregarded the sea and came to rest with me lying exhausted on a damp coil of rope.

No, no, the sea has lost its romance since the Argos sailed from Greece. Bring on your Television; henceforth I prefer to examine St. Paul's and the Abbey over the new set in my rich uncle's cosy parlor.

G. H. '29

ALWAYS AU REVOIR

SCENE:—*France, just after the war.*

ON:—SID, EDDY, NICK—*they have² been comrades for four years. NICK, who is somewhat older than² the² others, is seated by the window. SID has slumped down on a chair. EDDY is sitting on the table swinging his legs.*

Sid. There's no getting away from it, Eddy. It was bound to come sometime, and we should have thought of that long ago.

Eddy. Oh, come off it! Wasn't it the perfectly normal thing to do? Isn't every Johnny in the whole fool army doing exactly the same thing?

Sid. Oh, I dunno! It seems different with Annette. She's a cute kid, and, good Lord, she couldn't know we weren't serious.

Eddy. Say, where do you think you are? This is France, Sid, and the war is over, and now after spending a—well, shall we say, *amusing* six weeks in this house, we're going home. And you know well enough—home hasn't anything to do with Annette and her mother.

Nick. You're right there, Eddy. And you're right, too, when you say that it's not just us. It's all over France—well, at least, Brittany, and all I can say is, it's too damn bad.

Eddy. Don't you see, Sid? Why, take even right here. There's a whole army quartered around this village, and for six weeks there's been nothing to do—nothing to do after four years of Hell! But there's been some nice little girls around, and there's been plenty of time for playing. Why shouldn't we while away some amusing hours making foolish puppy-love and getting a kick out of flirting?

Sid. Oh, yes. I know that's all there is to it, and for us,

it was fun. But Annette—I don't think she thought it was just all play.

Eddy. Why of course she did. How could she be serious when she let the whole three of us fool around?

Sid. Well, I think she must have thought at least one of us was serious. She's frankly told us often enough she was going back to England with one of us.

Eddy. Just kidding! I notice she didn't stipulate which one.

Sid. How could she? No one had ever asked her. No one had seemed more serious than the other, and yet, to her, we all seemed serious enough.

Eddy. I don't believe it, Sid. She knows darn well that other girls in this village are sending off their soldier friends, and that they're saying *Good-bye*, not *Au Revoir*, and they're just as happy to say it.

Nick. Where is she now?

Eddy. Upstairs, I guess.

Sid. She couldn't believe we were really going 'till she saw us with our stuff all packed. She looked so helpless, Nick, when I told her. Her big eyes got even bigger and I thought she was going to cry. But she didn't. She just asked when we were going, and when I told her, in half an hour, she turned and went upstairs. Do you suppose she even wants to see us?

Nick. Of course she does. She's probably putting on her Sunday-best to wish us *bon voyage* and "goo'-bye."

Sid. I don't think she'll say that.

Eddy. I suppose you think she'll ask you to marry her and lug her back to Blighty with you.

Sid. Don't kid, Eddy. Lord knows I'm sorry for the girl and I wish to heaven there was something I could do.

Eddy. Well there isn't a damn thing.

Nick. Oh, I don't know, Eddy.

Eddy. Oh, you're going to be the martyr, are you?

- Nick.* No, but, Good Lord, can't we think of something to help smoothe matters over? What are you going to say when you leave?
- Eddy.* Why, I'll say, "Good-bye, Annette, and thanks for all the good times."
- Sid.* Well, I won't.
- Eddy.* Well, what *will* you say?
- Sid.* I dunno!
- Eddy.* You'll probably leave in a grand rush and forget to say anything. That's like you.
- Sid.* Yes, I suppose I will, but I wish to hell I wouldn't.
- Eddy.* Well, good intentions won't be much help. And, by the way, we'd better call her because we haven't got much time before the train.
- Nick.* Well, the next question is, who's going to call her?
- Eddy.* We can't sit here and watch the train go.
- Sid.* How about Madame Bondel. I'll call her and ask her.
- Eddy.* "A girl's best friend is her mother," they say.
(*Madame Bondel is heard rushing down the stairs.*)
- Nick.* Lord, here she comes now. Get your wits about you and, for heaven's sake, don't put your foot in anything. (*All rise. Madame comes running down the stairs. She is tremendously excited and gesticulates wildly.*)
- Madame.* Ah, *mes enfants, mes enfants!* Annette,—she is come to go!—It is half hour she prepare and I am just discover—*Le Bon Dieu!* What shall I do? What shall I? She is pack—pack! *Je suis* crazed!
- Nick.* (*Going to her*). Madame, what are you talking about?
- Madame.* Ah, M'sieu Neek—think quee-eeck! I am fatigue. Annette, she is coming—*maintenant*—coming to going.
- Sid.* You mean?
- Madame.* M'sieu, Sid, she is going to Aingland! *Parbleu* she go with you all and to leave me.

Eddy. Good Lord! (*starts for door.*)

Sid. Come back here, Eddy. We've got to face this. I told you she was serious.

Madame. She is already ready! think! think! You must stop it! Ah, *Sacre*—she is coming now. I hear hers *Ecoutez!*

(*All stand silently facing the stairs in anticipation of the terrible noise descending. In a minute, the stair door flings open and ANNETTE enters dragging an old battered trunk and topped with her plume hat, there is determination in her eyes.*)

Annette. (*viewing them from the landing.*) *Violá!* I am here and I go! *C'est tout!* Come, M'sieu Sid—'elp me with my trunk. I am vary ready and I am determine. I shall go with you all to your Aingland.

Sid. Good Heavens, Annette, you can't do that! Why, This is foolish. Come down and talk with us before we go.

Annette. Why should I come down to talk? I go with you, *n'importe.*

Nick. (*Goes upstairs to her.*) Annette, we are leaving now and we want to say *au revoir* and explain to you.

Annette. You did not teach me that word "*eggspain.*"

Nick. Come on down. (*He leads her down, Sid and Eddy draw aside.*)

Madame. Ah, I am so desolate. You will make her stay, M'sieu Neeck. You will not take her.

Annette. *Non, non, Maman*, it is not with him I want to go. M'sieu. he has been so kind, he will take me, not so M'sieu Sid, he has been so kind, he will take me, not so?

Sid. Good Lord, I thought as much.

Annette. M'sieu Sid, I do not understand!

Sid. Annette, don't you see? I—I think you're wonderful and all that, and I'd like to have you come home with me, and—I'm sure I'd want you to be happy—but, don't you see, I really don't feel that—oh, Annette, I couldn't marry you because we've been

only in fun—we've had great times together and all that, but I don't love—

Nick. (*sharply*) Look out for your foot, Sid!

Annette. His foot is all right, M'sieu. He was saying—

Sid. In spite of you, Nick, I was saying that I've got to tell you the truth, Annette. That's the only way out. I've got to tell you that I can't marry you because I don't love you. I'll always be your friend—and I'll always remember our visit here—and what great times we had.

Eddy. (*spurred by Sid's bravery*) And don't count on me, Annette, for though you've been fine company and I'll always remember you, still I've got my woman in Shrewsbury and I've got to stick to her.

Nick. Shut up, you fool!

Annette. (*suddenly realizing*) Fool? Fool? So, M'sieu Neeck, just because he tell me the truth he is fool? So you all hide something? *C'est ça?* Ah, *mon Dieu*, now I know what you mean by "foot." You are give me, what you call, the "boot."

Eddy. (*quickly*) You've got it right and we've got to go now. Good-bye, Annette, and thanks for all the good times.

Annette. You? You? Oh, I *hate* you now. You have not any of the grand feeling. You are mere wind-bag—blockhead—pig! Go way! Go way! I don't like you—I detest! You do nothing but, what you call—sling the cow! Ah, goo-bye! Goo-bye! Goo-bye!

Madame. Ah, *ma fille!* *Tais-toi! Tais-toi!*

Nick. Oh, come, Annette, you don't understand.

Annette. Understan'? Understan'? You think I am without brain, without heart? Can I not see that I am mere jest to him—mere *joujou*? An' you, M'sieu Sid, you tell me all sweet thing about flowers, and rhyme, and fairy-tale. All about Prince Charmant an' on an' on! You are mere jesting, too? You think little French girl have no love for such thing—

no feeling—that she just play like you—just fun—and have only cold Ainglish heart?

Sid. Annette, I thought you were enjoying it—like me—having a great time—just for the day.

Annette. For the day? For year! Century! *Canaille*, do you think I play all through life? Ah, I am so disappoint! I thought you at least love—that you love Annette—and Annette, she feel so happy, gay. She sing all time and dream all night. And now you say you only make the fun! Oh, *damn it, damn it, damn it!*

Sid. I'm sorry, Annette. I—I didn't want to hurt you. I thought you understood, and that we, neither of us cared. I'll see you again, sometime—Annette, and we'll—

Annette. No! No! It is goo-bye—goo-bye—to you—*always!*

Sid. Annette, won't you even—

Annette. No! Go way! Go way! Go with fool Edee! I am so disappoint. Ah, I feel like—like *pancake!* (*Sobbing, Annette watches Sid go out with Eddy.*)

Annette. *Maman! Maman!* I—want so much to cry. I am so unhappy.

Madame. *Ma cherie! Ma petite fille! Viens!*

Nick. Wait just a moment, won't you? Let me talk to Annette. Perhaps—perhaps I can help her.

Annette. You take me to your Aingland, M'sieu Neeck?

Nick. No, I couldn't do that. And don't think that I'm ungrateful. Just let me talk to you for awhile, and perhaps you can see.

Annette. But I see! I see, *craiment*. They have made me gay and happy, then turn pig.

Nick. No, Annette, you've got the wrong idea. The boys have gone through the War—your War, and they've suffered all sorts of hell—just that you might be happy. Then, after they'd won, they still had to stay in your country—and wait—wait for Home. Can't you see their loneliness, Annette? They were so near Home—and yet so very, very far away.

Every day they would see you and your *Maman* living a home-life—a life they hadn't seen for four years, and they sought to overcome their longing by making happiness and gaiety wherever possible. And you played up to them, Annette. You helped them to forget their long weeks of waiting and you brought a sunshine into their lives.

Annette. But M'sieu Sid, he seem so kind an' almost love me not so?

Nick. I'll tell you about Sid, Annette, and don't think him a pig. Sid's one of the best friends you could possibly have, and he's mighty sympathetic. He really loved you, I think, Annette, but he loved you because he was in love with life. He was only eighteen when he came over here and he's never had the chance to feel the joy of really living until six weeks ago—and you were the cause of it. Don't you see what happiness you brought him? And don't you realize that his real happiness is Home—England? You wouldn't deny him that, Annette?

Annette. (*She turns her head away and sits down.*) I—I think I understan' you, M'sieu Neeck.

Nick. He's ever so grateful to you, Annette, and he was sorry to leave you, I know. Just before you came down he was telling us how much he appreciated what you had done for him.

Annette. An' you mean I took away his loneliness?

Nick. Yes, Annette, and all England is grateful to you girls who have given happiness to her boys while she slowly managed to gather them back.

Annette. Then, it is not just me?

Nick. No, Annette, all over France girls are saying *au revoir* to the boys whom they have made happy, and they are glad they were of some help. For those very boys were the ones who helped save their Country for them—and every girl loves her France.

Annette. Yes, and France expects us to help pay back as best we can?

- Nick.* Yes, she wants you to do your part, and all those boys expect you to do your part—to be cheerful and hopeful, and to remember the many French boys who have left their work in your hands.
- Annette.* I think I see, M'sieu Neeck—and I'll—I'll help.
- Nick.* You've got the spirit, Annette, and you'll carry it through.
- Annette.* Ah, M'sieu, it is big load to carry. But, *poof*, you carry all the War on the shoulder, I should carry the Peace.
- Nick.* That's the idea. And you'll remember these boys and remember what they've done for you?
- Annette.* *Oui*, M'sieu, I'll—
- Nick.* And shall I say *au revoir* to them all from you?
- Annette.* Tell them—tell them—oh, I'm so terrible sorry, an' I do realize. Tell them—I love them alway!
- Nick.* Good-bye, Annette, and we'll surely see each other again.
- Annette.* Surely, M'sieu Neeck and remember—now I understand' I'll think often and remember what you have said. Thank you, M'sieu Neeck.
- Nick.* And we'll always think of you, Annette, and thank you.
- Annette.* No, M'sieu, I am sorry now I did not do more.
- Nick.* You made us happy, *petite*, and now I know you understand.
- Annette.* I'm glad—glad now I understand'. And—but, oh—your train, it is almost one—
- Nick.* Golly, I'd forgotten about that.
- Annette.* Please, often, think of me, M'sieu Neeck, and—and—*Au Revoir*.
- Nick.* It will be *Au Revoir*—always, Annette.
(*He goes and even though she wants so much to cry, she waves to him, smiling.*)

CURTAIN

D. D. W. '29

IRISH LARAMOUR

If someone promised to tell you an interesting tale from the quaint, old town of St. Andrews, New Brunswick, you would not expect the heroine of the story to be a pure extract from old Ireland. But such is the case in this old fireside tale. The girl was Laramour Larkin and according to all tradition she was just a wisp of Irish fun and laughter. Laramour was also an orphan and her guardian was John Landsdown Sr., until he died, when Laramour was barely eighteen, then the guardianship fell to the roving John Landsdown Junior.

John found the task of managing Laramour sufficient to keep him at home in quiet old St. Andrews for some time after his father's death, and it was during this time that a very near tragedy happened in the life of Laramour.

It was one June evening, the story runs, when John missed Laramour from the house. This was not an unusual occurrence, but its frequency did not lessen John's anxiety because Laramour seems to have had a habit of doing what she pleased, when she pleased and of not being possessed with any noticeable quality of fear in her activities; so that, even in St. Andrews Laramour might be up to almost anything. This evening John found her on the sea-beach. He probably wasn't very long after her in reaching the spot.

"Laramour Larkin," he addresses her in a rebuking voice.

"John Landsdown," retorts the girl, and there she was in a bathing suit sitting alone on the sand in the moonlight.

"Laramour, what are you doing here tonight?" John asks her.

"And John, what would you be doing here tonight?" she challenges back in her saucy way.

"The answer is obvious to anyone knowing you—*duty*," he answers, and to have heard him anyone would have thought that the man had lost all patience with the child.

"Duty, h'm, and its a depraved sense of duty you have to be sure," says she in no way abashed.

"Yes, from association perhaps," John returns in attempted dryness.

"John Landsdown! what could you possibly mean by that? Mais il n'y a pas de quoi. Still, now that you have found me to be quite safe and sound I suppose you will return home. In truth I would almost urge that you do, John," she flashes back.

Then John's voice becomes furious, "I will go, Laramour, when I take you with me, but why under Heaven do you persist in these night roving? Why did you come here?" he asks her.

"Ah! why John, nothing is so nice as this cool, mucky sand to wriggle your toes in. And the water, and moonlight. It is intoxicating, I am just breathing in it! It makes me drunken, drunken with moonlight, and glamour and sand! And then it is so easy to fill the moonlight with delightful people all drunken too; not a bit like you, John". That's the way she used to talk to him.

"Laramour, listen!" John attempts again, "you aren't familiar with this country. It isn't deserted at night, and, furthermore—"

"And of course it isn't deserted at night," she breaks in "Didn't I come here just to meet somebody? And you come along scolding and cross—probably ruining everything!"

At this outburst John stiffens. "A man, Laramour?" he demands.

"And of course you would be more confident that I was being protected, and safe and everything if it were a man I suppose, John?" she questions pertly.

"Is it someone you know?" John asks her gruffly.

"Oh John, what an opinion you must have of me!" she answers him, and turning her impudent face away, continues "Imagine one meeting someone whom one doesn't know on an uninhabited sea-beach on a June evening under a glorious full moon; oh, John, to think that you have held me in such low regard."

John never was able to maintain his attitude of dominance over her. "Laramour," he fumes, "you are a silly little fool,

moon-mad and unreasonable. If I didn't realize this I would go home and leave you. As it is, I will stay until your shady appointment presents itself. And then, if I am satisfied I shall consider myself free of responsibility."

But this didn't worry Laramour. "Nice mans," she draws "n-i-c-e mans to look after wee girlums 'till she are all safe and sound, and nasty things are far away. Big nice mans look after little girlums?"

"Laramour, you," John is cross when he begins, but a grin spreads across his face, "little fool!" he finishes.

Even in the moonlight Laramour's eyes were sparkling with fun. She gets up and runs out over the rocks and poises there a moment ready to dive.

"Laramour, where are you going?" John calls after her.

"And where, but to keep my appointment?" she flings over her shoulder before she plunges.

Now John stands uneasily for a few moments wondering if she intends to swim the cove. He begins to grow nervous thinking it a long swim for her strength. Then suddenly it occurs to him that she is a long time under water. It bursts upon him that he discovered eel grass in that very spot some time ago. In a flash his coat and shoes are off and he is in the water after her.

Sure enough she was caught in the grass and it took some time before John could free her and reach the shore again. When he did she was an unconscious body in his arms.

Now I suppose you are wondering about the person she was going to meet. And of course you have guessed that a considerable part of John's duty was his jealousy. But in the two hours before Laramour recovered John forgot all this in his anxiety, and there isn't much doubt about what he was whispering to her as she lay there between Heaven and Earth. She probably heard a goodly portion of it too, she was a wise minx. At any rate when she did open her eyes there she was brighter than ever.

"I—I suppose I'm a trifle pale, John?" were her first words.

"Yes, Sea Green," John answers her. "You little witch! I hope you have been taught a lesson by this."

"What could you possibly mean I wonder?" she questions vaguely.

"Laramour, whom did you intend to meet tonight?" John bursts out.

"Well, you see, John, it was planned this way," she begins. "I was going to do a long under-dive and he, of course it was a man, he was going to think I was drowning and—"

"No thanks to him you didn't," John snaps grimly.

"Don't interrupt, John," she orders, "well, he was going to think—of course it was just pretending, that I was drowning and rescue me. Just to make everything—you know—just to create a romantic atmosphere."

"Then," John questions, "why did the fool wait so long?"

"Well, he had to think I was drowning," she explains.

"And let you do it in the meantime! why wasn't he there?" demands John.

"He was," returns Laramour vaguely.

"Then why didn't he save you?" asks John assuming a tone of disgust to cloak his jealousy.

"He did," replies Laramour sweetly, and this is all you are going to be told because the rest of the tale is easy to imagine.

W. J. M. '29

BLUE

Blue, you say—you don't know what it is to be blue. Did you ever have that feeling steal over you—a feeling of wanton strife within your heart; sweet love fighting valiantly to keep out hate and doubt—the defence of the fortress by a love that cannot be killed against a well-armed belligerent foe? The fight goes on, and every wound of love hurts—oh, so much and sears your very soul. Bleeding wounds that leave ineffaceable scars hard and rough. Scars that love, when the foes finally flee, cannot remove, and your heart is never so fond again.

F. M. C. '28

THE PART REMEMBRANCE PLAYS

Mrs. Somers put her hands over her ears. From the larger room just beyond there came the sound of women's voices, often tired and petulant. Then the indistinguishable blur of voices crystallized into one as she heard her daughter's tones rise sharply above the others:

"Do you realize what you've done? That was my queen that you trumped!"

Mrs. Somers could not hear the acid retort that the other woman threw back. She was so sick of it all that she tried in vain to close her ears to the chatter that penetrated them. Her only relief nowadays was to escape into the past.

She closed her eyes and let the days of her youth unroll themselves before her. She saw once more a little school-house, gray and weather-beaten. It had a venerable and learned air as if it had taken unto itself all the learning imparted, within it, to youthful minds; and the single window in the front gave the old building the appearance of winking a very sly and knowing wink. Of course there were other windows along the sides, and these were hung with lattered shades that had probably never in their lives been used. There was a new door of unpainted wood in front — an attempt to smarten up the old building that resulted in making it almost hideous.

Before the school-house two lines of children stretched out, facing each other, swaying back and forth. So vividly did they appear to Mrs. Somers that she could almost hear them singing.

"Red Rover, Red Rover, let Johnnie come over"—or Tom or Bill.

There was one black-haired girl of ten in a calico pinafore. When they sang, "Red Rover, Red Rover, let Janie come over," she ran in her hard little cow-hide boots and tried with all her might to break through the linked hands of the two boys opposite her. She could see Johnnie Somer's bony boy's wrist with the coat sleeve that was always too short above it, and his hand gripping the other boy's; and she knew that she could

never break through. She was compelled, then, to see John's quizzical face break into a grin that stretched almost up to his fair hair as she took her place in his line.

Afterward they played "Uncle John is very sick," and sang "Johnnie Somers, so they say, goes a-courting night and day with his sword and pistol by his side; he wants Janie Warren for his bride." Janie was always thrilled at that because it reminded her so much of being wooed by a young knight. When she was brought back to earth by Johnnie's self-conscious giggle she looked at him scornfully. Johnnie Somers? At least if the days of knighthood were over she was going to marry some wonderful man who would give her servants to obey her slightest wish. This was no mere fancy in a girl of ten. Ambition was the strongest factor in her make-up and she was ruled by it always.

When the school was over the children piled out pell-mell with a clatter of hard boots on the pine floor. Outside the school they separated, one half going up, the other down the road. Johnnie Somers was in the bunch that went with Janie. He did not offer to carry her books; such a thing would have seemed ridiculous to the other children even had he thought of it, which he did not. In fact the two quarreled rather constantly all the way home, and Johnnie offered to fight anyone who said that Janie was "his girl."

When Janie reached home she hung her strapped books on a hook, yelling, "What're we having for supper, Mom?" To this her tired mother, running quickly between stove and pantry, responded, "Buckwheat pancakes, daughter; I'm frying them now"—an answer that delighted Janie. Her exuberance was quenched by her mother's telling her to go feed the cattle, as Father was in the woods.

Janie went out to the barn with her thoughts up in the clouds somewhere. Climbing the ladder was fun, as was scrambling up the mow, since it brought with it a slight feeling of daring. She threw down a needlessly large pile of hay and then jumped down into it. Fronting her she saw the heads of the cattle, their eyes big with expectation. With a feeling that was almost affection for them she put her hand through

the opening between the barn-floor and the stable and touched a cow on the nose. But old Blacky, eager for her supper, only tossed her head and "hooked" Janie in the hand. With a sudden feeling that she hated all animals she drew back and sullenly threw in the hay.

After supper that night they sat in the kitchen while Mrs. Warren asked Janie her spellings. Her ambition always drove the child to study hard. Down deep in her heart was the conviction that some-day she would occupy a position in which she would need her education.

"Spell 'gentleman', directed Mrs. Warren. She held the book in her hand, for she could not have said, for certain, whether it was "gentleman" or "gentelman."

Janie spelt it. Then she glanced at her father who was busy untangling fishing-line at the other end of the table. He did not appear to be listening, so she said in a low tone, "Mother, I wish father was a gentleman."

"Janie, whatever put the notion in your head that father is not a gentleman!" exclaimed Mrs. Warren.

This involved a discussion of what a real gentleman was. Her mother explained in a way that Janie never forgot. Mrs. Warren was by race and training a woman not given to showing emotion, but Janie always remembered that her mother went over to her father and tenderly laid her hand on his hair as she explained how much of a gentleman he was. Janie thrilled at the thought that it was almost like a real love-scene. As her mother moved, though, it struck her that her skirt was ungracefully short, clearing the floor as it did by a good four inches, and that it should have been long and sweeping.....

Mrs. Somers suddenly moved her hand toward her breast. Through all the years that memory brought a pain to her heart because it brought with it so vividly another scene, six years later, when she and her mother wept together over a coffin that held the father and husband. She remembered that John Somers, then an awkward eighteen to her sixteen, stood there with her, holding her hand and stammering inarticulately:

"You—you have no one to t-take care of you."

Janie wept on.

"L—let me."

Janie could only sob then. Later she told him a little about her ideal—the wealthy, the polished man.

Poor John! He was very much in love with her. It never even occurred to him to try to over-rule Janie's decision. He saw one thing clearly, and that was that as long as he remained on the farm Janie would never look upon him with more than bare toleration. He thought about it for days, and then made up his mind. His brother was of an age to help run the farm, so he left him to take his place and went to town, seeking his fortune. He had little education, little experience, and almost no initiative, but only an ambition to become what Janie would have him be. A position offered itself. He accepted it and entered the employ of a truckman, who wanted brawn, not brains or education.

Janie and her mother remained on the farm, for after Mr. Warren's death his wife clung to the place on which they had lived together, almost childishly, and could not endure having Janie broach the subject of leaving it. They employed only one hired man and the girl worked almost slavishly to keep the place up. Sometimes she drove herself deliberately to keep herself from thinking, for thought always brought with it the horrible fear that there might never be anything in store for her but this. As John's absence lengthened out into months she thought more and more about him and wondered whether he were climbing. Gradually in her mind he became identified with that person who would one day come and carry her off to riches and fame. Thus out of her imagination she built up something that she could love; and she thought that person was John. Then, time fled by, as time has a way of doing, and John came home.

The woman in the chair stirred uneasily. For a time she had gone back to being the young Janie again; and you remember that Janie had, during his absence, grown to care for John. He stood before her now, humbly, admitting that he had failed. Out of jobs that he had been doing he could never

save enough money to keep her in more than the bare necessities of life.

"Then you mean that you are coming back to the farm?" Janie asked directly.

"It is the only thing to do," John said miserably, not meeting her eyes.

Janie stood and watched all her ambitions crumble into nothing. She had a feeling that she didn't care what happened—almost as if her desires for another life had never existed. The only thing in the world that was reality was John standing, shabby before her, twisting his hat in his hands. There was a stain of dirt on the front of his hat, and as he saw her glance at it he turned it around quickly. There was a hole in the other side. A slow flush stole up to the roots of his hair; and suddenly all the tenderness and pity in Janie's heart welled up.

They were married that fall, and lived on at the old Warren farm since John was needed there. Janie's life was the same as it had been before except that she no longer dreamed of a fairy prince who would come and carry her off. John, too, refused to allow her work outside, as she had been doing, so she had more time hanging on her hands.

She had two children. After the birth of the last she was never very strong, and as she had always required some incentive to action she wandered around now almost to listless to twist up her hair. Her mother took over the management of the house almost entirely.

As the children grew a change came over Janie. She no longer lived for herself, but as she saw her girls growing her life became merged into theirs. Her one ambition was to give her children what she herself had missed. John, who was running the farm and prospering at it, opposed her wish.

"They will never have anything more than we have," Janie said defiantly.

"They might have a good deal worse," John challenged her.

Then Janie said firmly, "If I have to go out washing those girls are going to have their chance."

With an instinct that was almost uncanny she picked out a small town that was destined to grow. She and John started a store there—a tiny store, but one that grew as the town grew. John was the ostensible keeper of it, but Janie spent more than half of her time behind the counter. Customers learned that although they might have credit from Mr. Somers there was no chance with the thin little woman whose black hair was rapidly turning gray. Section after section was added to the store, while its owners waxed prosperous.

When the girls, Alice and Elizabeth, were in their teens, John died. Again Janie adopted work as a relief, using it as an opiate to deaden her thoughts. She gave the girls the best of educations, and finally married them “well.” After that they forced her to give up the store and go to live with Elizabeth. Truly they were not to live the lives that their parents lived before them!

Mrs. Somers had been rocking softly, utterly unconscious of her surrounding as the train of reminiscences ran through her mind. She was aroused by the tinkle of glasses. Then came Elizabeth’s voice:

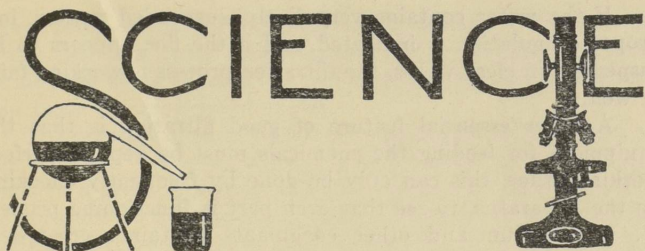
“You can depend upon it that this is the real stuff. Alice’s husband sent it over last week—got a whole cargo of it. Really the only way to make money nowadays!”

Mrs. Somers was living in the present again. She could catch through the door a glimpse of a fat back—Elizabeth, her daughter who played bridge all evening and rose at noon to play all afternoon. She thought of Allie, grown hard and sharp as if in contrast to her pudgy rich little bootlegger husband. Oh yes, she knew now what a “gentleman” was—and her fingers went out as if to touch a rough fair head.

“My trick,” Elizabeth cried triumphantly. “Oh mother, are you asleep in there? You are very quiet.”

“I was thinking of your father, dear,” said Mrs. Somers.

O. M. '29



FILTRATION PLANTS

There are several kinds of filtration plants employed for the purification of public water systems, but the most commonly used are the mechanical or sand filters.

These filters differ from the other systems by their high rate of filtration, and the pre-treatment of the water by chemical coagulants. In this type of purification system there are two essential parts, the sedimentation and coagulation basin, and the filter units.

Chemicals are used to form an insoluble substance which aids perfection in two ways.—It collects the suspended solids, and removes them from the water by setting in the basin, or it forms a coating over the and filter beds.

The chemicals which are used to the greatest extent in this process are Aluminum or ferrous sulphate, and lime. These chemicals are fed either in a dry state or as a solution. Since the chemical properties of different waters vary greatly, no definite ratio of treatment applies to all waters. Definite treatment, however, is very essential for the production of filter efficiency.

The proper amount of the chemical to be applied can be determined in two ways. The first is known as the "jar treatment." Small jars are filled with untreated water and placed in the sunlight. Various quantities of the chemicals are then applied, and the nature of the resulting floc formation in the jars is noted. By careful observation the amount of chemical which will give the best results can be determined.

The second method is the observation of the floc in the water flows to the filters.

If the water contains very finely suspended matter, improper coagulation is indicated, and if the floc appears to be suspended in clear water, the filtration process is working fairly well.

Another essential feature of good filtration is that the equipment for feeding the chemicals must be kept in perfect working order, this can only be done by frequently checking up the apparatus, to see that each part is functioning properly. Filert alum and other coagulants contain a great deal of insoluble material, and this often collects and forms sludge on various parts of the machinery, and this interferes with the accurate feeding of the chemicals.

The sedimentation basins permit the removal of suspended material before it reaches the filter units. This greatly lightens the load on the filter units, and also enables the operator to clean, or effect other improvements, to the filters more easily. When the sedimentation basins are cleaned they should be carefully inspected, and any leaks in the tanks or chemical lines carefully noted. Oftentimes leaks have been found in the chemical lines which permitted the solution to enter the basin in excessive quantities, thus reducing the effectiveness of the filtration.

The most important part of the filter is the sand bed. It is in this part of the system that the most baffling problem of filtration is encountered namely, the mud ball formation. These formations are solid areas of mud originating in small patches, and if not carefully looked after growing to large proportions, and sometimes covering the whole bed of the filter. To offset these growths the filters should be drained at regular intervals and inspected. Where patches of mud balls are noted on the surface of the bed, they should be removed by hand-scraping, and if the mud balls have penetrated into the sand bed, it is oftentimes necessary to back wash the unit several times, and to scrape after each washing. In the most extreme cases the entire bed must be removed, and the units resanded.

The mud ball deposits are dense, and are almost entirely impervious to water. For this reason, little or no water passes thru them, so that in order to maintain the desired rate thru

a given area, excessive rates must be maintained in the portion of the bed free from these accumulations. These functions are also the home of bacterial pollution, and impart a disagreeable taste to the filtered water.

The greatest care of poor filter results is what is known as "air binding." The amount of gas dissolved in a liquid depends to a great extent on the temperature of the liquid, and the pressure on the gas and water. When cold water enters a filtration system, and passes through the filter, and the gas escapes into the sand bed. Since the water is flowing through the bed, the released gas does not rise unless the volume becomes very great, thus permitting the gas to pass upward through the filter medium. Trapping the gas in the filter medium causes a marked reduction in the rate of filtration, and in some cases completely stops the flow of water through the filter. When aid bound filters are encountered, the gas rises upward due to its buoyancy, and in this way it perforates the bed. If the unit is used again without washing, poor filtration is bound to be the result since the filter bed is filled with small holes. This trouble can be overcome to a great extent, however, by frequent back washing of the units.

Air binding is more frequently met with in the winter than in the summer. When found in the summer it is usually traceable to prolific algae growths which give off oxygen.

Sometimes holes and channels are caused in the sand bed, by the too rapid opening of the valves which govern the water supply. If the efficient valves are not opened with the greatest of care, the filter efficiency is injured, and also in many cases, the sand is drawn into the underdrainage system. In the larger and more up-to-date plants, the hydraulic valves are used to control the valve operating mechanisms.

Sight controls are now being used to determine how the individual filter units are acting. These controls are for the sole purpose of indicating the relative filter efficiency, as shown by the clearness of the filtered water. Since glass in time is affected by the action of water, these glass tubes have to be replaced quite often in order that the observed conditions, of the water may not be misleading.

The Acadia Athenaeum

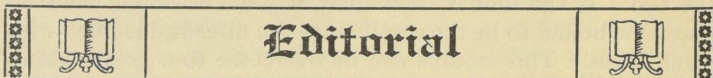
Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., February, 1928

No. 4

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Subscription \$2.00 per annum. Advertising rates given on application. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to the Business Manager, Box 308, Wolfville, N. S.



The *Athenaeum* has been a fixture of this university for a good many years. It has been a part of our college life, a thing taken for granted, during all of our college career, and for many terms before that.

We were a bit surprised, then, to receive a request from the Class of '30 that some member of the *Athenaeum* staff should attend one of their class meetings and explain to them the award system in use by this magazine. It must be confessed, however, that most students have no means of knowing just what an "award" signifies, and, since the matter has been called to our attention, we hasten to explain.

The object of competition in this paper is, abstractly, to develop literary skill among the students, and, concretely, the awarding of Literary "A's". Competition is open to all registered students of the university, except graduates.

"Units" are simply points won. To win a Literary "A," we

students must gain a total of twenty-three units, or points, awarded for work published in the magazine. Not less than five, and not more than ten, of these units must be "general"—that is, they must be won in the "general" departments of Athletics, Exchanges, Month, Personals, or Jokes. The remainder must be made up of "literary" units, won on contributions to the literary departments.

The scope of the paper is fairly wide, and includes practically all types of work. Poetry, short-stories, one-act plays, articles, either literary or scientific and humorous sketches all have their place, with two awards each. To make room for any other work which students might wish to do, the staff of 1926-27 added an "unclassified" department. This department is intended for such things as semi-humorous sketches, light articles, eccentric verse, "prose-poems," and so forth.

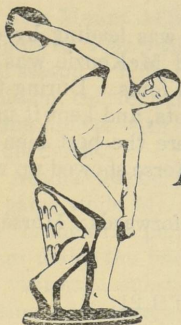
Two awards are given for everything except humor and one act plays. First award is two units, second is one, or in the case of very close competition, three awards of one unit each are given. One-act plays and humor are given only one award of two units, although it may be split up in the same manner. The editor may also give a "special award" of one unit to work of particular merit which is not quite good enough to take first or second place. This "special award" may be given in only one department in any one month.

Each month, some particular department is "featured"—that is, three awards are given on a three-two-one unit basis. This gives each one a chance to "clean up big" in his or her favorite line.

It is the Literary Editor's job to read the contributions and make the awards, but close decisions are always referred to the head of the English Department. This system has the special virtue of saving the poor editor from the snarls of defeated contributors—he can always blame it on the English Prof.

That is about all. Every student has a right to contribute, and may rest assured that his work will be given a fair chance. To new contributors, let us give a word of advice.

Do not despair if your first contribution fails to get an award. This does not mean that you have made a fool of yourself by attempting to contribute, but simply that your work happened to be out-classed *in this particular issue*. Better luck next time.



ATHLETICS

The winter sports have now begun in earnest, and many good games of Hockey and Basketball have already been witnessed by large crowds of Acadia fans who, as usual, are right on the job encouraging the boys to do their best at all times.

During the last month the Hockey team has journeyed to Maine, where games with Colby, Bowdoin and Bates were played. The boys returned to their Alma Mater full of praises for the good sportsmanship of the Americans, and for the hospitality which they received while in the States.

Basketball is also well under way, and with Prof. Osborne's efficient coaching, the boys expect to develop a team which will go far towards the winning of the Maritime title. Last year, the Acadia Basketball team was the N. S. champion team, but failed to beat the St. John Trojans in the play-off for the Maritime honors. This year the team is much the same with the exception of Raymond who is being replaced by Wilson, Capt. of the 1927 football team. The games so far this year have been of the best; and have lately shown a combination and an accurate shooting quintette, which will be very hard to beat.

ACADIA 28—HALIFAX Y 38.

After two practices the boys journeyed to Halifax, and played the Y. The game was fairly lost, but during the first

period it was closely contested. Acadia was leading by one point at half time. In the second period McKenzie was replaced by Fetterly on account of personal fouls. During this period the Y acquired the lead on long shots, and kept it until the end of the game. Hill and Peers were the best men on the opposing team, while Matthews and Morse showed up well for Acadia.

Acadia:—Matthews 14; Goudey, 3, forwards; Morse 7, centre; Baker, 2, McKenzie, 2 guards.

ACADIA 48—YARMOUTH 21.

On their second trip away the Acadia team began to show some real form, and in a fast game they decisively trimmed Yarmouth. Matthews was the best man on the floor, and led the scoring for both teams. The game was featured by much individual playing, and at times the play was quite rough. In the second period Baker replaced Titus as guard. Horton was the pick of the Yarmouth team.

Line up:—

Acadia. Forwards, Matthews, 21, Goudy 9; centre, Wilson; guards, McKenzie, 6, Titus, 1; subs. Morse, Jones and Arthurs.

MOUNT ALLISON 46—ACADIA 33.

This game with our old rivals, the first played with Mount A. in any sport for two years, attracted the biggest crowd to witness a game in the Memorial Gymnasium for years. The Rink Band, a new feature, provided entertainment before the game and between periods.

Except for a few minutes at the opening of each period Acadia was outclassed throughout. Both teams were in early season form, but the Blue and Garnet squad showed especially poor condition and team work. Dougan showed some brilliant stuff at times, but only at times. On the whole, the marvellous floor work and shooting of last year's champion team were missing.

The Mount Allison team, the only quintette to defeat the Trojans for four years, is practically intact and seems in for a good season. Wilson on defense was the best man on the floor. Jamieson, centre, and Lister, deadly shooting forward, divided scoring honors with 15 points each and were too much for the Acadia defense.

Acadia leaped to a six point lead in the early stages of the game while Mt. A. was slow in finding the basket. Half way through the period, Jamieson materialized on some nifty passes under the basket, and a few long shots by Lister gave the visitors a substantial lead. The N. S. champions were missing by inches, and seemed unable to get properly working. The period ended with Mt. A. leading 27-15.

Acadia began with a spurt in the second period and filled the Blue and Garnet fans with hope by cutting the Mt. A. lead to six points. The Garnet and Gold began to control the play at this point, and despite the loss of Jamieson for fouling, worked up a 13 point lead by the end of the period, several sensational shots by Lister from way out featuring their attack. Ted Coffee refereed satisfactorily.

The line-up:

Mount Allison: centre, Jamieson 15; forwards, Lister 15, Malcolm 8; defense, Wilson 6, Rice; sub. Thomas.

Acadia: centre, Dougan 14; forwards, Matthews 12, MacOdrum 1; defense, Baker, MacKenzie 1; subs, Goudey 4, Morse 1, Fetterley.

ACADIA 46—N. S. TECH 23

Showing a complete reversal of form, the Acadia Basketball team doubled the score on N. S. Tech. The game was fast, and was featured by the accurate shooting and passing of Matthews and Dougan. Wilson at centre also turned in a good game. In the first period Acadia took the lead and were able to keep it throughout the game. The Tech play centred around Brown, and Raymond (former star for Acadia championship team), and they did most of the shooting for Tech.

Line up:

Acadia:—Defence, McKenzie 2, Baker; forwards, Dougan 24, Matthews 18; centre, Wilson 2.

Tech:—Defence, McKenzie 2, Lane 1; forwards Raymond 11, Brown 8; centre, Hume.

ACADIA 41—TROJANS 48

The game with the Trojans in the home gym was full of excitement from the first minute of play. Over four hundred spectators witnessed the game, and they were continually on their feet watching the closeness of the play.

Beef Malcolm was the outstanding man on the floor, doing his usual fast and accurate passing and shooting. The game see-sawed back and forth continually, and at no time did either team seem to have a decided advantage. The first period ended 21-20 for Acadia. In the second period, Titus at centre was replaced by Morse on account of personal fouls. Morse turned in a beautiful game, and his accurate shooting on penalty shots was brilliant.

During the last five minutes of play the Trojans were playing one man short on account of personal fouls. They played an entirely defensive game at this time, but "Beef" managed to elude the Acadia guard, and scored three baskets on long shots.

Line up:

Acadia—centre, Wilson, 6; forwards, Matthews 11, Dougan 10; defence McKenzie, Titus; subs, Baker 2, Fetterly, Morse 12.

Trojans:—centre, Malcolm 22; forwards, Plumpton 10, Wilson 4; defence, Hollies 5, Brown 2; subs, Humphrey 5.

ACADIA CO-EDS 47—HALIFAX Y 12.

The Acadia girls trimmed the Halifax Y decisively in their first game of the season. The game was fast from the very start, and was featured by the accurate shooting and good

floor work of E. Ingraham, who was playing her first game of intercollegiate basket ball.

Miss Ingraham was the highest scorer netting 22 points.

The outstanding players for the "Y" were L. Juden and E. Moore.

Line up:

Acadia:—F. Parlee 14; E. Ingraham 22; K. McLean; E. Corey; M. Duffy; A. Fitch; Subs V. McLean 9; E. Bradshaw.

HOCKEY

WOLFVILLE 0—ACADIA 1.

The first game of the hockey season resulted in a 1-0 win for the team over the Wolfville town line-up. It was the second game played in the new University Arena, and the magic of the rink as well as the interest of the game attracted a goodly crowd of fans.

The game was played on sticky ice, and the play was slow and ragged throughout, both teams being in early season form. One of few bright spots came when "Ducky" MacLean lifted in the rebound of Johnson's shot after a heady rush in the middle of the second period for the only score of the game.

Features of the game were rushes by Regan and Vaughan, opposing defence men. Johnny Johnson and Thompson also turned in good games.

The line-up:

Acadia:Goal, MacKenna; defence, MacLean, Lusby; centre, J. Johnson; forwards, Williams, Johnson; subs. Hilchie, Regan, Hibbett, Payzant.

Wolfville:—Goal, Munroe; defence, Woodman, Vaughan; centre, Prescott; forwards, King, Thompson; subs, Wallace, Bishop, Mahoney.

ACADIA 6—KINGS 3.

Acadia trimmed Kings in the next game in the first contest with our old rivals in any sport for two years. The play was fast from start to finish, and the Acadia boys by no means had a marked superiority in play, the Kings men leading until

the middle of the second period, which ended 3-2 in our favor. In the third period, which suffered at times on account of ragged play, Acadia put in 3 counters to King's one.

Although the play was marred somewhat by too much individual work, the game was fast and clean. Both defences were in fine form in both checking and rushing, Zwicker and Andrew being especially strong for the visitors. MacLean and Montgomery defended the Blue and Garnet citadel effectively, and Bishop in the nets made several sensational stops after the visitors had punctured the defence.

ACADIA 5—DALHOUSIE 0.

The third game of the season was witnessed by a large crowd of Hockey fans. The game was rough from start to finish, with the Acadia team showing great offensive work, and good combination. The first period opened fast, and after about eleven minutes of play J. Johnson slipped the puck pass the goalie for the first score. In the second period J. Williams scored on a pass from R. Johnson, and shortly afterward McLean went through the visitors defence for an end to end rush which resulted in the third score for Acadia.

In the last period Bud Johnson beat the goalie from a scrimmage in front of the net. Shortly after J. Johnson placed goal number 5 in the nets for Acadia, making the final score 5-0.

For the visitors Eaton and Wickwire were the outstanding men, while Montgomery and G. Johnson were the stars for Acadia.

Line up :

Acadia—McKenna, g.; Montgomery, McLean, d.; R. Johnson, G. Johnson, Williams, f., Hibbert, Payzont and Lusby subs.

ACADIA 1—WANDERERS 5.

Wanderers defeated Acadia in the new rink, after a hard fought game.

In the opening minutes of play R. Johnson scored on a pass from G. Johnson but after this the Acadia team was unable to beat the Halifax goalie.

Smith made the first goal for Wanderers, and at end of first period the score was 1-1. In second period the Wanderers won their game with two goals by Buckley, and one by McGlashen. In the final period Buckley netted the last score of the game from a face off at centre. The team work, and fast skating of the Wanderers outshone that of the Acadia team. Buckley was the star for the visitors, while Williams and J. Johnson did the best work for Acadia.

Line up:

Acadia:—Goal, McKenna; Defence, McLean, Montgomery; Forwards, R. Johnson, J. Johnson, Williams; subs. Hibbett, Payzant, Lusby.

Wanderers:—Goal, Gray; Defence, McLeod, Taylor; Forwards, Buckley, Smith, Mac Glasghen, O'Connell.

ACADIA 2—COLBY 2.

This was Acadia's first game in Maine, and at first the boys found it a little hard to accustom themselves to the open air rink. The game was slow on account of the weather conditions, as there was a steady snow fall throughout the whole period of the game, and several times the game had to be held up in order to find the puck. The playing was featured by long shots by the Acadia players, and very little combination work.

R. Johnson and J. Johnson did the scoring for Acadia, while the effective work of the Acadia defence saved many goals.

Line up. Acadia:—McKenna, goal; McLean, Montgomery, defence; R. Johnson, J. Johnson and Williams, forwards; Hibbett, Payzant and Lusby, subs.

ACADIA 1—BOWDOIN 4.

During the early stages of this game McKenna in goal received a bad cut over the eye, but after getting it fixed up he continued to play the whole game.

In this game the play was much faster than in the previous

one, and although Acadia was able to outskate the Americans they did not seem to be able to score. Many individual rushes on the part of the Acadia players failed to penetrate the Bowdoin defence, but towards the latter part of the game J. Johnson made an end to end rush, and beat the goalie for Acadia's only score.

Line up: Acadia:—McKenna, goal; McLean, Montgomery, defence; R. Johnson, J. Johnson and Williams, forwards; Hibbett, Payzant and Lusby, subs.

ACADIA 2—BATES 2.

This was without doubt the best game of the series of three played in Maine. In the first period Cogan for Bates made the first goal. Shortly after the beginning of the second period Hibbett for Acadia evened the score from a mix up in front of the nets. A few minutes later he again beat the Bates goalie, and put Acadia one ahead. In the third period Cogan for Bates again scored, and although a ten minute overtime period was played, neither side was again able to score.

Hibbett and both the Johnsons were the outstanding men for Acadia.

Line up:

Acadia:—McKenna, goal; Montgomery and McLean, defence; R. Johnson, G. Johnson and Williams, forwards; Hibbett, Payzant and Lusby subs.

Bates:—Violette, goal; Foster, Pooler, defence; White, Cogan, Secor, forwards.



THE MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG

This magazine is one of the most satisfying of our exchanges as far as style goes. It has the finish of a real magazine that does not proclaim amateurishness that is common with the college edition. Its illustrations and articles show an unusual degree of care and preparation but without a painful and obvious effort. The insert picture design on the cover is a clever design and one that does away with monotony. We like the novelty of their "Faculty Sketches" and might advocate an imitation of it by our own paper. We wonder how they manage to make their magazine a success without the joke department. The clever little sketches in the Alumni column seem to be the only attempt at humor.

TECH FLASH

The *Flash* exhales its usual breezy air of mirth intermixed with an occasional article of worth. We enjoy its large amount of jokes and other witticisms but we wouldn't want it for a steady diet. Any how we feel that the *Flash* can never be taken quite seriously as a magazine until it makes an effort to acquire a real magazine form.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

The *Gazette* is one, almost the only one, of our exchanges

which comes on time and regularly. We particularly commend the "Letters to the Editor" column in which students may discuss and criticize problems in their college life. The current happening of the campus are put first in place and prominence and show excellent journalistic technique. The *Gazette* is a first class paper in its every branch, but would we trade our monthly edition for it?

THE XAVERIAN WEEKLY

This is another weekly college paper, much on the same lines as the *Gazette* but not yet up to its standard. The fiction element is lacking almost totally. We should hate to have to form from this our estimate of the literary abilities of the students of St. Francis Xavier. There is also no serious attempt at poetry in its columns.

THE SHEAF

In the February 9 edition of this paper we are pleased to see the picture of a member of our own Senior class. In the same issue there is a humorous article entitled *Shakespeare in Heaven* which is clever, but not too true, we hope. Athletics have a very important place in this paper and we find some excellent editorials. The *Sheaf* is a very wide-awake paper and one greatly enjoyed by the readers of our Exchange shelf.

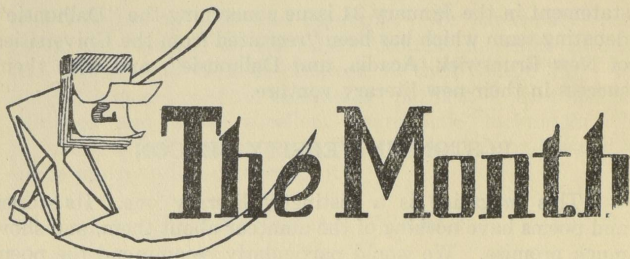
THE UBYSSEY

The Ubyyssey has proved itself one of the most progressive of our college papers. A four-page literary supplement has been added to the semi-weekly edition, made possible by the number of contributions from the student-body. We watch it with interest and anticipate some good material from its pages. Much of its material is in the form of reviews and criticisms but we find an occasional poem. The "Tabloid" page of this paper is original and clever; when we read it, unlike the English queen, we are amused. We will overlook the

statement in the January 31 issue concerning the "Dalhousie" debating team which has been "recruited from the Universities of New Brunswick, Acadia, and Dalhousie", and wish them success in their new literary venture.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY BEACON

This magazine is a distinctly literary one. Its stories and poems have nothing of the amateur about them, and show much promise. We would particularly recommend the poem *Dawn Magic* in the December issue. It gives a specific picture of the dawn, "a sudden flame is flung across the East". The books reviews which are found in the *Beacon* are a step we have not yet reached yet one which is worthy of admiration.



HARRY D. NEWCOMBE

Baritone.

A very enjoyable vocal recital was given by Harry D. Newcombe, in University Hall, on Thursday, February 2nd, 1928.

The following was the programme presented:

I

Recitative and Aria

Vision fugitive (from Herodiade)

Massenet.

II

Don Juan's Serenade

The Urn

Woo Thou thy Snowflake (from Ivanhoe)

Tschaikowsky

Marsh

Sullivan

III

The Pauper's Drive

Tributes

The Green-Eyed Dragon

Homer

Fisher

Charles

IV

Ballata: Adamastor re delle acque profonde
(from 'Africana)

Meyerkeer

V

The Great Adventure	Fletcher
The Restless Sea	Hamplen
The Wandering Jew	Morris

VI

Captain Straton's Fancy	Taylor
The Sleigh	Kountz
Why do the Nations (Messiah)	Handel

S. C. A.

The officers for the second term of this year and the first term of next year in the girls' unit of S. C. A. are as follows:—

President—Mary Chase.

Vice-President—Nancy Bowden.

Secretary-Treasurer—Marguerite Baird.

THE SENIOR CLASS

The life officers of the Senior Class are as follows:—

President—Ted Taylor.

Vice-President—Fran Parlee.

Secretary—Jean Wyse.

Treasurer—A. R. Marr.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

The following were elected as the officers for the second term of this year:

President—Bert MacLeod.

Vice-President—Winifred Mills.

Secretary—Olive MacKay.

Treasurer—Hinson Jones.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

The class officers of the Sophomore Class for the second term of this year were chosen at their first meeting of this term. They are as follows:—

President—Bill Davis.
Vice-President—Ruth Hilton.
Secretary—Constance MacArthur.
Vice-President—Ruth Hilton.
Secretary—Constance MacArthur.
Treasurer—John Scott.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY PARTY

The picture "Les Miserables" was presented in the Orpheum Theatre on Friday and Saturday the 27th and 28th of January, under the auspices of the S. C. A.

On Saturday evening the Dramatic Society held a party, attending "Les Miserables," and afterwards going to The Palms for refreshments.

S.C.A.

At the midweek meeting of the S. C. A. held in University Hall on Wednesday, January 28, 1928, Addie Snowdon and Margaret Gallagher gave reports of their work at the Conference which was held in Detroit during the Christmas holidays.

JUNIOR SENIOR CARNIVAL

The official opening of the rink was staged on Monday, January 23, when the Junior and Senior Classes co-operated to put on a carnival.

A number of prizes were given for the costumes, both the best and the worst.

The girls' prize was given to Connie Barteaux. Hinson Jones and John Peck—as the Gold Dust Twins, got the first prize among the boys. A special prize was given to Jim Wilson for his pirate costume.

Many interesting stunts were staged. Vincent White won the candle race; Queenie MacLean and "Cece" Bradshaw won the three-legged race; Bill Payzant won the barrel race.

During the evening the various professors were "taken off". Prizes were given for the best demonstration.

First prize—Marjorie Bell who "took off" Mrs. Ingraham.

Second prize—Mr. Ross who "took off" Dr. Patterson.

Toward the close of the evening lunch was served at Evangeline Inn. Several speeches were made here by Archie Black, Dr. DeWitt, Gordon Ross, George Chambers, Archie Dodd.

The chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. DeWitt, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne.

SOPHOMORE CLASS PARTY

The Sophomore Class held a sleigh-drive on Saturday, 21st, January, to the Cornwallis Inn, Kentville, where they had supper. The evening was spent in skating or the movies.

The chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. Hancock.

PROPYLAEUM

The following are the officers for the second term of this year in Propylaeum.

President—Olive Clements.

Vice-President—Eileen MacKay.

Secretary—Helen Shaffner.

Treasurer—Mary Roscoe.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The regular meeting of the Classical Society was held at Mr. Havelock's home on Wednesday, January 25th.

A very interesting paper was read by Ted Taylor on "Socrates." During the evening Mrs. Havelock served refreshments.

On February 15th, the Classical Society met at Dr. Thompson's home. Olive MacKay read a paper on "How Tacitus treats of the Customs of the Jews." At the close of the evening, Mrs. Thompson served a delightful lunch.

MR. RUSHBROOK

On Wednesday, January 18th, 1928, Mr. Rushbrook gave a lecture in University Hall.

Mr. Rushbrook is the Commissioner of the Baptists for Europe, the Secretary for the Eastern Hemisphere of World Alliance. He brought greetings from the Baptists of Europe. He spoke of the growth of the Baptist Church in Europe.

On Thursday, February 2nd, 1928, the try out for the Girls' Intercollegiate Debating Team was held.

The girls taking part were Marion Harlow, Jean Wyse, Elizabeth Corey, Virginia McLean, Jean Miller, and Hilda Johnston.

Those chosen were Elizabeth Corey, Virginia MacLean and Hilda Johnston.

ART LECTURES

A series of interesting and instructive lectures have been given this month by Mr. Stewart Dick of London, England, on various phases of Art.

The following is the course of lectures—

Monday, February 6th.

Early Flemish Paintings—Van Eyck and followers.

Monday, February 13th.

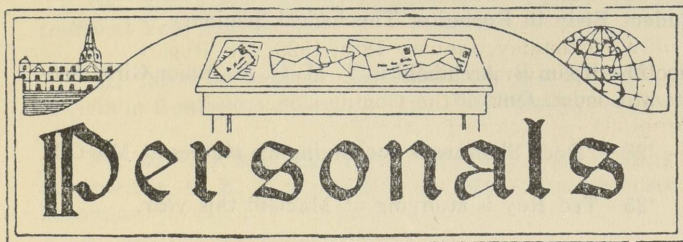
Later Flemish Paintings—Rukens and Van Dyck.

Monday, February 20th.

The Dutch School of the 17th Century.

Monday, February 27th.

Rembrandt.



'67—Congratulations to Dr. J. W. Manning on the celebration of his eighty-sixth birthday anniversary.

'75—The Athenaeum extends sympathy to the relatives of W. G. Parsons who recently passed away.

'90—Frederick Joseph Bradshaw was one of the six missionaries who chose to remain in Western China after all the foreigners were advised to flee for safety.

'00—Rev. J. A. Glendenning, missionary to India, is enjoying a well-earned furlough with his family in Wolfville.

'16—Hettie Chute is taking post graduate work in Biology at Columbia.

'21—Professor R. J. Jeffrey of Acadia University is on leave of absence for one year. He is at Cornell University taking further graduate studies in the Department of Mathematics.

'23—Mary M. Patriquin, a graduate of the Prince School of Education, Boston, is now Educational Director in the Department store of Callendor, MacAuslin and Troop, Providence, R. I.

'23—Alma Grace Slocomb is taking post graduate studies this year at Acadia.

'24—Curry M. Spidle has been elected President of the Student Body in Rochester Theological Seminary.

'24—Helen B. Archibald is Y. M. C. A. Junior Girls' Secretary, London, Ontario.

'25—"Doc" Shaffner is continuing his studies at MacGill.

'25—Ted Roy is studying at MacGill this year.

A. L. S. '25—Eileen Shankel is assistant dietitian at the City Hospital, Providence, R. I.

'26—Gerald W. Guiou has accepted a call to the Baptist Church, Middleton, N. S.

'26—Aubrey W. Landers is continuing his studies at Brown University, where he holds an assistantship in Mathematics.

'27—Meredith White has a position in the Harvard Library, Cambridge, Mass.

'27—Henry Hill was ordained in September last, and is pastor at Tancook, N. S.

Ex. '27—Lydia Miller is teaching Spanish at Ottawa Ladies' College.

Eng. '27—Bliss Berry is continuing his studies at Mt. Allison University.

Eng. '28—Ed. Creelman is continuing his studies at Acadia University.

Ex. '29—Sadie Hogan is at her home in Amherst, N. S.

Ex. '29—Dorothy Waterman has a position as governess in West Newton, Mass.

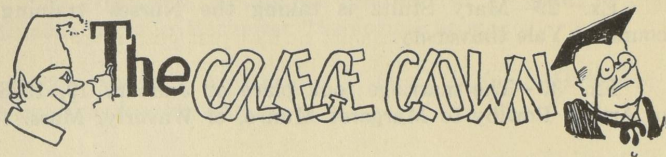
Ex. '29—Mary Stultz is taking the Nurses' training course at Yale University.

Ex. '30—The marriage took place on January 19, 1928 of Arthur Bowlby to Margaret Munro, of Waverly, Mass.

Ex. '30—Mr. and Mrs. H. M. MacGibbon are residing in Summerside, P. E. I., where Mr. MacGibbon has accepted a pastorate.

Prof. H. G. Perry is at present doing research work at Harvard University in preparation for the opening of the New Biological Building that is now being erected on the campus.

Prof. Ernest Howald has been appointed to the staff of Thiel College, Greeville, P. A., U. S. A.



Speaking of room-mates in Middle Section.

If Keirstead is Bent on making Dougan Cross, he can Black Weagle or Smith, Brown McFarland, Marr Crandall, Chip Dickison and even go so far as to Chute (shoot) Longley; and Guy Henson in such a way that Mersereau will sing a Carol to the Fenwick Bros. that will make Hibbett Chili.

Steeves '29: Where is Cleve going?

Chestnutt '29: Oh just out to the trap lines again.

Gunter '28: Did you ever hear the song the Greeks first sang?

Matthews '29: No, what is it?

Gunter: "Oh, How I Myth You To-night."

Ted '28 (proposing): I've saved enough money to live at rate of \$1000 a year.

Irene '28: Oh, how nice.

Ted '28 (finishing the sentence): Yes, for about three months.

Black '28: I've forgotten more than you ever knew.

Smith '28: I thought some such misfortune as that must have happened to you.

Bent '28: (reading a scientific journal): Noah made the arc-light on Mount Ararat.

Duckie '29: I see you have your golf socks on to-day.

Baker '29: What do you mean, golf socks?

Duckie '29: Well they have 18 holes in them, haven't hey?

Black Eng. '28: McFarland is an optimist.

Marr '28: What makes you think that?

Black: He looked at a shirt he had just gotten from the laundry and said, "Oh; well, we needed new lace curtains for the room, anyway."

Frieda '28: I'm a woman of few words.

Wilson '29: Yes, but you keep them busy all the time.

Elliot '28: Do you know how to make a peach cordial?

Hault Eng. 28: Sure! send her candy.

Mary '28: When I get married I'm going to marry a minister, and then it won't cost anything for a wedding fee.

Grace '28: I'm going to marry a lawyer, and then it won't cost anything for a divorce.

Min '28: (in store down town): I'd like to see a jumper my size.

Store clerk—So would I.

1st Senior girl: Somebody told me today that I was good looking.

2nd Ditto: When was that?

1st Dumbell: To-day.

2nd Ditto: No, when was it that you were good looking.

Chambers '29: Why are these d--n beds so short?

Jones '29: They wouldn't be, if you weren't so long in them.

Lady friend of Hibbets' on S S Empress—where's the pilot?

Monty '31: He's forward, lady.

Lady: Oh, that's all right, I like him that way.

Bill '30: How is it that you are always out when I call?

Mil '31: Just luck, I guess.

Davidson Eng. '28: Let's go somewhere where we can talk.

Kay '31: Sure, I haven't seen a movie for weeks.

Singing instructor (at tryouts for "Mikado"): You have some very good bass notes.

Marr '28: What do you think I will become?

S Instructor: An auctioneer.

Scotch '29 (in an argument): Whatever I say goes.

Nellie '28: Then talk to yourself for awhile.

Dot '31 (indignantly): I'd like to see you kiss me again!

Our Travis: Alright, keep your eyes open this time.

White '29: (reading paper): I see here that men grow bald on account of intense activity of their brains.

Atkinson '30: Yes, and women don't grow beards on account of activity of their chins.

Hault, Eng. '28: Bert has an open mind.

Hubley '30: Yes, but he wants to look out, or his brains will escape.

Some love to go to the movies; others go to the movies to love.

Prof. Balcom: Now what is it that makes a Paris gown so expensive?

Paul '28: The scarcity of it, sir.

Fond Uncle: What are you doing in college, Travis?

Squank '30: I'm a half back.

F. U.: No, no, I mean in studies.

"The Pride of the Maritimes": Oh, in studies I'm away back.

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