

THE CLASS OF '90.

ANOTHER class has seized the parchment and marched out from Acadia's halls. Nineteen new-fledged bachelors have set out to make their way in the world, and are now beyond the fostering influences of their *Alma Mater*. Though her direct influences are extended over them no more, the lessons she has taught them during the years of their adoption will, we feel assured, not soon be erased from their minds. Already they have given tangible proof of their loyalty to her, and we trust that as the years roll on and their influence increases, the pulse of the class may ever throb in gratitude to Acadia.

It is hard for those who are left behind to realize that the nineteen are gone; but day by day as we come and go on our accustomed rounds we behold not their forms nor hear their familiar voices. Needless to say we miss you, '90. From our first acquaintance we have looked to you for counsel and example. Our associations we will long remember, but we will not permit the light of friendship to soften the picture as we expose the negatives in alphabetical order.

BYRON H. BENTLEY

began College life in H. C. A., from which he matriculated in '86. While at the Academy Byron obtained good standing, which he maintained throughout his entire course. "By" was a musical man, and early began to take private lessons in the village to render himself more proficient in the art. Having more than ordinary taste in that line, and an exceedingly persevering turn of mind, he probably derived more lasting benefits from this training than any of his classmates under similar circumstances. For two years Byron played a splendid game of foot-ball, when his musical studies made it necessary for him to retire. Upon the base-ball field he was considered one of the best. As business manager of this paper during his Junior year, he received just praise for the satisfactory manner in which he transacted its business. For the past summer Bentley has been in charge of the Baptist Church at Greenville, N. S. He is now attending Newton Theological Seminary, where we believe he intends taking a full course.

FREDERICK J. BRADSHAW

matriculated from Horton Academy with the class of '89. At the end of his Sophomore year he withdrew to the east, where he did valient service as a mis-

sionary and gained some valuable experience in connection with his chosen avocation. Bradshaw was a diligent student, and made a good showing in his class. As an athlete he did not excel, yet those who once met him on the football field instinctively kept out of the way when "Brad" was seen to charge. The campus seemed to inspire him with vigor, for he often donned his time-honored jersey during study hours, when difficult mathematical problems were to be solved or philosophical theories exploded; and when his efforts were crowned with success he would frequently warble a familiar tune to celebrate his triumph. Bradshaw is now pursuing a course in theology at Newton, where he still wears the "white and blue" and illuminates the dining-room with his brilliant jokes.

HARRY W. BROWN

is the only representative of Wolfville proper in the class, and as such he brings no discredit to his town. From the Academy to the end of his Junior year he was a member of the class of '88. At this time he took a B license with a good average, though he never assumed the chalk-brush. During part of the two years that intervened between his departure from '88 and his union with the immortals of '90 he was in the employ of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Canning. "Hal" was quick and clever, and used to be a champion cricketer in the days of the willow and wickets. Altogether we give him full credentials as he goes to test the value of Acadia's training at Dalhousie law school.

WALTER W. CHIPMAN

matriculated in '85, but an attack of pneumonia lengthened his stay here by a year. A "heavy man" on the foot-ball field, he was also of a distinctly literary turn of mind, with a liability to write poetry. His prose was graceful and nervous, and though his metrical compositions were somewhat abstruse, they were unquestionably poems. In his Junior year he carried off the monthly essay prize offered by the graduates of '88 to the two middle classes. Chipman was quite self-contained, and did not mix much with the boys. He indulged in solitary walks, and once had a serious falling out with a big bicycle that he used to get atop of. He was an out-and-out Acadia man and thoroughly believed in his College. He twice was on the editorial staff of this paper, and presided for a term over the Athenæum Society. Chipman is now studying medicine at the University of Edinburgh.