

quite prominently in connection with the opening of the Sierra Madre College, where he responded to a toast in honour of Acadia. We sincerely wish the bland and generous "Bert" every success in his new field of labor.

One of the welcome sights that greeted us on our return to Acadia was the trim figure and beaming countenance of Frank R. Haley, who has been added to the staff of teachers in Horton Academy. Frank's good conduct and scholarship entitles him to this position, and he evidently enjoys his work, especially as twenty fair damsels adorn his class room daily. Arithmetic and Algebra, are of themselves attractive studies, but when it comes to unfolding their intricacies to a demure, but fun loving class they become invested with double interest. Frank R.'s intentions for the future are not yet accurately known. Both the teaching and medical professions have claimed him, but at the present time the preference is apparently given to the latter. If this be so, he will doubtless be inspired by the cheering prospect that "he will kill a great many before he can cure any."

Word has reached us that B. A. Lockhart is ill. He was a hard student and we fear, allowed his ambition to rule his judgement. He spent the summer at his home in Lockhartville, but on the advice of his physicians, has gone on a sea voyage from which we hope he will return completely restored to health. His quiet, unobtrusive manners and philosophical views, of life, are still remembered with pleasure by his old chums.

Middleton has enjoyed the services of the only minister in the class—E. H. Sweet, who employed his well known oratorical powers, during vacation, in pointing misguided humanity to a higher destiny. In his day, Sweet bore the delightful distinction of being the only Rev. in College, and it was usually refreshing to witness the interest with which the rest of the brethren listened to him describe the performance of a marriage ceremony, and the intense satisfaction of receiving a five dollar bill as fees. Chipman Hall is lonely without this amiable youth, whose laugh was wont to wake the echoes from cellar to garret. Sweet's laugh was a wonderfully complicated vocal process. It was not musical, but deep, hearty and soulful. It is said that he intends betaking himself to Toronto in a few months, to enter upon a course in Theology, where we trust he will be duly impressed with the iniquity of "preaching three times on Sunday and teaching a Bible Class." Enoch has literary and musical abilities of no mean order, and with all, he is said to be engaged. We throw out this hint for the benefit of scheming mammas encumbered with unmarried daughters, who might naturally have "evil designs" on this rising young ecclesiastic.

And now comes Kelly—the thoughtful level-headed, conscientious Kelly, calm and self-possessed in conversation, clear and logical in debate, trenchant and forcible in composition—a model student, a delightful companion, a faithful friend. He was

for two years on the editorial staff of the Athenæum, and even as we write his spirit seems to hover around us to whisper words of counsel and encouragement. He is at present in Collina N. B. but expects to teach very soon. Journalism however, is his ambition, and if his health be spared, we need not be surprised to find him in the years to come, moulding public opinion with a vigorous and facile pen.

The class of '84 has had the honor of having, as one of its members, the first lady graduate of Acadia College—Miss Clara B. Marshall. After her graduation Miss M. was appointed to a position on the teaching staff of the ladies' Seminary, but owing to ill health has been obliged to retire. She is now at her home in Middleton, where we trust that bracing air and autumnal fruit will so far restore her health that she will soon be able to return to her duties in the "Sem."

Although it is possible, with some certainty to predict the future career of a young man who secures the coveted distinction of A. B., not only because his aims and aspirations are more or less freely canvassed during his College course, but because his language, reading and course of thought betray him; yet it is not always a safe exercise of the prophetic office to attempt to forecast the future of a lady graduate. The horoscope of her life not unfrequently reveals a brief and brilliant professional, or literary career, and then a life devoted to other duties, and absorbed by other relations. However, we are safe in saying that whatever profession may ultimately claim Miss Marshall as one of its members, will, at the same time, secure one who has been a thorough and painstaking student, and one whose past record affords no unimportant argument in favor of co-education, and further, that if a brilliant college career be a fair guarantee of future success, then Acadia will have reason to be proud of her first lady 'bachelor.'

To each of the members of the class we tender our best wishes, and they may rest assured they will never be any more successful than we wish them to be.

THE JUNIOR'S CAMPAIGN,

On Sept. 27th, with the sun at the eastern horizon, and a cloudless sky, the Junior Class of Acadia College, armed with axes, chisels and hammers, accompanied and stimulated by Prof. Coldwell, started on a crusade against Horton Bluff. Having descended Acadia's brow and seated ourselves behind the 'iron horse' we were soon borne through the historic meadows of Grand Pre, while Prof. Coldwell portrayed stirring scenes on the hill-side and the bosom of the wave as they were in days gone by.

Arriving at Hantsport, we stormed the ballast collected from various parts of the world, and soon tore from stony jaws the valuable specimens of that fort. Now proceeding around the coast toward Avonport we began to study stratigraphy in earnest. While viewing the sub-carboniferous strata, which crop out along here to the height of about 100 feet and extend for some miles in length. Prof. C. stimulated us