

Acadia Seminary. Gymnasium.

ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

CHIPMAN HALL. Academy Manual Training School.

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# June.

Now weave the winds to music of June's lyre,

Their bowers of cloud whence odorous blooms are flung

Far down the dells and cedarn vales among— See, lowly plains, sky-touched to heaven aspire ! Now flash the golden robin's plumes with fire,

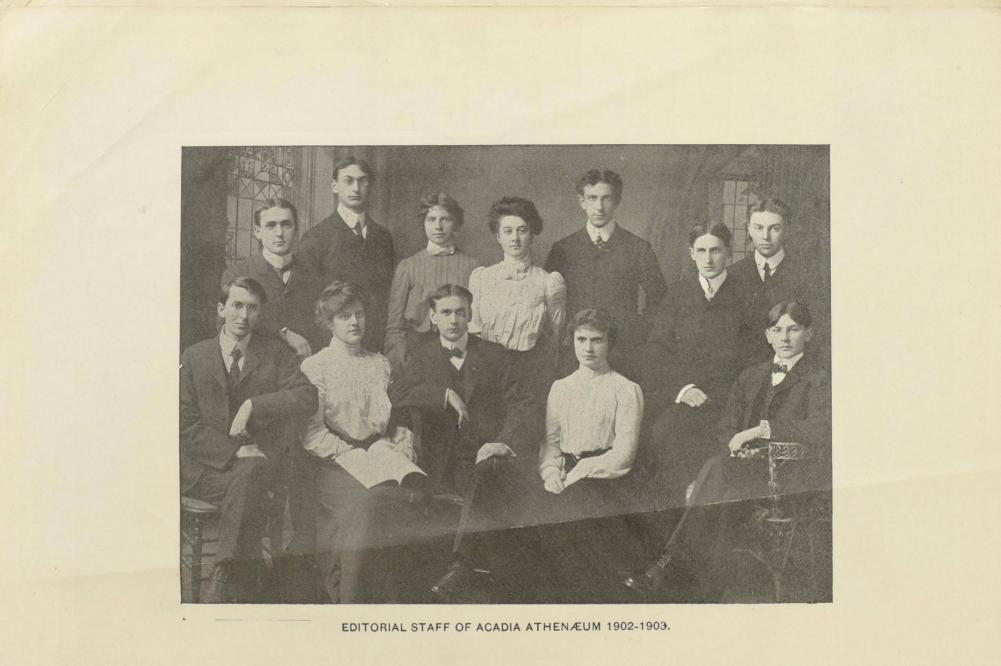
The bobolink is bubbling o'er with song,

And leafy trees, æolian harps new-strung, Murmur far notes blown from some starry choir.

My heart thrills like the wilding sap to flowers, And leaps as a swoln brook in summer rain Past meadows green to the great sea untold;

O month divine, all fresh from falling showers,— Waft, waft from open heaven thy balm for pain, Life and sweet Earth are young, God grows not old !

-Theodore H. Rand '60.



# Acadia Athenæum.

"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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# Editorial.

N passing over the pen to a better and nobler band, the editorial staff of the ATHENÆUM beg leave to say just a brief farewell. Our prevailing feeling is one of dissatisfaction and want. The most part of our hopes and ambitions for the college paper have never materialized, and failures ungarded against have been made. But, concerning our relative failure we are not to judge.

We feel bound to thank our Alumni for the generous response for contributions of material for our paper, the paper which we have directed in large part in their interests. We thank our subscribers for their generous responses to our business manager. We even thank our advertisers. But more particularly do we feel indebted to the students who have responded so generously to the solicitations for untired literary work at their hands. Though this is to a large extent a new and unexplored field we feel that, having been opened, it will amply repay exploration.

In conclusion, *Farewell*, and we may add, as a word to the wise is sufficient, that the summer address of our business manager will be Ralph H. Slipp, Sussex, N. B.

# Culture and Books.

#### BY HOWARD P. WHIDDEN, '91.

There has never been a time when men strove more eagerly for culture than to-day; it is equally true that the present is an age in which more books are being read than ever before. But it may fairly be questioned, are men and women being genuinely cultured by reason of their knowledge of books? If not, where lies the difficulty?

Man becomes cultured largely through contact with nature and art, and perhaps it is not extravagant to say that no art exerts greater influence upon him than literature. All books, however, do not deserve to rank as literature and even those that do have not equal value for culture.

De Quincy has made a most fundamental distinction between the books of knowledge and the books of power. This distinction the present generation would do well not to overlook. Undoubtedly knowledge counts for much in this day of specialization, when an acquaintance with some specific department is essential if paying positions are to be secured. Is there not, however, a danger of forgetting that to secure a position which will furnish "a good living" is not so important as to arrive at a condition where we are becoming "fit to live?" Culture comes to us not through the enjoyment of *things* hurriedly gathered round us as a result of knowing enough to organize money-making forces or social circles, but it does come through a gradual appropriation of the best in life—not the least by means of a slow and patient assimilation of the power of those masters who have thought and struggled and created.

There are many good books having a distinct value which ought to be read by all who desire culture; there are a few really great books which must be *known* by all who through fellowship with the master minds of the race are to be cultured with the passing of days. It is by contact with such works that they come to understand the secret of those subtle forces and laws of life which operate so mysteriously throughout the ages and under such regular and yet varying conditions and modes of expression as to fit into the thought and ideal of every true man in any age.

A great work is always the product of a great life force, and so a

great book is the artistic expression in literary form of the profound feeling as well as the lofty thought of one who has been able to see and think and feel for us as our world-ruling interpreter. It is to these men, as representative of the race, that we must go if we would learn to interpret the principles and powers underlying and operating in all that is about and within us. Their books are "the books of life,"—because they aid in revealing the true beauty and significance of life, because they vitalize the thought and emotion of men through succeeding generations, and because they therefore cannot die.

How shall a man know himself? In part let him be taught by some elder brother who knew himself. How shall he form a true estimate of the real meaning of human existence? Let him catch the undertone of one who has grasped the sure significance of this great mystery. How shall he come to appreciate the destiny of his own race ? Let him without fail learn of those seers who have spoken for all time because they were able to peer into the plan and purpose of their own people. To do this he must turn to the books of power and not primarily to the books of knowledge. The history he reads should contain more than an interesting record of gains and losses, of expansion and retraction; it should also set forth the few out-standing movements of the race in such true relations as to suggest the dynamic principles of nationhood and racial progress to-day. The work of fiction should not only give pleasure and produce a "relief action" after the day's work, but in a natural, normal way it should also reveal the play and interplay of the individual and organized forces of the minds and hearts of men. And the drama will likewise exhibit man in action so as to enable the student of it to discover those laws which in every generation move mightily in society. The poetry of power likewise does more than minister to the cravings of the aesthetic nature; it stimulates and nourishes the whole man.

Of such it may be said, "they are the supreme books of life as distinguished from the books of knowledge and skill. They hold their places because they contain in the highest degree vitality, truth, power, and beauty." And if this is true of them then are they the books we must know if culture is to come to us through contact with the great spirits of the past.

There are many noble books in religious literature, but the Bible stands out in splendid isolation as the one great compilation of enduring worth with which every cultured man or woman should be familiar.

There are numerous Epics that cannot perish, but to Homer, Dante and Milton we must go for the richest and grandest. Dramas of real value have been produced in many of the ancient and modern literary epochs, but only one "myriad minded" Shakespeare has left us himself in his simple yet profound setting forth of men in action under all conceivable circumstances.

If we will return to a real heart knowledge of the "supreme" books—the work of the world's masters, the day will not be long in dawning when a purer, more primal and more vital culture will characterize our noble race and we can truly say that in process and result we are becoming the honest inheritors and sympathetic stewards of the world's best books.

#### \* \* \*

# The Beginning of Co-education.

(Being an attempt at a Just-So story, in a style worse than Mr. Rudyard Kipling's.)

This, O Learneds, is a tale of the times of ever-so-long-ago. Right on the edge of those times, when everybody knew not much of anything, and was (consequently) happy, there lived a young man-child who was different from most. He was an ambitious, aboriginal anthropos, and he had a coppery skin. He lived in a decidedly diminutive mansion, made of bark and poles, beside a big, thick thorn bush, beside a big, blue, beautiful river that always kept hurrying away from him when he stood and watched it. He had a father who used to beat him for not hunting the forest creatures which he loved, and which he called his Wild Brothers. But his father was generally away fighting the Banaan tribe way up the river, and when he came home there would be awful times, and dancing, and torturing prisoners, and all that. Jhing (that was the coppery boy's name) didn't care overly for such things, and didn't love his dear father so very.

You must know that there were no Carnegies nor Rockefellers to bother people then, nor any Universe—ities, for these were 'boriginal times, O Learneds, but for all that Jhing wanted to know things. He loved the tall tangly woods, and the brown broad veldt, and the jungly jungle. He had high old times with his Wild Brothers whom his father wanted him to kill. He wouldn't though, for he would much prefer to

kill his dear father who beat him sometimes. He liked to be by his lone, and sit by the bank of his beautiful river and watch it run away; but he wanted to follow it, and catch it and find out why it was blue, and what made it run, and where it was going, and what for, and if it would take him with it. But the river wouldn't answer him. It just laughed at him when the sun was shining, and scowled when there was no sun, and rippled in the reeds, and lapped the stones where he was sitting, and hurried on.

One day (it was a very hot day and the prickly heat was in the jungle) he decided to go with the river whether it wanted him or not. So he took his bow and arrows and a long spear, and started. He pushed a big dry log that looked like an alligator out between the reeds into the river, and sat astradle of the log and paddled with his broadbladed spear. The current took him along very fast, and he was happy Oh! So all day he went with the river, and when the sun went down behind him, and the stars began to make the river their looking-glass, and the moon lay in a silver path ahead, he paddled ashore and lay down beneath a big sheltering boulder amongst the tall black trees. The soft bird noises of the wood fast falling asleep made him sleep too.

Next morning he got up and caught some fish, and found some nuts and berries ('cause he knew just where to look for them) and then he started off down the river again. And the same the next day, and for days 'n days he kept floating down. The river got broader and broader till he couldn't see across it, and he began to get skeered, and he kept near the shore, till one day he saw a smoke miles 'n miles away over the tops of the scrubbly trees, on the top of a mountain away over *there*.

"Some humans must live over there," he said, for he had never seen his Wild Brothers use fire nor make smoke. So as he was getting rather tired of being by his lone, and rather skeered of the river that didn't have any other side, he drew up his log-ship on a pebbly place and started off through the scrubbly stuff for the mountain and the smoke.

On he went through the jungly jungle and the great green grass with sharp edges which cut, thinking all the time about how much he had learned on his river journey, and wondering whether his father had killed the chief of the Banaans and brought his head home, and whether his mother was still binding stone heads onto arrows. Then he wondered whether the mountain people would kill him and whether he could get brother Jaguar to come and pounce on them if they tried to. The long grass kept tangling around his legs and the branches kept scratching him, till he was so scratched up his own dear father who beat him wouldn't recognize him. At last he came to the top of the mountain, and there were caves and clear spaces where fires had been, and lots of signs of men. He saw a man coming toward him and he gathered his remaining strength and made a big yell and fell into the open.

Next thing Jhing knew he woke up on a bed of skins in a big dark cave he never saw before. Over in one corner he saw a wrinkly faced old man who looked oh so wise out of his narrow little eyes. There was also something else there. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. It was a wee, primevalite woman, that looked something like the girls he had seen at home, but oh, much more beautiful. The girls he knew were all ugly little drudges who were bent with toil. This looked like a new creation. She was lighter in color, but her hair was very long and very black, and her eyes were large and dark, and they sparkled and spoke to him.

When she saw he was awake she came over and smiled at him and he forgot all about his scratches and cuts. Then she sat down and spoke to him, and her voice sounded as sweet as the birds who were always singing when he awoke, mornings. He found that he could understand a good deal of what she said although her language was a little different from his. Then she told him how her brother Vrong had found him lying on the edge of the clearing all scratched up, and had brought him in, and how her father (who was Wiseman and knew everything) had given him some manga and had passed a little purple charm-stone over his cuts, so he would soon be all well.

"Thank you," said Jhing, "and when is your father going to kill me?"

"Never!" said Vra (for that was the primevalite's name.)

"Why not?" asked Jhing.

"Cause I asked him not to," said Vra.

"And can women ask things from their fathers among you hill people?" questioned Jhing.

"I can," said Vra, "and you'd better go to sleep again, Boy-fromthe-sunset."

Morning after that he woke up and got introduced to the family, that is, he said his name was Jhing from the River-folk, and old wrinkly

Wiseman grunted and smiled, and so did Vrong and sister Vra the beautiful one. Jhing told them about coming down the river from the land where the sun goes down, and he said he wanted to know what kind of people lived here, and all about the mountains and where the river went to. Old Wiseman looked pleased but didn't tell him much then, and went off into the forest.

All that day Jhing wandered round learning new things and again day after that, and next day, too. One day he was walking along beneath a cliff and he saw some strange scratches on its smooth surface. Some of them were pictures of birds, and in one place he saw a picture of brother Wild Ox. This made Jhing all curiosified, and that night he asked old wrinkly Wiseman about it, and found that it was picture writing. Then he began to ask questions and the Wiseman said, "Wait till tomorrow."

Tomorrow they went to the cliff together, and Vra's father told him all about the picture writing, and the other strange signs, and taught him how to make them out for himself. He said he had many more written things at home, on big rolls of bark. Then was Jhing happy. Here was something new for him to learn. He could hardly wait to get hold of them. He kept Vra's father busy explaining, and pretty soon he could read them and make the queer signs himself. Then wasn't he proud ! Oh, my. Right Wild ! He read things written by great, great, grandfathers, when the race of man had just started on the earth. Before very long he thought how nice it would be to have Vra studying with him so he asked her if she would like to study, too.

"What for ?" asked Vra.

"So you'll be wise," answered Jhing.

"Why should women be wise ?" asked Vra. "Our women aren't wise. Getting wise won't help them to make arrows, nor braid belts, nor build fires, nor cook."

"Is that all women are for ?" then returned Jhing.

"That's what father says, and he is a very wise man," said Vra.

Just the same Vra liked Jhing pretty well and she thought she would learn to be wise just to see what it was like. She went with Jhing and learned to read from the cliff. Then they wandered together in the forest, and Jhing introduced her to his Wild Brothers, and taught her the language of the birds and all their secrets, and about all the flowers, and lots of other things. Some days they sat together on the skins in

the cave while the old Wiseman taught them about the Great Spirit, how he loved the brave and hated the cowardly, and how he had a great Unknown Forest where he would take the spirits of the dead. Vra liked all this better than making arrows and cooking, and she sometimes got a scolding for reading the old writings when she should have been at work. But her father, you remember was a wise man, and so he didn't scold his lovely daughter very much, for he knew how much good it would do. And so she and Jhing kept on learning things together, and reading about the Golden Age.

One day in spring when the little leaves were beginning to come out on the big brown branches, Jhing came upon Vra sitting on the high, green bank of a pretty lake not far from home. She was looking up into a sky bluer than anything she had ever seen except perhaps the water at her feet, which seemed bluer than the sky. Jhing saw tears in her eyes, but she looked happy too, and he didn't understand. He saw some of the written rolls lying in the grass beside her. She had evidently been reading them.

"What have you been reading about today ?" he said.

"About the Golden Age," she said, "and about something that existed then, something new and strange which I have never heard of before."

"What is it Vra?" he asked.

"It is something called love," she answered.

"And what is this love like?" asked Jhing.

"It is the sweetest of all things," answered Vra. "It is very dear to those who have it, and it is that which makes life worth the living. I think I know what it is, Jhing," she added, very low.

"So do I, now," said Jhing. And with that he just caught Vra in his arms, and kissed her tenderly. (You mustn't blame him, O Learned Ones, for he was only a small 'boriginal savage, and she a wee primevalite, and they hadn't any chaperon nor any other advantage of civilization, and had never heard of the murderous microbes, and didn't know it was wicked and unconventional.)

So they were very happy, happier than they had ever been in their short 'boriginal lives, and away they went together, home to see what the Wiseman thought about it. He, for he was, you remember, a *wise* man, made no fuss at all. He had read of this thing before, but he knew nothing about it. So when Jhing suggested that he would like to carry

Vra off for his wife, Vra's father didn't object, and he never even mentioned the twelve leopard skins and the ivory tusks which a young man was expected to pay for a wife, among the Hill people.

Then they started back to go to Jhing's people in the land toward the going down of the sun. And many young warriors escorted them through the scrubbly forest, and carried a new canoe with them, and when they came to the river they bade them "Good bye" and returned.

So they came to the River-Folk's land, and heard that Jhing's father had not come home with the head of the King of the Banaans, but had left his own head there instead. And Jhing was made King and ruled in a new way. He taught his people many things they never knew before, for he too had become a Wiseman. He was not a D. D., O Learneds, but he taught his people to love God. He was not an M. D., nor an LL. B., nor a Ph. D., nor a B. Sc. nor even a B. A., but he taught his people how to live in peace and happiness, and he cured their diseases, and taught them all the arts of life, and the history of the past, and their relations to their fellow men; and they loved him and his beautiful Queen Vra, and what more could you want?

And Vra, just because she was educated, didn't read poetry all day long, nor philosophize, nor keep a lovely publishable diary nor even write a Historical Novel. No, she gave up her reading to a great extent, and spent her time in making Jhing the happiest man in the world and in teaching the women and children of her land, and in being a noble Queen.

And so, O Learneds, this is the story of the Beginning of Co-education. And have things changed much? Jhing wanted to learn, he went to the wise, there he learned, and there he met the Beautiful One same as you. He and she studied together and learned to love one another—same as you. He married her, and together they worked to make the world better—same as you, at least, the wise ones of you.



### LOVE'S LAW.

A FAIR Maid had a heart and sought to sell it, And many came to gaze, and some to buy, And one poor lad (alack ! I weep to tell it),

Who did but sigh and sob, and sob and sigh, "Why do you sigh and sob, good lad?" I said, "Alas, have you not heard? Sweet Cupid's dead."

And rich men came and flashed rare gems, and flaunted Smooth silks to soften sleep; and great men came And offered gilt renown; and princes vaunted

The tawdry splendour of a noble name. But still the Maiden shook her lovely head, "Your wares do shine, but so does glass," she said.

But one sweet Night that whispered like a lover,

The lad of sobs and sight slipped thro' the crowd And stole the heart. And when they did discover

The prize was gone, the Rich and Great and Proud Denounced the thief; but she did turn soft eyes Of liquid love on him, and spoke thus-wise:

"The law of love is good. Yet doth it punish

Not him who steals, but him who pays; and cries Him but a foolish knave who doth diminish

By what he gives the worth of what he buys. For lawful love is most unlawful trade,

And he who steals shall keep," the Maiden said.

Ralph M. Jones.



# The Anniversary as a Reunion.

#### BY E. MILES KEIRSTEAD, D. D. '95.

The Anniversary Exercises at Acadia attract large numbers of friends of the institutions. The student wonders why so many people come every year to witness the conferring of degrees and to participate in the ceremonies connected with the closing of the Year's work. After a time he begins to see how many people are interested in the schools here and how significant is the regard cherished for Acadia. He learns that former students, friends of present students, and hundreds who have no personal relation to the College seem to think they own the place. "Why do they come?" he asks. No doubt it is a delight to see so many young people with the flush of joy upon their faces; to hear some excellent music; to listen to numerous addresses of a high order, and to observe what the schools are doing for the life of the country.

But another reason for their attendance is no doubt "the pleasure of memory." They come to renew acquaintance and to cement friendships formed in the long past happy years when they studied on the Hill, or in other ways, helped to support the schools which they regard as the symbol of their organized life.

The citizens of the Republic of Letters are citizens of no mean country, and even those who have just been admitted to citizenship find their hearts taking fire at thoughts of meeting friends of College days. Coming back to school they feel young again and seem to reclaim the lost years. Their bodies may have changed in "outward lustre" but the "fixed mind" and love for Acadia remain unchanged. And love is stronger than life's conflicts as well as stronger than death. Their visit renews and refreshes them and "drinking of the brook by the way" they march on to further conquests over foes hitherto invincible.

And every year's reunion has the blending of hope and pathos that must always make rich the fellowship of the best. Joy alone lacks strength and depth of experience; while sorrow alone is fruitless for good.

The members of the first four classes have all been removed from earth. Judge Johnstone who, up to the close of his life, was always present at the Anniversary, was the latest survivor of the classes up to 1848. Mr. John Moser of the class of 1848, is now our oldest graduate. Within the past year we have lost Professor D. F. Higgins Ph. D., of the class of 1859, whose services to the College for forty years give him a place among her most honored sons; and E. C. Stubbert and Fred B. Starr, who only three years ago took their parchments from Acadia. The memory of such men is an inspiration to the men of to-day. Among "old graduates," as the students of to-day calls them, likely to be present we are glad to name Rev. Thomas A. Higgins D. D. of the class of 1854, who was for years Principal of Horton Academy, and who was Secretary of the Board of Governors and Pastor of the College church for more than a decade; the Rev. Isaiah Wallace A. M. of class of 1855 who has done work that makes material for a book and then has had the judgment to write the book; George G. Sanderson, of class of 1858, who has honored his College by a well ordered life and who has himself represented in his son who in 1903 takes his B. A. degree; Rev. Edward M. Saunders, D. D. of class of 1858 who during the year has published his History of the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces that will probably be the standard history on that subject for many years; Dr. Andrew D. W. Barss of class of 1859 who has served his College and his country with profit to both; B. H. Eaton, D. C. L., K. C. who has the honor of being the first chairman of the Board of Governors of his College, in which office he is as wise as in his counsel to the King; Professor Robert V. Jones, A. M., Ph. D. of class of 1860 who has been the long-time eminent Teacher of Classics to Acadia's sons and who has been the friend and guide of the host who have sought his advice; Rev. Maynard P. Freeman of the class of 1862 whose ministry of the Gospel has made his name precious to the denomination; Rev. Bradford S. Kempton, D. D., of the class of 1862 whose life of devotion and ministry to the churches, are duly honored by the University which he has served with great fidelity as Governor and Secretary; Edwin D. King, K. C. of the class of 1863, who is a leading member of the Governing Board; Rev. William Boggs, D. D. of class of 1865 who has sent three sons to the University, and has for many years done Educational work of the best quality in the far East; Rev. George E. Tufts, a worthy teacher and minister, of class of 1866; Rev. James W. Manning, D. D. of class of 1867 for more than ten years Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board; and we might name many others whose presence will be a joy to the College fraternity. The younger men will greet, with great cordiality, these survivers of former classes, who, among young people, may be considered veterans, though their force be not yet failing. Those who assemble this year will not forget the absent men whose hearts are with

us and who would gladly join in our festive celebrations. We cannot name them all; but we must send our friendly greetings to such men as the Rev. Professor D. M. Welton, D. D., Ph. D., of class of 1855 who for twenty years has been the conspicuously successful Professor of Hebrew at McMaster University, and who has been acting President of that institution during the past year; Dr. Johnstone Hunt, of Sheffield, England, of class of 1868 who stands high in his profession and as a citizen in the mother land; and among the missionaries, Rev. Horatio Morrow, class of 1871, Rev. E. W. Kelly, class of 1876, Rev. Charles K. Harrington, class of 1879, Rev. W. B. Higgins, class of 1886, Rev. George A. Whitman, class of 1887, Rev. H. Y. Corey, class of 1891, Rev. R. E. Gullivan, class of 1895.

The College rejoices in the good work being done by her sons in all parts of the world and they will be glad to know that their benign mother renews her youth "like the eagle's," *Floreat Acadia*.

# \* \* \*

# An Editorial Error.

"Well mother I simply can't borrow the money to go back with. I go through my own efforts or not at all. If I buy the paper there's a possibility that I can knock enough out of it to put me through. Of course, if I fail I can't go back. That's certain. But if I don't make the trial I can't go back either. So I think I had better take up Mr. McNeil's offer. Don't you, dear?"

The speaker, John Buyers, was a young fellow of twenty-two, or thereabouts, of splendid physique, whose face, though revealing a studious thoughtful nature, showed, too, an unconquerable will. He was a Junior at Haverton, just one day home on his summer vacation. By two year's hard work before entering college he had got together a few hundred dollars, which, supplemented by the earnings of two toilsome vacations, had sufficed to pay his bills at college to the end of his third year. Then his savings had given out and all he could earn during the coming vacation he knew to be insufficient to cover the expenses of a Senior year. An inborn horror of debt caused him to shrink from borrowing what he needed, to say nothing of the difficulty he might meet in finding one willing to advance, for an indefinite time, the amount needed.

That very morning the "editor and proprietor" of the weekiy paper of Montfort, Buyers' native town, had offered to sell out to him at a price that would seem ridiculously low had the paper been in a satisfactory business condition. But the *Progress*, or the "rag," as it was usually called (and surely it deserved the name) was in about as unhealthy state as can be imagined. Incompetency and indifference had done their work and McNeil, the editor had offered it to Buyers, knowing that he would have to sell then or give up sooner or later. John, who had always made his mother his confidant, had submitted this proposal to her and together they were discussing it. His mother pondered a moment over the proposition and then asked gently: "But, dear, if, as you say, you have no money left, how can you buy out Mr. McNeil?"

"That's just where the rub comes mother," he returned, "but I think that Mr. Phillips has enough interest in me to advance the little needed for three months or possibly longer. But," and he hesitated, "he will want some security. Would you—oh mother, I hate to propose it—would you be willing to go security for me?"

"Willing? Why——." But her son hastily interrupting her said: "Before you answer, I want you to understand clearly what this means. Practically all you have is the old house, that so far you've kept free from debt and remember that if I fail it would have to be mortgaged and——."

"But you won't fail darling. You have never failed yet and I have faith enough in you to mortgage the house for every cent its worth, if necessary. There—" and she kissed him as only a loving mother can kiss.

A few minutes later Buyers was on his way to the home of his old friend William Phillips, the mayor of the town. Mr. Phillips had some years previous retired from business in comfortable circumstances and had since devoted himself to the welfare of Montfort with such an ardor that the citizens of the town had shown their appreciation of him by thrice electing him their chief magistrate. He was the father of two children, the younger a boy of seventeen, the terror of the community, and the elder a dark handsome girl of the Grecian style of beauty and the exact opposite of her brother in personality. The one was noted as the most disagreeable boy in Montfort, the other as the most fascinating girl. The intimacy of the father of these two with John Buyers had begun when the latter as a school boy had applied to him for work out of

school hours, and obtained it because of his business like air. It had continued during the two years Buyers was away from home working with the one object of getting to college, and was accentuated after his entrance by the intimacy that had sprung up between him and Mabel, the daughter of Mr. Phillips who was a class-mate. This intimacy had ripened into friendship during the successive years at college and as a consequence Buyers was often at the home of his friend and former employer. Mabel's influence over young Buyers was certainly wonderful. He admired, as did every one else, her beauty, but above all he was delighted with her intellectual ability, for Mabel was a girl in whom was combined common sense with a marked cleverness that placed her well up among the leaders of her class. At college it was the general impression among the boys that Buyers was "rushing" Miss Phillips. And whenever John's roommate said to him: "This thing is getting to be mighty serious, old boy," he did an unnecessary amount of blushing and to tell the truth rather liked it.

It was his long friendship with Mr. Phillips that lead Buyers to approach him on the matter of advancing money to buy the *Progress*. It took only a few minutes to explain the matter and to obtain Mr. Phillips' consent to loan the money, for three months or longer if necessary. In fact he was rather pleased with his young friend's purpose and, as the latter rose to go, said to him: "Well my boy, I hope you'll be successful in running the 'Rag;' there's certainly unlimited opportunity for improvement."

The business with McNeil was soon transacted and Buyers found himself in possession of a paper with a smaller circulation and less advertising than any other in the county. Instead of idling his time away in the ''back shops'' of the town ''swoopin' lies'' or playing checkers at the barber's as his predecessor had done he settled himself manfully to his task and put some energy and brains into the work. He wrote the weekly happenings of Montfort in the most pleasing style he could command and it was truly surprising how much ''news'' he found to write up where the former editor had got little else than gossip. In the near-by villages correspondents were found who gladly sent in their weekly joting for paper, postage and free subscriptions and Buyers kept their interest up by giving their contributions the prominence they deserved. A startling innovation was the weekly column-letter from Haverton the county capital and seatof the college Buyers had been attend-

ing. Never before had towns smaller than Haverton had a regular correspondent there. But Buyers saw that the Haverton papers had weekly letters from Montfort and he saw no reason why the scheme wouldn't work both ways. A young lawyer gladly undertook the work and his letters really contained more of interest to Montfort people than did the Haverton papers themselves. In his editorials Buyers did not try to cover the doings of the whole wide world but confined his attention to topics of peculiar interest to Montfort people, including subjects from "Good side-walks" to "Good school-houses." He wrote always with the frankness and common sense that characterized him and his editorials were read and thought over and people said the young editor knew what he was talking about. As time went on changes were made in the outside pages of the little "blanket sheet"-those out-side pages that no one had ever pretended to read. Readable extracts from his exchanges, a department of "current events" written in a terse condensed manner, and the substitution of some practical article, written by a local authority, on farming or orcharding, took the place of the trashy short story that is the "feature" of the first and last pages of so many country weeklies.

As a result of these improvements subscriptions came rolling in and before two months had passed the subscription list had trebled. Demand for advertising space became greater than the supply and already there was a "waiting list" of applications for space. Things looked so bright that Buyers had formulated plans for returning to college. The paper was printed in Haverton and with the help of a high-school student, whom he was employing as an assistant, he believed that the Progress could be conducted and his college course completed. Haverton was only fifteen miles from Montfort so that it was possible for him to be home one day and several nights in the week. This time home together with lots of hard work Buyers felt would be sufficient to maintain the present standard of the paper, for when once the wheels have started turning it's easy to keep them going. But the college expenses would require every cent he had and could earn and to make ends meet Mr. Phillips' note would have to be renewed. But Buyers felt there would be no trouble in effecting that.

Montfort like other towns had its proportion of people who didn't think and of those who didn't care what their boys were doing. Consequently it was customary to see on the streets, after dark, a crowd of boys, from families both respectable and otherwise, congregated for the

express purpose of "raisin' the devil." Usually they succeeded. For the most part their pranks though annoving were not serious. But of late they had gone a little too far. To have your front gate carried half a mile down hill, or to find the sign of your shop nailed to a hen-house on the other side of the town, or to have your midnight slumbers disturbed by a turnip crashing through the light of your front door may be funny. But repeated applications of the same treatment cease to have much humour in them. Things even more serious than these had occurred in Montfort lately. And one night just before Buyers' return to college one of the "push," arrayed in a white sheet, had chased a young lady to her own door step where be-coming exhausted she fell striking her head a blow that rendered her unconscious. Next morning her mind was in a raging delirium and the disgraceful occurence was the talk of the town. Strange to say no one seemed to know who the guilty youth was. When Buyers heard the story his blood boiled with indignation. Subjects for editorial remarks had been wanting that week. The Progress would be issued next day. Here at the last moment was a chance for a "stinger."

On the following day this editorial met the eyes of the readers of the *Progress:* 

"In another column will be found the facts, in so far as they are known of the outrageous conduct of some of Montfort's youth. For years this town, after dark, has been practically at the mercy of lawless boys. How much longer will this unfortunate state of affairs continue? The culprit must be discovered and punished to the full extent of the law as an example to his partners in youthful crime. But it is not only the youth of this town who are to be blamed. The authorities, the citizens, the parents are responsible in even a greater degree. We boast of the advantages of Montfort as a residential town because of its beauty, its business opportunities and its clean government. But it is a disgrace—a blighting disgrace—to ask others to make their homes here while this state of lawlessness exists. The time has come when we must act. Let extreme measures be taken, if necessary, to wipe out this black stain on our otherwise fair reputation !"

Now while people may be loud in their condemnation of the evil of their town to their fellow citizens, they dislike greatly to have news of the same evil published abroad. Especially is it distasteful to have the blame laid at their own doors. And when this is done by one younger and less experienced than themselves it becomes simply unbearable. Consequently the editorial quoted stirred up the wrath of the citizens of Montfort towards the young editor. Later in the day when it became known that the boy, who had frightened the young lady by his dastardly prank; was no other than Archie Phillips, the dare-devil son of the Mayor, and that through fear of punishment he had secretly left town the anger of the good people of Montfort knew no bounds. Some even went so far as to say that they always had believed Buyers to have been a liar and a lunatic, while others less extreme shook their heads said that, though perhaps right, he should have been less outspoken. But of all the indignant persons John Walker the leading real estate man of the town, was by far the most indignant. Naturally a nervous passionate character, he worked himself into such a frenzy that he at last seized his hat and ran, rather than walked, to the Progress office. Buyers saw him coming, and having heard an inkling of the storm he had caused, nerved himself for the onslaught. Walker threw open the door without knocking and launched forth into the most scathing criticism of Buyers and the Progress that his rage made him capable of. Not a single characteristic of either editor or paper escaped censure. Boiling with wrath he ended shrieking:

"You have ruined this town's reputation. That's what you've done. I've lost the sale of three houses by your slimy editorial. I withdraw my advertisement and stop my subscription at once. Do you understand—at once. Do you want to know what I think of you? Hey! You're a damned fool. See !" and he banged out, leaving Buyers to regret that he hadn't aided him with the toe of his boot.

Several other business men followed Walker's example in withdrawing their "ads." More stopped their subscriptions. Even Buyers' personal friends took pains to tell him what a fool he had made of himself, how he had made the error of his life and how everyone's confidence in him had been completely shattered. But the hardest blow of all was received when, on his way home that night, Mabel Phillips had passed him with the stiffest of bows and with eyes flashing with anger.

Arrived at home he went to his room, flung himself down and

attempted to think it all over. He had done only his duty; of that he was convinced. But had he known that the guilty boy was Archie Phillips, would it not have been better to slight his duty than alienate the friendship of Mr. Phillips and Mabel. Alienate their friendship? Surely that was impossible. He would rather lose anything than that. Yet he would have lost his self-respect had he failed to do his duty, and was not self-respect more precious than everything else. Yes, he would have written that editorial had he known that it would affect his relations with Mabel's family. But what would college, his last year, be like without the old-time intimacy with her? College! Why his very return depended on Mr. Phillips' renewing the note and now how could he be expected to do that when the Progress had exposed his son to infamy. While, yesterday, he might have been able to borrow more than he needed, had he not today lost the confidence of every business man he knew. It was too confusing to think about. He would talk it over with his mother, surely she would have some comforting word.

And so with unhappiness written on his face he entered the diningroom to find Mrs. Buyers awaiting him. It needed only a glance to convince her that something was wrong. But with a mother's intuition she had asked no questions, knowing that the trouble would out. And she was right. Before the meal was half over she had heard the story of the editorial and its results. For a moment she was silent. That she was pained there was no disguising, but rising she went to her son's chair and bending over him said gently: "If you are convinced that you have done right, do not worry over the present results. The future will have brightness in it." Then she left him strong in the resolution to maintain the stand duty had led him to.

Four days later the time for renewing, or paying, the note had arrived. Buyers had decided to go to Mr. Phillips as he would have done had the editorial never been written. He had little hope of getting the note renewed but he said: "There's no use giving up till you try." Mr. Phillips had received him coldly and he had gone at once to the point. For a few seconds his former friend had looked at him as though surprised at his frankness.

"Young man," he then said, "you have broken up my family, and plunged my son into disgrace and yet you ask a favor of me ?"

"Mr. Phillips," Buyers calmly returned, "I did only what I then considered and still consider my duty as the editor of a public paper.

Had I done less I would have lost not only yours but my own respect. That so much of the disgrace revealed must closely affect you I am sorry, but that does not alter my relation to my duty. Surely you would not have me keep silent when wrong has been done that can and ought to be righted." For some time there was a painful silence. Mr. Phillips who seemed to be struggling with himself, at last replied :

"You are right, I am wrong. I am to blame for my son's disgrace." Then suddenly : "I renew the note for one year. Good afternoon."

Just how Buyers bowed himself out and reached the side-walk he never quite knew. By the time he reached home, however, stupefaction gave place to joy and he waltzed into the house whistling, "Haverton Forever."

That night at the town hall the councillors were excitedly discussing the editorial when Mayor Phillips entered. Of course sympathy for the Mayor and his family was at once expressed and the editor of the *Progress* denounced in fiercer tones than ever. Their surprise can be better imagined than depicted when Mr. Phillips seriously said:

"The *Progress* has done what was right. It has called our attention to a real disgrace on this town. Gentlemen, let us do what is in our power to wipe it out." The council meeting was a prolonged one but when it had ended measures had been taken that would, with the help of the citizens, result in the reform the *Progress* had suggested.

In small towns like Montfort public opinion is a decidedly variable quantity. One day there is universal condemnation of a supposed wrong done to one of the influential citizens. On the second the news spreads abroad that the citizen in question has affirmed that no wrong has been done him but that he who has been condemned ought to be commended. The third day sees the person who was two days before thought a fool and a criminal proclaimed a wise man and a demi-god. Perhaps that explains the actions of the people of Montfort when they heard their Mayor's remarks concerning the Progress and his stand at the council meeting. With an I-told-you-so look on their faces they said that they always knew that Buyers was right and that he never made mistakes. The "Curfew Ordinance" passed by the town council met with general approval. Active co-operation of councillors, citizens and the police force, which boasted a membership of one, resulted inside of a month in the disappearance of boys from off the streets after nine each night, unless their under proper control. The disgrace had been wiped out.

Within the same time most of those who had withdrawn their "ads" from the *Progress*, had renewed their contracts and those who had ordered their subscriptions stopped were again on the mailing list.

In fact the relations between John Buyers and the citizens of Montfort were the same as before the writing of the famous editorial with two exceptions. They were John Walker and Mabel Phillips. Owing to competition the former decided he must either advertise in the *Progress* or lose his lead in the real estate business. So at the end of six months he apologised for his former hot-headedness. As for Mabel Phillips—well that's the rest of this story.

Her attitude towards John Buyers, after their return to college, remained as it had been on the day the editorial had appeared except that an expression of sorrow had replaced the anger that had flashed from her eyes then. Each had studiously avoided the other. Buyers' work in connection with the *Progress*, his honor course in English and his duties as editor of the college magazine had given him many a reasonable excuse for refusing social invitations. But his real motive was to shun meeting Miss Phillips. She too had steadily begged to be excused from functions that there was the possibility of John Buyers attending. 'The changed relations between the two had, at first, been the subject of much comment among the students, but was soon taken as a matter of course.

Mabel, who had always been a favorite with the boys at Haverton, was this year, despite the fact that Buyers was not attentive to her, seldom seen in the company of young men. Perhaps the reason may be gathered from a conversation that took place between "Bobby" Sutherland, the college "sport," and his room-mate, after the former had returned from the rink one evening.

"Say 'T. G.' (that's what everyone called him) sling me a chair over here by the radiator," said Bobby.

"Surely you're not cold this warm night, are you ?"

"Cold ! Gee, you'd have been a 'frozen corpse' if you'd been where I was tonight."

"Where's that ?"

"Lugging Mabel Phillips' skates home for her" snorted Bobby. "T. G." whistled, then said: "Well that girl certainly has changed this year. Who'll be her next victim, I wonder?"

And so the months had slipped past until June, the graduation month, was at hand. For some time Buyers had been busying himself with

plans for the Theta Phi's closing ball, the arrangements of which he had charge of. If there was one thing in college that Buyers did his best for it was the Theta Phi. He had "made" it when a Soph and as membership in it was one of the highest honors in control of the students he was not unreasonably proud of the fact. To make his "frats" ball the swellest affair in the history of Haverton was now his aim. Often while hard at work on some detail of the arrangements he had experienced a pang of regret when he remembered that the pleasure he was preparing for others he was to have no share in. For he could not think of going to the Theta Phi dance with any but Mabel Phillips and to invite her was, he felt, to receive a prompt refusal. But as time went on the enthusiasm of his fellow members over the enjoyment in store for them had its effect on him. At the last moment he had decided "to take his chances" and the invitation was mailed, "She can do no more than turn me down," he mused, "and that will settle it."

When Mabel received the missive she threw it, with a contemptuous toss, into the waste basket and promptly decided that it would *never* be accepted. But her decision troubled her a good deal during the day and before night the invitation had been picked out of the waste basket and placed in a more respectable place of safe keeping. That evening Mabel received a letter from her brother Archie which produced in her, first, a mingled feeling of joy and regret, of admiration for John Buyers and contempt for herself, and, secondly, a sudden resolution to accept the invitation and to write a note to Buyers begging forgiveness for her treatment of him during the past eight months. The part of the letter that is of interest to us is as follows:

> ".... Yes now that I have resolved to become a man and have conquered myself I shall return home and live down the disgrace I have brought on our family. Doesn't it seem strange that this transformation in me has been effected by the example of John Buyers. Yet when I left home I hated him bitterly. But what I am now I owe to him and I want to some day tell him so. You should treat him 'white' Mabel for the sake of what he has done for your brother...."

The Theta Phi dance was even more enjoyable than any had dared hope for. Of all the happy couples that wended their ways home in the early hours of that June morning Mabel Phillips and John Buyers vowed they were the happiest. When the latter reached his room he found his room-mate, Charlie Stramberg, who had also been to the dance, taking off his dress suit. "You old fox," exclaimed Charlie, "congratulations. You certainly had the swellest girl there. And to think that none of us fellows knew that it was all fixed up between you two ! Shake."

And they shook.

VICTOR LOVITT, '05.

to to to

#### YESTERDAY.

Yesterday, I pleasure's tinselled baubles sought, I spent the precious hours in play, In carelessness each deed I wrought, Nor loved plain duty, nor to pray.

#### TO-DAY.

To-day, with naught but recollections vain. I yet past duty flitter quickly by. Tomorrow I will seek her out, and gain By evining time far other than a sigh.

#### TOMORROW.

Tomorrow proves but as each other day, At gilded toys half eagerly I clutch, Which gained, I discontented throw away, The charm all vanished with the touch.

#### L'ENVOI.

Oh Soul! thou can'st not nobler grow By deeds wrought in the future. To-day 'Tis given that happiness thou mayest know, If thou but love sweet duty and to pray.

'03.

# College Societies and Fraternities.

#### BY GEORGE B. CUTTEN, '96.

Having lived in New Haven for a number of years, I have become quite reconciled to the ubiquitous reporter who travels about with camera and note-book, and can even smile at being awakened in the middle of the night to find the said reporter, at the door, and without an apology ask hurriedly if So-and-so was married to Such-and-such,-a matter that was none of his business, and would probably interest few except the divorced spouses of the contracting parties, but it must be in the morning paper;-I say I am quite reconciled to this enterprising phase of journalism, but have considered it confined within the borders of this republic. Not so. Sitting quietly at my desk at ten thirty in the evening trying to solve theological paradoxes, the telegraph messenger arrives and I am surprised to read on opening the envelope, "Write article on Fraternities and send by return mail,-Editor Acadia Athenæum." To express the surprise felt would be impossible, but it only shows the advance of journalism in the provinces. Well, what shall be done? Shall such a request be ignored? Perish the thought ! an article shall be written regardless of knowledge or ignorance on the subject, for such enterprise must be encouraged, and especially so as no limit is placed on space to be consumed, or price to be charged. This is indeed my opportunity.

In writing on this subject I labor under two disadvantages. Conditions have changed at Acadia during the past seven years, and if there is stated something which is thought to be applicable to the Acadia of '92-'96, it might be entirely out of place today; and I know not the exact status quo of the society question at Acadia now. I have an inspiration or an intuition or a dream concerning it, but it is so vague as to be untrustworthy as a basis of comment. Is this the way of it? A society was formed and progressed favorably through infancy and childhood, but as the course of true love never does run smooth, there came an investigation by the faculty with the result that there either is or is not a society at present, the uncertainty being due to the fact that the society was a secret one, and its business is not divulged to others than members, even the faculty itself being excluded from the deliberations. The uncertainty of its existence may be only in the minds of the faculty, or the general student body, or among the members of the society itself, or all

three. If the exact condition is vague in Wolfville, is it any wonder that it is similarly viewed in New Haven, especially when information on the subject is lacking.

The other disadvantage is, that all information which I have on this subject has been acquired at Yale, where the size of the institutions makes the conditions entirely different, and further, it is generally admitted by those who think they know, that Yale's society and fraternity system is unique, entirely different from that of universities of the same class. Under these circumstances it is only in a very general and a priori way that the subject can be approached.

In the first place for the sake of clearness, let us make the distinction between societies and fraternities in this way: societies are bodies of students gathered together in one college or university, unaffiliated with similar gatherings in other institutions; and a fraternity is a general body having branches or chapters in different institutions. While one might be valuable to Acadia, the other might be detrimental, as e. g., where the students of Acadia come to Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Chicago, etc. for advanced work, it might be quite an advantage to them to belong to one of the large fraternities which has chapters in these universities, while membership in a society would be comparatively worthless.

Let us remove another distinction or seeming distinction. A SOCIETY is not frowned upon or looked upon with disfavor, but a SECRET SOCIETY, oh my ! where in reality there is not difference enough in the two to make a distinction except that probably the secret society is the more open of the two. I may be mistaken, but I opine that if a certain number of students would gather together and call the gathering the "Talking Club," there would be no interference from faculty or students and it would die a natural death; but call it Alpha Beta Gamma Delta and let people imagine that it is secret, then they either say you are "stuck-ups," or a Klu Klux Klan with murder in your eye. There may be no actual difference in the secrecy, but if some people think that "I know something that I won't tell," then everyone's hand is lifted against me until I confidentially divulge the startling secret that there are "two little niggers in a pea-nut shell." When they find that out, I am no longer ostracized, and they grow fat on their acquired knowledge. I don't know the secrets of many societies, but rest assured, no one will owe his lack of success in college or in life to the fact that he has been deprived of the esoteric knowledge of secret societies. All societies are secret, their business, plans, ambitions, failures, etc. are not public property only so far as the same is true of secret societies, and the SECRET is a bugaboo to frighten the timorous, attract the curious, and enrage the jealous. Perhaps it is hardest on the "co-eds," but I do not believe it.

Students have a tendency to divide into cliques. Every class is a clique, and the class is sub-divided into cliques, so altogether at Acadia, there are perhaps a dozen different cliques, or even more. Some' of the boys choose to form a clique of one, and others form a clique with some lady member of the college, but cliques there are and cliques there will be, it is inevitable, for "birds of a feather flock together." Each clique is more or less a society, nameless and purposeless, but not secretless. But let them name themselves, then everyone is their enemy, for now their fellow-students think this group has, what before they knew it had, viz., secrets. These cliques expanded form societies.

Acadia College had in '96, four societies, or better, three societies and one fraternity, viz., the Athenæum Society, the Propylaeum Society, the Athletic Association, and the V. M. C. A., the latter under our distinction being a fraternity. Besides these the Academy and the Seminary contributed to the list. I might just add, by the way, that when I was a Freshman, the Senior class at that time (I do not wish to expose the class so I will not mention the year) had a secret society. It was named with an alliteration of S's, the Secret Society of the Something-or-other-Seven, the full title has escaped my memory. There was a corresponding society in the Seminary, the object being purely social, and as we knew the secret, or thought we did which was the same thing, no one was jealous.

Almost every student belongs to one of these societies, so there is no occasion to keep things secret from the outside students, but there used to be some things that the faculty did not know about until afterwards; yet we do not call these secret societies, and they grow and flourish,—there is something in a name after all. While the majority of these societies embrace most of the students as at least nominal members, one usually has the interest and support of each student. Every student may apply for membership, and is seldom or never refused, but as each one is voted on, and may be excluded, in this sense they are similar to the so-called secret societies. The comprehensiveness of these societies though is their strong point, and where everyone is included there is no jealousy and hence no enmity.

One objection, at Acadia, to secret societies as they usually exist, is the effect which they might have on the Athenæum Society. Sometimes, especially in the spring, the attendance is very small, and anything which would draw from this would be disastrous; and all the year it requires the total energy and ability of the student body to make it what it should be. Better have one good society than more poor ones. Nor would it seem so evil if it were possible to have only one extra society. but if the society is limited in number to any less than the total student body, it inevitably means two, those in the society and those out. And some of those outside, forgetful of their feelings when they were excluded from society No. 1, start society No. 2, which excludes No. 1, and the remnant of the students in neither society. These societies are rivals, bitter rivals, then trouble begins. Some kinds of competition are valuable and stimulating, but other kinds are detrimental and deteriorating. For example, society No. 1 has the foot-ball captain for one of its members, and it is natural for him to desire the members of No. 1 to make the team. Unconsciously he may favor his brother No. 1 in preference to a No. 2 man. Or, if indeed the chosen No. 1 man is far the better, he will nevertheless always be blamed by No. 2 society and outsiders for showing favoritism of which he is entirely innocent. This is but an example of the ill-feeling which may be generated by intentional or unintentional means. This, to my mind, is the greatest objection to societies of any kind which do not include the whole student body who desire to join. The expenses of extra societies are also considerable, and as most students at Acadia cannot afford further demands of that nature, it means either a financial injury to the other societies, or a further increase in the all too heavy deficits in the students' accounts.

A question which might naturally arise to the mind of one who has lived seven years in this land of license is, how far the faculty of a college has a right to question the social demands and expenditures of a student, providing it interferes not with his moral or academic life? It is clearly conceded that in so far as a society is formed entirely of college students, the faculty has full jurisdiction, and may prohibit the continuance of it without assigning reasons. Some societies and fraternities years ago, took into their membership those who were not students, and claimed that, as the organization was not wholly composed of students the faculty could not interfere. But if it is seen, even though this expediency be resorted to, that the society is detrimental to the interests of the college

as a whole, the right of the faculty is unquestioned, and the students should be loyal enough to concur. It might be interesting to know how many of the Acadia faculty are affiliated with secret societies.

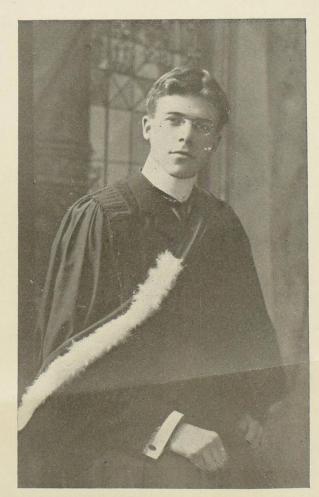
My idea of a secret society for Acadia would be one similar to "Skull and Bones" of Yale when it started, it should have as members the recognized leaders in college life. At present it divides these honors with "Scroll and Key" and "Wolf's Head." These societies take Academic Seniors only, each choosing fifteen, making in all forty-five out of three hundred or more in the class. It is considered a rare distinction to receive an election. Or we might liken it to the new British order of merit, to which all might consider it an honor to be elected, and concerning which everyone might recognize the justice of the election. The membership might be fixed within limits. A certain number, ten perhaps, who were leaders in the in-coming Senior class, should be elected by the out-going Seniors; and these ten chosen from say, the captains of the athletic teams, the editor of the ATHENÆUM, the president of the Y. M. C. A., the President of the Athenæum Society, the captain of the debating team, the high stand man of the class, etc. It should not be absolutely necessary to choose a man on account of his position, but if he were not chosen it would only be on account of a taint of character that needed especial rebuke. It would be the honor roll. If it were thought better to increase the size of the membership, the elections could be extended to the in-coming Juniors, but the number from each class be limited. This would in a way, correspond to Phi Beta Kappa, a non-secret scholarship society, which choses its members only from the highest stand men in the class. A society of this kind seems to me to be void of all objectionable characteristics yet to have all the best features of a secret society. It might well, while containing only a portion of the student body, have the support of all, and also of the faculty. To gain an entrance one would have to earn it, and what one earns no one can object to his receiving. Whether a society of this kind should be affiliated with one of the large fraternities, is a question for further consideration.

I repeat, I am not familiar with the conditions, so what I have said about fraternities and societies at Acadia may be all wrong, but I have expressed my opinion about the variety of society applicable to Acadia; the other alternative is the absence of societies limited in number, and secret in name; perhaps the latter is the better.

New Haven, Conn. May 28, 1903.



R. LEVERETT CHIPMAN Winner of Kerr-Boyce-Tupper Medal for Oratory and Valedictorian of Class of '03.



J. AUSTIN BANCROFT Winner of Nothard and Lowe Gold Medal for General Scholarship.

# The Power and Worth of Public Opinion.

#### Winning Oration in the Kerr-Boyce-Tupper Contest.

Public opinion is as old as humanity. Man is naturally a gregarious animal, and exists not merely as an individual, but as a member of society. This society may, in primitive stages, include only the family or tribe, but it is always there in some form, and the individual will resent an insult to the whole as quickly as one to himself. In every such community where men are gathered together, they affect each other's lives. Each person's thoughts and opinions influence those with whom he comes in contact, and to whom he communicates them, and gradually there come to be certain forms of thought, certain opinions, held by the community as a whole. In other words common or public opinion is developed.

The term "public opinion" is rather vague, and in popular use, it is somewhat loosely connected with the tide of party politics. If we define it as the prevailing view in a community on any matter of general interest, we see that the term has a vast scope—from the merest wave of sentiment which overthrows a government, to a deep love of country and national honor, from the wild excitement and recklessness which accompanied the South Sea Bubble, to the firm belief and persistent demand which precede all great reforms, and from the ungoverned and awful fury which possessed the people in the French Revolution, to the calm, self-contained dutifulness of the Puritans in England.

Public opinion is such a broad and all-prevading force that in order to get a good view of it, we have to examine it from a distance. While one is a member of a community, he helps to form its public opinion, and hence it is difficult for him to abstract himself sufficiently to get a clear view of it as a whole. How many in this audience, for instance, have any definite idea of what the sentiment in Nova Scotia is respecting the relation of religion and the public schools? It is almost impossible to clearly perceive the workings of public opinion in our own epoch, while we are caught in its whirl, and hence we will first consider its action in past ages which we can view in perspective and without prejudice.

Let us turn then to the time of Christ. Many would note this period as showing only the weakness and worthlessness of public opinion. The Jews were not expecting a Messiah such as Christ, but a great earthly

King, while the Romans were devoted to luxury and vice and cared nothing for religion; surely, says the causal observer, public opinion was altogether against Christ, and he overcame it and won his way against it. But if we look deeper, we will see that this is not wholly true, but that the public mind was really prepared to receive him, for both Roman and Jew were dissatisfied with their aims in life. The Romans, having lost all faith in religion, aimed only at getting pleasure out of life, and fuding more pain than pleasure in it were reduced to atheism and despair, while the Jews, finding it impossible to carry out the law's demands had proved legalism a failure. Everywhere there was the conscious need and unconscious longing which precede all great reforms. The people felt the need of something higher than their present philosophy and aims and when it came in the form of Christianity. they welcomed it. Thus looking from a distance we can see how this great force worked unobserved by the people themselves, and we see its power and worth in preparing the way for and supporting Christianity. Yet there is another side of its action to be seen here too, for Christianity was not everywhere accepted at once. So strong is the force of habit that lew and Roman alike clung to their accustomed forms of thought and life, and although they felt the need of something better, only the most liberal minds would accept it when it came. Thus is public opinion divided against itself and strife ensues.

If we examine closely, we will see that no great reform was ever accomplished without the gradual development of public opinion toward that end. To the student of history the causes of the great French Revolution, for instance, can be seen working in the national mind till all was ready for conbustion. The long oppression of the common people, the example of the successful American Revolution, and finally the socialistic and revolutionary trend of the French writers of that period, all tended to awaken in the popular mind a knowledge of the rights of the people, and a longing for revenge on their oppressors, till finally the smoldering force of this idea burst forth into action with a power that was the wonder of the world. Indeed when we look deeply we see that the chief factors in history are the currents of thought and opinion which run through it.

But it is in the modern democratic age that this force, having unparalleled opportunity for expressing itself, has attained its full development and seeming omnipotence. In every country like ours, where this

government is "broad based upon the people's will," public opinion is the supreme power. It alone determines whether a government shall stand or fall, and law is but its most formal expression. "What it sanctions, what it condemns, what it will receive and what reject, are questions which all statesmen have to keep continually asking themselves."

Some years ago a plebiscite of the whole of Canada was taken, with the view of finding out the popular opinion in regard to the prohibition of alcoholic liquors. The result showed that although Canadian sentiment was against excessive drinking, it did not go so far as to deny the right of people to drink, and although the ablest and best minds of the community might agree that prohibition would be beneficial, it could not be enforced, for it would not have the vitalizing power of public opinion behind it. In short public opinion is the final court of appeal for all public issues.

Then the power and worth of public opinion may be seen as revealed in the press of today—that great uniting force which stretches out its broad arms, and joins us all, from Cape Breton to Vancouver, in one grand family where we can hear each other speak and see each other act. Public opinion and the press are not identical, but they interact on each other, so that changes in the attitude of one affect the action of the other. It must be confessed that, as revealed in the press, public opinion seems of little value. As there seen it is restless, feverish, unsettled and unformed. The average reader cares more for the most trifling bit of sensational news than for the loaftiest and most scholarly editorial ever penned. The public doesn't care for good writing and it has no regard for reason. In a recent political campaign, the editor of a party paper decided to rely entirely on reason and logic to support his case, and to use no unfair methods. The result was that he was supposed to have deserted his party because he did not abuse his opponents.

Nothing seems stable in this vortex of opinion. A rumor, whether true or false, spreads with lightning rapidity and is followed by a sensation. One government is popular to-day another to-morrow, and we are apt to look upon public opinion as fickle and worthless. It is not always so however, not when something of vital importance touches it. Let but something touch the heart of the nation, and public opinion springs immediately to the front. Let but the Empire be in danger, and the power of public opinion in Canada sends her dearest sons to the end of the earth

to suffer and die on the battle field of South Africa. Let but someone attack our native land and public opinion would be no weak vacillating thing, but a mighty, steady force which would carry everything with it, and denounce as a coward and a wretch whoever would not draw his sword and fight for his home and hearth.

What then are we to consider as functions and value of this worldwide power? Many thinkers looking only at the worst side of public opinion, denounce it as ignorant, changing and valueless, and when we consider it in some of its phases we can scarcely wonder at this. Look at a public meeting. How many ever accept any ideas but such as confirm their own prejudices. How much does plain reason and logic weigh with the multitude compared with emotion, and when was a crowd ever heard to confess its own ignorance? We cannot blame a thinking man for not respecting what appears to be the mere willfulness of the crowd: yet this is only one side of the question. Granted that the masses are influenced more by passion and prejudice than by reason, and that they are easily missled, yet there is an inborn instinct in us which leads us, in judging truth and falsehood, to attach weight to common belief, and we consider as mad a person who opposes his individual judgment to that of man'kind. There is a great rough balance in nature so that we counteract each other's deficiencies and the verdict of a body of men is more sound than that of an individual.

Of course the value of public opinion depends on the moral and intellectual worth of the people who produce it, for the state after all is like a person on a grand scale. It too has conflicting desires and warring passions. It too is an ethical organism, and just as there is a conscience for the individual, so there is one for the whole. The chief function of conscience is the judgment between right and wrong, and this judgment, public opinion should represent. It is in this sense that the popular saying *Vox populi vox dei* is true, whereas the mere humor of the moment, party prejudice, and class hatred, may rather be called *vox diaboli*.

In comparing the worth of public opinion today with its stand in past ages, we have surely much room for encouragement. When have popular ideas regarding the rights of man, education and social environment been higher? When have people been more humane and liberal in regard to hospitals and charitable institutions? Yes we have advanced, but we must not idly congratulate ourselves. There are many aspects

of the public mind in our epoch which are anything but subjects for congratulation; chief of which is a sort of subtle, all-prevading unbelief in anything but what can be immediately perceived. Utilitarian and Hedonistic views, the theories which make man a mere machine on which to weigh pleasures and pains, are prevalent, not perhaps in definite form but as vague general atmosphere which expresses itself in the wild rush after wealth and the pleasure of the moment, and in distrust of what the future may bring. We boast of the advance we have made in knowledge, but with increase of knowledge the sphere of the great unknowable is ever extended, and this sense of the unknowable gives rise to mystery, uncertainty and skepticism. There is general hesitation and distrust, and the popular idea with a very large class, is to live so as to get the greatest pleasure possible out of this life, and let the next take care of itself. This atmosphere of pleasure seeking is poisonous mist to all lofty nobility and heroism, and even to high attainment in literature and art. It leads only to selfishness, narrowness and sordidness, and it is the duty of those who can influence public opinion to lift it from this baseness to a loftier plain. One great book can do much in this respect-witness Uncle Tom's Cabin and its influence on the slavery question. Literature enters into and changes one's very life. and so it does the life of a nation, for it imparts new ideas, and opens up the mind to the true value of things.

We have but glanced at this fruitful subject, have touched but a few points on its vast circumference, and illustrated the working of this great unseen force in but a few instances. These, however, have sufficed to show us that public opinion is sometimes worth much, sometimes worth nothing, sometimes the voice of God, sometimes the voice of the Devil. Here it is deep and steady, there shallow and fickle, here with a firm purpose to overcome existing evils and bring about reform, there vacillating and degenerate, but always powerful. Even its whimes are felt in politics, and when it has a definite purpose it rises with a power that sweeps away old forms and prejudices, and rushes on to its object.

R. LEVERETT CHIPMAN, '03.

# Valedictory.

#### Gentlemen of the Faculty, Fellow-Students, Ladies and Gentlemen;-

Year after year a class has stood before you here, has bid its adieus, and gone its way. To you this formality is a commonplace, a customary event, a mere incident in the year's passing which comes with Spring as surely as the budding of the trees; but to us it is indeed an eventful day. It is one of the turning points in our lives. For four years we have lived here with this day as a goal ever before us. At first it seemed too far off and as though it could never come, lately it has seemed too near, and we have tried to put the dreaded day of parting far ahead, but it is here at last.

As we look toward the past and think of the happy times we have had in our college life, and as we reflect that we must break away from old familiar haunts, sever old ties, and part from bosom friends,—that we must leave these, and go out into the hard cold world, our hearts fail us, and we rebel against a fate which makes human life one of meetings and partings. Everyone feels a dread of the unknown and a love for the familiar, and who can tell what the future of any of our class will be ?

When on the other hand, we turn from the past and look down the long aisles of the future fading away in the distance, we feel the spur of ambition, and stern zest for the strife awakening us. We feel that there are glorious fields for us to conquer. Never was there such an opening for young ambition as today. The world is crying out for skilled men in every department; for skilful engineers who can make the desert blossom, for men who can tame the forces of nature and make them minister to man, for great organizers in the industrial field, and for competent men in every profession and occupation. For Canadian young men especially there are grand opportunities. We have before us a great country to develop, a country with a splendid future, destined to take a leading part among the nations of the world. There is a chance for everyone of us to do great work in the world today; but for one who has had four years of careful training, who has had his views of the world broadened so that he can see the tendency of things and adjust himself to changing conditions, for one who has had the liberalizing influence of a college education, the opportunities open are truly inspiring.

Yes our ways have fallen in pleasant places, and we are indeed

fortunate; but, you ask, are we to idly congratulate ourselves, and use our advantages for selfish purposes? We realize that before we could spend four years of our lives in culture and training, many persons had to spend their lives at hard physical labor, exposed to wind and storm. or deep down in the mine, deprived of God's blessed sunshine, and although their work for us was not voluntary, but imposed upon them by necessity, yet we owe a lasting debt to society for the advantages we have enjoyed. We owe it to society to do what in us lies to lift these people to a higher plain of life, and to use the training we have received, so as to benefit them. But to those who have given the best of their energy and thought to found these institutions, and to the people of these provinces who, with great self-sacrifice, have so liberally maintained them, we owe a more personal debt of gratitude. We cannot repay you personally for all that you have done for us, yet what return would be more acceptable for your sacrifice than that we should live pure and noble lives-lives that will each leave the world a little better than it found it? This is within the power of each of us, and this is the return that we must make to you.

But the time has come for us to say that word which we find in every varied tongue on earth, that word which brings down the curtain upon life's brightest scenes, that sad sweet word "farewell."

To the people of Wolfville we bid adieu. Oft have we disturbed your slumbers with yell and song, but we know that we have your forgiveness for our thoughtlessness. It has been shown us in the many enjoyable evenings spent at your homes, and although we seem thoughtless, we appreciate such kindnesses.

We have studied with you Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Faculty for four years, and you have given us of your best. As we look back over the time spent with you, we feel that we have not appreciated our privileges, that we have neglected much, but at the same time we know that life means more to us for having spent these years with you. You have taught us the lesson of a life devoted to a noble purpose, and as we go forth into the world and the battle of life, we know that our lives will be greater centres of good for your influence. We leave you at a time when our *Alma Mater* is about to enter into a new career of prosperity, when your influence is about to be extended over a wider sphere, and we want you to feel that our interest and good wishes will always be with you in your noble work here.

To you, fellow-students, farewell. Forgetting all the wounds of class rivalry, let us bear away from this place the precious casket of your true fellowship, and when we meet in the world without, let us forget that we were not classmates and remember only that we have one *Alma Mater*. With you we leave all that we have so long enjoyed, the societies, the college paper, and the college life. May our failures and short comings serve as danger signals to keep you off the shoals so that you may sail safely on to eminent success in every college department.

And now classmates, we who have lived so long in intimate relations must part and go our separate ways. We have reached the forking of the road at last, and now instead of traveling together by the broad road, each has to take a single foot path and wind his way through the great world alone. It seems hard to realize that this is probably the last time that we shall all be together. Never again ! did you ever stop to consider that little word "never" and how much it means ? The human mind cannot comprehend its vast significance, because man's mind is finite, and can only grasp the finite, while the word "never" deals with eternity. Hope ever springs beyond to a future time, and says if not here then elsewhere, in some other world, at some future time. So may it be dear classmates. There in the great beyond, "there where beyond this turmoil there is peace" may we all once more meet.

To one, to all, to citizen, professor, and student, the class of 1903 bids farewell.

R. LEVERETT CHIPMAN.



# "FAREWELL"

# To Class of Naughty-three.

BY R. SIMONSON, '06.

At length the time has come, when you must part; Though strong the bands, that bind us, heart to heart; Shall ever any power break the spell, That holds us thus? No !—Naughty-three—farewell.

Comes loudly from the busy world, the voice— Forth—earnest ones; and laboring, rejoice; Leave—chosen workers, dear *Acadia's* halls, For wider spheres,—as "*Duty*" sternly calls.

ACADIA knows no greater mission here, Than sending forth her own, from year to year; "Acadia" gave to you her all in all, And at your hands shall she arise, or fall.

Do for the world, what those who went before Did with their might; with willing hearts !—and more, Upholding "*Right;*" that we who come behind, May ever highest motives have in mind.

In all sincerity we join as one, To wish you good, in all the race you run; Forward! Advance! in strength which God provides; With valiant "*Truth*" as ever, at your sides.

At every stage of life, our eyes shall scan, Your onward course, as only comrades can; May all the future have success for thee;— Farewell ! Farewell ! Farewell to Naughty-three.

# Class History of '03.

Classmates, "Fathers, Mothers and Freshmen," Friends. You who have graced this doleful occasion before will not be surprised when I disclaim any knowledge of the origin, nature and object of a Class History. Annually a member of the Senior Class is set apart to wrestle with this knotty problem, and annually he fails to throw it. He has a vague notion that he is "it," but utterly fails to form any conception of what it may be. The problem at first sight seems simple,—the victim reads other class histories, and then does as those before him have done, writes something, heads it "Class History" and soothes his conscience, if he has any, with the reflection "What's in a name?" Yet the custom still persists, and audience after audience sit and suffer in silence, fervently wishing that the speaker would go and do likewise. In this capacity therefore, I stand before you this morning; mine not to reason why, mine but to do—and I sincerely trust that you may survive.

When the Historian was elected his mind was a perfect blank. That is probably why he was elected. Two months of lethargy issued in an energy of dispair. He proceeds to each member of the Faculty in turn and asks them what a Class History may be. They reply in the words of their patron saint Mr. Dooly "That I'll never tell ye." He puts the question to old graduates, who *assure* us that they know nothing, and they chuckle in their glee at beholding a fellow spirit struggling for the light that is holden "Ha ! Ha ! *he* doesn't know !" But the questioning of our preceptors is policy and their ignorance does not surprise and discourage the historian as much as you might think, for you have not all lived among them four years.

Then a search for material. First facts, a hasty perusal of old class records, that professed history of Acadia The "Athenæum" etc. etc., and the mind immediately *recoils* from puting these to the vulgar eye. Then a search for jokes, which are more essential than facts. Whenever a thing struck him as funny, he tried it on his friends, shaking with laughter himself to encourage them. They invariably pronounced it extravagant or cheap, or claimed it as an heirloom, handed down four generations in their family. A further delay and all things seemed more fictitious and less a joke. Then the Historian suddenly recalled what a certain great philosopher has said that "True Art consists in leaving out things." Clearly then, the art of the historian is leaving out

facts and jokes. Such is the logic we gain from four years of study. Hence, the following extremely artistic form of Class History.

Exeurt Omnes: four acts of our drama have consumed as many years, within these walls, and outside them, the fifth demands a larger stage and ere the curtain rises upon it there comes a pause. We linger together for a backward glance (and will the music please play tremulously?) Today the course is finished, our ways henceforth diverge. Tomorrow's sun beholds another class file in with "solemn steps and slow" to grasp the unintelligible "hard-earned" parchment, for which, incidentally, we separate ourselves from five dollars apiece, then pass out from the fostering influence of our Alma Mater, forth to join the struggling, striving mass of humanity. Four brief years in shadow and shine, 'mid winter's rude blasts and spring's gentle zephyrs have we lived and wrought together. The story of that sojourn we must leave on the unwritten though indelibly stamped pages of memory, its hallowed recollections we must leave undisturbed remote from the idle gaze. Only as those who having traversed a long gallery of pictures, turn to look back at the straight track narrowing away into a gradually dimming vista would we glance at the rosy confused gleam of class-room experience, rackets wise and otherwise, a whole volume of street romance, the snatches of college song-all pleasant recollections of the hill.

Once upon a time, which is another way of saying in October 1899, there arrived at the familiar little red station, an ordinary, unassuming, though nevertheless remarkable assembly—the same noble thirty-nine, with various omissions and additions, by the way, who now bear the time honored name of Seniors. No extraordinary demonstration was made at the time, for each year this peaceful town is thus blessed with Freshmen classes to outward appearances similar, except for the varying shades of verdancy. These faces, though not bearing the average amount of that innocent lost look nor the deepest shade of that restful color, were nevertheless unmistakable specimens of the genus. In the mellow afternoon sunshine the waters of the Basin lay warm and still, and the maples of the Hill were brilliant in their dying glory of scarlet and gold (I had almost said purple and gold). All was calm and serene, and the earth revolved on its axis much the same as usual.

Ideas of the great workman probably differed; some had visions of burning the midnight oil and of gathering frequently to sing. "Its a

way we have at Acadia." Others who had found entering college the climbing of a high mountain, looked forward to a four years picnic on the summit. To recall all the emotions and experiences of those first days would be impossible, a medley of hopes, plans and possibilities too vague for form, and which since, *perhaps* happily, have become vain or visionary or absorbed in the unexpected opportunities which come with a broadening life.

Our horoscope was propitious and the scene opened with a fair sky. Then naturally began without loss of time, an extended series of animated class meetings, resulting principally in the adoption of a yell and motto, both of which were unique and far ahead of any used by previous classes. We have never been able to translate the latter, (or the former either for that matter), but it seems to state that progress comes from and is dependent on a stumbling, reeling and falling career; though we can scarcely credit the statement, our course having furnished sufficient contradictory evidence.

Though we started with a good deal of homesickness and various minor difficulties, we soon found plenty of diversion in watching a Sophomore class who said they were athletes, a Junior class who said they could be clever when they tried and a Senior class that *was* a discordant parody on Romeo. Thus till the Christmas Vacation when we went home and swaggered and posed as typical college men; and the rustics wondered what a place Acadia must be. In the spring of this our Freshmen year we won the base-ball league from the best aggregation of teams that has since been in college, owing to the magnificent services of our battery at that time. Our popularity at that magic palace across the way during this year was a matter of envy to the other classes—but even that has passed as our minds have developed.

Our Sophomore year !—We look back on it now as an incubus of nebulous lurid cloud, transfixed with lurid, lightning flashes and surrounded by a universe of disordered mind and matter. But, it was pleasant in the living and there was joy in its tumultuous whirlwind. And though the *dass* issued broken hearted from the crucible, the individual members were refined as by fire.

The Sophomore racket comes as a bidden or unbidden guest to every class, and receives treatment hospitable or otherwise. While the class were hotly debating the reception to be given this familiar stranger, he

fell ill on our hands and humanity demanded his *reception*. The malady was indeed grievous taking the form of violent insanity, and the raving could be heard at almost any time of night or day during the whole month of November. At length on a beautiful winter morning early in December, the peace of white-robed nature spreading an awsome calm over its troubled existence, the Sophomore racket passed, leaving part of us heartbroken and the rest pervaded by a solemn gladness.

But the laying away of its remains was not pleasing to the Gods. Its spirit still haunted us. It first made its appearance in a *foul* form at the Junior Exhibition and the oracles made known to us that its peaceful eternal rest could only be secured by the sacrifice of two victims. These, after considerable and prolonged protest, were at length surrendered as a peace offering to the powers and the breach slowly healed, leaving however a ghastly scar, the marks of which remain to the present day. In short it was this class which was one of the parties in the famous strike of nineteen hundred and one.

In the spring of the year, when the placing at rest of mind distorting phantoms enabled us to give attention to athletics, the class showed what it could do by winning the inter-class trophy, the cup given by the Acadia Amateur Athletic Association to the class making the highest aggregate of points in the annual field-day sports.

Well, plus one summer and a pipe (we had donned canes in our Freshmen year), and minus the docility of the first years we were Upper Class Men, each realizing for the first time what a splendid fellow he was. Then did we begin to choose electives and wonder at the peculiar delusion our fellow class-mates were laboring under in choosing theirs as they did, it was so strange they didn't ask our advice.

Our Junior Rhetorical Exhibition was beyond a doubt the best exhibition of Rhetorical talent Acadia has ever seen. The eloquence and oratorical power shown by those on exhibition will be a thrilling memory to the many hundreds who graced the occasion. Our consuming modesty alone prevents our enumerating the names of the speakers, which themselves would be a sufficient guarantee for a far more laudatory recital concerning them. The decorations alone on this occasion have never been approached to; and when we had "passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

We returned amid a halo of luminous blue in the heavens and the many splendors of bronze, crimson and purple in the Autumnal foliage,

and the sentimental of us thought how the closing of our college life was thus typified. We now took up the study of Ethics and settled beyond a doubt the purpose of our existence. Now did we call vague things vaguer names, which is Psychology, and read also Philosophy, or the disproving what the man before you said.

In Athletics we have won yet another league, the basket-ball league, over our time honored rivals the Juniors. And only yesterday we won for the third time the inter-class field day trophy. In the recent field meet at St. John the Senior class secored sixteen points out of the total of thirty-24, triumphantly completing the best all round atheltic record for many years.

The inter-class debating league was not this year completed, but we have defeated the Juniors and Sophomore's as was eminently proper.

We have spent four weeks in examinations, the remaining time in the composition of those immortal productions, theses and orations, and the odd moments in having our pictures taken. This last caused some men who had not done so before to acquire the habit of looking pleasant.

And the whole year has fied with wondrous swiftness; the short Autumn twilights with the clear steady glow in the west; our sleigh drives and the cold solemn snow; the mellow spring and the gateway to eternity in the west; and now—the great, black, mysterious cloud of the world comes before us majestic, towering and awful. Each one asks what the future will bring forth—but, that belongs to the prophet, in a moment we shall hear.

As we step down that flight of cold marble steps and out of our unique gallery into that cloud of mist and uncertainty, that some call reality and others real life, let us glance down the long aisle and note a few masterpieces,—There in the far distance at the very end, a picture almost similar to that which faces us today. A cloud, an envelope of mist into which a small company plunges, and the edges gradually roll back further and further in great undulating masses, leaving a verdant path of luxuriance lying before us bounded by fields of prolific abundance. Happy are those who find the significance of their college course while Freshmen. Here a party of gleaners move rapidly about their work, and upon the topmost branch of a tall elm towering over a nearby grove a galaxy of songsters flow forth a flood of melody upon the late afternoon air, and the melodious treble lingers in our ears even yet. Beyond a doubt our English course is a most pleasant. Again, there

on the left in a pure white frame is a sunrise clear and cold over a frosty barren earth, softened as yet by no trace of snow, and a wild horse lashed by a reckless spirit of exhilaration dashes right athwest the landscape. Those days when our heads were like a clear, silver bell and weeks of work were done in a day, they made our college course worth while. And lastly—what is that picture quite near by, just there to the right? A lone old man kneels before a vision no one but himself sees, but we see it pictured even in his face terrible formless shapes, vague figures and over all a terrible hunger and longing. And, as we watch him, he sinks forward on his face, drunk with the intoxication of mere immensity. And some of our class thought *their* minds were philosophically inclined.

But we turn from the past. Whatever this four years may have been, in its reality—a struggle of real life, an exhilarating dream on a soul inspiring picture gallery—it has left a lasting impress upon our minds and hearts. The ideals we have here formed lead us to one thing, that all progress comes through strife. Our life work lies before us. A life of continuous strife can alone repay the debt we owe our Alma Mater. We have neither Herculean strength, nor intellects of Kent, nor imaginations of Raphael, but with the weakest we can fight.

> "Oh for the strength and height Of glorious life,— The dazzling light, The straining and the strife Love, passion, hope In their divinest scope.

- High winds on mighty seas, Not sheltered bay; The storm that frees
- Wild torrents, great and gay With sudden power,
- Not the soft spring-time shower.
- And if the storm should kill, The torrent down— So be it still
- Still let us snatch the crown Life has to give,
- And cry, but once, I live !"

# Class Prophecy.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. Some have too much greatness thrust upon them and such is the case here. Fortune has always favored my predecessors by allowing them to take up this subject in a very unique way, by providing them with a suitable dream or vision. One even died. No doubt dying would be the easiest way for me to proceed as I would not have to undergo much of a transformation; but still it would be somewhat inconvenient as, judging from the actions of most of the class in the past, my spirit would only come in contact with a few of the best. No vision; no dream; and still alive. How shall I proceed. While wandering over the hills at the south of the town, I accidently sat down upon an ant-hill. I had been sitting there only a short time, pondering how to take up the task before me, when something within that hill advised me to betake myself with considerable alacrity twenty years hence and go about my work.

In the year 1920 I was travelling for a large wholesale Co. in Halifax, the great winter port of Canada. On January 25th of this year the company got a letter from a Mr. Eaton in Winnipeg a large retail dealer in lofty ideas, fancy notions, electric currents, etc., stating that he would like to see some of our samples. As fate would have it, I was sent out to try and procure his order. I arrived at Winnipeg and had no difficulty whatever in finding Mr. Eaton's place of business. After a short interview with the gentleman I found that he was none other than my old friend and classmate "Runt." Runt had changed considerably. Instead of that delicate frail-looking creature as I remember him in 1903, he was now a hearty robust looking fellow; and judging from his longitude I would say he was the supporter of a large corporation. His success in business was no doubt due to his living up to the motto which he had printed in large gilt letters on the wall of his office. "Call on a man of business, on business, during business hours, do your business and leave." After I had procured his order which was an exceptionally large one, our conversation naturally shifted from commercial transactions to old Acadia and class of '03. Eaton had seen recently but few of the class. While he was visiting his parents at Auburn he met C. K. Morse now a D. D. and Pastor of Tremont Temple. Morse was ever listening to the calls of providence and it was remarkable

how he obeyed only those where his salary was increased. At the time of the above meeting he was spending a three weeks vacation at his old home; but decided to make use of his time in horse trading and speculation which he was doing in the same suit of clothes that he preached in. While walking up street we passed a large stationery store which reminded me of the success of one of our class-mates Marston E. Dexter. Shortly after graduating Dexter bought the Wolfville Book Store, made extensive repairs and additions and is doing a rushing business, having for clerk one of the same that was there when we attended Acadia. We also noticed several posters advertising the Taylor Concert Co. which company was to perform in the Opera House that night. Recognizing Arthur's picture on one of the posters we decided to go. On glancing at the programme we found that the Co. consisted of Arthur C. Tavlor, Madame Taylor, Miss Alice H. Taylor, Johnnie Taylor, Charlie Taylor, Willie Taylor and Capt. Taylor. The curtain lifted and our classmate appeared on the stage. He rendered the Irish Washer Woman in his usual style. The rest of the Concert was of the same tenor and was considered a great success. Runt informed me that V. L. Denton was mate of the Eatonian, one of the finest steamships of the Cunard Line.

It was with much reluctance that I left Mr. Eaton but the urgency of my work impelled me to return to Montreal. Arriving there I found that the people were very much elated over the invention and recent discovery by one of its citizens Prof. J. C. Rayworth. He had invented an apparatus which added very much to the power of the telescope. By this means he discovered that the inhabitants on Mars were of New Brunswick type, and that their only occupation was farming which was limited mainly to the cultivation of buckwheat. Being very desirous to see Rayworth I hailed a cabman to drive me to his observatory. During the drive he became very intimate and talked on different subjects in such an intelligent way that I recognized him as a man of education much superior to most cabmen. The facility with which he spoke attracted me and I ventured to inquire his nationality and name. He informed me that he was from Cody's, N. B. and that his name was Horace G. Perry. Just then something happened. I know not until this day what it was, but when I returned to my senses I found a lady standing at the side of my cot stroking my fevered brow and talking to me in a very soothing tone. I remembered seeing her somewhere before. Yes, at

Acadia ! a classmate ! Miss Coldwell. I knew not how badly I was hurt, but however serious it might be, I felt that under her maternal care I would be able to resume my work in at least a couple of years. Shortly after I awoke, two pompous and rather distinguished looking gentlemen came into the room, one of whom I recognized as Hawkins, the other after some reflection as Thomas—the old original Tom. As a result of Hawkins' persistent study and steady hand, he is now ranked among the leading surgeons of Canada, and is Head Surgeon of the Victoria General Hospital; of which institution I was an inmate, and in which Thomas was House physician. Thomas' innate nature for sitting around the house admirably fitted him for the position. He afterward showed me all his labor saving devices, by one of which he is now able to smoke other peoples cigars without the least mite of difficulty.

After I had recuperated sufficiently to get up, Thomas allowed me the use of his library. Among the many magazines on the table I noticed one edited by L. W. D. Cox. On glancing through it I noticed a number of editorials on the leading subjects of the day, and many cuts of beautiful women which I would naturally expect; and a children's column which anyone who was very intimate with Cox would know that he was capable of excelling in. It also contained an article by Dr. F. R. Shankel of Hubbard's Cove. The subject of which was, "How the Weak are Controlled by the Strong." I expected to find in this treatise an able discussion of the subject; but found to my surprise a love story or rather an autobiography of his life from the beginning of the Senior to the time of writing.

During my long stay at the hospital, we naturally talked over old times and the whereabouts of our classmates. Miss Coldwell had lately received a letter from Mrs. Eaton, a part of which read as follows,— "A few days ago while strolling along the beach, I noticed on a rocky ledge of a cliff the form of a woman. My attention being drawn toward her by the skill and apparent ease with which she was wielding a heavy geological hammer, I approached. Gray and gaunt, with hands calloused and hard, exhausted with toil, and a look of anguish and disappointment crossing her worn features, she cast aside her hammer, and at the same time heaving a mighty sigh, endeavoured to straighten herself;—Lo! it was Miss Fash!!!. As an explanation to my inquiries as to the object of her strange employment she replied,—"You know how the girls were barred from taking Geology at Acadia. I then made a firm resolve to

do all I could to assist the girls in securing this privilege which had been denied to them. The opportunity came when a few years later it was announced that Acadia's Geological doors would be opened to girls, if I could solve the question which had long puzzled the minds of sages, whether Dawson's Eozoon Canadense is really a gigantic rhizopod or merely a mineral aggregation peculiar to the Limestones of the Laurentian Hills; and of late I have heard rumors that a certain professor is watching my efforts with trembling apprehension lest I succeed, and he shall have to stoop so low as to impart his divinely inspired knowledge to the Co-eds."

The rest of the letter was of minor importance to me, but suggested something that caused me to inquire who this Mrs. Eaton was. Thomas at once informed me that a certain young lady of our class had succeeded in accomplishing the purpose, towards which all young ladies who attend Acadia try to attain of being able at the end of their course, to construe the alphabet in such a way, that they will be able to spell their names quite differently from the way in which they are entered upon the registrar's Cash Book. But certainly all of them are not so successful as the above mentioned one, in procuring so skilful and energetic a young man as Dr. L. E. Eaton, whose appointment to the teaching staff as Demonstrator of Mechanical Dentistry of the University of Pennsylvania I had recently read with much pleasure.

From the conversation with Miss Coldwell, Hawkins and Thomas, I gleaned the following respecting some of our colleagues: Our class had certainly an able *team* in the Telegu Mission Field, we being well represented by Boggs, Tedford and Miss Colpitts. The active part taken in Athletics by these three while at Acadia thoroughly qualified them for their future work. Boggs' fanciful theorising and practical use of tackling dummies at Acadia at once won for him the position of captain. The game, although controlled by the English Rugby Rules, is slightly different; for instead of trying to control the ball as in the above mentioned game, they try to control the souls of the coolies. Their matches with his Satanic Highness are frequent, and through Tedford's steady aggressive work in the forward line, and Bogg's dodging and diplomacy at halfback, combined with Miss Colpitts lightning tackles at full, have won more honor for Acadia than any other team she ever turned out.

Loomer, they informed me, had taken his departure to that country from whose bourne no traveller ever returns. After taking a theological course at Newton he returned to his home at Falmouth. While sitting

under an old apple-tree thinking over his latest work, The Eternity of Time of Man, he gradually became petrified,—actually turned into solid rock and is now numbered among the curio3 to be seen in the museum of his old Alma Mater. Some claim that he is still philosophizing, and undoubtedly he is.

J. A. Bancroft fully intended to be a minister of the gospel, for which he would have made an ideal man; but was lured from this righteous path by the inviting possibilities which geology and chemistry afforded him. Shortly after leaving Acadia he accepted a position on the Geological Survey of Canada. While thus engaged he did good work. Later he accepted the professorship of Cornell University. As a result of his thorough scientific researches during his vacations, he made many and valuable contributions to scientific thought. He discovered many new types of fossils, two classes of which are named in his honor; viz Josephum Bancroftus which is a fossil shell resembling a clam and Austinus Bancroftus, a long lobed spiral shell. Under his teaching his students are as enthusiastic as he. The latest discovery they have made in this line is a huge fossil behind their lecture-table which they have decided to name,—Cupidis Josephum Austinus Bancroftus.

Having recovered sufficiently after a two months stay at the Hospital, I started for home. Arriving in St. John, I felt somewhat tired and decided to remain there a few days. While passing the Court House I noticed a crowd entering and to satisfy my curiosity I followed Addressing the jury in a stern and convincing manner, was Claude L. Sanderson. I was able to hear only the last part of his speech which ran thus. "In view of facts brought out by the witnesses it has been plainly shown, that accused until recently fully intended to marry this young lady. His past conduct is against him. Even so slight a thing as the breaking of a contract to shine a fellow student's boots is not in his favor. In light of above facts, your honor, such a heart-bruiser and violator of the law should be punished." The lawyer for the defendant then arose, assumed a very austere and dignified look I thought I recognized him, and all doubt was banished when I saw him seize his gown with both hands near the top of his shoulders, and address the jury. It was G. P Morse. He proceeded to refute his learned friend's arguments and in his long speech he alluded to a personal reference, stating that he had been intimately acquainted with the accused for four years at College, and, during that time had never seen him with one of the fair sex." The jury filed out

but soon returned with the verdict. The judge then arose and declared James Garfield Sipprell guilty of "breach of contract" and pronounced as punishment a fine of \$5000 or ten years at hard labor.

From Sanderson I learned that "Old Herm Cann" was preaching at Hard Scrabble, a small town a short distance from St. John. "Mike" and I decided to go and see him. Reaching there we found that Herm was away. Accosting one of the natives to find out how "Herm" was getting along he replied,—"Mr. Cann is a great preacher we like him first class around here we do. He gits into the puelpit reads his tixt and then starts to blow the bellus until he gits something good and hot and then he jist hammers it at the congregation with a cast iron fist, as if he was hammerin out a horse-shoe on the anvil. And when he gits the shoe already you jist orter hear the arguments he uses to nail it on with. I tell ye they are pinted ones, now mind ye my friends and he never forgits to clinch 'em."

Hearing that S. W. Schurman was pastor of Germain St. Baptist Church, I decided to remain over Sunday and hear him preach. He took for his text, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be washed whiter than snow." He was holding the congregation spell-bound with his oratory, when he became somewhat excited and exclaimed "though your shirts be as scarlet they shall be washed whiter than snow at the Globe Laundry," then he shouted at the top of his voice, "Get your laundry ready brethern."

I left St. John on the early train Monday morning for Halifax; at Spring Hill Junction who should get on the train but J. D. Purdy. Purdy had been president of two great organizations thus far in his life; the class of 1903 of Acadia University and a lobster Canning Company. He had lately returned from South America where he was supervising the construction of a railway across the Andes. Arriving in Truro who should we see at the Depot but W. H. White. White spent two years in the employ of the Home Mission Board, visiting the colored churches in Nova Scotia. He was at present preacher at the First Colored Baptist church in Truro, or rather kept that church from having a preacher. His enthusiasm in athletics has won for him a position even on the Truro Football Team for a number of years. Just as the train was starting out he gave me a newspaper clipping taken from the Messenger and Visitor, which read as follows: "As a result of his ten years labor in the mission field, G. C. Durkee was killed by the Wamalukas the most savage tribe in the Feejie Islands, in celebration of a cannibal feast." The sending out of a man as fat as Durkee reflects much discredit and shows poor judgment on the part of the Mission board.

Purdy was well informed as to the whereabouts of the class. W. I.. Wright shortly after graduation left for Europe, there to perfect himself in the further study of pianoforte. He made for himself many friends and finding a community to his liking near Berlin, his talents as a player and teacher of ability quickly brought him to the front. A large musical conservatory near by offered him a fine position which he has since filled to their entire satisfaction. Armstrong, while attending Harvard lost his health. He was always a delicate fellow and through close confinement and hard study brought on nervous prostration. Taking the advice of his physician he went to California, but serious doubts are entertained concerning his recovery. He also told me that Jimmy Hamilton who now holds the world's record in the 120 yds. hurdles, was manager in the Forestry department of the United States. Every year he spends a few weeks at Yale giving pointers to the students in his favorite line of sports.

Arriving in Halifax and being unfit for work the Company allowed me a month to rusticate. Availing myself of the advantage which this opportunity gave me, I decided to attend the closing exercises at Acadia.

While looking over the morning's paper, coming up in the train, I noticed that Dr. E. K. Amberman M.A., M. D., DSc., Ph. D., D. C. L. F. R. S. S. one of the physicians of the Royal Family and attendant physician to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was to make a six week's tour of Canada and the United States. Arriving in Wolf-ville, about the first person I met was Rev. Ritchie Elliott. Elliott got married the next day after graduating and was now Shepherd of a large flock in Avonport and the father of a complete base-ball team.

Ritchie had always kept in communication with Mrs. Scott. After spending some years in Scotland, Germany and France, she was tendered a very lucrative position as teacher of English Literature in the Presbyterian Ladies College in Pennsylvania. As is the custom at our sister institution, a delightful social function was held every six months. Being one of the teachers she was of course expected to attend this semiannual gathering of beauty and brilliance. This excitement proved too severe for the recluse Mrs. Scott and she retired to a convent for deeper seclusion and has not been heard of since.

The chief topic of conversation in Wolfville "was the resignation of Miss McLeod as principal of Acadia Seminary. Besides being a teacher of remarkable ability she has also great literary talent. Her greatest works are,—"The practical and Theoretical Philosophy of Life" or The Wisdom and Art of Growing old Gracefully, and "How to Woo Successfully." These two books have filled a long needed want in the Seminary, and it was unfortunate that the students did not have access to them when we were at Acadia.

But the greatest surprise of all awaited me. I found that the preacher of the Baccalaureate Sermon for this year was Rev. P. W. Durkee D. D. In spite of the fact that Durkee while at College always justified his acts by showing their correspondence to those of great Bible characters, few of us had ever supposed he would enter the ministry. His sermon showed his characteristic clearness of thought and strength of argument. It was generally admitted to be the greatest Baccalaureate sermon preached at Acadia since the memorable one on May 31, 1903.

While sitting on the piazza at the Acadia Villa Hotel enjoying a fragrant Havana, a beautiful team drew up before the door and a gentleman alighted. It was Chipman. After leaving Acadia he thought at first he would study medicine; but was undecided for a long time whether he would be a homeopath or an alapath. He finally gave up both of these ideas and resolved to follow the cow-path. He informed me that had he known the time of the last Dominion election, he would have been tempted to run as member from Kings. But having now four years before the next election, I have no hesitation whatever in saying that our other class girl instead of being the wife of a Kings Co. farmer, will in four years time be the wife of a member of parliament whose eloquence and oratory will sway members of both sides of the House. After leaving Wolfville I paid a short visit to my old home, where after a severe attack of Hydrophobia, I died.

FRED L. LOMBARD.

# Notes on '03.

NED AMBERMAN: Fine student, good baseball player, and thoroughly good fellow, stayed with '03 till the Senior year when he left for Dalhousie, where he distinguished himself by capturing a B. Sc and doing the first, and part of the second year Medicine all in one year.

J. A. ARMSTRONG spent only the Junior and Senior years at Acadia. He succeeded in doing one thing that very few fellows have been able to, and that was to enter the Junior year on an "A" certificate, make up all the required work, and graduate with good standing. He was always a "home-keeping heart," and generally wore a very high collar.

"CUPID" BANCROFT was a prodigy. He lead his class during the entire course, won the gold medal, took honors in Mathematics, made an average of 100 in chemistry, was President of the Athenæum one term, took an interest in all college societies, and was not unsuccessful in his relations with the fair sex. He got more good out of his college course than the average man.

ALBERT BOGGS, our popular football captain for 1902 season was a fair student and a fine sport. He entered every branch of college athletics, but had the most persistent run of bad luck, being laid up most of the time with some injury or other. He exerted a strong moral influence on lower-class men during his Senior year, and will be long remembered by them.

"HERM" CANN, Noughty Three's muscular ministerial was a very popular man. Each year he would come back with the determination to drop football, but before the season was over he was always found back in the harness, the trusted centre and strength of the forward line. His genial presence was always welcome, and his influence among the fellows was good.

R. L. CHIPMAN was a man who grew during his college course. During the first year or two he enjoyed the title of "The Slowest Man in College" but before he graduated he proved to everyone that he was surer than he was slow. He was Valedictorian, winner of the Kerr Boyce Tupper Medal for Oratory, a leading debater, a track Athlete, associate editor of the Athenæum, and one of the popular men of his class.



GRADUATING CLASS OF ACADIA UNIVERSITY 1903.

L. W. D. Cox came into the Sophomore year from a High School in Massachusetts. He brought with him many American college ideas which much to his regret he could never get our little college to adopt. Cox stood well in his classes, was an authority on the theory of every college sport, and was himself fairly successful on the track. He was also a good speaker and for two years worked on the Athenæum staff.

MISS MABEL COLDWELL has had a checquered career. Suddenly leaving the '02 class in the middle of her Junior she took up the profession of Nursing. In a year's time she returned to take up her studies and graduate with the class of '03. Miss Coldwell's faculty of being able to agree with everybody she met gave her an enviable reputation. She made up for this however by her fierce "cuts" in the tennis courts and was tennis champion of the girls throughout her course.

The 'o2 class was fated to lose another member in the Junior year. Miss Minnie Colpitts was called home on account of illness there and came back to graduate with the 'o3's. Coming from New Brunswick she brought more than the usual supply of dignity, brains and maple sugar. Miss Colpitts made a splendid President of the Propylaeum Society during the last term. Her governing methods were excellent and she made good the Proverb—''A soft answer turneth away wrath.''

MISS M. V. CRANDALL occupies the unique position of being one of the two girls who have stayed with their class from the Freshman year. Being a first-class student and taking honors in English did not prevent Miss Crandall from entering into the social life at Acadia to a great extent. She also filled the office of Y. W. C. A. President during her Senior year and her Christian influence will ever be remembered among the girls she leaves behind.

V. I., DENTON was hockey captain during his Senior year, and was also a member of the football team and track team. He took an interest in several other branches of athletics and was frequently heard from in the A-A-A.

P. W. DURKEE was a popular and influential member of his class. In his studies he stood with the first, he took honors in Mathematics and Physics, and during his Senior year as Editor of the Athenæum he brought our college journal up to a standard hitherto unreached.

G. C. DURKEE pursued the even tenor of his way untroubled by athletics or any other college frivolities. He attended strictly to business, and it is believed that he got out of the curriculum whatever good there is in it. He was well liked though not especially well known among the college fellows.

M. E. DEXTER is another man who came to college to study. He was a good English student, a lover of good literature, and a man of good, original ideas. He took most of his recreation in walking, and hardly ever alone, especially during his Senior year.

"RUNT" EATON was the jolliest, best-natured "man" in his class. He had a laugh worth at least \$5000. His standing in class was by no means poor; he took an interest in sports, and in the college societies and was on the whole a pretty good kind of a college chap. He came from sweet Auburn and went back there again.

L. E. EATON in some ways got more out of his college course than any man in his class. He was a good athlete, half back on the football team, and easily the best distance runner in college. He left Acadia at the end of his Junior year and took a year of dentistry at University of Pennsylvania, at the same time taking the Acadia exams and graduating with his class. While at U. of P. he made the track team there. At Acadia he was considered a good student and first class debater.

RITCHIE ELLIOTT was prominent in baseball circles. He was captain of the college team in 1903. He was a man of good christian character, and an active Y. M. C. A. worker. He decided that it is not good for a man, and especially a minister to be alone, so since graduation he has married him a wife to share his pastoral duties.

MISS MABELLE FASH, after attending Dalhousie for three years, finally came to her senses, and arrived at Acadia in time to graduate. Showing a decided bent for Science she startled the Faculty by demanding the privilege of pursuing her geological course. This was refused on the grounds that it was too *hard* for young ladies; so she had to console herself with the minor subjects of Law, Bacteriology, etc. Having known Miss Fash for only a year our one regret is that she could not have been with us during the full course.

"JIMMY" HAMILTON was active in all branches of Athletics, and was a good student as well. He was Track Captain for the year of 1903, and played on all his class teams. He was also half back on the college football team. He was liked by everyone who knew him.

"ZED" HAWKINS was a quiet, retiring sort of fellow. During his Senior year he was frequently heard from in the different college societies, and his ideas always carried influence. He was business manager of the football team for the past season.

"MERCY" LOMBARD was the "Joker" of the 1903 pack. He carried a laugh with him wherever he went. In his more serious moments he was a man of excellent managing capacity. He made a good President of the Athletic Association, and always had a knack of making the fellows do what he wanted them to. He played on the college football team and on all his class teams, and was always seen at meetings of the college societies.

L. O. LOOMER was a perfect recluse. He counted that day as lost when he didn't do six or seven hours hard studying. His diligence brought its reward however. He thoroughly mastered a good many books during his course, and developed a strong power of thought. He was chosen as speaker for both Junior Ex. and Graduation. His philosophic essay delivered at the latter occasion has since appeared in print with favorable comment.

C. K. MORSE was a good student, one of the best debaters in college and an active worker along religious lines. He was President of the Y. M. C. A. during his Senior year and filled the office very acceptably. He was chosen by the class to deliver the "Address to Undergraduates," at their Class Day.

The graduating class is indebted to that liberal class of 'o2 for another of its best members—Miss E. Avora Macleod, commonly known as "Everybody's Darling." But this is not all. The fact is, Miss Macleod was a marvel. She was not only a first class student, but every phase of college life saw her smiling face and everything was her forte from grand literary productions, to—fudge. She was an all-round college girl and probably got more out of her course than many do. Another fortunate addition came to the class in the Sophomore year, in the person of Miss Etta G. Phillips from the great U. N. B. She showed her many-sided nature in being good in sports, better as a Propylaeum Pres. and best as a student. From a three years' acquaintance with Miss Phillips we have come to the conclusion that her rather dignified mien was but the covering of a right jolly nature. We wish her every success in the further pursuit of her studies under a warmer climate.

H. G. PERRY was most prominent in Athenæum circles. He was a good debater. He was chairman of the Lecture Committee, and business manager of the Athenæum paper in his Junior year. While not an athlete he took an interest in Athletics, and was generally found where anything of interest was going on. He stood well in his class work and took honors in History and Economics.

J. D. PURDY had the respect and good-will of all with whom he came in contact. His standing in class was good. He occupied very successfully the office of President of the Athenæum, and was chosen "Class President" of '03 in its last term. He took a lively interest in all departments of college life.

J. C. RAYWORTH was one of the brainiest men of '03. He always stood near the head of his class, and he won the Governor General's medal, for the second highest average during the course. He was seldom absent from the meetings of college societies.

S. W. SCHURMAN, formerly, but erroneously called "Hot-Time" was a born manager and man of business. He ran a very successful laundry business while at college, and managed the class functions of several classes. He was also interested in Athletics, entered all class contests, played on the football team, and was a good baseball player. He was also prominent in Y. M. C. A. work. In the A-A-A he was occasionally on the floor. He was Gym instructor one year.

C. L. SANDERSON, for some unexplained reason, generally called "Mike," was our member from Varmouth. He was a fair student, a fair athlete, and a pretty good man to know. He was Tennis Captain for the season of 1903, and under his supervision tennis flourished even more than formerly.

MRS. H. G. SCOTT came here for the purpose of study and succeeded. Her chief recreation, and it is a commendable one, was her faithful and unselfish devotion to Y. W. C. A. work. She was an excellent Latin Scholar but her chief delight was to delve into the depths of Browning and Carlyle. Her kindly advice and ready sympathy for all who needed it, won for her the affectionate title of "Granny" by which she will always be best remembered.

PAD SHANKEL was a small, harmless, well-liked fellow who took a great interest in all forms of Athletics, but not much in his studies. He played part of the season on the football team as quarter, and nearly made several more of the college teams. He was an enthusiastic class man, and was never so happy as when playing for '03 against '05 or '04.

JIMMY SIPPRELL was always one of the most popular men of his class. During the first part of his course he was the "funny man" of the college but after leaving us for a year at U. N. B. he came back a little more serious, and during his Senior year he accomplished a great deal in his classes besides playing on the football team, and taking a leading part in Athenæum.

W. S. TEDFORD was a royally good fellow. Besides being active in Y. M. C. A. work, and especially in Missions, he was a football player, a good Athenæum man, stood fairly well in all his classes, and very well in the opinion of all the college men. He was one of the most respected men in college.

F. H. THOMAS was a man who studied when there was nothing on in the way of Athletics. He was an old reliable on the football team and was a corker at basket ball. He was basket ball captain during his Senior year. He had no enemies in college for it would take a very cross grained kind of a man who could be an enemy of "Thom's" very long.

A. H. TAYLOR having been at Acadia for a considerable time, finally made up his mind to graduate at last with '03. The amount of back work he accomplished during the Senior year was little short of marvellous, and showed what he *could* do if he had a mind to. He was goal on the hockey team one year, was always at Athenæum, where he displayed considerable literary ability, and was a member of the college orchestra for one year.

W. A. WHITE came to us from Baltimore. He distinguished himself as an all-around field and track Athlete, was a pretty good football player, a good speaker, and a good fellow generally. He was also prominent in the Y. M. C. A. and stood well in his classes.

W. L. WRIGHT accomplished a great deal during his stay at Acadia. Besides doing all the regular college work satisfactorily he took a full course in pianoforte at the Acadia Seminary, and a post graduate course in addition. He was very well liked at college and we think at the Seminary also. He intends to pursue his music studies abroad.

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# Address to Undergraduate Classes.

### Members of the Undergraduate Classes:-

Tomorrow we leave you and go out into the battle-tumult of the world where our mission is to be achieved, and our rank among men decided. We leave to your care many interests which have been dear to us. We as students of our loved Alma Mater shall no more walk these halls, wander over these beautiful grounds, or make these buildings and groves ring with our cheers. No longer shall we hear the instruction of loved professors or listen to their fervid inspiring addresses. Our parts in sports, in the work of the various Associations and in College life generally will be taken by you. To the Juniors we leave all our unsolved problems in Philosophy, to the Sophomores as many honors in sports as you can win, and to the Freshmen as many chances to acquire wisdom as you can find. To each class we leave the opportunity of competing for the Trophy on Field day, as well as the pleasure to be derived from the various social functions.

We have appreciated your warm friendship. The class-room, the campus and friendly rivalry have brought us together until

"Like kindred drops we've melted into one."

The attachments formed here we never can forget, nor can we overestimate the worth of such friendship as a preparation for the duties of life. We are glad that we leave here stronghearted and loyal students who will uphold the honor of old Acadia. As we move off this stage of duty our places are quickly to be filled by others. You are to enjoy the

opportunities we have enjoyed. May you improve them better. You are to fill the place which we now fill. May you fill it more worthily.

The influence of College days leaves a lasting impress on the mind and heart. It pervades the innermost recesses of our *nature*. It becomes a guiding principle in our lives. It moulds our character. It shapes our destinies. Hence the necessity that this influence should be directed to pure and noble ends. The best or the worst will become the ruling principle in every life. Here is a battle-ground where fierce conflicts will be waged and students will be fitted or unfitted for the duties of life.

Vou are to be congratulated upon the position you hold in reference to the advance educational movement of our Institution. New and enlarged interests bringing with them increased opportunity and responsibility are opening up before you. Through the loyalty and enthusiasm of our President, seconded by the noble efforts of warm friends and supporters, Acadia of the future will occupy a more commanding position than Acadia of the past. More eyes are looking toward her, more hearts are beating in unison with her heart, and more will be expected from her in every department. Her ideals have always been high and ennobling, her life pure and elevating, but today her interests are enlarged and her future assured. Henceforth she is to occupy a prouder place and exert a wider influence. An enthusiasm and loyalty born of the sacrifices and victories of the past now finds its centre in this Institution, and so we congratulate you on sharing as you will so largely the impetus from this increased interest and enlarged life.

But we are conscious of the fact that this increased interest and enlarged opportunity impose weightier obligations upon those of you who are to remain under these changed conditions. It is not flattering to those of us who have had part in the student life to admit that the ideals of that life have not kept pace with the advance movement from without. In every department of our college interest our Halls, our sports, our social and religious life there are boundless opportunities for establishing loftier ideals and achieving nobler results.

With our exit Chipman Hall becomes a thing of the past, a memory, and a College Residence takes its place. The old Hall has had a unique history which in some respects is sacred and worthy of imitation. At times discipline of a valuable nature has been dispersed and the stains of formidable crimes and misdemeanors have been washed away. Other phases of its history are best honored by allowing them to become

traditions of the past. With the new Residence no doubt a more wholesome life will be established. Conditions which once existed will exist no longer. To you is given the splendid opportunity of installing in the new Residence wholesome and ideal conditions for the regulation of social and student life.

And now Fellow-students in parting let me say above all be men of character. The demand of the 20th century is for men of character. Character is the fine tone of your heartstrings; it is that something which points you onward and upward in the mighty rush of life. The true character is created by placing one upon another the sheets of gold leaf of opportunity which weld together and build higher and higher one strong piece of solid gold. Phillips Brooks has well said, "Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, the thoughts he is thinking, the deeds he is doing; when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do, because he is a child of God," 'Take the highest, purest, and best as your standard. Our every-day life is a battle-ground where we have the opportunity of displaying HEROISM and true nobility of character.

> "What is noble? Tis the finer portion of our mind and heart Linked to something still diviner than mere language can impart; Ever prompting, ever seeing some improvement yet to plan To uplift our fellow-beings and like man to feel for man. What is noble? That which places truth in its enfranchised will, Leaving steps like angel traces that mankind may follow still. E'en though scorn's malignant glances prove him poorest of his class He's the noble who advances freedom and the cause of Man."

# CLASS ODE.

Dear and revered Mother, eternally young, We have thrilled at thy voice, calm and strong, When it rang through the challenge thy champions flung, To the cohorts of falsehood aud wrong.

In the strength of thy confidence, robed in thy might, Never blinded by faction or strife, Keep us clean from all littleness, teach us aright In the meaning and sweetness of life.

Loyal hearts shall be thine though no longer we dwell Where thy memories hallow each shrine, And we bring our green laurel and white immortelle With a symbol thy brows to entwine.

To be called of thine order, thy knights in good sooth, We would kneel for thine accolade now, For the touch of the sword of thy spirit of Truth And the seal of thy kiss on each brow.



## Address to the Graduating Class.

### BY C. H. WATSON, D. D.

Members of the graduating class: Were it possible for me to say to you the best and most befitting word, I could not do better than to say to you what you have already said to us. Nothing has been lacking in the utterance of your high moral passion today, through your representatives, but a certain accent of experience, which, at this stage of your life, is happily impossible to you. That is the quality which makes realistic all moral purpose and endeavor, because it has added the element of test. When you so fully, and so beautifully, utter the espousal of yourselves to the manfulness of truth, and the glory of service, we love you, and thank God for what you are, and for what you would be, but we pray for you, because we know so well the stern and fiery test, now at hand, through which your yows must be proved and kept. We rejoice in your confidence; it is the conscious freshness and strength of youth-the sweet optimism necessary to make a noble success really possible. That possibility is in our hope and faith for you all, but darker possibilities also hover about us, and compel the accent of faithfulness in the farewell word. That was a significant analysis of Bismarck's of the output of educated men from Germany's Universities: "One third of them are mutilated and killed by dissipation; one third are broken and die through overwork; the other third are the masters of Europe." Thank God that a superb success is possible ! Alas, that failure also is possible through pardonable indiscretions ! Alas, Alas ! that utter physical and moral disaster likewise is possible, through degeneracy and apostacy !

It is not likely that God would, by His own breath, create this subtle mechanism of thought within us for the gross and sordid ends of our physical life. That is the conscious and deliberate perversion of its use. Never more than now, in an age of appalling materialistic greed, is that perversion more tempting to educated men. Hence we have this fact staring us in the face; there is not a desperate and defiant corruptionist seated on his throne of power in the cities and sovereign States of yonder GREAT REPUBLIC, who has not at his elbow to sharpen and make more effective his villaincy—a college graduate. Particularly is it true of educated men that they are passing into mental States in which we describe them as "possessed." That is, possessed either by the SPIRIT of GOD for good, or by an unclean spirit for evil. Possessed as

Judas was by the devil of greed, or as Paul was, who described himself as his MASTER'S branded slave, and his brands as the marks of torture upon his obedient flesh. But such possession represents only a half-way stage towards a final goal either of holiness-that is, wholeness-or of sin. There is something worse than even devil possession before the wicked man. It is the state in which he has become master of himself for evil; and, without the prompting or instigation of any associated mind, he brings his entire nature into play to promote what is bad. I do not know how you can describe that, but it comes very near being the sin against the HOLY GHOST: the Holy breath of God which is in all truth, light, and moral power, turned against God, self, and fellow. We pray that you may never enter into that awful secret. But there is that in the ethically chaotic conditions of the age that you are in, that is making it easily possible to the educated apostate. This modern virus of materialistic greed that inoculates our veins, is something that feeds upon and consumes the integrity of the brain, as well as of the heart, just like the favorite poison of the Borgias.

But thank God we can confidently face towards a more glorious outlook for you. There is something higher than being possessed by the Divine afflatus for good, as ecstatic as the thrill of that possession makes us; it is that state in which a man is master of himself for everything that is noble, and quietly, thoughtfully, uses the entire group of his disciplined powers for the apprehension of God, and the furtherance of His will among men. Perhaps that goal may never be reached in this life, or reached only as the consummation of life's gracious test and training, but that is your goal as you have described it to us, and the purpose to reach it is set forth as your supreme passion by your own poet. Here it is:

> "In the strength of thy Confidence, robed in thy might, Never blinded by faction or strife, Keep us clean from all littleness, teach us aright In the meaning and sweetness of life.

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"To be called of thine order, thy Knights in good sooth, We would kneel for thine accolade now,

For the touch of the sword of thy spirit of TRUTH, And the seal of thy kiss on each brow.

Thus your conception of Acadia is like that of every loyal son of

his college ALMA MATER. She is a personality, a mother, in whom is gathered all the qualities that purify and inspire, and that are beyond any thought of analysis. What son analyzes the character of the mother that he loves? He accepts it, and honors it, and passes out into his world doubly armed with her ideals and her expectations. In everything that you have said today, you have disclosed your full recognition and absorption of Acadia's impulse. Her strong note of heroism and CHRISTlike devotion, her outreach in Service and her upreach to God-these have thrilled us as they have thrilled you. Life may take you to the farthest edge of Kamschatha, but if your work there has her stamp upon it, it will be as your tribute laid at her feet. It will be, in quality and substance like the tribute of the heroic pioneers, who threaded the tangled bush, and cut their way through the primeval forest, to find in faith and prayer and self-sacrifice, this School of the Prophets. When their lips were not close to the ears of God. His lips were close to theirs. It was in such high and holy commerce that Acadia was born. You will not be her sons indeed, unless you believe that God is, and that God cares; that He will be with you as you are with Him; that His strong shoulders bend to share the burdens that life will lay upon you; that His heart feels the sharp wounds of your conflict; that He cannot be indifferent to you, but receives the sweep of your storms in His own face. Acadia's farewell today is but the call of God to you. And your answer to her is like that of Lowell's patriots in the commemoration ode, as they look into their country's face as into a mother's, for whom they have only love duty:

> "What words divine of Lover or of Poet Could tell our love and make thee know it. What were our lives without thee? What all our lives to save thee? We would not dare to doubt thee, But ask whatever else, and we'll dare."

## The Vengeance of Taoopskik.

#### A Legend of the Annapolis River.

Many many moons ago before the paleface ever looked upon this fair western world, and only the redmen lived in all the land, the Micmacs dwelt in that most beautiful of all our valleys the Annapolis.

Then as now on either side lay the mountains long low and blue in the distance while between them stretched the great marshes covered with their waving sedge grass and midway between the mountains wending through the marshes flowed the river. Then the river was not called as now. In the river dwelt a spirit "the spirit of the water" in those simple days known to man. The Micmacs called the spirit Taoopskik and from him the river took its name.

In those days there dwelt in a village on the upper waters of the river Auksom the great sachem of all the Micmacs. One morning, as I have said, very many moons ago the people of this village found cast upon their shores a strangely wrought canoe and in it, asleep upon a pile of strange furs a little boy fairer and more beautiful than the Micmac children. The simple Micmacs wondering much adopted him into their tribe and reared him to their life and customs.

Years passed and he grew to man's estate until he became the wisest and bravest warrior for his years of all the Micmacs, and, on account of his wisdom, bravery and virtue, was loved by all In the council, in the hunt, or on the warpath, second was he to none save Auksom the sachem of the Micmacs. The name of his youth still clung to this foundling and he was called Santoopsik meaning unknown, although by many he was called the son of Taoopskik. From this and on account of his great love for water feats, in which the Micmacs had small skill, it was believed that he was immortal to ordinary danger and that only fire would cause his death. The years went on and Santouka continued to increase in bravery, renown and in the love of the Micmacs and especially of Tloopa the daughter of Auksom. Finally one day Auksom, already old, was striken by a fever and after a few days in spite of all the efforts of medicine and their most powerful charms, his spirit joined the spirits of his fathers. Then was there mourning among the Micmacs. Auksom was the last of the greatest line of warrior sachems the Micmacs had ever known. For two hundred years Auksom and his fathers had led the Micmacs in war and ruled their councils in peace, and now he had gone to the happy hunting grounds, leaving only to succeed him his daughter Tloopa. For three days and three nights the Micmacs mourned their departed sachem and watched beside his body, then wrapping him in costly furs they made the long journey to the distant mountain to the North, and there upon the mighty rock of "Blomidon" facing the great sea water, his arms, his horse, his canoe beside him, they left him to make alone his journey to the happy hunting grounds and sadly they returned to their village. At once according to their custom the Micmacs meet in council to choose by the lot of the blood stained arrow another sachem. After many hours of pow-wow, of prayers to Mamton, and of incantations of the medicine men, the young men were dismissed from the council and the arrows were distributed. When the record was taken the blood red arrow was found in the possession of Desootak one of the older warriors of the tribe. The people would perhaps have chosen otherwise but Mamton had spoken, the Micmacs had their new sachem.

On the morrow according the wishes of the people (and also of his ogn) Desootak came to Tloopa and demanded her to be his wife. To his astonishment and anger she refused. The chief stormed and threatened; the elder women of the tribe sought to reason with her but all in vain. Tloopa would not, in spite of all, unite the ancient line of chieftains to the new. None knew the reason for Tloopa's action save Santoopsik and he kept silent. The days and weeks passed and Santoopsik and Tloopa were married. Then the people understood and blamed the maiden not. On the evening of his marriage, as the custom was, Santoopsik left the village to kill a deer and bring it as an offering to the mistress of his wigwam. The evening and the night passed and he returned not likewise the next day and night, and the Micmacs began to talk and wonder. A vague terror filled the mind of Tloopa. On the morning of the second day a strange thing befel the village. On rising in the morning the fire sticks were found drenched with water although the night had been fine. With laborious effort a fire was kindled with an arrow and the piece of wood, but no sooner was the blaze started than there came water, drop by drop, unseen from the air and the fire was gone. All day the Micmacs tried in vain to obtain fire, always the same result drop drop came the water and put the fire out. At last in terror they appealed to their priests or medicine men. These at first were mystified and frightened too, but they withdrew to their forest retreats to consult their

charms. In the morning they returned and Sago the most ancient and wisest of the Micmac medicine men summoned the people to council at the great rock outside the village. Here, standing upon the rock above the anxious fearful multitude, he raised his hands for silence shook the ornaments and charms, his badge of office and then addressed them "Men of the Micmacs, Taoopskik the spirit of the water is angry and cannot be appeased. Great has been your crime and great must be your punishment. Ye have slain his son," Santoopsik." Then there arose an angry murmur from the people a fierce deinal of the charge, various assertions of their love and kindness to Santoopsik and mourning for his death. Then again Sago raised his hands and shook his charms and again were the people silent. "Men of the Micmacs he began" it is so, Mamton has told us. Two suns ago as Santouka was returning from his wedding hunt he was surrounded in the forest by the deadly fire and he is not. A fierce cry of anger arose drowning out the speakers words. calls for the murderer, curses upon the doer of the deed and cries for vengeance. Again Sago raised his hands and again the cries were hushed and above the low angry murmurs once more sounded the voice of the ancient priest. "Men of the Micmacs, it is so and our chieftain Desootak has done it. What shall the Micmacs do ?" Then was there an awful silence. The women and children were dismissed to the lodges and quietly and at once the great council of the Micmacs formed. Calm stolid as was his race's habit Desootak took his place among the others. All day the council lasted and in the evening the great penalty was exacted and Desootak kneeling with bared breast before the council received the knife of his chief accusor, as a disgraced warrior. Now was the law of the Micmacs fulfilled now they hoped would Taoopskik's vengeance be satisfied.

In vain however was their hope, when the morning dawned again came the unseen drops of water extinguishing their fires. Then again were the priests appealed to and after another long period of deliberation apart from the people, Sago once more summoned the people to council at the council rock. Standing as before upon the rock he addressed them, "Men of the Micmacs, Taoopskik is very angry, ye have slain his only son. Your crime is great, Taoopskik will not easily be appeased. Ye have slain the murderer but such your law demanded. However because ye loved Santoopsik, Taoopskik has hearkened to our prayers and if he has a human sacrifice the curse will be removed. This year the

sacrifice must be voluntary but afterwards Taoopskik will yearly choose his own." Then were the Micmacs sad. The winter was approaching and the curse must be removed. Some one must give himself for the tribe. Who should it be? Each looked upon the other with terror in his heart and silently the people sought their lodges. The days passed into weeks and still the victim for Taoopskik was lacking. The last days of the Indian summer passed. The trees upon the mountains changed from green to red, from red to yellow and now had changed again to brown. Already the leaves were gone and but the bare brown branches remained. The marshes were brown and drear the buds, even the great geese had passed over to the South. The first frosts of the Autumn nights already fringed the pools with ice. Winter was at hand, still the Micmacs had no fire, the curse was not removed. Some one must soon come forward to die for the tribe or it would be too late. Sadly, fearfully the people waited. Finally one morning Sago again summoned the people to council. Anxiously they gathered, the rumor spread that the victim had been found and with hope once more awakened the people waited. At length the old priest came, as of old he raised his hands for silence, "Men of the Micmacs, the sacrifice has been found and ye are saved. Lloopa the daughter of her father dies for her people. To-night at moon-rise she leaves us." The old man ceased speaking, the crowd dispersed in sadness.

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Several hours after sunset that evening the people were gathered on the river bank to behold the filling of Taoopskik's vengeance. As the sun went down a fierce storm had arisen, thunder lightning wind and rain. Now the sky was overcast with clouds driven by the storm. All chance of seeing the moon was gone but still the people waited. The cold wintry rain, driven by the west wind, beat upon the faces of the watchers who, huddled in their dripping blankets sat along the shore, quiet, and stolid as their nature was. No fire, as usually dispelled the drear of such occasions, lit the cheerless scene. The river lashed by the wind and rain raged against its low banks, muddy, turbulent as ever, as it rushed onwards to the tide. Quietly the people sat, no murmur no mourning, the silence only broken by the rushing of the angry river and the murmur of the wind through the dead grass of the marshes. At length two figures appeared, a man and a woman. Foremost came Sago the ancient priest bent under the weight of a girls canoe, behind

him followed Lloopa dressed in a dress of doeskin and wrapped in a chieftains robe. Down to the water they came the old man bent and slow, the girl straight and fearlessly breasting the storm. The canoe was placed in the water, the milden stepped on board, the old man bowed his head muttered some unknown words of charm and pushed the canoe out into the stream. Straight in the centre of the skiff the maiden stood then raising her hands aloft to balance the canoe she began to sing the sad weird plantive melody of the Micmac death song. The canoe was seized by the raging flood and disappeared in the darkness and the storm. Still the plaintive notes of her song were borne faintly to the waiting people and then a silence. Suddenly a flash of lightning illuminated river and marsh but there was no trace of canoe or maiden. The thunder crashed, the rain and the wind ceased, the storm was over. As suddenly, the river ceased to rage and became as calm as on a summer day, the clouds vanished from the sky and the moon in all its splendor came out. River, village marshes and mountains lay calm and clear in the silvery moonlight of the Autumn night. Taoopskik had claimed his sacrifice Lloopa had joined Santoopsik in the happy hunting grounds. The Micmacs were saved. Slowly sadly the people went back to their lodges where as of old the fires, once more burned brightly.

Years, centuries passed. Generations came and went; still was the story remembered, still each year did Taoopskik claim his sacrifice. The Micmacs passed. From the mountain from the marshes they and their wigwams vanished. The paleface came. The forests were snuffed from the mountains. The marshes were dyked and cultivated. Where the wigwams of the Micmacs had been arose towns and villages. The river only, as of old, though harnessed by mills and dams and bridges still rolled on the same, muddy changeful, restless, to the sea. The beauty, the peace, the good of all was gone with the simple people from its shores. All was changed, but the memory, the vengeance of Taoopskik changed not.

Many many moons have passed since then. The Micmacs have departed and only in song and story their memory remains. Upon the banks of the river now known by another name, is another race, another age another life. But the memory of Taoopskik remains, still is *the spirit of the water* mourning for his only son, still is his vengeance un-

fulfilled and each year as the years roll by he claims his human sacrifice nor once has he forgotten.

#### L. D. C. '03.

This legend is still current among the wandering remnants of the Micmacs of the Annapolis Valley. It may be interesting to the reader to know that as long as the settlers can remember or for about forty years there has never passed a year without a death by drowning in the Annapolis river.

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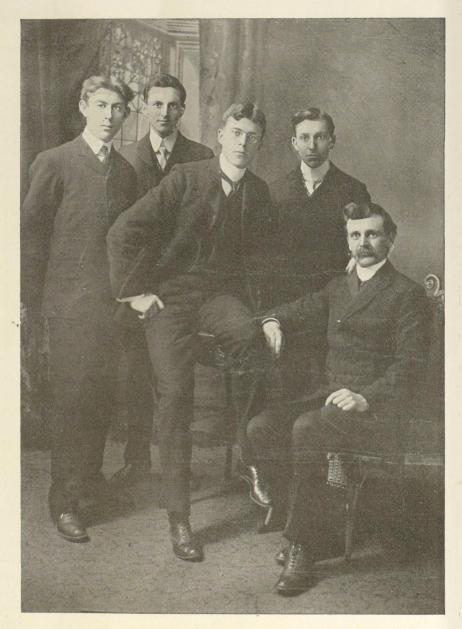
## The Year in Our Societies.

Now that the college year is over and the smoke of the battle has cleared away, it seems to be an appropriate time to make a review of the work done in our different societies. Although, during the past year, life in our societies has by no means approached the Utopian type, it nevertheless has been marked by a greater degree of prosperity than that of the three years just previous.

In college may be found three classes of men, though the division may not always be very distinct. There are those who live continually between the covers of books and who seem only desirous of acquiring that which is too frequently denominated in a sarcastic way as "college lumber." A second class seem to think that the Campus and its associations make up the college and do not breathe enough of the true class room atmosphere to even brace or quicken their intellectual lifeblood. The remainder follow that golden mean which ever leads on to health, happiness and prosperity; they choose this and eliminate that, ever ventilating the air of the classroom with light breezes from other quarters.

The societies of the college—the Athenæum, the Amateur Athletic Association, and the Y. M. C. A. for the men, with the Y. W. C. A. and the Propylaeum for the ladies are important factors in bringing about this rounded development. During the past year, interest, as usual, has flamed at times to the brightness of the sun, at others, dwindled to the uncertain dimness of the flickering candle.

Especially has this proved true in our Athenæum Society. This society exists to encourage the art of public speaking and to cultivate a



PRESIDENTS OF THE VARIOUS SOCIETIES FOR 1902-03.

taste for choice literature among the male students. But upon reflection it is necessary to acknowledge that this standard has not always been followed. Different means were used to arouse and keep up the enthusiasm. During the first college term inter-class debates were held at every alternate meeting. The speakers for each evening were appointed two weeks beforehand by the different classes, thus giving each side ample time for preparation. Such subjects as the Education Bill, Imperial Federation, Trusts and the Venezuelan Question were discussed, and it certainly was a rare treat for the interested listener to have these different subjects presented in such a clear cut and pleasing way. These sterner debates necessarily demanded the attention of our men who had already acquired some experience in public speaking; but every other meeting, during this series, was given up to the training of new men, some of whom, before the inter-class debates closed were considered competent enough to be appointed to positions on their respective class teams. It was this "make the team" spirit which brought out and developed several new debaters among us this year, and it would seem that a precedent has been thus established which should be followed in succeeding years, for it seems only just to the intellectual side of man's nature that as much, if not more, interest should be shown at the interclass debates as at inter-class football, hockey, basket-ball or baseball games. The judges declared the victory for the Seniors with the Sophomores a close second.

During the second college term, the feature of chief interest was the contest between those boarding in the College Residence and those from the town who labelled themselves as Outsiders. Each side gave an entertainment, and judges were appointed to decide upon the respective merits displayed. Although the supporters of the College Residence surpassed their opponents in their literary productions, the latter provided musical entertainment of a very superior order and the College Residence was thus compelled to be content with second place. Such outbursts as these only made manifest the height to which the meetings of this society might ever be kept. A few very noticeable changes in the rendering of the programmes for the past year are worthy of commendation. The Synopsis of Events for each fortnight gradually lost that silly local ring which had previously characterized it, and was given up to concise statements of those questions which were world-wide in their demand for attention. When a Reading was called for, the mem-

bers were usually given a true literary treat from some standard or recognized author instead of the customary foolish ditty or yarn written in dialect of former years.

On the evening of April the third, the Athenæum gave a reception which was pronounced by all present a grand success. College Hall was decorated more elaborately than ever before, with many cozy nooks and corners, while the De Stephieune Orchestra from Halifax dispersed sweet music among the happy company.

Under the guidance of President Lombard the Amateur Athletic Association played a very important part in the life of the past year. This society has for its aim the development of raw material in the field of sport and the encouragement of a healthy, clean, athletic spirit, and a man makes a big mistake if, throughout his college course, he does not make use of its many advantages. Financially the year was a success considering the amount of work done; but the undying interest in this side of life at Acadia was shown by the ever cheerful response of the members whenever a tax had to be levied. A number of advances were made during this year which distinguish it from preceding years. The football team was sent to St. John and Fredericton, playing a draw game with the University of New Brunswick and defeating the St. John boys. Later a trip was made to Halifax where the Wanderers on their own grounds dribbled the pig skin but once over the line and thus carried the day with a score of 3 to 0. The customary games with Mt. Allison and Dalhousie resulted in a tie with the former and a victory for the latter.

The hockey team was kept comparatively close at home by "the powers that be," but was met in Wolfville rink by the Mt. Allison fellows and were defeated by a score of 5 to 0. Captain Denton deserves much credit for his unrelaxing efforts to build up a strong team for the red and the blue, although he had many odds to contend against. In basket ball Acadia had a strong team and in the college gymnasium defeated the sports from Bridgetown with a score of 12 to 7. On the Wednesday afternoon of Commencement Week, our baseball nine met the veteran team from Melvern Square on the Campus and 22 to 17 was a score thankfully received by Acadia, for it was a close, hard fought game. Throughout the year, the whole series of inter-class football, hockey, basket ball and base ball leagues were marked by a mutual striving for clean sport, and that it was. The Seniors won the basket ball league,

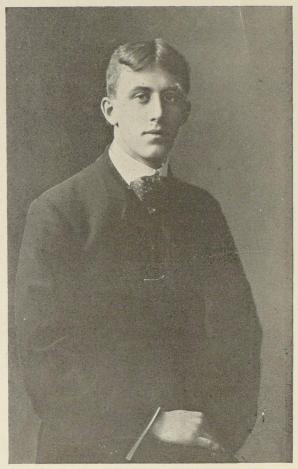
while the Sophomores with many narrow and exciting escapes carried off the lead in baseball and hockey. Our Athletic Association was ably represented at the "track meet" in St. John, but May 29th closed with 41 points for Mt. Allison, 36 for Acadia and 12 for the U. N. B. The annual Field Day held on June 2nd was a record-breaker in the history of the college. From this brief summary let the reader judge for himself whether or not the students of Acadia care to indulge in sports.

The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. enjoyed a year of prosperity. Prayer meetings, as usual, were held on Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings, and although interest was not always what one might expect, seldom, if ever, did one of these gatherings disperse without a a general feeling that at least some good had been accomplished. The meetings were well attended and the efforts of the presidents, C. K. Morse and Miss M. V. Crandall, were ever conscientious and pains-taking to make them all that they should be. Bible classes were held on Sunday afternoons. The mission study for the year was both interesting and helpful, largely due to the enthusiasm of their thorough and earnest leader, W. S. Tedford. In the Spring, special services were held under the leadership of Dr. Kierstead, Rev. W.F. Parker and Rev. David Hutchinson. These meetings lacked that throbbing excitement which too frequently is characteristic of such evangelistic attempts. The work was generally strengthened and several found whence they should turn for light. Delegates have been sent from both of these Associations to the Northfield Conference, and doubtless they will return next year with fresh inspiration for a year of faithful service. At the beginning of the college year, the Y. M. C. A. gave an informal reception in College Hall to the new men, while the Y. W. C. A. did likewise for those ladies who had just joined their ranks. Just before the Christmas holidays, these two societies combined and gave a large reception in College Hall. It was one of those merry-go-around affairs with all the attendant peculiarities of that type, but the evening passed pleasantly and very many were the acquaintances made by some.

We have left the Propylaeum until the last, for here it is that the ladies of the college keep their magic touch almost entirely to themselves. The president's chair was occupied, during the first term, by Etta G. Philips, during the second, by Minnie Colpitts. Meetings were held regularly on every other Friday throughout the year. A few debates made some of the meetings quite exciting, and a careful study of the works and life of some author of the present day would often occupy the attention of a whole session. Once, during the year, the Propylaeum gave the Senior class a very enjoyable evening at Dr. McKenna's, to whose pleasant home they had been thoughtfully invited. The subject of the meeting was the College Girl, as she appears at the different institutions of learning in the Maritime Provinces. The papers were very interesting and if this meeting was a sample of the normal life in that society they certainly keep a high literary level.

The above is a short but by no means comprehensive sketch of the life in our societies during the past year. And the only words of encouragement which it seems necessary to extend to those who continue the work during the next year are—what has been and what might be are two very different things.





HARRY K. BOWES Foot-Ball Captain for 1903.

## Year in Athletics.

#### The First Intercollegiate Field Meet.

For several years the lovers of sport among the colleges have talked of an Intercollegiate Field and Track meet of the Maritime provinces. Several attempts have been made in this direction. Last year Mr. Fairweather of St. John offered a cup for a dual meet between U. N. B. and Acadia but a date could not be settled upon. This year however negotiations were begun early and at length the plans materialised, and on May 29-1903 on the Athletic grounds in St. John N. B. the first Intercollegiate Field Meet of the Maritime provinces was held.

The colleges represented this year were University of New Brunswick, Mount Allison, and Acadia.

The scoring of the teams was as follows.

Mount Allison :	4	firsts	5	seconds	$6\frac{1}{2}$	thirds total	$41\frac{1}{2}$ points.
Acadia :	5	firsts	3	seconds	2	thirds total	36 points.
U. N. B.:	1	first	2	seconds	11	thirds total	121 points.

The team which represented Acadia was as follows.

Hamilton	03. Capt.	Jumps and Hurdles.
White	03.	Weights and Sprints.
Denton	03.	Weights and Pole Vault.
Eaton	03.	Runs and Sprints.
Shankell	03.	Sprints.
Howe	05.	Sprints and Jumps.
MacVicar	05.	Weights.
Bates	06.	Weights.
Tingley, I	H. C. A.	Runs.

The team left Wolfville for St. John on Thursday morning May 28 accompanied by a few rubbers and rooters, and after a "continuous performance," concert on train and boat under the direction of "our directors," which certainly entertained the traveling public arrived in St. John and put up at the Victoria. Here we found the teams from U.N.B. and Mt. Allison and after a pleasant evening spent in the singing of college songs and getting acquainted, the captains rounded up their charges for bed in preparation for the great event of the morrow.

The Meet began at 2 o'clock and although the day was fine and

warm the attendance was rather small. The sports were in charge of various St. John sportsmen among whom were Fairweather of U. N. B. and Crandall of Acadia to whom in great measure the Meet owed its existence. They had done their best to make the Meet a success and it was. From start to finish the struggle lay between Acadia and Mt. Allison and the outcome of the day was in doubt until the end. In every event the men fought hard for places and the performances were all good. The finishes of the races were the closest and finest that could be imagined. The finish of the Quarter Mile and One Mile runs being phenomenal. Both these runs were won by Acadia men. In the Ouarter Howe finished first with Eaton but a few inches behind. This was the prettiest run of the day. Howe took the lead from start to finish while Eaton held fourth place until about twenty yards from the tape, when with a great burst of speed he passed Black and Powell of Mt. Allison and struck the tape almost abreast of Howe. The time for this as well as for the Mile was remarkable considering the condition of the track. In the Mile the finish was even more thrilling. Tingley of Acadia led for three laps, when McAnn of Mt. Allison took the pole and held it until near the end, when again Eaton showed a magnificent burst of speed and passed McAnn in the last five yards winning the race by but a few feet.

The finish in the hundred yards between Black of Mt. Allison and Howe of Acadia was also close. The two men ran neck and neck the last ten yards but at the finish Black leaped forward and broke the tape with his arms a foot or so ahead of Howe.

The jumps and weights were not so good as the runs and sprints. Several good throws were made with the Hammer but the men lost their best throws from stepping outside the circle. In the high jump, Howe of Acadia having won, stopped at 5 ft.  $3\frac{5}{8}$  in., which he jumped with ease being apparently good for considerable more. In the broad, Howe made a jump of 19 ft. 6 which would have given him the event and Acadia the meet but the *take off* was shallow and his toe touching the ground the judges disallowed the jump. Bigelow of Mt. Allison secured the event with a jump of 18 ft.  $11\frac{1}{2}$  in.

Marr of Mt. Allison made a fine showing in the Pole Vault and having won stopped at 10 ft. which he cleared with ease and with inches to spare.

The list of events and performances were as follows:



CAPTAINS OF THE VARIOUS TEAMS FOR 1902-1903.

Ι	First Heat, 100 yards.	
	First, Howe, ACADIA.	
	Second, Powell, MT. Allison.	Time 10 3-5 sec.
II	Second Heat, 100 yards.	
	First, Black, Mr. Allison.	
	Second, Eaton, ACADIA.	Time 11 sec.
III	High Jump.	
	First, Howe, ACADIA.	
	Second, Powell, MT. Allison.	Height 5 ft. 35 in.
	Third, Marr, MT. Allison, Lin	
IV	Final Heat, 100 yards.	
	First, Black, MT. ALLISON.	
	Second, Howe, ACADIA.	
	Third, Powell, MT. ALLISON.	Time 10 2-5 sec.
v	Running Broad Jump.	
	First, Bigelow, MT. ALLISON.	
	Second, McMannus, U. N. B.	
	Third, Howe, Acadia.	Distance 18 ft. $11\frac{1}{2}$ in.
VI	220 yards.	
	First, Howe, ACADIA.	
	Second, Black, MT. ALLISON.	
	Third, Powell, MT. ALLISON.	Time 23 3-5 sec.
VII	Hammer Throw.	
	First, Harvie, U. N. B.	
	Second, Barker, U. N. B.	
	Third, Way, MT. Allison.	Distance 88 ft. 71 in.
VIII	Quarter Mile Run.	4
	First, Howe, ACADIA.	
	Second, Eaton, ACADIA.	
	Third, Powell, MT. Allison.	Time 53 sec.
IX	Putting Shot.	
	First, White, ACADIA.	
	Second, Way, Mr. Allison.	
	Third, Church, MT. ALLISON.	Distance 32 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in.
x	First Heat 120 Yard Hurdles.	
	First, Marr, MT. ALLISON.	///·
	Second, Jordan, U. N. B.	Time 19 3-5 sec.

XI	Second Heat 120 Yard Hurdles.	
	First, Hamilton, ACADIA.	
	Second, Bigelow, MT. ALLISON. Time	19 sec.

XII Pole Vault. First, Marr, MT. ALLISON. Second, Bigelow, MT. ALLISON. Third, Nalder, U. N. B. Height 10 ft.

 XIII Final Heat 120 Yard Hurdles. First, Marr, MT. ALLISON.
 Second, Hamilton, ACADIA.
 Third, Bigelow, MT. ALLISON. Time 18 1-5 sec.

XIV Mile Run.

First, Eaton, ACADIA. Second, McAnn, MT. Allison. Third, Tingley, ACADIA. Time 4 m. 57 sec.

All the events, with the exception of the Hurdles and the Mile Run, were carried out in the most gentlemanly and sportsmanlike manner. In these two events, there was dirty work. In the Mile McAnn of Mt. Allison twice fouled Grimmer of U. N. B., once throwing him and compelling him to drop out of the race.

In the Hurdles, Hamilton of Acadia being set back a yard for a false start, was 'boxed' by Marr and Bigelow of Mt.Allison and only succeeded in breaking through in the last ten yards, after passing the last hurdle, and pulling out second place in a plucky finish.

As seen above the largest number of first places were captured by Acadia but it is the second and third places which always decide a meet and it was there where we were lacking. Having learned our lesson however, another year we will depend more on our second string men and less on our sure first placers.

The highest individual score was made by Howe of Acadia who entered five events and won three firsts, one second and one third, a total of 19 points.

Marr of Mt. Allison came second with two firsts and half of a third, a total of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  points.

In the evening after the Meet, the various teams were extended the freedom of the City Rowing Club's clubrooms. Some availed themselves of this, others found greater attractions elsewhere. Representatives

from the various teams met with Mr. Fairweather and Mr. Crandell of St. John in the evening and rules and regulations for next years meet were drawn up and adopted.

Our team left on the boat Saturday morning, the U. N. B. boys accompanying us to the boat and as the boat weighed anchor the yells and songs of the two Colleges mingled, expressive of the good friendship and fellowship of true sportsmen for each other. In fact throughout the whole time of our sojourn with them we were impressed with the true sportsmanship of the boys from Fredericton and we cannot but feel glad that Acadia's relations are being extended to the University of New Brunswick. One can so appreciate the true spirit of gentlemanly sportsmanship such as the U. N. B. boys manifest especially when compared to that of Mt. Allison's athletes. As an example of the latter were the telegrams sent to U. N. B. and Acadia after the conclusion of the Meet. Telegrams of which most schoolboy athletes would be ashamed.

The team having acquitted itself well and having lost the Meet only by one second place, arrived in Wolfville Saturday evening among the crowds gathering for Commencement week and was received by the student body in the spirit and manner with which *Acadia always* welcomes a defeated team.

L. C. '03.

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#### The Interclass Field Meet.

On Monday June I the annual Interclass Field and Track games were held on the College campus under the auspices of the A. A. A. A. It had been hoped that this year the new track would be ready but it was not, so as usual the games were pulled off on a temporary track laid out upon the campus. The day was fine, the crowd large and the interest high, and the meet was the most interesting and successful we have ever had. The struggle for the Trophy lay this year between the Seniors and the Sophomores; Eaton '03 entering only one event and Howe '05 being in almost every one the struggle was close and keen from start to finish, the result being in doubt until the finish of the last event. Owing to the desire for points, men fought as hard for second and third places as for first and the number of men in all events being large the performances of the winners were in all cases remarkably good.

Four records were broken and several approached.

The records broken were as follows:

HALF MILE RUN. Former record held by Eaton '03, 2 m. 17 sec. This record was broken by Eaton '03. New record 2 m. 13 sec.

ONE MILE RUN. Former record held by Morse '03, 5 m. 35 sec. This record was broken by Tingley, H. C. A. making a new record of 5 m.  $4\frac{3}{4}$  sec. This for the condition of the track was very fast time. The men winning both second and third places finished between 10 and 20 seconds ahead of the record.

120 VARD HURDLES. Former record held by Steele '02 of  $19\frac{1}{2}$  sec. This record was broken by Hamilton '03 making a new record of 19 2-5 seconds.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP. Former record held by Steele '02 of 19 ft.  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches. This record was broken by Howe '05 making a new record of 19 ft.  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

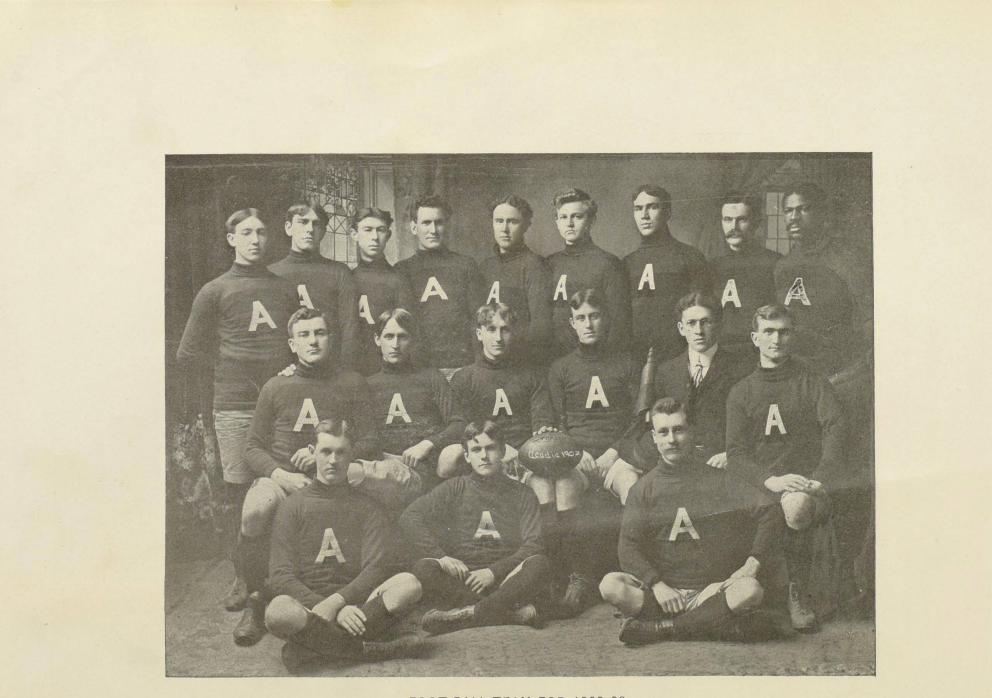
For the third time in succession the class of 1903 won the silver trophy presented by the A. A. A. in 1901. This gives this class the remarkable record of having won the trophy every year the class has been in college during which the trophy has been up for competition.

The score of the Meet in respect to the various classes was as follows.

The highest individual score was made by Howe '05, who won four firsts and two seconds, with a total of 26 points. The second highest score was made by White '03, who won two firsts one second and one third with a total of 14 points.

The list of events was as follows.

Ι	100 Yards Dash.	
	First, Howe '05.	(Record 10 sec.)
	Second, DeWolf H. C. A.	
	Third, White '03.	Time 11 1-5 sec.
п	Running High Jump.	
	First, Howe '05.	(Record 5 ft. 5 in.)
	Second, White '03.	()
	Third, Hamilton '03.	Height 5 ft. 1 in.



FOOT-BALL TEAM FOR 1902-03.

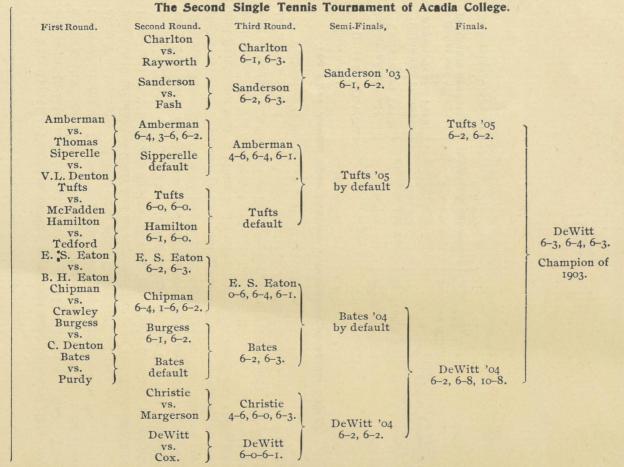
111	Throwing 16 lb. Hammer.	
	Fsrst, White '03.	(Record 112 5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> in.)
	Second, Denton '03.	
	Third, Bates '06.	Distance 84 ft.
IV		
11	Running Broad Jump.	
	First, Howe '05.	(Former record 19 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in)
	Second, Hamilton '03.	D. 10 0 01 .
	Third, Simonson '06.	Distance 19 ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in.
V	220 Yards Dash.	and the second second states
	First, DeWolf H. C. A.	
	Second, Farris '05.	
	Third, Johnson '05.	Time 25 1-5 sec.
VI	Putting 16 lb. Shot.	
	First, White '03.	(Record 36 ft. 11 in.)
	Second, Bates '06.	
	Third, Flick H. C. A.	Distance 33 ft. 6 in.
VII	Quarter Mile Run.	
	First, Howe '05.	(Record 50 sec.)
	Second, DeWolf H. C. A.	,
	Third, Shankel '03.	Time 56 1-5 sec.
VIII	I Pole Vault.	
	First, Farris '05.	(Record 9 ft. 6 in.)
	Second, Denton '03.	(necord 5 n. 6 m.)
	Third, Hamilton '03.	Height 8 ft. 4 in.
IX		fieight o ft. 4 m.
IA	Half Mile Run. First, Eaton '03.	(Record 2 m. 17 sec.)
	Second, Howe '05.	(necora 2 m. 17 sec.)
	Third, Cunningham '04.	Time 2 m. 13 sec.
X	120 Yard Hurdles.	Record 191 sec.
	First Heat, Denton '03 first,	Neily H. C. A. second.
	Second Heat, Hamilton '03 fi	irst, DeWitt H. C. A. second.
	Final Heat, First HAMILTON	'03, Second DENTON '03, Third
	DeWitt H. C. A.	Time 19 2-5 sec.
XI	One Mile Run.	7. 1
	First, Tingley H. C. A. Second, Howe '05.	Record 5 m. 35 sec.
	Third, Cox '03.	Time 5 m. $4\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
		L. D. C. '03.
		4. 5. 0. 03.

#### The Tennis Tournaments.

During Commencement week and the week preceding, the Tournaments to decide the College championship in Singles and Doubles were held. As usual the chief interest centered in the Singles where, owing to the large number of entries and the uncertainty as to the result, the interest from first to last was keen. There were few defaults, and, although the favorites all came through as expected into the semi finals, there were some close and interesting matches before the field narrowed down to four. As usual in Tennis there were some surprises. The greatest of these was the defeat of Bates by DeWitt in the semi finals. It was remarkably close, but with one set all DeWitt finally won out a long advantage set 10-8. Many times during the last set each man only needed one point to win the set and match but always the point was not forthcoming and the tables would soon be turned. This was the best exhibition of Tennis which the whole Tournament provided, in fact the best the courts have witnessed this year. Bates was the runner up last year and put DeWitt out of the running in the first round with ease; therefore the surprise was great when he went down before DeWitt in the semi finals. After Bates' overthrow Tufts only remained between DeWitt and the championship. Tufts was believed to be fully as dangerous a man as Bates therefore all looked for a beautiful battle in the finals, again however the gallery was surprised, for with the greatest ease DeWitt won the three necessary sets 6-3, 6-4, 6-3.

DeWitt can claim this year the championship title with pride, having worked his way through without the aid of a single default and having successively met and defeated the best men in College. Tufts, Bates and DeWitt will all be in College next year and we will follow their course through next years Tournament with much interest.

Following is the result of this years Single Tournament:



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The Doubles Tournament was open this year to teams class or, otherwise instead of being as usual a purely interclass affair. The winners this year were as expected Bates and DeWitt, the 1904 class team which for the last two years has been the runner up in the Interclass Tournaments. There were eight teams entered this year but no new talent manifested itself and as expected Burgess and Sanderson met Bates and DeWitt in the finals. It took the whole five sets to decide the placing of the title. The playing except in the last two sets was very fine and had Burgess and Sanderson ended as they began, the veterans Bates and DeWitt might have again been but runners up. Bates and DeWitt started in by winning the first set 6-2, then Burgess and Sanderson took a brace and pulled out the second and third sets with ease. In the fourth and fifth sets however Burgess went to pieces and although Sanderson put up a great fight the sets went to Bates and DeWitt 6-2, and 6-1 and with them the Doubles championship of 1903.

Following is the result of the Tournament.

Second Round.

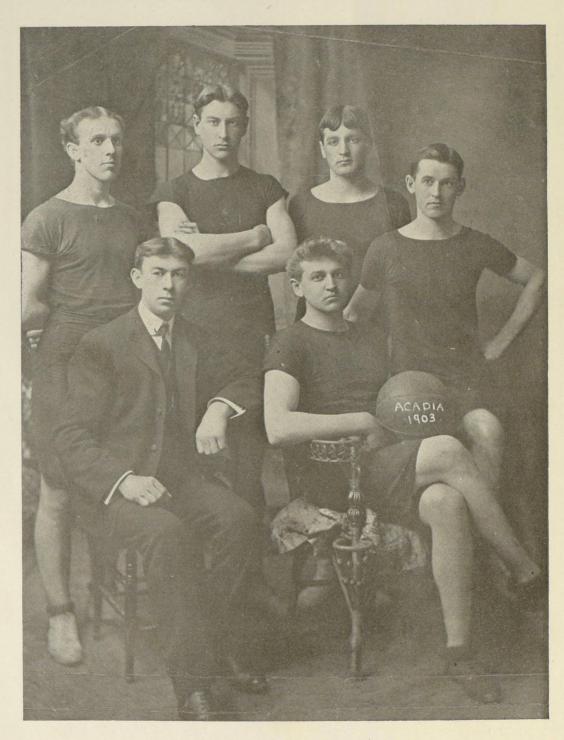
#### The First Annual Open Doubles Tournament of Acadia College.

Finals.

I.

First Round.

Bates and DeWitt vs. Charlton&McFadden Christie and Tufts vs. Eaton and Thomas Rayworth and Fash vs. Eaton and Thomas Burgess & Sanderson vs. Amberman, Chipman	Bates and DeWitt 6-1, 6-4. Christie and Tufts 6-0, 6-1. Rayworth & Fash 6-0, 4-6, 6-3. Burgess & Sanderson 6-1, 6-2.	Bates and DeWitt by default Burgess & Sanderson 6-0, 6-1.	Bates and DeWitt 6–0, 3–6, 4–6, 6–2, 6– Champions of 1903.
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BASKET-BALL TEAM FOR 1902-03.

## The Year in Sports.

With the close of another College year it falls upon us to chronicle the athletic history of the past season. As Acadia has progressed in various lines, so is her virility and progress manifested in her athletic growth during the past year. Although our success as measured by defeats and victories is about as usual, still the year 1902–1903 must be looked upon as an epoch-marking year in Acadia's Athletic history. In Football, Hockey, Track Athletics and minor matters the year has witnessed great progress. In Football, our schedule has been extended so as to include nearly all first rate teams in the provinces. The University of New Brunswick has been added to the Intercollegiate League, thus giving an added impetus to Football as an Intercollegiate Sport. New methods of training and coaching thoroughly up to date have been introduced by our late captain Boggs, and a scheme has been started which is expected to result henceforth in systematic graduate coaching.

In Hockey likewise there is progress. This our national winter game has been put upon a certain successful basis by Captain Denton, who removed the stigma from the game by making it an Intercollegiate sport.

In Track Athletics, the greatest of all our sports, the greatest progress has been made. The success of Track Athletics at Acadia is henceforth ensured. By the indefatiguable efforts of Hamilton and Howe the Intercollegiate Field Meet of the Maritime provinces this year materialized and Acadia was well represented.

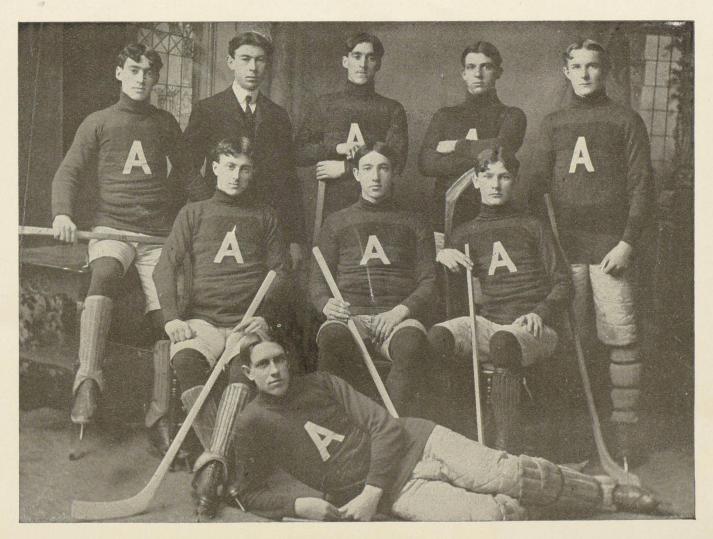
The only sports which now remain upon the block list are Baseball and Basket Ball. With good teams in both this year, we cannot but feel sorry that the season has been wasted. It is true that we played some games and we won them all, but with Athletic club teams. There is no glory in such victories so we will not mention them. It is "up to" captains Haines and Charlton to lift these sports into recognition next year by placing them in the Intercollegiate list.

When we look over the history of the past season and look forward to next year's games, as usual, we see on all sides big losses made by the graduation of good and tried men. In Football especially will old warriors of the gridiren be missing. This year although our luck was rather bad we had a good team. Starting with but a few veterans captain Boggs worked up a team in no wise inferior to the Acadia standard, and we are confident, had illness not prevented him from carrying out his plan of campaign, our season would have ended as fairly as it began. However all the work will have to be gone over again, but we have confidence in Captain Bowes, and, if he is willing to neglect his individual play for the development of his team and if he has the help of a good coach as is at present expected, next season should be successful to a high degree. But the team loses heavily. Such veterans as Cann, Thomas, Elliot, Boggs, and Hamilton are not replaced easily. Of that famous scrim there remain only Bates and Calhoun. Bowes only remains of the quarters with not even second team quarters to fall back upon for they too are gone. Of the half line Howe alone remains, but with his speed he should next year be a sure ground gainer; and little Estev our full back is left so there is someone to fall back upon in time of need. The second team can furnish good men for the line and back field and then, there are always new men. As much depends upon them they will endeavor much, and, perhaps, as we so dearly hope they will next year wipe out the bitter memory of that never to be forgotten nineteenth of November 1903.

The Outlook in Hockey is brighter. The team loses only Captain Denton, and, with the advantage of the new rink which next year's team will have, if their preliminary season is not removed by the narrowminded policy of the Faculty as it was this year, Acadia's puck chasers may next season win the Intercollegiate Championship.

In Track Athletics also the prospect for the future is bright. Howe and Tingley remain of this year's point winners and we have a good bunch of second string men. Having learnt our lesson this year we will depend more on second and third place men next year. Captain Howe has good material upon which to work. Bates and McVicar are good men with the weights, Lewis and DeWolf should be sure of places in the sprints and there are others for the jumps and runs. Next year assuredly Acadia should win the Intercollegiate Field Meet.

In the Interclass Leagues the year has been very successful. The quality of the playing in all was much ahead of the usual standard and the evenness with which the various teams were matched gave the Leagues this year remarkable interest. In those sports in which we have had Interclass Leagues we can notice the great benefit accruing to the College teams therefrom. We hope next year to see an Interclass Football League. The story of the Leagues has been told, it is there-



HOCKEY TEAM FOR 1902-03.

fore unnecessary to more than mention these.

The Sophomores won the Hockey League with three victories and one draw.

The Seniors won the Basket Ball with six victories and one defeat. The Sophomores won the Baseball League with three victories.

The Seniors won the Interclass Field Meet with a total of 40 out of a possible 99 points.

There have been also several other events which have gone to mark the year an epoch making year. These were the passing of the regulations in regard to the wearing of the College letter and the class numerals; the adoption of an original Acadia uniform and the publication of our college song book. These needs have long been felt and it has but needed a senior class to start these movements for success in carrying them out. The most important of these moves was that in respect to the wearing of the College letter. It has long been felt necessary to grant some honor or some distinction to the men who uphold the honor of the Red and Blue in Intercollegiate sport. Henceforth the letter "A" alone, upon cap or sweater can only be worn by a man who has represented Acadia in some Intercollegiate game or won a point in the Intercollegiate Field Meet. The matter of eligibility to wear the class numerals has not been definitely decided, but we understand that the regulation will permit any man who has represented his class in a winning game or League to wear the class numerals alone upon cap or sweater.

The men who have this year won their "A" in the various lines of sport are as follows:

IN FOOTBALL.

Baker '04, Cunningham '04, Fleck H. C. A., Charlton '04. H. Bates '06, Denton '03, Lombard '03, Boggs '03, Emerson '04. Howe '05, Bowes '04, Elliot, Schurman '03, Cann '03, Estey '06, Sipprell '03. Calhoun '05, Farris '05, Thomas '03.

DeWitt '04. Hamilton '03. White '03.

IN HOCKEY.

Denton '03. Charlton '04. Christie '05, DeWitt '04.

H. DeWitt H. C. A. Tingley H. C. A. Ells '06.

IN TRACK ATHLETICS.

Hamilton '03. Eaton '03. White '03. Howe '05. A. Tingley H. C. A.

The men who have represented their class in victorious games and are therefore eligible to wear their class numerals are.

#### 1903 SENIORS.

IN HOCKEY. Denton, Shankell, Hamilton, Morse, Schurman, Taylor, Lombard, Eaton, Cox.

IN BASKET BALL. Thomas, Denton, Shankell, Hamilton, Lombard, Boggs.

IN BASE BALL. Elliot, White, Amberman, Boggs, Thomas, Sanderson, Schurman, Hamilton, Lombard, Shankell.

IN TRACK ATHLETICS. Hamilton, Eaton, White, Denton, Shankell, Cox. 1904 JUNIORS.

IN HOCKEY. DeWitt, Charlton, Dexter, Bowes, Slipp, Cunningham, Bates, Emerson.

IN BASKET BALL. Cunningham, Bates, DeWitt, Charlton, Haines, Denton.

IN BASE BALL. Charlton, Bowes, Bates, DeWitt, Dexter, Cunningham, Slipp, Emerson, Haines.

1905 SOPHOMORES.

IN HOCKEY. Christie, MacIntyre, Lewis, Burgess, Calhoun, Curry, Kierstead.

IN BASKET BALL. Calhoun, Christie, MacIntyre, Farris, Wheelock.

IN BASE BALL. Wheelock, Calhoun, Curry, Burgess, MacIntyre, Lewis, Johnson, Farris, MacMillian, Ayer.

L. C. '03.



ACADIA SEMINARY BASKET-BALL TEAM FOR 1902-03.

## Anniversary Exercises.

Saturday morning, May 30th dawned bright and clear with fair prospects for a pleasant Anniversary Week at Acadia. The promise was well kept, and for the first time for years the entire closing season was favored with pleasant weather. All day those who had nothing else to do, and they were many, flocked to the little Wolfville Station at the arrival of all trains. The usual crowds came in from east and west to grace Acadia's annual festival season. Hotel accommodation had been spoken for way back in the winter, and it was almost impossible to find rooms in all Wolfville. By Saturday night the town was pretty well crowded with strangers, no, not strangers either, but annual pilgrims to the shrine on the hill among the apple-blossoms. And for the most part, what a jolly crowd they were ! Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, "grave old plodders, gay young friskers, families by tens and dozens." Old graduates, creeping along toward the century mark, and youths of sixteen whose ambition it was to come to Acadia soon. Proud mothers. to see their prodigies graduate; little brothers, to stare in open-eyed wonder at their learned elders, and one and all, young and old infused with the strong but indescribable "Acadia spirit"-that spirit which leads old Acadians to firmly believe that Wolfville is the most beautiful spot on this earth, and Acadia is the best college on the continent.

Saturday night the crowd betook itself to the Concert in College Hall given by the Acadia Orchestra, with the assistance of talent from the teaching staff of the Seminary. A favorable impression was thus conveyed to outsiders at the very beginning of the week's exercises, for the concert was really first class, and was enjoyed by everyone present. We have no need to be ashamed of the Acadia Orchestra at any rate.

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## BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

This year a wise innovation was made in the Sunday exercises. The Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered in College Hall instead of in the Baptist Church as here to fore. Hundreds used to be turned away from the church door for lack of standing room on this occasion, and even the large and commodious Hall was taxed to its utmost capacity to contain the throng that assembled there long before the time for service Sunday

morning. At the special request of the graduating class, Dr. Keirstead preached the Baccalaureate Sermon. The doctor took his text from I Timothy 2: 5, 6, and his theme was "The Helpfulness of a College Course in unfolding the Christian life." Needless to say, the sermon was a most able one, and it will be long remembered by the graduating class at least, and we are inclined to think, by a majority of the audience as well. Dr. Boggs of India and Rev. C. H. Watson of Arlington, Mass., assisted in the service. The singing, conducted by Prof. Moore of the Seminary was by no means an unimportant feature of the service. Miss Shand and Miss Johnson sang a duet, and solos by Mr. Robson of Windsor and Miss Marvin, vocal instructor at the Seminary, were much enjoyed.

In the evening, under the auspices of the V. M. C. A., Dr Watson delivered a strong, appealing address, before another very large audience. His words were directed principally to the student body, and contained excellent advice and warning to those about to start in the great battle of life. His subject was "A Great Moral Peril and a Great Moral Opportunity." The evil of the present century he showed to be the insane craving for success, and it was against this fervent "get-there" spirit that he warned his hearers. His plea was for manhood, a manhood that will not sacrifice itself for success.

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#### ACADEMY CLOSING.

#### (MONDAY EVENING.)

The Academy Closing was held this year Monday Evening instead of Tuesday afternoon as formerly. The following was the program:

Processional:	"Marche aux Flambeaux,"		
	Misses.	Woodman & Heckman.	
Opening Prayer:		Dr. C. H. Watson.	
Announcements:		Principal Brittain.	
Cornet Solo:	"The Palms,"	Mr. Geo. Tingley.	
Essay: The R	equirements and Adva Education,	antages of a Commercial C. E. Balcom.	
Vocal Solo:	"Springtide,"	Miss Annie H. Murray.	
Piano Duett:	C. E.	Balcom & L. J. Walker.	
Valedictory:		Brice D. Knott.	
Piano Solo:	Fifth Nocturne, Leyb	ack, C. E. Balcom.	
Address: "The Va	alue of an Academic I	deal," Rev. C. H. Day.	

Principal Brittain reported a very prosperous year for the Academy. Prizes were awarded to Brice D. Knott and Ernest Neily of the Senior year, Rex Trotter and John H. Geldert, in the Middle year, and L. H. Putnam in the Junior year. J. P. Calhoun and R. K Kelly won the

prizes in the business course, and H. B. Atwater won the shorthand prize.

# CLASS DAY.

Class Day is always the most interesting feature of the Anniversary Exercises, to undergraduates at least, and to the graduating class. Of course there is more or less interest attached to receiving the roll of sheepskin for which the last four years have (nominally) been spent, but for real enjoyment, and a lively interest, the Class Day easily leads. For a short time they all forget about the sheepskin of the morrow, and attend to the pleasant memories of the past four years, and even brighter forecasts of the years to come. This is the day of honor for those whom their fellows delight to honor, tomorrow will be the day for those whom the Faculty honor, and happy the man who receives honors from both.

Naughty Three's Class Day was a success. The attendance was good, the addresses were good, the music was good, and even the programs were good—and original. The platform was pretty well crowded when the whole illustrious class found themselves seated at last, for Naughty Three is a large class—large in numbers, in the size of its men, large in heart, and in experience, large in feeling.

The President, Mr. Purdy, delivered a brief and eloquent introductory address. The roll was then called and the members who have dropped out of '03 during the course were answered for by those present. What an assembly would have gathered on that platform if all the missing members were there ! It appeared during the roll-call that about half the members of the three classes now in college started originally with '03. A selection was given by the De Stephen Orchestra which added much to the program.

Mr. Durkee then read the Class History. He had much material to work with, for '03 has had an eventful history. Mr. Durkee had evidently put much time and care into his production, and it was undeniably good. It was excellent as a piece of writing, and moreover was full of dry bits of humor tending to provoke a smile on the part of the initiated.

Mr. Lombard's Prophecy was the wittiest thing that has been heard on the platform of College Hall of late. He kept the audience in a roar half the time. All those who knew the various members of '03 could not listen unmoved to the ingenious disposals Mr. Lombard made of his classmates. It was the general verdict of the undergraduates that Mr.

Lombard's Class Prophecy was the best that has been given for some vears.

Mr. Wright, the musical pride of '03, made his last appearance before a Wolfville audience on this Class Day morning. For the last three or four years we have listened to Mr. Wright's pianoforte performances, but perhaps never with more pleasure than in the "Polka de la Reine" which he played on this occasion.

Noughty Three, having at her disposal more honors and more orators than she knew what to do with, departed from the regular path and introduced a new feature into Class Day, namely an Address to Undergraduates. Mr. C. K. Morse delivered this address most acceptably, and gave some advice to the remaining three classes in college which should bear fruit next year.

R. L. Chipman the popular Valedictorian did not disappoint his friends in his Valedictory Address. His manner was earnest and sincere, while the address itself showed evidence of careful thought and painstaking.

Altogether '03 is to be congratulated upon this the close of its career. ×

## SEMINARY CLOSING.

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#### (TUESDAY EVENING.)

Nearly an hour before the Seminary Closing Exercises began, College Hall was packed to its utmost capacity. Standing-room was not only "at a premium," but considerably above par. One would have thought that all the visitors to Wolfville this June came for the express purpose of seeing thirteen young ladies in white dresses graduate. But perhaps it was not only the graduating class that attracted attention. It is worth going some distance to see two hundred young ladies all in white (Acadia Seminary ladies too, you remember) march into College Hall in slow and stately procession, to the strains of Meyerbeer's Coronation March.

Then there were the essays, and solos both vocal and instrumental by members of the graduating class, all of which would amply repay one who even had to stand throughout the exercises. We do not intend to take upon ourselves the invidious task of criticizing either the addresses or the solos. We might say however that some of the essays



GRADUATING CLASS OF ACADIA SEMINARY 1903.

delivered by the young ladies compare most favorably with some we have heard delivered by members of the *College* graduating classes, and what more of praise can we say?

The program for the evening follows:

Coronation March (from "The Prophet") Meyerbeer. Misses Hazel Wortman and Helen Fowler.
Prayer.
Vocal Solo: A Song of Thanksgiving Allitsen. Jennie Elizabeth Eaton, Lower Canard, N. S.
Essay: Those Black Diamond Men Edith Muriel Clarke, Bear River, N. S.
Essay: The Intellectual Life Bessie Edna Cooper, Springhill, N. S.
Essay: The Power of Ideals *Ida May Crandall, Chipman, N. B.
Piano Solo: Faust Valse Gounod-Jael. Alice Celeste Huntington, Wolfville, N. S.
Essay: The Domestic Life of French Women *Alice Phoebe DeWolf, Halifax, N. S.
Vocal Solo: Eye Hath Not Seen Gaul. Nora Evelyn Shand, Windsor, N. S.
Essay: Analogies in the Development of Music and Painting *Kathryn Bogart Gillespie, Walton, N. S.
Piano Solo: Folonaise Moszkowski. Elsie Reagh Chute, Middleton, N. S,
Essay: Nature Literature *Celia Ganong Kierstead, St. Stephen, N. B.
Essay: The Relation of Elocution to Literature Ethel Annie Roscoe, Kentville, N. S.
Essay: The Mission of Humor Etta Mildred Wheelock, Lawrencetown, N. S.
Address:
Rev. W. C. Goucher, B. A., St. Stephen, N. B.
Presentation of Diplomas.
Award of Prizes.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

#### \*Speakers.

Rev. Mr. Goucher of St. Stephen delivered a brief, instructive address to the graduating ladies, urging them to hold fast to the ideals that make for the noblest, truest womanhood.

Prizes were awarded as follows:

Payzant Prize for English Studies, Celia G. Kierstead, St. Stephen, N. B.

Payzant Prize for French, I. May Crandall, Chipman, N. B. Payzant Prize for Pianoforte, Alice C. Huntington, Wolfville, N. S. Paint Scholarship 1st, Etta M. Wheelock, Lawrencetown, N. S., 2nd, Alice P. DeWolf, Halifax, N. S.

Governor General's Medal, Celia G. Kierstead.

Mr. Baird's Prize in Typewriting, Alice M. Borden.

The graduating class presented the Seminary with a beautiful statue of Mercury.

There were 175 enrolled in the Seminary this year. A most prosperous year has just been brought to a close.

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### COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

(WEDNESDAY MORNING.)

The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three, Acadia University, were duly capped and ermined and parchmented on Wednesday morning, before a large assembly in College Hall. After the usual stately procession of professors in caps, and hoods of many colors, the graduating class filed into the Hall to receive their degrees. The occasion was opened by prayer from Rev. W. H. Warren. After music the first address by member of the graduating class was delivered by Mr. J. A. Bancroft. The speaker traced the Geology of Kings County through successive ages in a lucid and convincing manner, which showed much study, combined with not a little practical knowledge of the subject. The adaptability of the present land formations to human needs was well shown.

A rather abstruse subject was well treated by Miss Avora McLeod. Her essay was entitled, "The Glory of the Imperfect." Miss McLeod's style was very pleasing, and her essay was well thought out. Mr. C. K. Morse delivered a strong, convincing essay on the Function of Conscience. A violin solo by Miss Denham of Acadia Seminary staff furnished a pleasant break in the midst of the Senior oratorical flights.

Miss Crandall's essay developed the idea found in Carlyle's "Heroes" that "All Deep Things are Song." The unity that pervades nature and life was shown under different aspects, and most successfully shown too. Mr. Loomer was not unambitious in treating a subject like "Philosophy and Science." With what limited knowledge we poor mortals have it is almost impossible to give anything like a satisfactory presentation of a subject like the above, but Mr. Loomer certainly did credit to himself in his interpretation. His essay was philosophical to

### ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

a degree, and betrayed the results of many solitary meditations on the part of the author.

After the delivery of essays the Senior class filed up and were introduced as candidates for degrees. After the granting of the parchments, several B. A.'s received the degree of M. A. These were, J. Clarence Hemmeon '98, C. J. Mersereau '00, J. B. Champion '01, I. M. Baird '02, E. H. Rand '02.

Rev. C. H. Watson delivered an inspiring address to the graduating class. Honors were awarded as follows: Miss Crandall in English, Miss Scott in Latin, Mr. Bancroft in Mathematics, Mr. Rayworth in Mathematics, Mr. Durkee in Mathematics and Physics, Mr. Perry in History and Political Economy. The following prizes were then awarded:

Northard and Lowe Gold Medal, for highest average during last three years of the course, Mr. Bancroft.

Governor General's Silver Medal for second highest average, Mr. Rayworth.

Tupper Oratorical Medal, Mr. R. L. Chipman.

White Prize for young lady making highest standing in English, Mrs. H. Georgie Scott.

Zwicker Prize for Physics and Chemistry, Mr. P. W. Durkee.

At the close of the exercises Dr. Trotter announced that the Second Forward Movement is progressing most favorably; \$30,000 has already been pledged by 21 persons.

The graduating class pledged \$500 toward this movement.

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### ART EXHIBITION AT THE SEMINARY.

(WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.)

The Annual Exhibition of Drawings and Paintings took place in Alumnae Hall, Acadia Seminary, Wednesday afternoon. The young ladies under the instruction of Miss Chipman and Miss Sloat have succeeded in doing some very creditable work this year. The china exhibit was especially good. The work done in the china department will compare favorably with the products of many large American Art Schools.

The exhibition of Water colors was unusually large and of a high standard. Some of the work in this section betrayed real artistic talent. The work of Miss Murray and of Miss Louise Morse is worthy of special mention. We understand that Miss Morse leaves the Seminary next year to study at the Art Students League, New York. Judging from her exhibits of the last two years, we are confident that success awaits Miss Morse in her chosen field.

Though the Oil paintings were very few this year, a good proportion of those exhibited were meritorious. One still life by Miss White and one by Miss Morse were really excellent.

Some original work in book cover designing was exhibited this year. The designs were certainly ingenious but many of them showed evidence of insufficient technical expression of good ideas. One cover by Carmen Macdonald has considerable merit.

If we may be pardoned for finding a flaw in so excellent an exhibition we should say that *drawing* needs more attention. The one weak feature of the Art Department is, and for some time has been, poor cast drawing. Young ladies seem possessed to *paint*—paint at the very first, and forever afterwards. The tendency is to neglect the foundation of all true art, correct drawing. It is tedious work, it requires patience, and it won't fill your parlors at home with beautiful paintings, but it must be done if you expect to amount to anything in Art.

The amount of original, outdoor work this year is perhaps the most hopeful sign of the Exhibition.

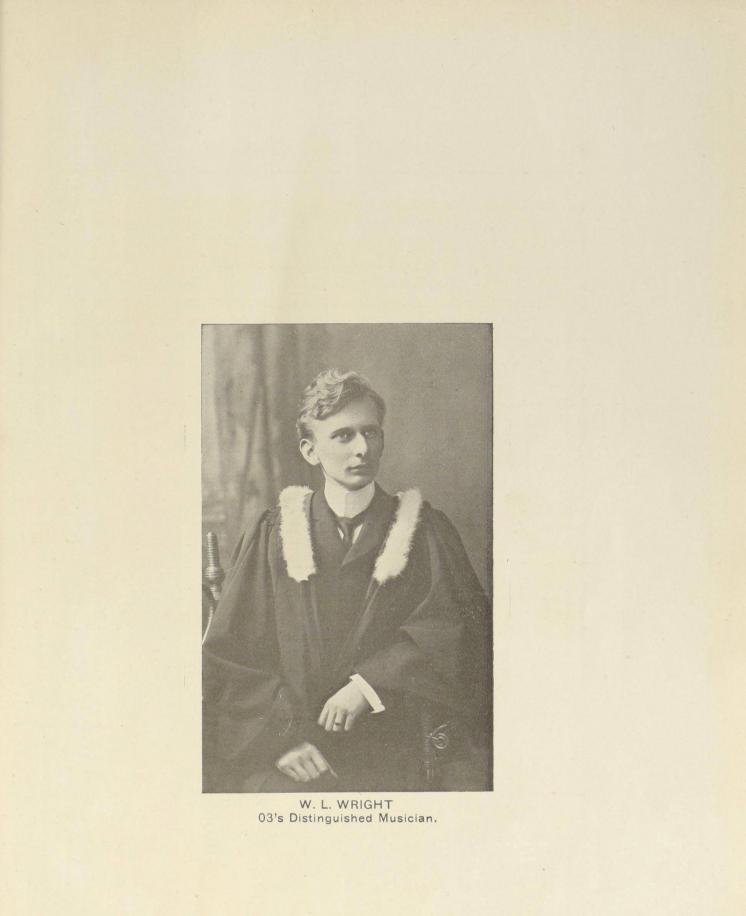
Of the Conversazione perhaps we had better say very little. To many it meant not much of anything—to some it meant everything, and neither class would thank me for any description of it. The older people met, shook hands, gossipped a little and went home. The younger people met, exhibited their roses, gossipped a little and went—out. And another Anniversary is over.

### Preliminary Graduating Recitals.

On May the Twenty Second, Miss Johnson and Miss Huntington, both of Wolfville, gave a recital at which the following program was artistically rendered.

PART I.	PART II.
I Sonata, op. 10, No. 3, Beethoven. (Largo, Menuetto, Rondo.)	I (a) "Warum," (b) "Aufschuring," } Schumann.
2 Nympho and Fauns, Bemberg. 3 (a) Impromptu in A b op. 29 (b) Valee in A b op. 42 Chopin.	2 (a) "La Serenata," Tosti. (b) "The Sweetest Flower," van der Steuhen.
4 (a) Sunshile Song, Grieg. (b) "La Ciece," Poncheilli. (from "La Geoconda.")	3 "Hexentanz,"McDowell.4 "Hear Ye Israel,"Mendelssohn.(from "Elijah.")

Miss Johnson was in excellent voice, and her many friends said that they had never heard her sing so sweetly as on this occasion. It would be difficult to select any one or two of her pieces as worthy of special praise, for everything she sang during the evening was so well rendered.



Miss Huntington's selections were also rendered almost faultlessly, and with remarkable feeling. The young ladies received almost endless congratulations after the recital was over.

On May Twenty Sixth another very pleasant recital was given in Alumnae Hall by Miss Shand and Elsie Chute. Miss Chute's playing was exceptionally good this evening, while Miss Shand really excelled herself, which is as much of a compliment as we can well give. Miss Shand has a beautiful, rich, Mezzo-Soprano voice, and it appeared at its best in some of her selections given below, particularly in "Eye Hath Not Seen." The program follows:

#### PART I.

#### PART II.

I Sonata op. 7 Beethoven. (Allegro con bris, Sargo, Allegro.)	$ \begin{array}{c} I (a) \text{ Polonaise, op. 26, No. 1} \\ (b) \text{ Etude op. 25, No. 9} \end{array} \right\} Chopin. $
<ul> <li>2 "Dost Thou know that Sweet Land," from "Mignon." Thomas.</li> <li>3 (a) Papillon (b) Poeme eroteque op. 43 Grieg.</li> <li>4 (a) "Slumber Song," Mattie. (b) "Were Thy Song with Wings Provided," Hahn. (c) "O Liebestraum," Spalding.</li> </ul>	<ul> <li>2 (a) "Eye Hath Not Seen," Gaul. From "The Holy City."</li> <li>(b) "Angelo Ever Bright and Fair," From "Theodora." Handel.</li> <li>3 (a) Novelette, op. 21, No. 7 Schumann.</li> <li>(b) "Hark, Hark ! the Lark." Schubert-Liszt.</li> <li>4 Elizabeth's Prayer, Wagner. From "Tannhauser."</li> </ul>

Recital of Miss Jennie Eaton and William L. Wright.

On the evening of May twenty-ninth Miss Jennie E. Eaton and William L. Wright rendered the following programme to a crowded audience in Alumni Hall of the Seminary.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.	PART II.
I First Great Sonata, op. 24, Weber. (Allegro, Adagio, Presto.)	<ul> <li>I (a) "Ich liebe Dich," Grieg.</li> <li>(b) "Fruehlingsrauschen, "Sinding.</li> </ul>
2 A Song of Thanksgiving, Allitsen.	2 (a) "Ombra Mai Fu," Haendel.
3 (a) Fantaisie-Impromptu (b) Valse in C minor, op. 64, Chopin.	(b) "Go, Lovely Rose," Mabrey. (c) "Were I a Star," Hawley.
4 (a) "I Love Thee," Grieg. (b) "Armoroso," Chaminade.	3 "Tannhaeuser Marsch," Wagner-Liszt.
	4 "I will Extol Thee, O Lord," Costa. (From "Eli.")
	GOD SAVE THE KING.

Our readers would probably find it tiresome if we should discuss in detail the above programme, and we will only especially mention a few numbers. Though the heavy Weber sonata, interpretated by Mr. Wright as his first number, was not on the whole a popular number, being probably "to highly classical," his wonderful skill in its rendition and his unrivalled exhibition of technique won the applause of all. Especially in the Presto movement (the Motoperpetus) of this Sonata did Mr. Wright excel himself. When we noted the *tempo* he struck at its beginning we trembled for him, but he not only kept it up, but played the whole with a cleaness which to say the least surprised his audience. We, the uninitiated, who heard Edward Parbority render the same in the earlier part of the year, must say that we scarcely see much choice between them.

Mr. Wright excels particularly in technical performance, but his emotional interpretation in *Ich liebe Dich* (Grieg) and *Fruehlingsrauschen* (Sinding), left nothing to be desired.

Of the vocal selections rendered by Miss Eaton we must mention Ombra Mai Fu (Haendel) Go, Lovely Rose (Mabrey) and I will Extol Thee, O Lord (Costa) as deserving especial mention. The rare quality of Miss Eaton's voice, though perhaps betaking something of what the vulgar voice calls "over-training," takes a firm hold upon her hearers and gives a true charm to the interpretation of her selections.

One pleasing feature of the evening was the rendering of *Ich liebe Dich* (Grieg) by both voice and piano, which thereby gained an added attraction.

It may not here be out of place to make a few remarks particularly on the work of Mr. Wright, whose cut appears on another page. Mr. Wright has, while pursuing his arts course with every success in the College, taken an extensive four years course at the Seminary. He graduated in Pianoforte from the Seminary with the class of '01, and has since then been taking a post graduate course under the able personal instruction of Miss Gilmore and Prof. Moore. While Mr. Wright excels more particularly in technical performance than in emotional interpretation, and while his extreme nervousness is apt to mar some otherwise excellent performances, neither of these are unremediable faults. We understand he intends taking a course in Germany in the near future, and we prophesy a brilliant career in his chosen profession.

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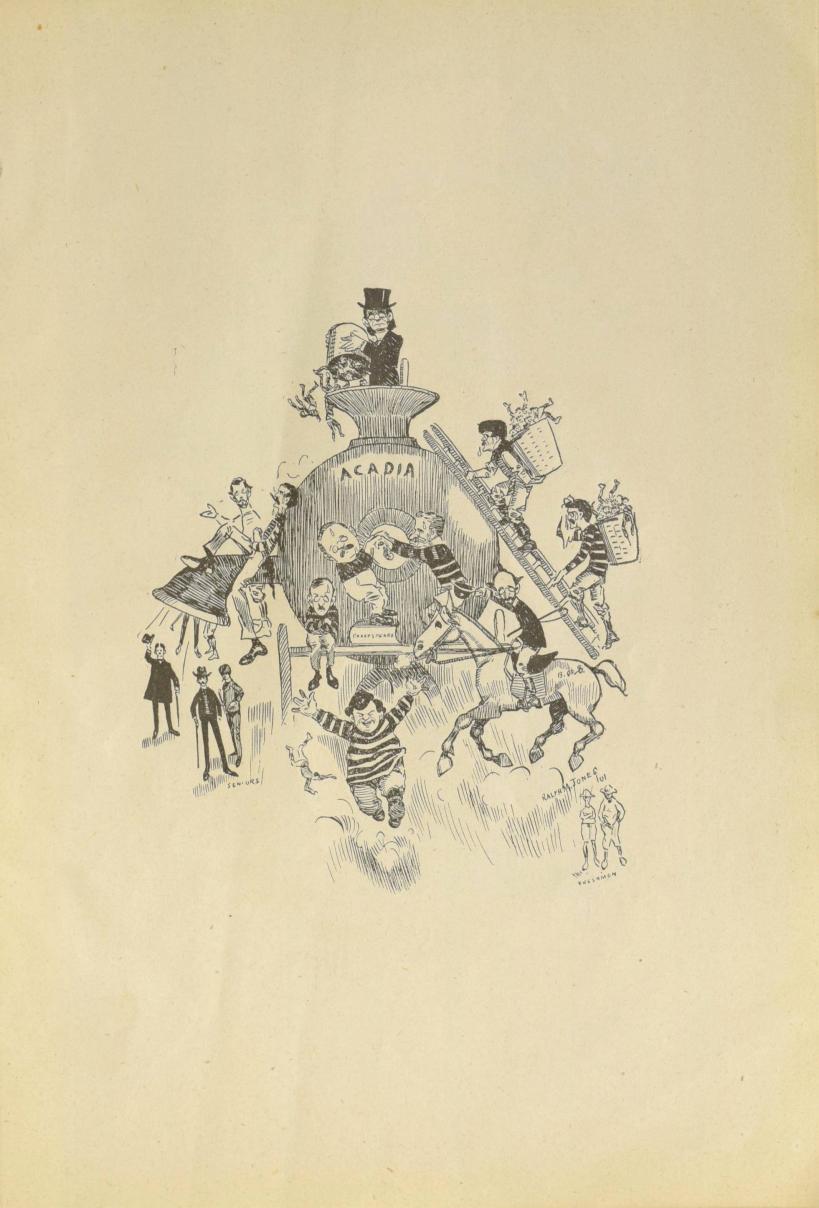
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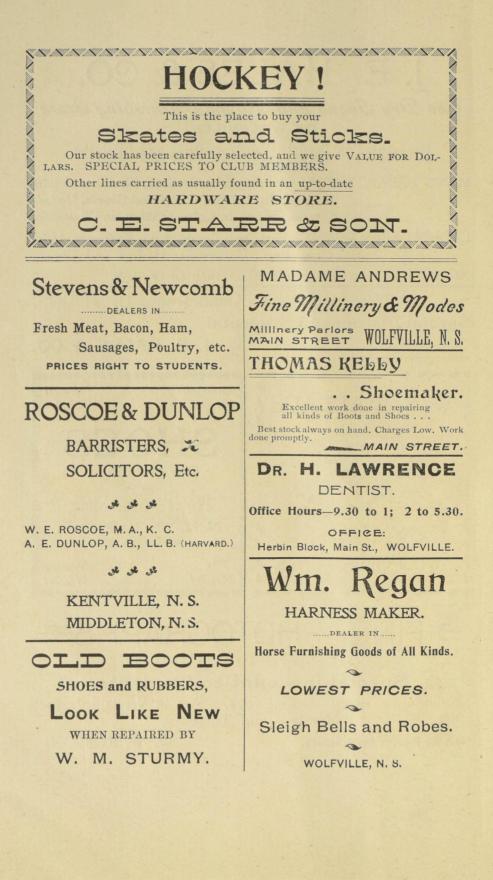


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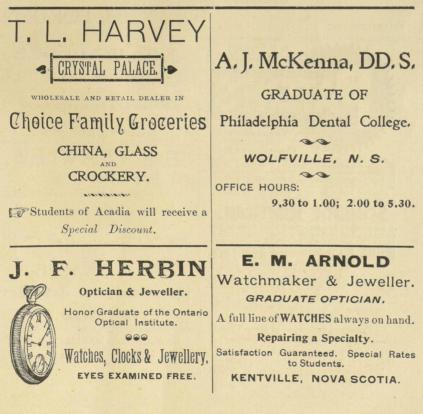
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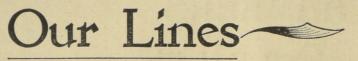
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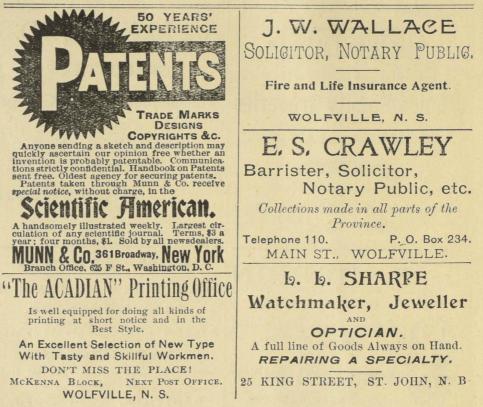
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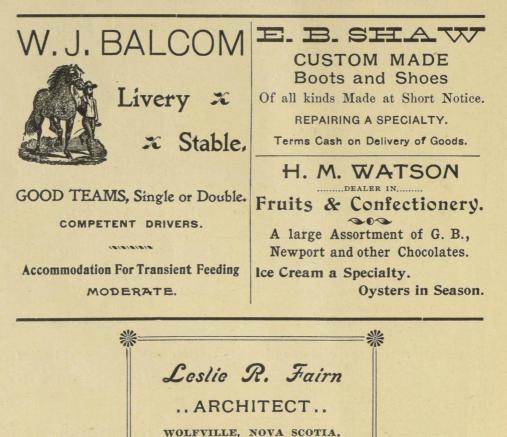
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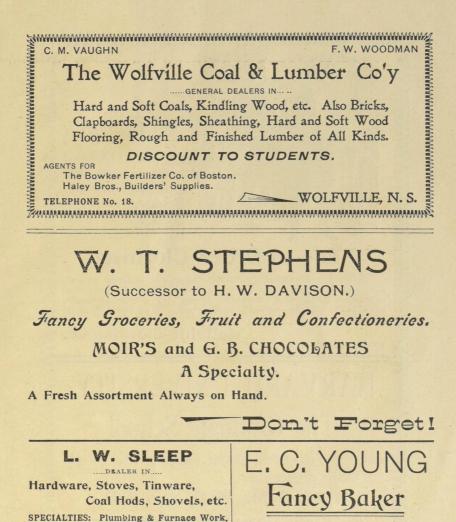
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