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EDITORIAL STAFF—1904-05

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No. 8

Sonnets

I

I watched the coming of the queenly Night,
Down from her royal mansions of the air ;
Her sober garments glowed with hidden light,
A thousand jewels burned amid her hair.
One silver clasp, the crescent moon, she wore
Which on her shoulder caught her mantle's hem,
And in her hand a torch of stars she bore,
Her winged feet gleamed fair with many a gem.
Self-poised above the shadowed earth she hung
And hushed the boisterous breezes of the day,
Her mantle dark across the skies she flung
And drove the cares and toils of men away.
"Lo, weary ones, the wearying Day hath fled—
Sleep, softly sleep, dream, sweetly dream," she said.

II.

Actors are we — our play, the Present Age —
The lines are written by a Master's hand.
Our parts assigned, we move about the stage
Or here or there, and speak as all was planned
Aforetime. I had fain 'twere given me
To play a leading role, but Fate denied,
Wisely, perchance — had I once sought to be

More than the part, and marred the play from pride.
 One struts to please the Gallery, and one
 Lisps to the Critics. When the curtain falls
 The summoned Stars step forth — what I have done
 Is lost then ? Nay ! The loud applause soon palls —
 Enough, if I but hear the author say,
 ‘Well hast thou played the role was thine to play.’”
Roy Elliott Bates, '04.



The Evidences of Design in History

WINNING ORATION IN TUPPER MEDAL CONTEST

HISTORY — the record of the life and progress of mankind — how shall it be regarded ? As nothing but a series of isolated dates and events having no story to tell, no secret to disclose ? Or, from the view-point of the evolutionist who maintains the doctrine of the survival of the fittest and accounts for all things on the ground of *natural* causes ? According to his theory, England to-day is supreme among the nations solely because of her strategic geographical situation and her unique opportunities for development. But must not the deeper question be answered as to *why* England has this strategic location ? What power gave her this isolation ? For geologists say she was not always separated from the Continent by the English Channel. Moreover, have not *other* nations had similar opportunities for development and yet have sunk into insignificance ? What, then, can be the *real* cause of England's supremacy ?

The theory of evolution fails to satisfy the mind ; and surely the reverent student of history, while not accepting the doctrine of fatalism, must yet discern a deeper reason underlying the current of human events and the development of nations. In a word, he must attribute the uniformities in history to a living, moving, acting *Intelligence* — whose traces we shall now seek to discover in the seeming chaos and confusion of wars, revolutions, and racial predominancy,

In the development of our subject we shall indicate the unmistakable evidence, of design in history under *three* aspects :—In the selection and preservation of great races ; in the raising up of great men for great emergencies ; and in the marvellous preparation of the world for great events.

Considering, first, the perservation of certain races for the accomplishment of great purposes, we glance back through the long vista of years and behold in the early dawn of history three streams of civilization emanating from "the land of Shinar" in Mesopotamia. The first flowed eastward as far as India and China, the second went westward to Arabia and Africa, while a third migratory stream, consisting of but one man and his family, issued from Ur of the Chaldees and found its way to the rich and fertile land of Palestine.

Compared with the other migrations, this last seemed utterly insignificant ; yet observe how it was designed by Providence to issue in marvellous benefits to mankind. This lonely man became the progenitor of the Jewish race, which subsequently developed into a mighty, conquering nation — nor did the sceptre depart from Judah until Shiloh came. The other nations of anitiquity were passed by in the selections of Providence and fell into irredeemable decay ; but this one branch of the Semitic race was miraculously preserved through the ages until it performed its mission in revealing the one true religion and in producing the one true Messiah.

No less remarkable is the selection, by an over-ruling Intelligence, of the great *Teutonic* race, whose highest representative is the English nation of to-day. Through what devious ways and by what marvellous methods has this Teutonic race been developed through the ages and preserved to perform its mission in the world !

Witness the deadly struggle on the plains of Chalons, in 451 A. D., when the Hungarian hordes, led by the savage Attila, came down like an avalanche upon Europe and threatened to obliterate every vestige of civilization and Teutonic life. But the Christian Visigoths, fighting side by side with the Roman legions, withstood the violent onslaught of the Huns and put them to flight, thus liberating Europe from Tartar despotism and preserving the Teutonic element for all subsequent civilization.

Nearly three hundred years elapsed when, lo again, a mighty host of savage Moslems, having overthrown the Visigoths in

Spain, crossed the Pyrenees to conquer Europe and to subject it to the yoke of Islam ! Dire destruction threatens the Teutonic race with its Christian institutions ; for like an irresistible torrent the Arabian host advances. But in the famous battle of Tours, Charles Martel, with his Frankish troops, discomfits the Mohammendan hordes, and their leader Abderrahman is slain. Thus, again, is the Teutonic race provisionally preserved.

Later on, in 1066 by the Norman Conquest, two branches of this great family are designedly blended to produce the solid English race and a world controlling Empire ; and when, in 1429, English was becoming entangled in the affairs of Europe, the little Maid of Orleans was raised up to drive England back to her Island home, where she could concentrate her energies and wield her influence most advantageously.

By 1588 a formidable rival to Anglo-Saxon prestige had arisen in Europe. Spain, of colossal dimensions, with the policy of ancient Rome, was aiming at universal power and, like an octopus, was extending its sway in Europe, Africa and South America.

Philip the second, the King of Spain and a proud and bloody despot, is now bent upon crushing England and substituting there the Spanish Inquisition and Roman Catholicism for the free Anglo-Saxon institutions. Proudly and confidently the Invincible Armada of 129 ships leaves Spain and approaches the English coast, — when suddenly a wind sweeps down the English Channel, scatters the Spanish ships and drives them far up the English and Scottish coast. Spain's power is utterly broken. But does Queen Elizabeth attribute the victory to the few English fire-ships sent among the Spanish vessel, ? Nay, but she has a medal struck in commemoration of the event with these words upon it : "*Flavit Jehova et dissipati sunt,*" — Jehova blew and they were scattered.

The conflict was between Spanish despotism and Anglo-Saxon freedom and the nobler triumphed almost without human agency

Since then, England has been the exponent of free institutions, education and Christianity; and her mission has been to disseminate these very principles throughout the world. Because of *this*, her dominions now girdle the globe. And who can doubt but that the Anglo-Saxon race has been *designedly* selected and preserved for this gracious purpose ?

Now, let us mark these evidence of design in history as seen in the raising up of great men for great emergencies.

Often it is distinctly *stated* that these great men are the instruments of God's selection. There was Pharaoh in Egypt, of whom Jehova said : "*For this cause have I raised thee up, for to show in thee my power.*" Of the mighty Cyrus in Persia it was also said : *Cyrus is my shepherd and shall perform all my pleasure.*"

Or, in secular history, there was Miltiades in Greece, a man of consummate military genius, who put to flight the Persian host on the plain of Marathon, thereby saving Grecian democracy and culture from Oriental barbarism. After him, lo another genius, Alexander the Great appears in history like a meteor, and crushes at Arbela the power of Persia, and scatters throughout the East the seeds of Hellenic culture, thus preparing the way for the Gospel's onward march. How can we account for *him* on the "Natural" theory ?

Again, in A. D. 6, when Roman power needed to be crushed in Germany so that the foundations of free Teutonic institutions might be laid, the great Saxon leader Arminius appears and defeats the Roman legions, earning the title given him by Tacitus of *Liberator Germaniæ.*"

Time fails us to enlarge upon Charlemagne, who appeared *at the right time* to organize and consolidate the warring tribes of Europe. Time also fails to describe the opportune work of Alfred the Great in England, or of Clive in India, or of Mazzini in Italy, or Napoleon in France, — that timely instrument selected for reconstructing the old European monarchies. But when he assayed to go too far there appeared a *Wellington* to crush him !

Thus in the great crises of history men of genius have invariably been supplied. And how through mere chance, could such men be forthcoming for such emergencies ? Often they planned *one* thing for themselves, while at the same time they were used for *other* and *higher* purposes ; and,

"Themselves from God they could not free ;

They builded better than they knew."

The last phase of our subject deals with design in history as manifested in the preparation of the world for great events.

All must admit that the event which transcends all others in history occurred at the beginning of the Christian era in the village of

Bethlehem, nestled among the Judean hills. All the lines of history from the beginning were converging towards that event, and when "the fulness of the times" had come how marvellously was the world prepared for it! Universal peace prevailed. Rome was mistress of the world. Her military and commercial roads penetrated the Empire to its remotest bounds. The Grecian language and culture had been disseminated by Alexander and Cæsar. So that politically, morally and intellectually all things were ripe for Messiah's advent and for the heralds of His cross. Can the theory of "blind causes" account for such preparation?

Leaving that scene we pass on through the Dark Ages to the Reformation, when Christianity, having been corrupted, needed to reappear in its primitive purity.

Mark the preparatory stages for that Reformation: — first, in the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, allowing the long-imprisoned Greek culture and language to be diffused throughout Europe; then, in the invention of printing which accelerated the Renaissance; and thirdly, in the discovery of America by Columbus. So all the world was prepared for that great moral revolution precipitated by Luther in 1520.

Do we not trace the operations of a master-mind, overruling all preceding events and discoveries so that they should culminate at that particular time?

Hastening on to the present time and looking to the far East, where the destinies of ancient nations are hanging in the balances, we see indications of another reformation, vast in its proportions and momentous in its results.

The Oriental despotisms, which seem to have been preserved through all the ages to play a conspicuous part in these latter days, are in ceaseless agitation and are sighing to be free from tyranny and superstition. They are *ready* for their liberty. And, behold, an *instrument* also has been provided to bring about their emancipation!

That instrument so marvellously prepared, is the little Sunrise Kingdom of Japan, which has almost supernaturally appeared among the powers of the earth. Since 1853 she has thrown off her policy of isolation and has been drinking at the fountain of Western civilization; so that now she has a constitutional government, popular education, political, intellectual and religious freedom, with the leaven of Christianity working through it all. And these same elements of life and

liberty she stands ready to confer upon all the East ; and doubtless the dreadful conflict now raging there will be over-ruled for that high purpose.

So, if we rightly read the signs of the times, a new era is dawning, a new chapter of history is unfolding. The day of Asia's emancipation draws near, and the time approaches when Orient and Occident shall join hands in the bonds of brotherhood for the elevation of humanity.

Seeing, therefore, through all history the increasing activity of a superintending Providence, and beholding how He works through human instruments, — shall *we* lie dormant who have so great a part to play in the World's development? Nay, let us be mindful of *our* high duty, and —

“In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle !
But be heroes in the strife !”

Thus, working in harmony with the great Designer for the accomplishment of His purposes in the world, let us

Act ! — act in the living present !
Heart — within, and God — o'erhead.

Frederick Porter, '06.



Class History

Mr. President, Class Mates, Admiring Friends and Loving Relatives : —

YEAR after year one of the graduating class is chosen to tell to the public the most pleasing events and the most flattering occurrences of the four years' course in the hopes that the members of the vast hosts, that annually come here to show their good clothes, will nudge one another and say, “Verily, this is the finest class that was ever graduated from Acadia.” Such is the nature and purpose of the class history. And year after year the pilgrims to this mecca of provincial Baptists settle themselves for the ordeal, shift uneasily in their seats, yawn, and mentally conclude that the graduat-

ing class is very like its predecessors with, perhaps, the mental reservation, "that the Class Day exercises are just a little duller and a trifle more stupid this year than usual.

Far be it from my purpose to claim that this year's product of the "Wolfville Match Factory," otherwise known as Acadia University and Affiliated Institutions, are in any marked manner differentiated from those of former years. Yet if we can believe what former Class Historians have said (which is doubtful) our arrival in this peaceful resort of fossilised professors, inelegible sky-pilots and returned missionaries was in marked contrast with that of other classes. Historians of the past have told you how as Freshmen their class-mates arrived unannounced and unnoticed, how

Silently one by one, in the infinite green of their
greenness,
Gathered the Freshmen together, the precious
tots of their mothers.

No such undemonstrative, idealistic arrival was ours. The class of 1905 struck Wolfville with a thud. Not unnoticed was our advent. Indeed some of us had rather more attention paid us than was pleasant by certain youth of the town, who, turning their contemptuous gaze in our direction, made emphatic remarks in the picturesque language of Mud Creek and the Tabernacle. Nor can it be said that we came unannounced. Surely our coming had been proclaimed, and our arrival awaited. For was not a Senior member of the Y. M. C. A. on hand at the station to welcome us, and to present each one with a token of his esteem in the shape of a valuable collection of information, known as the Acadia College Hand-book, printed especially for our benefit, with the year of our advent on the cover in handsome gold figures? And when we went out on the streets we attracted so much attention that people actually turned to look at us. Do you wonder?

Our first day here was spent in registering at the office, and in being presented to a host of upper-classmen, who put themselves out to meet us, thus adding considerably to our already very favorable impression of ourselves. Next day we had our first real encounter with the professors. No casualties are reported on either side. On Monday of the following week those of us who were supposed to be up in such matters informed the others that it was high time to hold a class-meeting, and get properly organized. This suggestion was

received with such delight that we could not conceal our joy over the prospective meeting from the Sophomores. Indeed the Sophs seemed to catch some of our enthusiasm, and were quite as eager for the meeting as we were. Consequently when we assembled in the classroom at the top of the stairs in the west tower the Sophs presented themselves at the door. Being flattered by their interest in our doings we politely asked them to come in. Imagine our disgust when, ignoring our invitation they produced a rope with which they proceeded to fasten us in. Instantly we perceived that our confidence was being abused, and there was a movement towards the door, which, had it not been arrested, would have deprived the college of all the clever men that graduated last year. Happily (for the Sophs) Wheelock rose up in, what has since become, his traditional rôle of peace-maker, and told us to keep our shirts on, and assured us that we would get out safely. Seeing that there was nothing else to do we accepted his advice, and proceeded to transact the business necessarily antecedent to the birth of a Freshman class. Meanwhile, one of our members very appropriately named Moses conceived of a scheme of delivering us from bondage. Leaving the class room in which we were assembled, by a small door in the rear wall, he travelled across the rafters of the attic above us to Dr. Tufts' room. There he was received with cheers by the Seniors, and by the time our first motion to adjourn had passed, he had the door opened for us, and we emerged smiling, without having lost a minute of time or a mouthful of dinner. It was at this class-meeting that we became cognisant of the fact that 1905 was the proud possessor of thirteen young ladies—a number greater than that of the co-eds of all the other classes combined. This fact added still more to our not overly meagre stock of conceit, and we plumed ourselves that even thus early in our career we had no inconsiderable honor. Since then we have learned that honor isn't the most desirable thing in the world after all, and that when it consists of thirteen class girls it is somewhat of a problem to *carry* it with dignity.

The minutes of the class-meetings of this period of our history contain some interesting reading. From them we learn that after numerous delays and heated discussions, our present class yell was adopted, which, to be frank, is about the poorest yell that any class has had since we have been here. In those early days we also adopted our class color—green and white, the combination being symbolic of

the traditional verdure and pristine innocence of Freshmen from time immemorial. I regret to say that we have lost not a little of the latter quality, and am pleased to think of the former also. Then there was the choosing of a class motto, which resulted in the selection of the one we still retain—*Per Ardua Surgo*, "I arise through difficulties." A motto, the truth of which has become apparent to us all, though I must say if any of you think we have not risen as high as you might have expected, it is through no fault of our own, but is owing to the low grade of difficulties one encounters in obtaining a degree here.

Our first appearance in athletic circles was in the annual foot-ball game with the Academy. As is usually the case with Freshmen we were beaten, though not before we had forced the Cads to touch nine times for safety. The ball only crossed the centre field once, but that, unfortunately, was once too often.

Shortly afterwards we met the Sophs in the annual Sophomore-Freshman debate. Need I say that we won? Perhaps it would be better to tell *how* we won, since that is a story that has, not heretofore been made public. The subject of our debate was "Resolved, That the constitution of Australia is superior to that of Canada." We defended the Australian form of government. Being in desperate straits for arguments Wheelock and I one day, shortly before the debate, happened (you understand, simply *happened*) to be in the room of one of our opponents, who was at that time, we had assured ourselves, in the gymnasium. On the table lay a scribbler in which we found the arguments of the Sophs. It took only an instant to secure the book, rush upstairs, and lock ourselves in the room of a Junior ally. Then, while I hurriedly read aloud what was written on those precious pages, Wheelock jotted the substance of it down. When this was done the debate was ours, and we knew it. Needless to say we simply dumb-founded our opponents by the skillfulness of our rebuttal and by the wonderful intuition with which we anticipated their arguments. Lest you may think we were the only ones who resorted to unfair methods in this debate, I may say that during its progress the leader of the Sophomore team was wont to frequently refer to a large volume, from which he quoted sections of the Australian Constitution, giving with great emphasis the exact page and division. As we had had no access to a complete copy of the Constitution of Australia, the masterly manner in which the Sophomore leader handled this book was to us

extremely terrifying. Subsequent investigation disclosed that this volume was nothing more than a bound copy of reviews from the library containing not the slightest reference to Australia or its constitution. So you see if we were lacking in conscience we made up for the defect by our credulity.

During the first Fall and Winter of the first year we met repeated defeats from the other class in both the Basket Ball and Hockey leagues. However these defeats were by no means unprofitable for we were finding ourselves, and gaining much valuable knowledge which later we made good use of. Meanwhile we were busy seeking the solutions of the various problems of college life, chief of which was the college-girl problem, which, like the servant-girl problem, still remains unsolved. As illustrative of the obstacles we encountered in our futile efforts to overcome this difficulty let me narrate an incident recorded in the minutes of one of our Freshman class-meetings, at which only the gentlemen members were present. The custom of paying the way of their class girls to the class hockey matches prevailed in the class of 1904, and had inspired some of our more gallant young gentlemen with the idea of doing the same for the ladies of 1905. Consequently the class-meeting referred to had been called to discuss the matter. Some of our members who were not any too well supplied with filthy lucre contended that if 1904 was pleased to pay the way of its three class girls it was no reason why we should feel bound to do the same for our thirteen young ladies. The justice of this contention being apparent, the difficulty was avoided by calling upon those who were willing to bear this chivalrous burden to rise. About twenty fellows did so, and well do I remember the determined look on their faces as solemnly one by one they walked to the table and laid down their munificent contribution of seven cents each ! Nor was this the only time our class girls have given us much sober thought. Howbeit, I am pleased to say that the young ladies of 1905 are fully capable of taking care of themselves. Certainly they have had unlimited opportunity for doing so !

Spring brought with it the delightful exaltation of our first-class victory, when, after having suffered defeat in Baseball at the hands of the two upper classes, we won from the Sophs with the score of 12 to 5.

The experiences of our Freshman year had taught us that we were

in sad need of athletic material. So at the beginning of our career as Sophomores we were glad to welcome to our class a sprinter in the hundred and two-twenty yards dashes, a quarter mile runner, a high jumper, a broad jumper, a hurdle and a first team half-back. This brave array of athletic material was all contained in the person of Mr. Joseph E. Howe. Mr. Howe came to us from 1903, and has undoubtedly done more to give our class and Acadia College an enviable reputation in athletics than any other undergraduate ever here. Three times he has made the highest individual score in the interclass field meet, and three times he has done the same in the intercollegiate meets. He holds the college records in the hurdles, the broad jump and the high jump. He holds the records made in the intercollegiate meet in the two-twenty, the quarter and the broad jump, and the record of the Maritime provinces in the broad jump, with a leap of 21 feet 11¾ inches. He has been captain of the Acadia foot-ball team and of the track team, and, in addition to sustaining such a brilliant athletic record, he has made a uniformly high scholastic standing, so that of him the members of this class have every and just reason to be proud. Probably the greatest cause for our pride in Mr. Howe is the magnificent record he made yesterday in the meet with U. N. B. To enter seven events ranging from the hundred yards dash to the mile run, and to win first place in six of them is to prove that his ability in field and track sport is simply phenomenal. His work of yesterday shows him to be one of the most sportmanlike, one of the finest, one of the truest, and one of the most devoted athletes that ever wore the Blue and Garnet.

Our Sophomore year was a triumphant one in many ways, and probably taken all in all, the best of our whole course. Since then we regret to say that we have not figured so prominently as a class but rather more as individuals. Our combination play was most fully developed during that year, and an abandonment of it for the every-man-for-himself style, together with the loss of many valuable members has seriously hindered in the fulfillment of the brilliant future, of which as Sophomores we gave such promise. In the interclass debating league we won from the Freshman easily, we were defeated by the Seniors in a very close contest, and we won by default from the Juniors. This was by far the most fruitful year of our course in respect to debating victories, and we were looked upon as budding

orators. Since then our prestige as debaters has waned, not so much because we have deteriorated, but because up to that time in our course there was no one in college who knew how to debate. Since then, however, there have come to Acadia debaters of striking power and ability, who have done wonders to raise the standard of debating, and of whom the college has good reason to be proud.

The Junior Exhibition of this year some of us considered a suitable occasion for displaying our ingenuity in practical joking. An electric bell of a sound calculated to waken the dead was placed under one of the seats in the west gallery. The plan was to set the gong ringing sometime during the proceedings, and then watch the startled Sems jump over the railing. Fortunately or unfortunately (I never have been able to make up my mind which) the plot was discovered and frustrated. After the holidays the Faculty was "At Home" to a number of us, the result of which was to greatly augment our opinion of what the Faculty knows, or, perhaps I should say, of what the Faculty can make one *think* it knows. One consolation over the failure of our trick was the amount of trouble and concern it caused the Juniors. Another was the judgment of Dr. Trotter who from the standpoint of an expert in such matters pronounced it "the cleverest trick ever attempted during the sixty years' history of the college," something of which we were inordinately proud. Incidentally I may say that Dr. Trotter also pronounced it the most diabolical one ever attempted, over which we did not feel so highly elated. Some of the members of 1904 had very exaggerated ideas of how much our out-fit cost, so lest they go through life laboring under a serious delusion I shall take this opportunity of telling them that the bell, wire and batteries, delivered at Port Williams, cost us just five dollars and thirty-one cents.

During the Winter we jumped from the very foot of the Hockey league, where we had been in the preceding year, to the top. The decisive match of the series was with '04, and the Juniors were looked upon as the probable winners. As one of their men confidently said before the game commenced: "It is not a question of who's going to win, but of how large the score will be." The score *was* large, but it proved to be five to one in our favor. The scene at the close of the game was one of a good many like it, when words almost failed to express the ill-feeling between the two classes.

In the Spring we went after the Base-ball championship, and won it. Again we were pitted against our old rivals '04 in the critical game. From the standpoint of excitement this match was probably more replete with sensationalism than any other we have played in. You may well imagine our hilarious joy when in the ninth inning, with the score 14-13 in our favor, and with two men out, the Juniors had a man on second and another on third, and "Cal" after a long run caught a foul ball just at the foot of the bleachers.

Among those who joined us in the Junior year was Mr. Elmer W. Reid. Most of us remembered Mr. Reid as the Sophomore who, in our Freshman year, had won the fifty dollar scholarship. With the money thus earned he went out West, and returned to join us a Junior, bringing with him a stock of information concerning our prairie country, which to say the least was startling. If any of you have ever seen a young lady at a reception whose breath came in quick gasps, and whose whole body seemed trembling with emotion, you may be sure that, spell-bound under the wild and furtive glance of Mr. Reid, she was listening to one of his marvellous tales about the mosquitos of Western Canada which are large enough to be hunted with a rifle, or some blood-thirsty story of the snakes of that region, which take their tails in their mouths and, hoop fashion, roll after their victims! Mr. Reid has the unenviable reputation of being the biggest liar in Kings County, but let me assure you, ladies and gentleman that this is due to nothing more nor less than to his marvellous imagination developed by the environment and experience of the Far West. As an illustration of the practical workings of his imagination Mr. Reid will shortly read to you the Class Prophecy.

The event of most importance to us during our third year was the Junior Exhibition — the last of a long succession of these very pleasing exercises. But though the last it was by no means the least. Indeed folks found it very easy to persuade us that it was the best Junior Exhibition Acadia ever had, and we still believe it. However we were not allowed to enjoy alone all the honors of that special occasion for simultaneously with the charming of the audience by our oratorical eloquence, three of our Sophomore friends put on in a very successful manner the three act comedy entitled, "The Light that Failed or, the Trick that Succeeded" one of the neatest and cleanest little productions ever put on as a counter attraction to a Junior Exhibition.

Our athletic record in the Junior year was very creditable. We again won first place in the Hockey league, and though the deciding game with 1904 was anything but a gentle one the Seniors took their defeat with good grace. Shortly after they turned the tables by walloping us in a basket ball game to the tune 16-0. This defeat we accepted as we have accepted many others with the best of spirit, and the feeling between the Juniors and Seniors grew steadily better. Indeed by the time Spring had returned we played for the Baseball championship with evident good feeling in a game that was closely contested with the exception of a fatal second innings, into which the Seniors took to swatting the ball and to running bases in a manner exceedingly annoying, and so earned a victory. We closed the year, however, by a triumphant success in track sports, winning the interclass trophy by a large majority of points.

Fall found us embarked on the last year of our course, and we had to face the responsibility of Seniors. We missed our old rivals of 1904 for with them gone there was no one with whom to pick a quarrel, since our relations with the 1906 and the other classes have been of the most cordial nature. Our record as a class in athletics has not been as brilliant this year as we should have liked to have seen it nor have there been as many college victories as we wished for during the time we have been at the helm. In Foot-ball we showed up extremely well as a class, having had eight players on the team. Hockey, in which we were confident of winning first place in the class league, was cut short by the collapse of the rink. But the resulting benefit in the shape of a new rink more than compensates for the loss. Basket Ball was very wisely abandoned as an interclass game, consequently we have no victories to record in this branch of sport. After defeating the other college classes in Base-ball, you are probably aware that we met defeat at the hands of the Academy team. At least, if you haven't heard of it, the cause has not been that the Cads have been backward about announcing the fact. However, we congratulate the Academy on having one of the finest fielding teams ever seen in the interclass league, and none are more willing to admit than we that their victory was well deserved. But two more events in the history of our class athletics remain to be enacted. Our track men will once more compete for the trophy (if it ever stops raining) and the contest will be sufficiently close as to be well worth your seeing. The finals of the tennis

tournament will be played at the same time. Seeing that all of the players that have come through this far are Seniors I have the utmost confidence in saying that the titles will fall to 1905.

But though, our successes in athletics during the present year have not been as numerous as in the earlier stages of our course, we have achieved note-worthy success in other branches of student life. Particularly have we been successful in the conduction of the affairs of the various undergraduate societies, which had passed into our hands grossly mismanaged, with empty treasuries, burdened with debt and with utter disregard of their constitutional order. For the first time since we have been in college the Senior class handed over to the other classmen the management of societies free from debt and free from constitutional abuse, and we hand it over with the utmost confidence that our successors will leave behind them a record equally as creditable. That we have done so well in connection with the undergraduate organizations is due in no small measure to favorable conditions, and to the work of the other classes. Nevertheless we feel a just pride in such an excellent consummation of this year's work of the societies, and in our share of bringing it about.

And now our course is practically at an end. Four years of Acadia and the life here have taught us to love the old college and its associations. Truthfully we may sing, and we *should* sing :

“Acadia's glory shall be our aim
As through the ages the sound shall roll,
And all together we'll cheer her name
When we cheer her with heart and soul.”

Four times has the blazing glory of the autumn leaves greeted our eyes as we returned to this hillside. Those were days when the sharp, incisive nippings of the frost set our blood a tingling as the referee's whistle called us to the exhilarating joys which only Foot-ball gives. Four times has Winter covered the harsh outlines of earth with her blanket of downy snow. Then were nights when the ring of the steel against the ice and the whirr of the puck were music to our ears; nights when we felt the snow soft against our mocassined feet as we tramped through the spruces back on the hill over expanses of myriad colored crystals of a sparkling fairyland ; nights when behind tinkling bells we slid over the roads with the golden moon floating gently overheard through a sky of blue, flecked with clouds of fleecy white,

nights when we worked for the sheer joy of working, and learned that after all in work is the real joy of living. Four times has Spring returned to us, and old mother Nature with deft touches has painted (in our honor) the landscape with her own inimitable green and snowy whiteness. Then were days when the hills, the trees and the campus called to us, and we went ; days when we longed for sympathy and companionship, and we found it ; and days of parting from those whom we had learned to cherish.

And now it is our turn to go. We have come to believe that life here is but a criterion of the life in the world at large. The sensations and experiences of college days will be repeated on a larger scale in the future, and the little happenings here have but prepared us for the larger ones out there. Here have our hearts leapt with exaltation on the achievement of a glorious victory after a closely and cleanly fought contest. Here too have our hearts stood still with terror when the evening stillness was disturbed by the sound of ripping clothing and the cracking of the barbed wire behind the Sem. and we felt the fingers of the Rev. Henry Todd DeWolfe clutching frantically at our coat collars. Many times we have felt that wild sense of irresponsibility and of freedom, so peculiar to college life, and we have thrown convention to the winds and followed the mad prompting of our care-free hearts. They were the times when we madly "curled" along the corridors of Chip Hall to finally gathered up the wreckage and deposit it in no gentle manner at the door of the chairman of the house committee. Here we have experienced that gleeful elations which comes only after the successful accomplishment of some forbidden act, as when we sat contentedly eating roast chicken and cranberry sauce wholly unmindful of the ignoble use to which we were putting the Sunday dinner of the Sems. Here also have we known the bitterness of defeat, and learned the lesson which it teaches. And here we have felt ourselves under the spell of that deeply spiritual influence, which the brave old Baptist fathers who founded this institution meant should always pervade its life and atmosphere, and we knew that God was good and that God was near.

Tomorrow we expect to graduate. With a smile and a blessing *Alma Mater* will bid us God-speed. And then — then the history of 1905 as an undergraduate class of Acadia University will have ended.

Victor L. O. Chittick, '05.

The Class Prophecy

TODAY we live our college lives anew
 As pleasant memories bring the Past to view,
 But the Past is over ; its work is done
 And the Present is passing too.

The Future hid within the shroud of Fate
 Too deeply wrapped for us to penetrate
 Yet speaks : "The Present yokes me with the past,
 And I am governed by my mate."

How oft we think of what our lives shall bring
 When Destiny turns life's Summer from its Spring.
 For Summer gives the bird its flight,
 And tunes its voice to sing.

What ways we'll reach the joys that we require,
 How failing strength will make our wings to tire,
 What heights we'll reach, what depths we'll cross
 To gain our hearts' desire !

What songs our lives will tune their chords to hail,
 As chording well, with all their power assail
 A gladsome song of pleasure or
 A solitary wail.

Our thoughts go out to meet the Future dark
 In contrast with the Present's flashing spark
 And listen as the Silence deep
 Returns the echo, "Hark !"

What is this Future turning every day
 From out the Present, blocking up our way
 Of vision, so we cannot see beyond,
 Or seeing, cannot say.

For some, when life is near the door of night,
 Have seen the door ajar, and Heaven bright.
 But what they saw or felt or knew
 They could not tell aright



THE GRADUATING CLASS—1905.

And though our common senses ne'er reveal
The Future, yet we cannot help but feel
The Future's course is written, and
A special sense might break the seal.

The prophets old from Saul till Micah came
Revealed the Future, and revealed the same
Which after years did bring to pass
And gained immortal fame.

And many since in trance or wakeful dream
Have gazed around the curve where flows life's stream ;
Have seen their lives ahead, and caught
For others too a rightful gleam.

But here are problems of great moment grown
How can the Future at the Present time be known ?
What special sense has man acquired
By which so much is shown ?

And so I set my stupid head to work,
And never from my heavy task did shirk,
To solve this awful mystery
I labored like a Turk.

I told our reverend Dean where led
My hopes to know the truth, alive or dead,
And when I asked his sympathy
He simply scratched his head.

I read rare books of foreign skill and true,
And studied documents both old and new,
They linked the Future with the Past,
But how 'twas done they gave no clew.

'Twas Gordon Kierstead who was first to learn
The laws that told the Future to a turn ;
Those laws that but to understand
My heart did fiercely yearn.

And thus he found the Future turned about
To follow in the former beaten route
We've trod, and all is but the coming forth
Of what the Past is working out.

For Gordon in his first two college years
Did but pursue the girls, the pretty dears,
But when he reached the saturation point
Repented bitterly in tears,

Took up his books, and worked them line by line,
While on the quiet street the moon did shine.
He might as well have followed the girls,
He always made just seventy-nine.

'Tis not the marks alone, or still the jokes
Of friends, that Gordon's patient soul provokes,
But the profit of all his sad mistake
Has been reaped by Gifford Oakes.

Now Giff began with the class of nineteen three
And led those Freshman most successfully
In marks, but the mid-night oil had strained his eyes
And now with us takes his degree.

But since that year his text-books ne'er got read.
His marks were big, a social life he led.
And any morning at twelve o'clock
He was still to be found in bed.

But how to know each passing moment's thought,
The cause from which each action has been wrought ;
To put it all together, so
The Future may be wrought,

Each has a mind, with power to unroll
The written Past, and read the Future's scroll.
It is a mind we little know—
Our own immortal soul.

But when in dreams, hypnotic sleep, or trance,
Our naked souls, that know the way, may chance
To meet in spirit realms, and there reveal
Each life's designed romance.

I dreamed one night when the storm beat wild and drear,
And the spirits moaned aloud, as men who fear,
I met the soul of Caius Octavius Howlett
A-riding in the highest sphere.

He charged with all the force a spirit could accrue
Right at my head, as he always planned to do
But strange to say I was a spirit now,
And so he passed right through.

And then I learned his Future, sad to tell
For one who had begun to preach so well
Last year, as a revival to create
In haying time, up in La Selle.

For Hamlet worked his ruined, proved his ban,
And Hamlet's madness he himself out-ran,
And, madder than a March hare, cried :
"Oh Hamlet, Hamlet ! Fine man, fine man !"

Within asylum walls he raved and tore,
While twenty nurses held him on the floor,
And lest their heads be smashed to bits
They loudly called for more.

Oh they buried him low by the eastern sea ;
Where his grave the soft winds fan,
And the gentle zephyrs, as they blow,
Whisper, "Fine man, fine man !"

One night I sat and mused before I went to bed,
And thought of those strange lands my soul would tread
In dreams, but when I fell in easy sleep,
I saw my own career ahead.

When once I travelled on a lonely way,
Where in the distance on a hill there lay
A little town, where entering in
I found a mob did surge and sway
About a circus. And I had desire
To see the manager and, climbing higher,
I saw the secretary of our class
Allan MacIntyre.

Now Mac had always been a sport in place,
In hockey, basket-ball and second base.
But oh to see him spit upon his hands
And set the pups to race.

“Ladies and gentlemen, and little bits of boys,
Just step this way and don't make any noise,
To see this wild man from Borneo refresh
Himself with five pounds of raw flesh
From off the man's leg, next the fence.
Ladies and gentleman, for only twenty-five cents !
Also a high dive in a tub of water,
Performed by a real live Senator's daughter.”

But when years had passed since that great show,
And I dined in New York at Delmonico's,
A waiter bearing twenty pieces
Appeared on his tip-toe.

I knew that graceful form and face of fire
Could but belong to Allan McIntyre,
He piled the table dishes round my seat,
And stacked them ever higher.

Confused, I dared to only gasp and stare,
While Mac did shout aloud the bill-of-fare.
And all the while I tried to eat
He brushed my clothes, and wet my hair.

I learned that Mac had hastily left the show
Because that wildest man from Borneo
He'd over teased, and after years I heard
The cunning beast had trapped his foe.

Oh they buried him down by the island home,
That looks o'er the bright blue sea
Where the whispering breezes roam,
And the echoes are carried back
On the waves of the breaking foam
“Poor Mac ! Poor Mac !”

Last Easter Sunday on the ridge I met
A sight that with me firm remains as yet.
'Twas Warren and his wife on pleasure bent
With all sails nicely set.

His soul in raptured bliss did mount the air,
And soar around in space without a care,
While I with eagerness did read
His secret life and Fate laid bare.

And then I learned a truth that few did know,
That Warren's fate was sealed some months ago,
And when he sought these classic shades this year
He brought his wife also.

The Future held him happy days in store,
And brought him home, and church and friends galore.
He preached original sin, and with one Hell,—
A Baptist to the core.

When chairman at a meeting, was his lot,
At which the Christian brethren quarreled and fought,
And claimed his rulings were not right,
He only said, "Well, possibly not."

And now I'll give you all the key
Of how he always lived so happily :
He never took a step unless he first
Consulted with his family.

Oh they buried him up, where the pines are found,
Where the North winds' voice is caught.
And his friends do weep on his mound,
And say that now he has a happier lot ;
But that awful wind does echo round :
"Possibly not, Possibly not."

I worked whole days and nights with might and main
To fix a plot, whereby I might attain
A view of Curry's future life,
But all my efforts were in vain.

One day I sat in class beside Old John,
And fell asleep, and on my mind did dawn
In dream the place where both of us should meet
When many years had gone.

Within a city new my steps were aimed,
Where posters for a temperance lecture flamed
That very night in Music Hall,
And Dr. Curry as the speaker named

I reached the Hall ; the Mayor had the chair.
He said, "My friends, you certainly are all aware
That something must be done to rid this town
Of all the whiskey here.

"And Dr. Curry, surgeon far renowned,
Within the hospital is always found,
Which keeps his social spirit roused,
With which he does abound.

"In any constitutional concern
To Dr. Curry we 'most always turn
For his advice, and what it is on this
We now will gladly learn."

And as I saw the audience compose
To hear the lecture, John arose,
Pulled up his sweater at the neck,
And mildly blew his nose.

And all he said in that long speech I'll quote :
"My friends, if each would his own good promote
To rid this city of its rum
He'll pour it down his throat !"

As John sat down the crowd did cheer and roar,
And wondered why they ne'er thought that before.
They made him mayor the next year,
And kept him in for more.

Oh they buried him down where the mermaids^{call}
To the billows rushing on,
And a voice comes back when the breakers fall :
"Sly John ! Sly John !"

'Twas on the night the ladies gathered all
Their institutional friends in college hall
Save one whose absence from that reception,
I now at once recall.

When Strong was ready from his room to dash
He found the lock was changed, and feared to smash
The door. Now why all this was done
You can tell by asking Fash.

But strange to tell his "kra" appeared instead,
And asked for topics 'round, and joked, and said
What Strong would say, and none did know but me
That Strong was asleep in bed.

It told me all I asked about his fate,
But if the Past to you I should relate,
My earthly days would numbered be,
And thoughts of Death I hate.

He went to Yale where Knowledge does abound,
And lived on chemicals, until he found
A substance, rendering all invisible
Which it is placed around.

And when he had bathed in this from head to feet,
The rays of light passed through him most complete.
You never knew he was around unless
You saw the foot-prints of his feet.

He lived a charmed life, 'twas grand, unique.
Now shelter, food or clothes he did not seek.
The only inconvenience was
He never dared to speak.

It needs no mystic cult or hidden art
To search the Future's bournes, and tell the part
That Gifford Oakes is bound to play,
We've known him from the start.

Now Giff was perfect but for failings two,
And both will always give his life its cue :
He never was known to be on time
And he never could tell just what to do.

He planned to go to Harvard, then to Yale
And then for business fixed each small detail
Then changed his mind to go out West,
Then farming next did gladly hail.

But farming ne'er did fit to Giff just right,
To see that farm it was a sorry sight,
For farming must be done by day,
And Giff must work at night.

All day the cow within the garden feeds,
And Oakes abed. At night begin his deeds.
He cuts potatoes from the rows,
And hoes around the weeds.

Oakes lived a bachelor; not for his own sake,
For never could he tell which girl to take,
And Fash was not around to write him notes
From girls, and complications make.

Now all must go when their time has come to die,
And when the angel of Death to Oakes drew nigh
He hadn't counted him two days behind the rest,
And so he had to pass him by.

Oh they buried him down where the willows weep,
Where the ground is soft and wet,
And the spirits cry to the silence deep
From the spirit-land, when the night's asleep :
"He hasn't come yet ! He hasn't come yet !"

I dreamed one night that Mason preached until
He got a splendid city church, but still
His salary was not sufficient to
So many little Masons fill.

Out West was better far, where homesteads free remain
For father and each son to rear the golden grain.
He sold his goods that all might go
And hired a special train.

They occupied a township like a hive
Where all the busy bees together strive,
And all in Masonville descendants were
Of Mason, nineteen-five.

Oh they buried him to the West wind's song,
Where the skies are soft and mellow,

And the waving grain from green turns yellow,
On rustling breezes whistles along !
"A splendid fellow ! a splendid fellow !"

I tried whole days in vain to get control
Of Ayer, and his Future's course unroll
But I came to this conclusion at last
That "Hoodley" has no soul.

A startling fact presents itself to view,
That in this world of thought is wholly new,
That Chittick and Christie only have
One soul between the two.

Their souls were separate in their early days
But college fellowship has joined their ways
In one rare growth, and soul with soul
Together ever strays.

One spirit rules them both to reach one goal,
Each helps the other out from every hole,
But when Christie is down to Johnnie Vaughn's
Then Chittick has no soul.

From Harvard both did graduate, but Chris
Did a professorship of Math dismiss,
With Chittick sought the wild and woolly West
In newspaper work to enlist.

The town of Wild Bear's Pass was all aglow,
And news like wild fire passed both to and fro
That any day two eastern college men
Might unsuspecting faces show.

Those cow-boys rough had their reward at last,
And on the strangers savage looks did cast ;
As the Overland went puffing out, they thought
They had our heroes hard and fast.

Now Chittick, carpet-bag in hand, stood still,
And with the Mountain air his lungs did fill,
While 'round them both the crowd did close
With Brimstone Buck and Outlaw Bill

He gave the class yell first, so Christie said,
The college yell next filled those men with dread,
But when he opened on the Chip Hall yell
The natives turned and fled.

The *Daily News* of Wild Bear's Pass was found
To give the news for fifty miles around,
For Chittick was the editor
And Christie did the business sound.

But ten subscribers seemed too few to name,
In turn each borrowed when the paper came.
So both thought out a scheme to circulate
The *News*, and reach undying fame.

First Chittick in the *News* did advertise
To give to two subscribers as a prize,
With him as judge, one hundred dollars for
The two best apple pies.

Each day there came one hundred pies or more ;
They stacked them on the tables and the floor,
And Chittick ate them for a week
And then, he was no more.

Oh they buried him east by the Hantsport bricks
That look o'er his native town.
But his spirit wanders up and down
This side of the river Styx,
Till his other half shall come to die,
And at the dead of night in old Chip Hall
When the windows shake does his spirit cry
To those awake : "More pie ! More pie !"

Then Christie tried his scheme to help the *News*,
He thought and started up this splendid ruse :
He wrote to Trimble, in the East
A-selling stereoscopic views,
That Western men were living single lives,
By hundreds richer than the rich old Dives,
Just wanted agents from the East
To bring them out some wives,

And Trimble in the east could rouse the game,
 And he would advertise them as they came,
 He thought that all those class girls would
 Come West and change their names.

Now Trimble joyfully did contemplate
 This trying task, because the class girls fate
 Was always on his mind, and would be settled if
 He could provide for each a mate.

Each signified her wish to go, but feared
 There were not men enough, but all were cheered
 At hearing of the great impatience when
 Their photos in the *Daily News* appeared.

Beneath each photo was a sketch of each,
 Her age, her looks, her manner which would reach
 The hearts of those rough men yet kind,
 That, longing, for their hearts they might beseech

“Miss Lalia Cogswell, tall and very fair,
 With ruddy cheeks and wavy golden hair,
 She smiles a heavenly smile that will
 Each stranger's heart ensnare.”

“Miss Mollie Johnston, short and very sweet,
 With apple cheeks and pretty hands and feet;
 She flirts with all that come around,
 In fact she's hard to beat.”

“Miss Bligh, kind, sensible, with little show
 A girl of parts, you'll always find her so.”
 This Christie wrote, and added this :

“I've rushed her some, and ought to know.”

Our girls a chaplain for the trip besought.
 Miss Messenger said MacPherson could be got,
 And he could act as minister
 To marry off the lot.

Those western men in town the night before
 The train arrived did 'round the station pour.
 They all got drunk and of the girls
 Each wanted three or four.

The train drew in, the crowd rushed up to view
 Those charming girls a-marching two by two,
 And Trimble cried : "Here's Kilburn's 'scope' for **ninety cents**
 'Twill bring the girls close to."

Then Christie did the introducing grand,
 Each couple did before MacPherson stand,
 And swore to cherish and obey, with solemn oath
 He joined them hand in hand.

But when Miss Messenger and Brimstone Buck
 Stood up together, Mac got up his pluck
 That he had lost for years and said,
 That now he thought he'd change his luck.

That man's complexion in one round he marred,
 And Brimstone Buck could not put up a guard,
 But in the hospital simply said :
 "That minister is *hard* !"

And so that splendid work went on and on
 'Till all but two of our sweet girls were gone.
 That Trimble had them on his hands for good
 Then on his mind did slowly dawn.

This world has few like Roy Fash to show
 If there were more the world would merrier go.
 He has twelve different photos of one girl,
 Her name I do not know.

He always comes a month late in the Fall,
 At Christmas-time two weeks before them all
 He leaves. At Easter-time he takes a month
 On a certain girl to call.

Within his room he sits and plots all day
 And smiles. And when his friends at night go 'way
 He turns around the locks upon their doors,
 And out they have to stay.

His keen deductive mind to plots did run,
 A second Raffles, in it for the fun.
 They brought Sherlock Holmes to life again,
 He could not tell how these were done.

But Fash's name as cracksman ne'er was known
To future ages. His fame has greater grown
As author of some very tender words,
Discovered as his own.

A volume large of Fash's works was made,
But called : "Love Letters, when From Thee I've Strayed."
And Browning's letters to his wife
With these were in the shade.

Oh they buried him down by the river's brink
Where he used to play as a boy,
When the moon looks down on the earth all bright
His ghost does walk the roads at night,
Exulting with all his former joy
To scare some traveller in a deadly fright.

As shines the sinking sun at eventide,
And sinking lights each hill in glory dyed,
So Simpson's life does come to view
Arrayed on fortune's side.

But Simpson is such a philosophical being
That if I should his fortune grand unstring,
He would sit down the rest of his life
And never do a another thing.

Poor Davies died and struck for his reward,
And left his blooming widow to her own accord.
One month from graduation
He crossed o'er Jordan's ford.

But Peter at the gate replied severe:
"You haven't done enough to come up here."
And so he was hurried down below
A-trembling in his fear.

But when before the furnace spitting fire
He stood in horror, and did his fate enquire
They said he ne'er did bad enough
To punishment require.

And so they dragged him back to Earth once more.
Alas ! his wife was married two days before.
He then became a medium famed
And messages from spirits bore.

Joe Howe lay on his death-bed pale and wan,
The strength that marked his life was nearly gone.
At times he spoke a word, or knew some friend,
But on his brow the death light shone.

And then his mind went 'way back in the Past,
To college days he turned when near his last,
He ran the quarter mile again,
And ran it very fast.

And then he moaned in pain, his mind did clog,
But in a moment turned and cleared from fog
He saw the training table at the Hall
And rising cried : "Raw dog ! raw dog !"

And then he called his sons around his bed,
He could not see, but reached his hand, and said :
"My sons keep up athletics first
For which you have been fed."

He spoke his dying words with catching breath :
"I starved the Chip Hall boys my conscience saith
Eat pickles, pie and cake, because
I have starved myself to death."

Oh they buried him up where the buckwheat grows
By stump and brush and log,
And his spirit cries to the falling snows
"Raw dog ! Raw dog !"

Now Kierstead's soul is not his own and so
To many different girls I had to go
And get the separate parts, before
His Future I could know.

But some were here and some were far away,
And so I went to Kierstead and did say !
"Now Gordon, you must your whole mind at once
On all your girls convey."

He took a bunch of photos from the shelf,
And shuffled them as though he were caught in stealth,
And even as he read their names
I read his inner self.

Here's Gladys and Alice, and Edith and Molly
Helen, Lalia and Sue,
Blanche, and Lutie, and Bessie and Polly,
Lillian, Jessie, and Lu.

It is with suppressed emotions I relate
The deeds that make up Kierstead's gloomy fate.
As soon as he finished the theological school
He struck for the Mormon state.

His friends did plead for him at home to preach,
But those fair Dido's did in vain beseech,
A class in Salt Lake City large there was,
He said that he could reach.

He had only six wives when trouble came
The Baptists from their books erased his name.
But trouble is the herald of joy, and now
He was free to marry any dame.

This privilege he used with great success,
The name of Brigham Young grew less and less,
And Kierstead's more and more, until
So many wives he could not dress.

Oh they buried him down in a canyon deep !
And his spirit asks where the spirits sleep
Of Gladys, and Alice, and Edith and Mollie,
Helen, Lalia, and Sue,
Blanche, and Lutie, and Bessie, and Polly,
Lillian, Jessie, and Lu.

'Tis plain the way MacMillan's road will take,
And so his future course I then did make.
But MacPherson here came in and said :
"Please spare him for his sister's sake."

But from his past his future course is seen.
 His passion for one study great has been,—
 A volume large of Irish wit and humour
 In covers red and green.

While few of all our class shall rise to fame,
 The child of Fortune I have yet to name,—
 The man who steered our class through rapids deep,—
 Our President is the same.

Now first of all he was born great you'll find,
 And then of greatness did achieve another kind,
 And then had greatness thrust upon him,
 Which would unhinge a lesser mind.

He might have filled a dozen different spheres
 Had time allowed ten times as many years,
 He'd made a first class minister,
 His talk would move a man to tears.

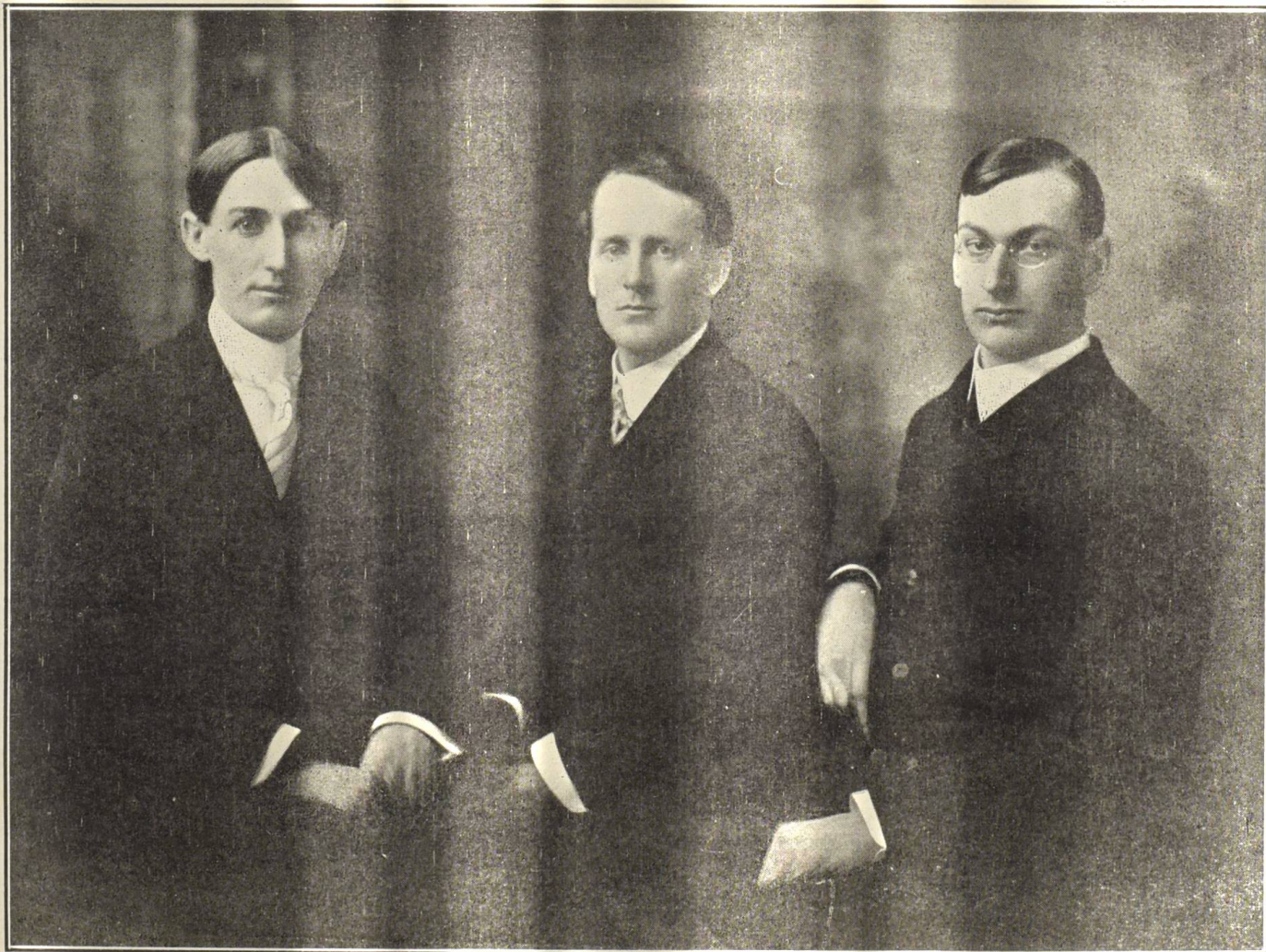
And as a lawyer he'd be hard to meet,
 He argues even when he knows you've beat,
 And since you never know what side he's on
 He would fill a judge's seat.

But Politics did with his hopes accord,
 Knew every Christian name within each ward,
 And canvassed for both sides at once.
 A victory great he scored.

In Parliament a leader from the first ;
 His plotting laid so deep was hard to burst ;
 He pulled the members in the lobbies bad,
 And careful schemes rehearsed.

Oh they buried him under a tombstone grand,
 And his spirit went to the spirit land
 Where Peter stood at the gate, and took
 Peter by the hand, and said : "Well, how is Pete ?"
 When the storms beat wild from the wintry skies,
 And the ground at night is a singing sea,
 The voice of Peter in warning cries :
 "You can't pull me ! You can't pull me !"

Elmer W. Reid, '05



ACADIA DEBATING TEAM-1905

A Critique of the Year.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—THIS PAPER WAS READ AT THE OPENING MEETING OF THE ATHENÆUM SOCIETY, SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 3, WHICH FACT EXPLAINS SOME OF WHAT MIGHT OTHERWISE BE PUZZLING ALLUSIONS.

DID you ever find it any trouble to criticise anyone? To criticise seems to be as much a part of our nature as to breathe or to eat. Do we not either consciously or unconsciously criticise every act and deed which comes within our notice. We criticise our enemies, we criticise our friends, we criticise our relatives, we criticise our ministers, our legislators, our rulers, and poor little creatures that we are do we not even dare to criticise Nature the handiwork of our Creator?

Every person who visits Wolfville during Commencement Week has his or her motives for coming. Some come to see their friends graduate, others to see their friends who have graduated, some come to the college closing to *hear* the addresses, some to Sem closing to *see* the dresses, while some come for no other reason than that they always have come. But whatever their motive in coming, once they are here, their purpose is always the same, *to criticise*—first the weather, and then the institutions. If the weather be perfect then all the more time in which to criticise the institutions. But we do not object to it, in fact we welcome your criticisms if they are frank for we appreciate criticism rightly used much more than praise which has not been earned. And, lest you should not have time to criticise our year's work as a student body I will try to do it for you. The chief activities among us outside of our curriculum are our societies, and I shall try to review the work of each during the past year. The two societies managed by the young ladies I shall not touch upon since my knowledge of them is limited and what I do know is above criticism. Our societies are the Athenæum, the Athletic Association and the Y. M. C. A. But before I speak of the societies I would like to give a word of friendly criticism to the men, who for lack of interest or for some other reason do not take part in this phase of college life. Some may object: "I cannot afford to join." I know we do not all own shares in the Standard Oil, but I object to that argument. I think you cannot

afford *not* to join. I think I am not going too far when I say that there is not a man in college who can do his part in our three societies during his course and at graduation say he regrets it. Many an old grad has said: "If I had it to do over again I would join all the societies and subscribe for the paper as soon as I had registered." The man who shirks his duty in this respect not only hurts the society but hinders himself from getting the greatest possible good out of his course. We cannot all be orators like those who have held you spell-bound this evening, but we can give them our support by our presence at every meeting and our applause when it is merited. We cannot all prance around the football field with long hair and fearful costume, nor yet can we all knock a home run with three men on bases, but we can all turn out to the athletic meetings when there is business on hand, and we can all attend the games and cheer our athletes who are trying to uphold the name of old Acadia.

The Athenæum both as a literary and debating society has been a success during the past year. We have been fortunate in having for our presidents men who have had the interests of the society at heart and who have not been afraid to do a little extra work for it. During the strenuous rule of Mr. R. K. Strong the Athenæum took on the form of an absolute monarchy. How the poor benighted Freshmen still pale with fear as they call up those days when their Patron Saint of the test tube arose and smote the desk with his gavel. How we all gazed upon him with quaking hearts and bated breath, while even the staid old clock which had seen many a president pass away was forced to accept the inevitable and cease its striking at the word *Order*.

The literary work of the Athenæum was not, we must admit, up to what it has been and may be. During the year there were several good papers read before the society, but many articles called for on the programs never appeared, the responsible parties generally awaking from their slumbers long enough to say "no time," and then dozing off again. If each of us would cheerfully do his part when called upon there would never be a dull meeting, and we ourselves would profit by it. Yellow journalism has never been sanctioned by our august society but we were favored with a Freshman effort of a decidedly *green* tint, although it must be confessed that it was far above the average of such productions. In the line of music we have been very fortunate, being favored during the year by many local

artists including the Chip Hall Band, the Outsiders' Quartette, the Chip Hall chorus and several soloists.

One part of our Athenæum work has been a failure. I refer to the fact that the Athenæum has not during the past year put on a single outside lecture. Surely there are enough men in these provinces who could give lectures well worth the hearing, and with proper management we might put up a lecture course which would be a source of pleasure and profit to us all.

The inter-class debating league was carried through in a very spirited and interesting manner. The speeches showed not only good oratory but the evidence of a great deal of careful study and painstaking work. Possibly the attendance of the young ladies of both the college and seminary may have had something to do with the excellence shown.

About our intercollegiate debate with Kings I need not speak. It is a matter of history to you how we all showed our patriotism by going in a body to Windsor to back up our team (since it cost us nothing). You have all heard how our leader, Balcom, struck terror to the hearts of the Kingsmen with his first word and left them at the close writhing in fear and self-abasement. How Victor L. O. Chittick drove home his many arguments with his celebrated hammer and tongs gesture. How J. Willis Margeson, of political fame, arose and carried with him the entire audience while with flashing eye and heaving breast he told of his great and neverdying love for his lazy, yellow skinned South American brother. All this is written on tables of history, and my only comment is, that, had their opponents been worthier men then would their fall have been more great.

Of our ATHENÆUM paper I shall say little except to compliment the editor on its prompt appearance.

Our Athletic Association has had a good year. We have had the usual financial difficulty to contend with, and in addition have been handicapped by the management of the previous year. Great praise is due this year to the President, Mr. Wheelock, and the Treasurer, Mr. Barss, for their care of the Association property and funds, and also to the Executive Committee, that much abused but hard working body who have done their duty in an admirable manner.

Our football captain had an uphill struggle against lack of material and at times lack of support from the students. If the men who do

not play could appreciate the value of their words and attitude toward the team I am sure that they would never be found wanting. I am glad to say that the football team which had suffered two crushing defeats at U. N. B. and St. John, was received with open arms in the real old Acadia spirit. How much it cheered them you can never know, but you will find that is one of the reasons for the entirely different showing made against our old rivals of Mt. A., whom we were sorry to send home again disappointed. Whatever you do, *don't* tell a defeated team you are ashamed of them. They know it, and are more ashamed of themselves than you are of them. Some poet has said that a man feels mean when he has been stealing sheep, but let me tell you that he doesn't begin to feel as mean as a man who comes home on a team that has been licked. I know because I have done both.

Basket ball this year was declared under the ban of the Faculty, and although we missed it yet we managed to live without it. Until we can add basket ball to our list of intercollegiate sports it is better to let it remain as a part of the gymnasium work and keep it out of class leagues and politics.

Our hockey season gave promise of being the best in the history of the college. Under the management of Captain Christie several intercollegiate games were arranged and the men were showing up well at practices. But Providence saw otherwise, and with the fall of the rink roof our hopes were buried under tons of snow. For the future, with the new rink and the number of hockey men in the lower classes, it is hoped that hockey will take its proper place beside football.

Baseball is with us at present, although the class league was finished weeks ago. In baseball the class of 1905 has set an example of generosity and magnanimity seldom found in that game. This worthy class remembering that they were allowed to hold the league in their younger days generously gave their title of champions to the Academy for this year. The students for years to come will praise this class who in the kindness of their hearts gave up their own personal wishes for the benefit of the lower classes. Our college team has as yet had only one outside game, when they whipped Windsor with a large score on May 24th. However, they meet the Halifax Crescents on Wednesday afternoon, and it is needless to say that with Captain MacMillan wearing the mask and the youth from Moncton twirling the sphere, Acadia's supporters need not fear for the result.

Tennis has always had a warm place in our hearts and this year is no exception. It has been said that the tennis captain makes the season either good or bad, and this year we are indebted to the hard work of Captain Fash. We have been granted through the kindness of the Papal legate a new court which has long been needed and is much appreciated. The courts have been kept in good condition (which is in itself a hard task) and the single and double tournaments which have been largely entered are nearing completion. I would like to ask the tennis committee a question which applies as well to all our athletic committees. Have you done your best to help the captain in his work, or have you done your share by sitting on the fence watching him get things in condition? Are you always very busy with your studies when it is time to mark the courts and always one of the first to use them afterward? The life of any athletic captain at Acadia is hard enough even when backed by his committee, but when he has not even their support no wonder that he sometimes loses his grip and lets things go to smash.

The sport last in point of time but destined soon to be first in importance is track athletics. The success of our year in this department will be decided in Halifax on Monday when we meet our friends and rivals of the University of New Brunswick in our annual meet for the championship of the Maritime Provinces. If we win, and every Acadia man hopes to, we may lay the thanks at the door of Mr. Joseph Howe, the most energetic track captain and the best track man that Acadia has ever produced. Joe began to dream of the track meet before Christmas and started to train by his early Monday morning runs from Chipman's corner. In January he put the men to work in the gymnasium and has kept them at it ever since. It is due to the energy of our committee that we have had three successful meets already, two on our campus and one at Windsor. In these friendly contests our men showed up so well that on Monday when they meet U. N. B. they will have the firm support of every loyal Acadia man.

The Young Men's Christian Association has had a prosperous year under the presidency of D. J. McPherson. The membership has been large and the work enthusiastic in all its branches. We are indebted to the Y. M. C. A. for several interesting and helpful Sunday afternoon talks by the best of our own and other denominations. We have during the year listened with pleasure to Dr. Falconer of Pine

Hill college, President Hanna of Kings, Rev. H. H. Hall of Winnipeg, Dr. Austin K. De Blois of Chicago, and Rev. Mr. Johnson of Wolfville, and we are looking forward to hearing tomorrow Rev. E. E. Daley of Bridgewater who will close this series.

The weekly prayer meetings have been well attended by the students from all the institutions, and many of us are grateful for the help we have received from these gatherings.

I have tried to show you the work of a year in our three societies. Now what do they accomplish? Each has an aim of its own, yet all work together in harmony toward their common ideal, an ideal which we believe is being attained in a greater degree each year—that of producing clean, square, stalwart, broadminded, loyal men who may ever be a credit to old Acadia.

Harry Eli Bates, '06.



My Pines

Tall, straight and strong and whispering they stand,
Close grouped upon the rocky mountain side:
The remnant of the forest which is gone,
Unchanged they view the changing of the land.

The years which prove our dreams to be in vain,
The years which make and mar the works of man,
They alter not the spirit of the pines,
My friends upon the mountain are the same.

In storm and wind, in snow and sleet and rain,
In summer's sun or autumn's dying days,
Though friends and loves and times and seasons change
The friendship of my pines will still remain.

Laurie D. Cox, '03.

The May Music Festival

THE second Annual May Music Festival given under the auspices of Acadia Seminary was held on May 11th and 12th.

To say that this year's performances were decidedly in advance of last year's is to say that the Festival of 1905 was the finest series of musical concerts ever given in Wolfville. The work of the chorus consisting of one hundred and twenty voices was simply superb. Mr. Maxim as a director proved himself a wonder, and his control over the work of both the chorus and orchestra was perfect. The success of the Festival was largely due to his never ceasing work, and to him are due the thanks of the friends of the Seminary, and of lovers of good music. The work of the Boston Philharmonic Sextette, each member of which plays in the famous Boston Symphony, was artistically rendered with the highest possible finish. Over the soloists the audiences simply went into raptures and their every appearance was greeted by enthusiastic applause. Particular interest was manifested in the performance of Miss E. Portia Starr, of Wolfville, and her rendition of Litz's Concert Etude, E. Major showed that her art has vastly improved since she went abroad. That the Festival proved a success financially reflects with credit upon the taste of the Wolfville people, and shows that they are truly appreciative of high class musical concerts.



Seminary Graduating Recitals

BELOW we append the programmes of the recitals given by the members of the Seminary graduating class. The work of all the graduates was extremely praiseworthy, and reflected credit not only on themselves but upon the Seminary teaching staff. Particular mention should be made of the fact the recital of Miss Beatrice Oulton was the first ever given by a graduate in Elocution.

Recital by Miss Mabel Potter, pianist, and Miss Laura Rainforth, pianist, May 26th :—

PART I

- | | | |
|----|--|-----------|
| 1. | Sonata, B flat major, Op. 22, first movement | Beethoven |
| 2. | (a) Valse, A flat major, Op. 62 | } Chopin |
| | (b) Prelude, F. major, Op. 28, No. 22 | |
| | (c) Peons, A minor, Op. 28, No. 2 (5-8 metre) | |
| 4. | Allegro, B flat major, from "Carnival Pranks"
(Vienna) Op. 26 | Schumann |

MISS POTTER

PART II.

- | | | | |
|----|---|-------|-----------|
| 1. | Dance of the Gnomes, D minor | - - - | Whelpley |
| 2. | Woodland Sketches, Op. 51 | - - - | MacDowell |
| | (a) To a Wild Rose, A major | | |
| | (b) Will o' the Wisp, F sharp minor | | |
| | (c) At the Old Trysting Place, A flat major | | |
| | (d) From an Indian Lodge, C minor | | |
| | (e) To a Water-lily, F sharp major | | |
| | (f) By a Meadow Brook, A flat major | | |
| 3. | On the Mountains, A minor, Op. 19, No. 1 | | Grieg |

MISS RAINFORTH

Recital by Miss May Woodman, pianist, May 30 :—

- | | | | |
|----|---|-------|-----------|
| 1. | Sonata, G. major, Op. 31, No. 1 | - - - | Beethoven |
| | Allegro vivace | | |
| | Adagio grazioso | | |
| | Rondo, Allegretto | | |
| 2. | (a) Novelette, F. major, Op. 31, No. 1 | } | Schurmann |
| | (b) Forest Scenes, Op. 82 | | |
| | Entrance, B flat minor—Haunted Spot, D minor—Prophet Bird,
G minor—Hunting Song, E flat major—Farewell, B flat major | | |
| 3. | (a) Romance, G flat major, Op. 38, No. 2 | } | Schuett |
| | (b) Waltz, D major, Op. 59, No. 2 | | |
| | (c) Witches Dance, 3 minor, Op. 17, No. 2 | | |

Recital by Miss Helena Fowler, pianist, and Miss Beatrice Oulton, reader, assisted by a Violin Trio, June 2 :—

- | | | | |
|----|---|-------|---------------|
| 1. | Summerlust, Op. 17, No. 3, | - - - | Schumann |
| | TRIO—HILDA VAUGHN, EVELYN VAUGHN, VIOLET STUART | | |
| 2. | "Rhyme of the Duchess May," | - - - | Mrs. Browning |

BEATRICE OULTON

3. (a) Impromptu, E flat major, Op 90, No. 2 Schubert
 (b) Sonata, A flat major, Op. 32, No. 3
 First Movement - - - - Beethoven
 HELENA PRICE FOWLER
4. The Bear Story (that Alex ist maked up his s'lf) Riley
 BEATRICE OULTON
5. (a) Desiderio, A flat major, Op. 7, No. 2 Fielitz
 (b) Humoresque, C major, Op. 6 No. 2 Grieg
 (c) Rondo brilliant, E flat major, Op. 62 Weber
 HELENA PRICE FOWLER
6. Hamlet

Act IV, Scene V

KING—ELEANOR WOOD

QUEEN—MARY E. RICHARDS

HORATIO — } TREVA MITCHELL
 LAERTES — }

OPHELIA—BEATRICE OULTON

In this scene called the "Mad Scene," Ophelia—her mind shattered—in her disconnected speeches and snatches of old ballads discloses what before she has not expressed,—her love for Hamlet. In her strange allusions to change and death she reveals the fragments of a mind which was of too fine a structure to withstand the sorrows which fell upon her in the repulsion of her love and the death of her father by her lover's hands.

7. Kleine Symphonie, Op. 1 - - - - Karl Eschmann
 TRIO—HILDA VAUGHN, EVELYN VAUGHN, VIOLET STUART



Intercollegiate Field Meet

THE third annual intercollegiate field and track meet was held on the Wanderers' grounds, Halifax, June 3. The competing teams this year were from the University of New Brunswick and Acadia. Mt. Allison after sending in their entries defaulted at the last moment. The meet was won by U. N. B. by the narrow margin of 1 point, the 90 points being divided thus, U. N. B., 45½ points, Acadia, 44½. From an Acadia point of view it was a hard-luck contest, for with a team capable of winning we lost the Hurdles when we ought to have won both first and second places, owing to the fact that Howe fell twice during the race, and Neily once. And again the failure of some of our men not to do as well as they had been doing in practise counted against us in such a close contest. Despite the fact that the Acadia team lost, the college feels very proud of its splendid performance and our track men though defeated were by no means disgraced. For the third time Howe made the highest individual score, winning five firsts, one third and tying for first in the mile,—a total of 30 points. Barker of U. N. B. was second with 15½ points. Squires, the U. N. B. captain, was third with 14 points. In none of the events which Howe won did he have to exert himself, which explains the rather slow time made in some of the runs and sprints, and the low height reached in the High Jump. Acadia's team was as follows:—

Howe '05, Captain, Sprints, Runs, Hurdles, Jumps. Johnson, '05, Sprints and Runs. Bates, '06, Weights. Webster, '06, Weights. Bower, '06, Sprints and Jumps. Wilbur, '06, Mile Run. Neily, '07, Hurdles and Jumps. McMillan, '08, Pole Vault. Jost, '08, Mile Run. MacIntyre, '05, Business Manager.

The very best of good feeling prevailed throughout the meet, and the warm fellowship that exists between U. N. B. and Acadia was certainly in evidence. Both teams stopped at the Carleton. Dinner was eaten with the trophy on the Acadia table. Immediately after the meet was concluded the cup was handed over to the U. N. B. team, with Acadia's congratulations on their well deserved victory. Supper was eaten with the cup adorning the U. N. B. table. At eight in the evening the Acadia team gave their successful rivals such a send-off at

North St. Station as only Acadia delights to give to such thorough sportsmen as the boys from Fredericton have always proven themselves to be.

Below is a summary of the meet :

100 YARDS DASH.

First. Howe, Acadia. *Second.* Thorne, U. N. B. *Third.* Smith, U. N. B. *Time,* 10, 4-5 sec.

HIGH JUMP.

First. Howe, Acadia. *Second.* Squires, U. N. B. *Third.* Bower, Acadia and Barker, U. N. B. tie. *Height,* 5 ft. 3¾ in.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

First. Howe, Acadia. *Second.* Squires, U. N. B. *Third.* Bower, Acadia. *Distance,* 21 ft. 8 in.

220 YARDS DASH.

First. Howe, Acadia. *Second.* Squires, U. N. B. *Third.* Thorne, U. N. B. *Time,* 24 sec.

HAMMER THROW.

First. Barker, U. N. B. *Second.* Malloy, U. N. B. *Third.* Webster, Acadia. *Distance,* 94 ft.

440 YARDS DASH.

First. Howe, Acadia. *Second.* Thorne, U. N. B. *Third.* Smith, U. N. B. *Time,* 57, 2-5 sec.

SHOT PUT.

First. Barker, U. N. B. *Second.* Webster, Acadia. *Third.* Bates, Acadia. *Distance,* 33 ft. 5 in.

120 YARDS HURDLES.

First. Barker, U. N. B. *Second.* Neily, Acadia. *Third.* Howe, Acadia. *Time,* 20 sec.

POLE VAULT.

First. Malloy, U. N. B. *Second.* Squires, U. N. B. *Third.* McMillan, Acadia. *Height,* 8 ft. 10 in

MILE RUN.

First. Howe, Acadia, and Jost, Acadia, tie. *Third.* Thorne, U. N. B. *Time,* 5 min., 3 sec.

Commencement Week

THE OPEN ATHENÆUM, SATURDAY, JUNE 3.

THE festivities of Commencement Week were formally inaugurated by the open meeting of the Athenæum Society in College Hall, Saturday evening, June 3. For a number of years the Saturday night entertainment has been under the auspices of one or more of the student societies, but it has been a long time since the whole programme was rendered by the college men alone. This year it was decided that the Athenæum Society should undertake the entire programme, and that the proceeds should go to the Athletic Association. Accordingly, the Athenæum members, remembering that a number of years had elapsed since their society had given a public entertainment in which only the students took part, resolved that this year's Saturday night concert should take the form of an old fashioned "Open Athenæum." In accordance with this decision the following programme was presented :

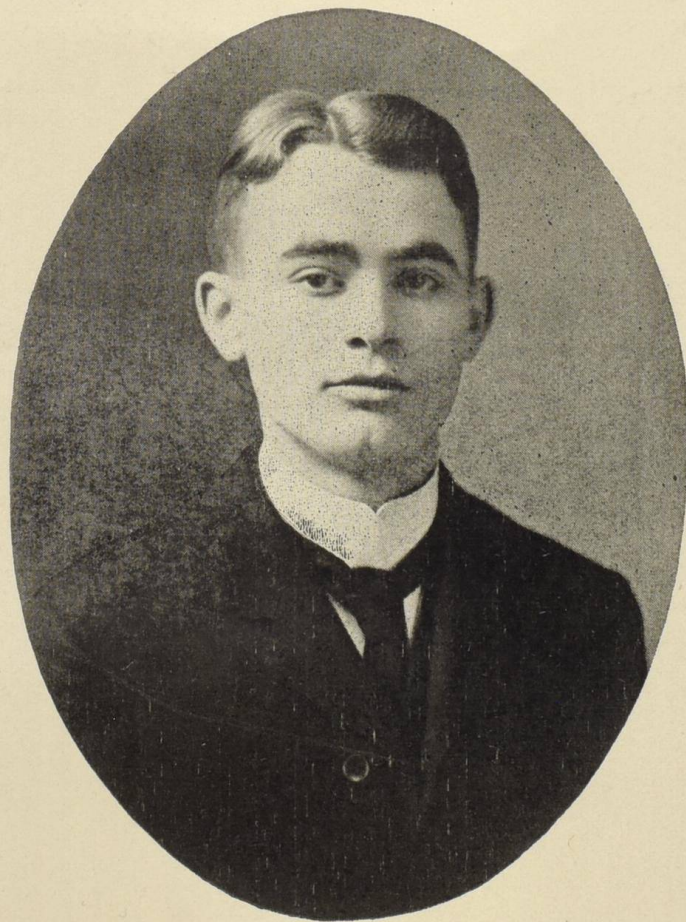
QUARTETTE SELECTION	Until the Dawn	Parks
	Kierstead, '08, Estey, '07, Johnson, '05, Adams, '07	
DEBATE—Resolved that the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor, as a beverage, should be prohibited in Canada.		
APPELLANTS		RESPONDENTS
Porter, '06	- - - - -	Balcom, '07
Simpson, '05	- - - - -	Chittick, '05
Shortliffe, '08	- - - - -	Kinley, '07
JUDGES :—Dr. Wortman, C. J. Mesereau, H. T. DeWolfe.		
BASS SOLO	Forging the Anchor	Pontel
	Adams, '07	
SYNOPSIS	Christie, '05	
CRITIQUE OF THE YEAR	Bates, '06	
SOLO AND VOCAL ACCOMPANIMENT	Southern Melody	Parks
	Adams, '07, Soloist	

Of course the success of such an innovation was in doubt up to the last moment. But the goodly audience that greeted the participants in the programme proved that the friends of the college are always in-



JAMES ROLFE TRIMBLE

Winner of Nothard & Lowe Gold Medal for General Scholarship.



FREDERICK PORTER

Winner of Kerr-Boyce Tupper Medal for Oratory.

terested in seeing what the boys do, and how they do it, and the many expressions of pleasure evinced the fact that all who came got their money's worth. The debate was good and it should have been, with Porter, the winner of the Tupper medal for Oratory and a member of last year's debating team, leading one side, and Balcom, our foremost debater and leader of the college team for two years, leading the other. The only criticism that can be made is that the president allowed the speakers too much liberty in exceeding their time limits. The two papers were excellent and both elicited repeated rounds of applause from the appreciative audience. Adams never sang better, which is saying that he was splendid. And the quartette proved itself to be what we have always said it was,—the best college quartette in the Maritime Provinces. Its work was finished and artistic, and showed that no pains had been spared to reach the high state of efficiency which makes it the pride of the college. Such a decided success as the Open Athenæum proved to be ought to make a *student* entertainment a permanent feature of the last Saturday night. There are endless ways in which the programme could be made up, and some other main feature than a debate could be arranged for with less work and even greater interest.

Baccalaureate Sunday, June 4.

On the morning of Baccalaureate Sunday every available seat in the spacious College Hall was taken, and additional chairs were brought in to accommodate the eager, expectant throngs.

Slowly, and with dignity, the Senior class, preceded by the President and speakers filed in and took their seats. After the invocation and opening hymn, Rev. M. P. King, of Newcastle Bridge read the Scriptures, followed by a sweetly rendered solo, "The Penitent" by Miss Archer. Rev. L. D. Morse offered prayer, and the choir, led by Mr. Maxim, then sang the Anthem, "Great and Marvellous."

The preacher of the Baccalaureate sermon was then introduced — Rev. W. E. Bates of Mystic, Connecticut. His text was Jerem. IX: 23, 24 — from which he drew the subject : Life's Emphasis, — Where shal' it be placed ?"

The speaker dealt with his subject in a masterful manner and held the closest attention of his audience throughout the entire discourse. Very earnestly did he urge upon those who were about to

pass into the world's activity to place life's emphasis not upon the brain, brawn or bullion, but upon religious piety and an experimental knowledge of God.

The evening service was held under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. and the speaker for the occasion was Rev. E. E. Daley, M. A. of Bridgetown. He chose for his subject: "The Administration of Life," and while he showed the need of valiant service in national life, business life and philanthropy; yet he brought home especially the fact that life is *best* administrated when its chief aim is to sacrifice for others, and when Christ's holy example of obedience is made the standard of all service. The address was ably conceived and earnestly delivered.

Appropriate music was rendered by the choir, and a vocal solo was given by Miss Morse: "By the Waters of Babylon."

Seminary Class Day and Alumnae Reunion, Monday June 5.

The class day exercises of the Seminary graduating class were held in Alumnae Hall on Monday afternoon, June 5th, when a very excellent programme was rendered by the members of the class of '05. The platform was tastily decorated with the colors, blue and gray, and as the young ladies took their places presented a fine appearance.

The welcome extended to the many friends of '05 was presented in a few fitting words of a very cordial nature by the Class President, Miss Mabel MacDonald. After the roll-call which was conducted by the Secretary, Miss Jennie Palmer, a piano solo was rendered by Miss Helen Fowler. The class history by the President portrayed very vividly the various steps by which '05 had secured a pre-eminent place in sport, in literary achievement, and in all else that goes to make up Seminary life. Many humorous points were made which called forth hearty applause.

After a mandolin solo by Miss Ethel Newman a humorous reading "When Jack Comes Late" was given by Miss Beatrice Oulton, which evoked much laughter and applause from the audience. The Class Prophecy, which was a very fanciful production, was then delivered by Miss Maude Christie. An attractive violin solo by Miss Evelyn Vaughn was followed by the class valedictory by Miss Mabel Potter, which was a most graceful and well-worded address.

The presentation of gifts, which followed this number, formed an amusing feature of the programme. Each member of the class received from her class-mates through the class president some gift, which was intended to suggest or compensate for some failing or weakness in the individual to whom the gift was presented.

At the close of this presentation each member of the graduating class was presented with a pin from the members of the Junior Class of the Seminary, as a token of their esteem and good friendship for the members of Naughty Five.

A marked innovation in the class-day exercises of this year was the participation of the Alumnae in a share of the program. Following the presentation of the gifts, an address was given by Mrs. Ralph S. Eaton to the graduating class, in which much timely advice was given and the aims and purposes of the Alumnae Association were clearly set forth.

After this address an alumnae reception was held on the lawns at the rear of the Seminary Building, where ample opportunity was afforded for making new friends, and renewing old acquaintances.

Academy Closing, Monday Evening June 5.

The closing exercises, in connection with the time honored institution of Horton Academy, took place on Monday evening, June 5th, in College Hall, which was thronged with a large audience of friends and patrons. To the strain of the processional, played by Misses Ruth O'Brien and Hortense Spurr, of the Seminary, Principal Sawyer and his associates marched into the room, followed by a large procession of students. With the Faculty on the platform was the Rev. George B. Cutten, a graduate of Acadia in the class of '96, and since a graduate of Yale and a Ph. D. of that University, who was to be the principal speaker of the evening.

The exercises of the evening were opened with prayer by the Rev. M. P. King, of Newcastle, N. B. The Principal then made a few introductory remarks, in which he laid before the audience some facts concerning the condition of the school during the past year.

The Academy under the able management of Principal Sawyer has had a very prosperous year. The attendance has been larger than for many years, as there has been an enrollment of 103, of whom 17 are young ladies, and 69 are from outside of the town. The Academy

Home has not been able to accommodate those seeking residence and the Board of Governors are seriously considering the advisability of a speedy enlargement of boarding and class-room facilities.

During the evening two essays were delivered. The one written on "Niagara" by Fred P. Freeman, of Kempt, N. S. ; the other a valedictory was delivered by S. Welton Thurber, of Freeport, Digby Co. These essays were both mature in thought, clear and vivid in description, and most effectively presented. A piano solo by Miss Laura Rainforth and a well rendered soprano solo, "Oh, What Delight" by Miss Grace Burgess, added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Diplomas were presented to fourteen graduates, ten of whom had completed the collegiate course, namely :—

William M. Anderson, Midgie, N. B. ; Fred A. Crawley, Wolfville, N. S. ; Fred F. Foshay, Berwick, N. S. ; Frank L. Lewis, Truro, N. S. ; Fred G. McAskill, St. Peters, C. B. ; Fred D. Parker, Wolfville N. S. Burton Simpson, North St. Eleanors, P. E. I. ; Walter S. Smith, Bear River, N. S. ; S. Welton Thurber, Freeport, N. S. ; Reginald S. Trotter, Wolfville, N. S.

Four others received diplomas in the business course, namely :—

Whitman H. Webber, Chester, N. S. ; Mildred J. Campbell, Port Williams, N. S. ; Maud Eastwood, Wolfville, N. S., Susie Elliott, Springhill, N. S.

The address to the graduating class was made by Rev. Geo. B. Cutten, Ph. D., pastor of the Baptist church in Corning, N. Y. In this address he emphasized the necessity of making preparation for life's work : and pointed out that the preparatory schools were one of the chief aids in securing this preparation, and should be doing thorough work. His address was very helpful, and carried with it much inspiration and was a strong incentive to the young men before him to seek a thorough preparation for their life work.

During the past year the department of Manual Training in the school has reached a proficiency, which would be hard to excel. The instructor, Mr. Alexander Sutherland has spared no pains to make his department represent a high class of work. This was very plainly in evidence in the exhibition of the year's work, which took place in the Edward W. Young, Manual Training Hall on Tuesday afternoon June 6th. The display in mechanical drawing and in wood and iron work was very fine, and is without doubt the best ever shown in Wolfville.

Class Day, Tuesday June 6.

None of the many functions of closing week are more genuinely attractive or more eagerly anticipated by students and visitors alike than the Class Day exercises. This year it was generally admitted that these proceedings were of an exceptionally high character, reflecting great credit upon all who participated in the programme and upon the class in general.

In spite of a heavy down-pour of rain the friends of the graduating class began to assemble in large numbers long before the exercises started. Then, after much patient waiting, the class of 35 members slowly marched in and took their seats on the platform.

President F. E. Wheelock fittingly performed the duty of welcoming the visitors and explaining the nature and purpose of the last class-meeting of '05.

The Secretary then called the roll and heard the responses made on behalf of charter members who, for various reasons, had dropped out during their course.

The present officers of the class were then unanimously re-appointed for life to their respective positions. At this juncture an exceedingly interesting matter was presented by one of the members in the shape of a motion, to the effect that the sum of \$1000 be contributed to the College as a foundation for a permanent scholarship to the Sophomore making the highest general average during his Freshman year ; this scholarship of \$50 to be known as the Scholarship of the Class of 1905.

Needless to say, this generous expression, appearing in the motion which was unanimously carried, evoked a prolonged outburst of applause.

The Class Historian generally has a hard time to avoid the old, beaten track pursued by previous writers of Class History ; but Mr. V. L. O. Chittick fully sustained his reputation as an original writer, and he read a History of '05 which fully merited the repeated applause given by the audience.

Suffice it to say that Mr. Chittick, out of the super-abundance of materials, evolved a well-connected and exceedingly interesting history. The whole was racy and freely interspersed with humorous and witty references.

The audience was then favored with a piano selection by Mrs. H.

V. Davies assisted by Mr. Maxim, who played the orchestral parts on a second pianoforte. The piece, which was well executed, was heard with evident pleasure by all.

The climax in the exercises was reached when Mr. E. W. Reid came forward and delivered from memory what was universally conceded to be the best Class Prophecy heard at Acadia for many years. The production was written entirely in pentameter verse, and the writer displayed great originality and genius in weaving so many names and individual characteristics into a poetic mould. The audience was kept on the *qui vive* of expectation during the whole of Mr. Reid's address; and frequent outbursts of laughter and applause, when some one was appropriately "hit," evinced the keen appreciation with which it was received.

A vocal solo by Miss Annie H. Murray lent a pleasing variety to the programme at this stage of the exercise, and then came the last, but not least important number—the Valedictory.

Rarely is the honor conferred upon a young lady to deliver the farewell address, and the very fact that Miss Mollie A. Johnson was selected for this service speaks for itself as to her ability. The address gave fitting expression to the feelings of the Class in departing from old Acadia and the many happy and helpful associations here. It was clothed in admirable diction and presented with the utmost grace and dignity.

When the old class yell had been vociferously given, the morning's exercise came to a close.

Our best wishes will attend each member of this year's graduating class as all go forth into the world of action and conflict.

Alumni Banquet, Tuesday June 6.

Immediately after the Class Day exercises were concluded the members of the Associated Alumni and their guests repaired to the dining-room of Chipman Hall where a sumptuous banquet was in readiness. After justice had been done to the different courses of the *menu* the speakers for the occasion were introduced by Rev. W. C. Archibald, Ph. D., Secretary-Treasurer of the Alumni Association, who in the absence of the president presided throughout the whole affair. After dinner speaking, with one or two famous exceptions, has the reputation of not being what it ought to be in this province. But those

who listened to the speakers on this occasion are fully satisfied that the speech-making there would be hard to improve upon in any gathering of similar size. Every address was ringing with veneration and love for old Acadia, all were exceedingly interesting, and many were full of choice bits of humor. Among those who responded to the various toasts were, Rev. Dr. Kempton, Rev. Geo. B. Cutten, Rev. W. E. Bates, C. H. McIntyre, Rev. Mr. Weaver, Rev. R. O. Morse and Frank E. Wheelock.

Altogether the Alumni Banquet was a decided success, and its recurrence next year will be looked forward to as one of the delightful features of Commencement.

Seminary Closing, Tuesday Evening, June 6.

With propitious hand Dame Nature rolled back her curtains which during the earlier part of the day had veiled her golden orb and with a flood of fading sunshine bathed Assembly hall which was tastefully decorated with maple boughs for the Seminary closing. The light growing dimmer, the artificial sun of night flashed forth upon a hundred and fifty graceful girls robed in gowns of purest white, as with slow, stately steps they marched into the hall to the strains of Myerbeer's Coronation March.

The beauty of the procession however but formed a prelude to the purity of thought and perfection of intellectual culture as developed by the essays and solos both instrumental and vocal which the following programme presents :

Processional March.

Louise Cunningham and Mabel Edna Johnson.

PRAYER.

Vocal Solo—Within What Gloomy Depths.

Dvorak

Gertrude Heales, Wolfville, N. S.

*Essay—The History of the World is the Biography of Its Great Men.
Margaret Maud Caldwell, Cambridge, N. S.

Essay—The Value of Nature Study

Maude Elizabeth Christie, River Hebert, N. S.

Essay—Great Men of Florence

Claire Gray, Fairville, N. B.

- Pianoforte Solo—Scherzo Valse, G flat major, op. 40. Moszkowski
Mabel Josephine Potter, Canning, N. S.
- Essay—Social Life in England in the Middle Ages.
Jean Steadman Haley, St. Stephen, N. B.
- Essay—The Women of the French Revolution.
Mabel Eva Hanna, Halfway River, N. S.
- Essay—The Revival of Village Industry.
Edna Harrison, Halfway River, N. S.
- Essay—Star Myths
Helena Celia Kierstead, St. John, N. B.
- Essay—The Legend in Art.
Mabel Moore MacDonald, Petitedcodiac, N. B.
- Essay—The Eccentricities of Genius.
Beatrice Oulton, Port Elgin, N. B.
- *Essay—The Growth of Liberty in Russia.
Jennie McNaughton Palmer, Dorchester, N. B.
- Pianoforte Solo—Witches Dance, B minor, op. 17, No. 2 Mac Dowell,
Annie May Woodman, Wolfville, N. S.
- Essay—Raphael's Transfiguration.
Jennie Alice Pattillo, Truro, N. S.
- *Essay—Three Women of the Bible.
Bertha Purdy, Springhill, N. S.
- Essay—Legends of Glooscap.
Evelyn Minette Vaughn, Wolfville, N. S.
- Vocal Solo—Chanson Provencale Dell-Acqua
Frances Burditt, Middleton, N. S.
- Essay—Tennyson and His Time.
Emily Record Young, Parrsboro, N. S.
- Barcarolle, F. major, op. 60 (Two Pianofortes) Schytte
Eunice Haines and Lavinia Lewis.
- Address—
Rev. Wellington Camp, Sussex, N. B.
Presentation of Diplomas.
Award of Prizes.
GOD SAVE THE KING.

*Speakers

"Finis Opus Coronat."

SENIOR CLASS.

Margaret Maud Caldwell	· - - -	Collegiate Course.
Maude Elizabeth Christie	- - - -	Collegiate Course.
Helen Price Fowler	- - - -	Pianoforte Course.
Claire Gray	- - - -	Collegiate Course.
Etta Sara Hall	- - - -	Domestic Science Course.
Jean Steadman Haley	- - - -	Sophomore Matriculation Course.
Mabel Eva Hanna	- - - -	Collegiate Course.
Edna Muriel Harrison	- - - -	Collegiate Course.
Helena Celia Kierstead	- - - -	Sophomore Matriculation Course.
Mabel Moore MacDonald	- - - -	Art Course.
Ethyl Amerette Newman	- - - -	Domestic Science Course.
Beatrice Oulton	- - - -	Elocution Course.
Jennie McNaughton Palmer	- - - -	Collegiate Course.
Bertha Purdy	- - - -	Collegiate Course.
Jennie Alice Pattillo	- - - -	Collegiate Course.
Mabel Josephine Potter	- - - -	Pianoforte Course.
Laura May Rainforth	- - - -	Pianoforte Course.
Evelyn Minette Vaughn	- - - -	Collegiate Course.
Emma Eunice Whidden	- - - -	Collegiate Course.
Gladys Evelyn Whidden	- - - -	Collegiate Course.
Annie May Woodman	- - - -	Pianoforte Course.
Emily Record Young	- - - -	Collegiate Course.

The interest in and indeed we may say the preference over the other institutions shown to the Seminary was manifested by the number of prizes, which were awarded as follows :

1st. St. Clair Paint Prize for first honor in collegiate course,	Miss Caldwell.
2nd. St. Clair Paint Prize for honor in collegiate course,	Miss Christie
Prize in English	Miss Palmer.
Prize in French	Miss Christie.
Payzant Prize in Music	Miss Lewis.
Governor-General's Medal for best essay work	Miss Caldwell.

The report brought in by Principle DéWolf shows a large increase over last year's attendance ; the total number now being 228. This is

probably due to the proficiency in the old departments and the establishment of the new such as the Domestic Science course and the Stenography and Typewriting course. This year in the former department there were two graduates, Misses Hall and Newman and in the latter the following received certificates : Misses Anderson, Black, Campbell, Crandall, Eastwood, Hall, Shaw, Burditt, Van Amburg, Ells, Wilbur, Kirkpatrick, Beales and Munn. In Stenography alone Misses Newman and Elliott and in typewriting alone, Miss Cleveland.

The evening's exercise was brought to a close by the presentation to the Seminary from the graduating class of fifteen photographic metro-types which for their rarity and beauty will be highly appreciated by the Seminary and make the class of '05 truly worthy of their motto "Finis Opus Coronat."

Anniversary Exercises, Wednesday Morning, June 7.

On Wednesday morning June 7th, old Acadia celebrated her 67th anniversary. The town was thronged with visitors from all parts of the Maritime Provinces. Many drove in from the surrounding country to witness the graduating exercises, and long before the hour of beginning, the hall was crowded to the doors. At ten o'clock the Faculty, Senate, Board of Governors, Alumni, and the graduating class formed in procession and marched to their places. With President Trotter and the other members of the Faculty on the platform in full academic costume, the Senate, Governors, and Alumni on either side, and the large Senior class in front, the array was very imposing and impressive. The exercises were opened with prayer led by Rev. J. W. Bancroft. Addresses were given by two members of the graduating class. D. J. McPherson, of Murray Harbour Road, P. E. I. gave a strong oration on "What is Scientific Truth?" and Miss Annie L. Peck read a choice essay on "Carlyle's Clothes Philosophy." The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred on thirty-two graduates namely —

Edgar S. Archibald, Wolfville, N. S. ; Harry Hedley Ayer, Moncton, N. B. ; Eliza Mabel Bligh, Berwick, N. S. ; Victor L. O. Chittick, Hantsport, N. S. ; Loring C. Christie, Amherst, N. S. ; Lalia Cogswell, Morristown, N. S. ; Leon H. Curry, Amherst, N. S. ; Elizabeth J. Elderkin, Wolfville, N. S. ; Harry V. Davies, St. Martins, N. B. ; Percy LeRoy Fash, Bridgetown, N. S. ; Caius

Orrington Howlett, Annandale, P. E. I. ; Anna Marie Johnson, Wolfville, N. S. ; Carmen B. Johnson, Wolfville, N. S. ; Gordon B. Keirstead, St. John, N. B. ; Bessie King, Chipman, N. B. ; Alberta MacKinlay, Charlottetown, P. E. I. ; Ernest S. Mason, Springhill, N. S. ; Allen A. McIntyre, St. John N. B. ; Lorne McMillan, Isaac's Harbour, N. S. ; Donald J. McPherson, Murray Harbour Road, P. E. I. ; Maie I. Messenger, Wolfville, N. S. ; Gifford H. Oakes, Kingston, N. S. ; Annie L. Peck, Wolfville, N. S. ; Elmer W. Reid, Somerset, N. S. ; Milton Simpson, Belmont P. E. I. ; Clara M. Sterns, Charlottetown, P. E. I. ; Edith B. Sterns, Charlottetown, P. E. I. ; Ralph K. Strong, Kentville, N. S. ; Bessie J. Thorne, Havelock, N. B. ; James Rolfe Trimble, Petitcodiac, N. B. ; Arthur W. Warren, Tyne Valley, P. E. I. ; Frank E. Wheelock, Lawrencetown, N. S.

The degree of M. A. in course was conferred upon the following graduates :—

Rosamond M. Archibald, for work in English and German.

Harry Knight Bowes, for work in History and Economics.

Edith R. Ells, for work in Latin and German.

Ralph W. Hibbert for work in Latin and Greek.

The following Honorary Degrees were voted by the Senate, confirmed by the Board of Governors, and duly announced by the President.

The degree of D. C. L., to Frank H. Eaton, M. A., of Victoria B. C.

The degree of D. D. to Rev. A. Cohoon, M. A., Wolfville, N. S. Rev. Isaiah Wallace, M. A., Aylesford, N. S. ; Rev. C. K. Harrington, M. A., Yokohama, Japan ; Rev. W. E. McIntyre, M. A., St. John, N. B.

The degree of M. A. to Rev. Wellington Camp, Sussex, N. B. ; Rev. M. P. King, Newcastle, N. B. ; Rev. C. H. Haverstock, Nictaux, N. S.

The prizes awards were as follows :

The Gold Medal presented by Nothard & Lowe, of London, England, was awarded to James Rolfe Trimble, of Petitcodiac, N. B., for the highest average upon the regular work of the Sophomore, Junior and Senior years.

The Governor General's Silver Medal was awarded to Ralph K.

Strong, of Kentville, N. S., for the second highest average upon the regular work of the Sophomore, Junior and Senior years.

The Kerr Boyce Tupper Medal for excellence in Oratory was awarded to Frederick Porter, of Fredericton, N. B.

The Scholarship of \$60.00 presented by the Class of 1901 for the highest general average made during the Freshman year immediately preceding was awarded to Thomas J. Kinley, of Port Hilford, N. S.

The following having maintained a first class standing throughout their course were graduated with honors :

In Classics—James Rolfe Trimble.

In Mathematics—Loring C. Christie.

In Philosophy—Elmer W. Reid.

In English—Annie L. Peck, Milton Simpson, V. L. O. Chittick.

In Chemistry and Geology—Ralph K. Strong.

Following the close of the Anniversary Exercises proper came the Jubilee Celebration of the completion of Dr. Sawyer's fifty years of service for Acadia. The celebration was in the form of an address and presentation of a check accompanied by an album containing expressions of appreciation from many of Dr. Sawyer's admirers. The address was read by the Rev. Dr. Saunders, of Halifax, and was responded to by Dr. Sawyer in words as beautiful and appreciative as only he can write. Dr. Sawyer's reply was followed by an address by Dr. B. H. Eaton, who explained the album, and gave details of the spontaneity of the responses from those approached in reference to the celebration. Dr. Eaton also announced that the check was for \$1303.03 which called forth prolonged applause. Other speakers were Dr. R. V. Jones, and Attorney-General Longley. The Jubilee Celebration was indeed a memorable occasion, and will long be remembered by those that witnessed it.

Seminary Art Exhibition, Wednesday Afternoon, June 7.

The exhibition of the art department of Acadia Seminary was held in Alumnae Hall on Wednesday afternoon, and was visited by a crowd of interested and pleased visitors. The work of the year was exceedingly wide in range as was shown by that exhibited, which consisted of studies from nature and still life in oils and water colors, ceramic decoration, cast drawing from the block, the round and the antique, charcoal sketches from life, original illustrations from fairy

tales and work in decorative design, including tooled leather, magazine and book covers. Illustrated note-books in art history were also on view. The work in color was characterized by directness and breadth of handling. Studies from nature, of apple blossoms and jonquils, and out-of-door sketches of the church and college all by Miss Mabel MacDonald, were good in values and artistic treatment. Miss MacDonald is a graduate this year in art. Still life studies by Miss Emma Murray were especially pleasing. Miss Pearl Price also had some work on exhibition that was very attractive. The cast drawings showed excellent training in technique. Two torsos of Miss MacDonald combined strength and refinement in handling. Her drawing of the "Victory of Samathrace" deserves special mention. The work of Miss Murray, Miss Price and Miss Burdett was also creditable. Among the most pleasing pieces of decorated china were dessert plates in green and blue enamel with gold by Miss Lynds; a pitcher and plate in orange lustre and gold by Miss Pride; a lemonade pitcher in classic Chinese design by Miss Iredale; a salad bowl and stein by Miss Burgess; a chocolate pitcher in quaint design by Miss Heckman; a toilet set in lavender and gold by Miss Churchill; and a fern dish by Miss Forrest. The Art Exhibition was preceded by a beautifully executed drill on the Seminary lawn.

Baseball, Wednesday Afternoon, June 7.

The Annual Anniversary Day Base-ball game was played with the Halifax Crescents, Champions of Eastern Nova Scotia. The Acadia team played in the following positions: Catcher, McMillan, '05 Capt; pitcher, Ayer, '05; 1st base, Curry, '05; 2nd base, McIntyre '05, 3rd base, Bates, '08; short stop, Charlton '04; centre field, Eaton H.C.A.; left field, Balcom '07; right field, Lewis H. C. A. For the first two innings Ayer pitcher for the college, and did good work. In the third the Crescents made love to his balls and he changed positions with Charlton. Carrol twirled in his old time form with the result that at the close of the fifth, when the Crescents had to stop to catch the train, the score stood 12-5 in Acadia's favor. The game was watched by a large crowd and proved to be one of the best played in recent years on the campus. Considering the fact that our team had had scarcely any practice together its work was very fine, and merited the repeated applause it got from the bleachers.

Interclass Field Meet Wednesday June 7

The postponed sports of the interclass meet were held on Wednesday simultaneously with the Base-ball game. Owing to the fact that time was limited, by mutual consent several events were omitted. Most of the contestants were feeling "stale" after their work of Monday in Halifax, and the records for the most part were poor. Howe, of course, won about everything that he wanted to, but as usual he generously allowed the other competitors to win when the points were not needed for his class. One college record was broken—the mile Run, which Jost, '08 won in 5 minutes, thus lowering the record by $4\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, which is getting the time for this event somewhere near where it ought to be. The Seniors for the second time won the interclass field and track trophy.

The Conversazione, Wednesday Evening June 7.

As usual the Commencement exercises were brought to a conclusion by the "Con." A large number of the old grads and their friends were present and enjoyed themselves. The album containing testimonials and expressions of regard, which had been presented to Dr. Sawyer in the morning, was on exhibition and attracted much attention. For the most part the "Con" was avoided by the younger people who were enjoying themselves otherwise in little parties of two. Like those who did attend, however, they enjoyed themselves, and it was with a long "last, sad, lingering 'Good bye'" that all saw the close of the college year, '04-'05.



The Tennis Tournament

THIS season's tennis tournaments were very largely entered, but the playing, with the exception of the end-of-the-season sets, was not of as high an order as usual. The courts were kept in excellent condition, and the addition of the fourth court provided ample room for all who wished to play. This year, for the first time, the college girls enjoyed equal privileges with the boys in the use of the courts, and very decent tennis they played too. Owing to prolonged wet weather the Doubles tournament was not completed. The struggle for the title would probably have been between the two Senior teams, Fash and Kierstead, and Christie and McIntyre with the chances in favor of the latter pair winning out. The finals of the Singles was played on Wednesday afternoon, at the same time the Base-ball game and the Field Sports were in progress. After some very pretty tennis Christie succeeded in winning the championship by defeating Fash, 6-1, 6-2. Below are given the results of the Singles Tournament.

SINGLES-TENNIS TOURNAMENT

1ST. ROUND	2ND. ROUND	3RD. ROUND	4TH. ROUND	5TH ROUND	FINAL	
	Lewis '08 Hatt	} Lewis '08 } 4-6-6-1-6-4	} Christie } 6-1 6-2	} Christie } 6-4 6-1	} Christie } 6-4 6-3	
	Eaton '07 Christie	} Christie } (default)				
	Butler Strong	} Butler } 6-2 6-0	} Crawley } 8-6 6-4	} MacIntyre } 6-0 6-3		
	Crawley Kierstead '08	} Crawley } 7-5 6-2				
	Harris Webster	} Harris } 6-4 6-2	} Bates '08 } 6-3 6-1			} Christie } 6-4 6-3
	Bates '08 Coleman	} Bates '08 } 6-2 6-0				
Jost Hutchinson	} Jost } 4-6-6-0-6-1	} Jost } 6-0 6-0	} MacIntyre } 7-5 1-6 9-7		} Christie } 6-1 6-2 } Singles Champion } 1905	
Huntington Geldart	} Huntington } 6-0 6-0					
MacIntyre Wheelock	} MacIntyre } 6-3-8-6	} MacIntyre } 6-1 6-0	} Harding } 3-6 6-4 6-3			
Wright Neily	} Neily } 4-6 6-2 6-4					
Rand Harding	} Harding } 6-1 6-3	} Harding } 6-4 6-4		} Fash } 6-2 6-1		
Keirstead '05 Davidson	} Keirstead '05 } 6-2 6-4					
Bates '06 Eaton, H. C. A.	} Eaton, H. C. A. } 7-5 1-6 6-2 } Eaton '08	} Eaton H. C. A. } (default)			} Estey } 6-4 6-4	
	Shortliffe Lewis, H. C. A.	} Lewis } 6-2 6-1				
	Estey Peppard	} Estey } 7-5 6-2	} Elliott } 6-4 2-6 7-5		} Fash } 6-2 9-7	
	Elliott Barss	} Elliott } 6-1 11-9				
	Hopkins Havey	} Hopkins } (default)	} Fash } 6-3 6-1			
	Fash Putnam	} Fash } 6-2 6-3				
	Balcom '07 Chittick	} Chittick } 6-4 6-1				

HANDICAPS.

Scratch—MacIntyre, Christie, Keirstead, Fash.

$\frac{1}{3}$ of 15—Bates, '06, Chittick, Estey, Peppard, Rand, Hutchinson, Davidson, Harris, Balcom, '07, Crawley, Harding, Hopkins, Eaton, H. C. A., Lewis, H. C. A. Putnam.

$\frac{1}{2}$ of 15—Strong, Wheelock, Webster, Barss, Coleman, Wright, Eaton, '07, Neily, Butler, Hatt, Huntington, Bates, '08, Eaton '08, Lewis, '08, Jost, Keirstead, '08.

15—Havey, Elliott, Geldart, Shortcliffe.



Missionary Department Y. M. C. A. 1904-1905.

THE three branches of this department are able to report a year of very successful work. In none of them has our ideal been attained, yet there is abundant reason to thank God for what has been accomplished. The missionary addresses given in the church were fewer this year than formerly owing partly to the severe winter, and partly to the special meetings held in the months of March and April.

The Mission Study Class, conducted weekly by Mr. E. S. Mason 1905, spent the most successful year of its history. Mr. Beach's book "India and Christian Opportunity" could not fail to impress one, with the opportunities for Christian service in that country. Next year effort will be made to make this class larger than ever, and to impress every Christian student with the importance of this study.

Financially, the missionary department has had marked success. In addition to the sum of \$16.40 received in connections with missionary collections in the church, the students have contributed \$68.50 for the support of Rev. Mr. Glendenning of India, making the total contributions for that fund \$84.90. The following is a list of contributors :

CLASS OF 1905 :—Chittick \$1.00, Christie 1.50, Davis 1.00, Howlett 2.00, MacIntyre 5.00, Kierstead 2.00, MacPherson 2.00, Mason 2.00, Oakes 2.00, Simpson 1.00, Strong 1.00, Reid 1.00, Trimble 2.00, Warren 2.00, Wheelock 2.00.

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Total \$17.00.

F. A. B. '06.



College Honors

THE elections in the Athletic Association have resulted in the choice of the following officers for 1905-06 :

President A. A. A. A.—Frederick A. Bower '06.

Vice-President A. A. A. A.—Loring H. Putman '09.

Treasurer A. A. A. A.—William H. Hutchinson '07.

Secretary A. A. A. A.—George K. Butler '08.

First Foot-ball Captain—Harry E. Bates '06.

Second Foot-ball Captain—J. Arthur Estey '07.

Business Manager, Foot-ball Team—Gordon P. Barss '06.

Track Captain—David H. Webster '06.

Hockey Captain—J. Arthur Estey '07.

Base-ball Captain—A. Burpee Balcom '07.

Basket-ball Captain—Raymond S. Wilbur '06.

Tennis Captain—Gordon P. Barss '06

The officers elect for the Athenæum Society are as follows :

President—Harry B. Havey '06.

Vice-President—Frank Adams '07.

Treasurer—Malcom R. Elliott '08.

Corresponding Secretary—Garnet D. Morse '08.

The following staff for the ACADIA ATHENÆUM has been elected :

Editor-in-Chief—Frederick Porter '06.

Associate Editors—George R. Bancroft '06, Harry E. Bates '06, William J. Wright '07, Miss Helena Marsters '07, Stanley MacMillan '08, Miss Jenny I. Macleod '08.

Business Manager—Clarence M. Harris '07.

Assistant Business Manager—Harold Spurr '08.

The elections in the Y. M. C. A. have resulted as follows :

President—Stewart Kinley '06

Vice-President—Brice D. Knott '07.

Corresponding Secretary—Malcolm R. Elliott '08.

Recording Secretary—Rex G. Trotter '09.

In the Y. W. C. A. there has been elected as :

President—Miss Nora M. Bentley '06.

The college letter has been awarded during the year 1904-05 as follows :

In Foot-ball.—Archibald '05, Christie '05, Chittick '05, Howlet, '05, Lewis '05, Reid '05, Bower '06, Wilbur '06, Neily '07, Peppard '07, Kierstead '08, Reid '08, Steeves '08.

In Field and Track Events.—Bates '06, Bower '06, Webster '06, Neily '07, Jost '08, MacMillan '09

Editorial

THE appearance of this number of the ATHENÆUM marks the completion of the thirteenth volume of our college magazine and marks also the completion of the duties of the present editorial staff. For a June number—compared with those of the past two years—this issue is a very modest one, but designedly so. For the financial condition of the ATHENÆUM did not warrant the undertaking of so elaborate a closing number as has sometimes been published. Even had the finances of the paper been as flourishing as they ought to have been, we believe there are improvements much needed in the ATHENÆUM, upon which money would be more wisely expended than in the preparation of a costly June number. And we are convinced that the present issue is fully adequate for its purpose. At least we feel sure that none of our subscribers will be disappointed with it.

As we look back over the "primrose path of dalliance" of our four year's course, there are few moments so suffused with pleasure as those in which we felt the joy that is the reward of work for the college paper, cheerfully undertaken and honestly performed. In none of the extra-curriculum activities of college life is there so much of value and so much of enjoyment as in those of a literary nature, such as are provided by the ATHENÆUM. Upon the lower-classmen, and the upper-classmen as well, we wish to urge the importance of making the ambition to become either an editor of, or a contributor to, the ATHENÆUM co-ordinate with the ambition to graduate with Honors, or to win an "A"—they are all things worth striving for.

To those undergraduates, who have done so much by their contributions to make this year's ATHENÆUM a success, we offer our sincere thanks, and we bespeak for our successors an even greater amount of your work. To the Alumni, who have so generously contributed to our pages, we are deeply indebted. The editor-in-chief—if a personal word at this point may be permitted—wishes also to thank the members of the present editorial staff who by their faithfulness to duty, their ready acceptance of whatever new work was imposed, and their sympathetic accord with every plan and project, have cheered and lightened a rather onerous task.

Our readers will remember that the aim which we set before us at the commencement of the year, was to complete and round-out the ideal of the last two editors-in-chief. To realize this aim has taken a deal of hard work and an endless amount of time. But the labor has been a labor of love, and we are pleased to think that, to a great extent, our aim has been realized. But that does not indicate that we feel that the ATHENÆUM has reached its highest state of perfection. Far from it. To hold the enviable place that this paper has won in Canadian college journalism, means new aims and higher ideals. That they will not only be chosen, but will also be attained we have the utmost confidence in our successors. In passing over the control of the paper to the new editor-in-chief, we are assured that, if patient toil, earnest devotion to duty, and an intense desire to stop nothing short of the best, count for anything in the attainment of the ideal, next year's ATHENÆUM will reach a very high standard of perfection.

And now the eighth and last act of our little play has been completed. The moment, which we have so long dreaded, has at last arrived, and to this audience and to this stage we must say, "Farewell." We realize that our performance has been but a rehearsal, and we have only learned how to properly play our parts. If only we might repeat it!—but that is impossible. Our first appearance must also be our last. Whether we have received the plaudits of the audience, or only hisses or cat-calls, we are wholly unmindful, so engrossed in our acting have we been. But we trust that if we have not received very much of the former, we have not merited the latter. But—the orchestra is softly playing some sad sweet melody. Behind the wings a new company with smiling faces and bright fresh costumes is tiptoeing in eager impatience for us to be gone. And we rather suspect the audience is eagerly awaiting them. Sorrowfully—we must confess it—we make our bow, and glide behind the scenes.

Members of the new editorial staff, the stage is yours !

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Miss E. F. Kierstead \$1.00; Miss Maie Messenger \$1.00; Dr. Wortman \$4.00; R. W. Hibbert \$1.00; Miss M. D. Hinds \$1.00; Miss Lida Pipes \$1.00; Zadock Hawkins \$1.00; C. H. Borden \$3.50; J. E. Eaton \$1.00; W. W. Chipman \$1.00; Frank Lewis \$1.00; T. O. Calhoun \$1.00; Lorne McMillan \$1.00; J. D. Purdy \$1.00; Miss Emma Whidden \$1.00; H. H. Ayer \$1.00; J. G. Sipprell \$3.00; F. H. Eaton \$1.00; Miss M. Potter \$1.00; Miss Grace Burns \$1.00; Miss Mildred Campbell \$1.00; Miss Helena Kierstead \$1.00; Miss O. Van Amburg \$1.00; R. L. Chipman \$1.00; E. A. Crawley \$1.00; K. G. Craig \$0.25; Miss E. Newman \$0.25; Miss M. E. Richards \$0.40; Miss Emily Emmerson \$1.00; Miss Mildred Balcom \$0.25; Dr. R. V. Jones \$4.00; Acadia University \$17.00; E. C. Young \$2.50; D. G. Morse \$1.00; F. H. Kierstead \$1.15; Mrs. J. E. Fowler \$3.00; Miss W. Greenough \$0.25; Miss Vera Benjamin \$0.25; Miss Edith Spurr \$1.00; H. B. Shepherdson \$1.00; F. C. Churchill \$2.00; E. Graham \$1.00; Miss M. B. Harris \$0.50; Rev. J. W. Manning \$1.00; W. J. Balcom \$1.75; T. H. Eaton \$0.25; Dr. Cutten \$3.00; Rockwell & Co. \$2 50; Miss E. Kempton \$1.00; C. Archibald \$1.00; Miss J. Macleod \$1.00; Newton Theological Institution \$3.40; A. & W. McKinlay \$2 50; O. P. Goucher \$1.00; Rev. Dr. J. W. Brown \$1.00; Miss M. D. Sweet \$0.25; Miss L. A. Lewis \$0.25; Miss F. Dickson \$0.25; Miss Pearl Rice \$0.25; Le B. Hopkins \$0.25; Mrs. I. Blair \$0.25; Miss J. McIntyre \$0.25; P. P. Balcom \$0.25; Harold Spurr \$0.25; H. A. Ferris \$1.00; Class of 1905 \$5.00; Athenaeum Society \$5.00; Miss M. V. Richards \$1.00; Miss Mabel M. McDonald \$0.25; Mrs. C. B. Allen \$0.25; H. V. Davies \$0.25; Miss P. E. Peck \$0.25; Miss Kate Gillespie \$0.25; J. M. Shortcliffe \$0.25; J. I. Flick \$0.25; Miss E. S. Reid \$0.25; Fisk Teachers' Agencies \$2.50; Underwood & Underwood \$2.50.

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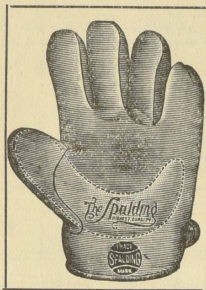
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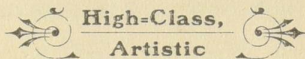
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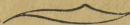
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