

ACADIA ATHENÆUM



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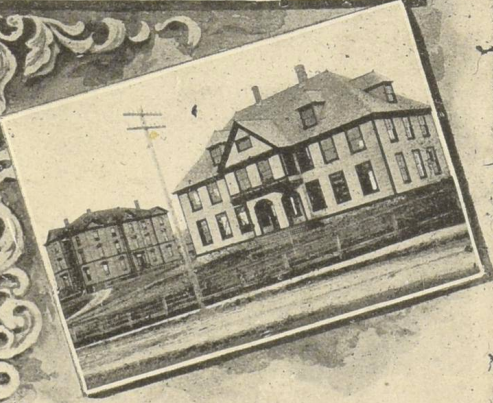
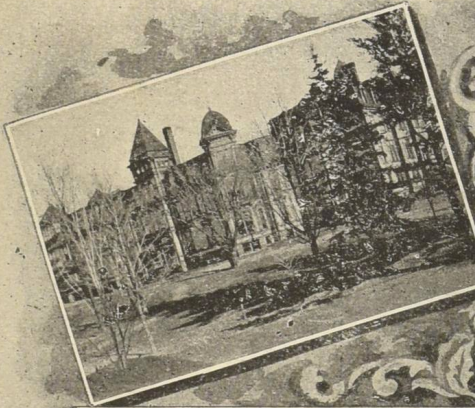
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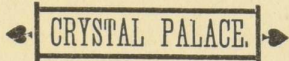
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# THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

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## Editorial.

WITH this number of the ATHENÆUM, the present Editorial staff completes its duties. It is with the utmost confidence that we give over the management of the paper into other hands, feeling certain that its interests will be well cared for during the coming year. Our first Editorial was written with great hopefulness, and this our last one is also written with great hopefulness, but—for next year. During the intervening months there have been times when we were anything but hopeful, times when we have asked ourselves what college papers amounted to anyway, when we wondered if the results were worth the trouble. As an end in itself the ATHENÆUM would hardly be worth the trouble it takes, but as a means to an end, that end being the unfolding and development of power in the use of language on the part of its contributors, our paper is certainly worth much more than the trouble that is expended on it. We only wish that more of our undergraduates would avail themselves of the opportunity offered them in the pages of their college paper, and would write, *write*, WRITE for it.

Personally we have put about as much time and thought on the ATHENÆUM during the past year as we have upon our curriculum studies, and have derived fully as much good therefrom. It is quite unnecessary to say that the paper has not reached the ideal we set before ourselves at the opening of the year, but perhaps that was to be expected. Still, if we are to put any faith in the very complimentary tone of our exchanges, the frequent words of commendation from our professors, and occasional expressions of satisfaction from members of the student body, our work this year has not been altogether unsuccessful.



Last year there was a certain group of fellows in college who had the interest of the ATHENÆUM at heart, and who did their best to raise the standard of our paper, and make it approach more nearly to the true ideal of an undergraduate college magazine. Under the leadership of last year's editor they accomplished—something, this year they have been trying to advance still further, and next year under the guidance of another one of the group, and we hope with several new recruits, they will carry on the good work, profiting by our mistakes (numerous enough, too) and improving on our successes, of which we hope there are a stray few. We wish the new Editors the best success in the world, we solicit on their behalf the hearty co-operation of everyone in college who can write or who would like to write, we give them our paper—their paper—as a serious charge, and then—we go.



## The Vampire

(With apologies for the interpretation of Mr. Kipling's poem.)

**I**T was far from a cheerful sight which greeted Jameson as he opened the door. There was much smoke, disorder, and the smell of stale beer in the room, and the boys having retired, only a pail full of melting ice bore evidence of the night's gaiety. The fireplace contained but the remains of a fire, and outside a dismal spring rain was falling. Jameson tossed his suit case in one chair, his hat and coat in another, and gloomily surveyed the scene. It was too hours to breakfast time and as the bed did not look inviting, the fire alone seemed possible. By the time he had succeeded in securing a blaze and had his pipe well going the gloom cleared a trifle and he settled himself in his chair for the unfamiliar pastime of some serious thinking. The fire by this time burned merrily and the pipe drew well, but somehow Jameson's thoughts did not fall in line. The truth of the matter was that Jameson, the cynical happy-go-lucky Jameson, had done what he had so often made sport of Stubbins for doing. It happened this way.

The previous fall, Jameson had taken a fancy to a certain sophomore who was working hard for the team, and, rather liking the youngster, had made easy his progress to the ranks of the first substitutes. As a result the younger man formed an undying gratitude for the old player, and Jameson had accepted Thomas' invitation for the Easter recess. There he—had met Thomas' sister, and the result of their meeting had been as Stubbins prophesied, inevitable. The girl had put herself out to entertain her brother's idol, and his reputation of being bullet proof had urged her to do her best. "Margaret Thomas at her best was fatal", Stubbins said, and Stubbins was supposed to know, at least, there was a rumor to that effect. Jameson, an artist and something of a dreamer himself had found a congeniality in his friend's sister such as he had never believed to exist in a girl. Art was their first common ground, then they agreed on books and poetry, and, to crown it all, he found her to be as much a lover of nature and as true a sportsman as himself. They spent the days in long tramps, golf and horseback riding, and the evenings in great talks in the firelight. Thus the two weeks had gone, and,



for the first time, Jameson did not welcome the return and the meeting with the boys. On the train coming home he had sought to throw aside his infatuation and he summoned all his pet theories to his aid, but in his hour of need his theories failed him. A jolly crowd which had gathered in the smoker as they neared the city, for once did not appeal to Jameson, and certain memories and a pair of grey eyes, in spite of him, held his thoughts. He must certainly thrash the matter out before he had to face Stubbins' merciless badinage. The rain outside recalled a certain ride in another rain, the firelight recalled another fire, with each puff of his pipe Jameson felt his pet theories slipping away from him. Gradually the realization dawned on him that now nothing mattered, but those deep gray eyes, and their owner. Well, be it so. He began to change certain ideals to those which once he had considered so humorous and even went so far as to make certain resolutions, but then, and his jaw dropped, there was Stubbins. As he thought of his room-mate he grew uncomfortable. Stubbins would understand any change to industry and, yes, he would say it, to virtue. They had made some wagers about that, and at their memory now he blushed. Yes, Stubbins and the boys would have lots of fun, but—and the thought of Stubbins faded away and in the smoke he saw again those gray eyes—what mattered Stubbins anyway.—Suddenly the gong buzzed in the corridors and he awoke from his reveries. He looked at the door and then apprehensively at the bed. Stubbins was sitting up rubbing his eyes, and slowly taking in his room-mate, the fire, and the pipe. Jameson felt uneasy under this close scrutiny and pulled rapidly on his now empty pipe. "Well, old man" began Stubbins—"ruminating, eh? Alas for the philosopher! You can take the dinner Saturday night, Jamie." "And don't forget Jakey's and the champagne" chimed in Emerson, by this time also awake, "you know we'd get a dozen each if Milady wasn't generous with her"—Jameson rose quickly to his feet and made for the door. A chuckle from Emerson stopped him on the threshold, and he turned "You and your dinners and champagne be forever and eternally damned" said he slowly and slammed the door.

## II

It was the fall of Jameson's senior year and the football season was barely underway. About a hundred men were gathered on



Soldiers' field in the throes of preliminary practice. Greene and Jameson were unfolding the mysteries of dropping on the ball to a group of half-back aspirants, who, as usual, willing but awkward, furnished much amusement for Stubbins and the rest who stood looking on. Greene finally gave it up and went down to the dummy while Jameson kept at it till the work was over for the afternoon and all turned towards the locker building. As they strolled along in the wake of the new recruits, Greene overtook Stubbins and Jameson. "Jamie" he began "that Brown is certainly the limit, you better chuck him in spite of his beef." "You're too much of a doubter Green," replied Jameson "don't you remember what a duffer Thomas was, and now you see how well he holds down tackle. Just wait until the end of the season and you will see Brown your sub." Greene still grumbling shook his head and hurried on. "You can do it if any one can, Jamie," said Stubbins "and with your inspiration" he added with a grin as they went in to their baths.

Before college had opened the two had accepted an invitation to spend two weeks with Thomas, and there they had met Brown, a cousin of the family. He had graduated from some place down in Maine and was going to return with Thomas to Cambridge for a year in divinity. Stubbins claimed a natural prejudice against theologs, but Jameson and Brown got along finely. Brown had all the small college man's admiration for an athlete of a great university and readily joined Thomas in his worship. It was the evening before they left that Margaret and Jameson were out for the last canoe trip on the lake. The talk had drifted to her cousin and Margaret told Jameson of his dreams of someday winning athletic fame. She had even asked him if he thought that he could help him as he had helped her brother, and Jameson of course had promised.

Then they returned to college. Under the patronage of Jameson, the idol of the team, the success of Brown was assured. He received the best of coaching and all the chances; the boys also, because he was a friend of Jamie's, took him into the crowd and gave him his first taste of real college life. Under the sunshine of this good comradeship the narrowness and diffidence of the boy who had before this buried himself in his thoughts, his ideals, and his books, gradually disappeared, and he began to become one of the popular men of his class. Thomas noticed it and mentioned to his sister in a



letter "that Arthur in spite of being a theolog was getting to be the real thing."

Margaret was coming down to the Yale game this fall and, if Jameson's plans matured, he hoped to show her that he had fulfilled his promise and he might—well he hadn't had the nerve last closing, but he would this time, he confided to his pipe.

### III

The second half was about to begin and the players were coming out from the sidelines for the final struggle. To Margaret sitting in the midst of the Harvard stands the sight was one never to be forgotten. Here was a pageant such as her dreams and her romance loved—the waiting warriors, the expectant multitude, the waving colors, the music, and over all the golden, hazy light of an Indian summer's afternoon. As she watched, the days of Richard and of the Caesars seem to be again. The tournament and the gladiatorial combat seemed to live again as she watched. The modern gladiators, bruised, battered, and weary, face each other for the last half. She waited in the hush before the whistle for the hail "Ave, Alma Mater, morituri te salutant." Then came the whistle, the cheers and the music burst forth anew, and the game was on. From the first both teams were fighting furiously, the crimson to maintain their lead and the men in blue to atone for those eleven points, or at least to score and so lessen somewhat the bitterness of defeat. Up and down, around centre field, surged the play ever waxing fiercer and fiercer as the game wore on. Gradually, however, the pace of that terrible defense began to tell, and, yard by yard, the blue line was beaten back until but ten yards remained before the fierce crimson attack. The Yale host were in despair, the beloved strains of Boola rang out slowly and beseechingly across the field to the weary men in blue, who bracing their feet on their own line made a last desperate stand. Of the first string crimson backs Greene alone remained and the famous half drove twice into that opposing line with a net gain of two yards. One more chance alone remained. The little quarter was desperate, and as a last resort he decided to try Jameson's end. Many times before that day had the veteran end come to the rescue, but even he was showing signs of weariness from that terrible struggle, and the quarter feared a mighty fear. For the last time the well known signal came and the



men hearing it took heart and pinning their faith on Jamie prepared for the last great effort. Straight and true came the ball into Greene's hands and he sprang in behind the end. Jameson's opponent untangled himself from the tackle in time to see the play go by but the Yale halves were ready, stooping low to get behind that interference. Smash into the first went Jameson and only one man remained. Two more strides and his shoulder caught him and they fell together. Greene stumbled over them—across the line. The crimson stands were wild; sweaters and flags filled the air. Harvard cheers to the accompaniment—the Yale band was chanting Boola now. But the cheering was in vain for the play had failed. When Greene struck the ground the ball slipped from his arms and the Yale quarter had fallen on it. As the truth became known the cheering died and many began to leave, the game which seemed all but over, with three minutes remaining and the ball Yale's. With a curse and a sob Greene limped towards the sidelines, and as he passed Jameson he growled "Your kid can have his chance now," and Brown with a light in his eye that paid Jameson for all his time and trouble, sprang into the vacant place. Once more the teams lined up. Listlessly the crimson players watched the preparations for a punt. Listlessly all except two, Jameson and Brown, the former determined to see that the kid played his game, the latter fired with the culmination of his dream. The signal came, the pass for the kick was poor and Jameson saw his chance. With a spring he was forward, and as the ball left the fullback's foot, it met him in the chest and bounded back over the Yale line. A thrill shot through him as he sprang after it for here at last was his longed for chance to score. Four years he had fought and worked for the color he loved and the team, but never had luck placed in his way the chance to score. Here at last it was, a fitting ending to the game he loved. He was already stooping to throw himself upon the rolling ball when he noticed at his side Brown pursued by the Yale fullback. As he saw the eager and excited face like a flash another scene appeared—a moonlit lake, a canoe, and the gray-eyed girl he loved. Imperceptibly almost, Jameson swerved to the right, caught the pursuing fullback in the side and together they fell above Brown who clasped the ball safely to his breast. Again was the air filled with crimson and this time not in vain. Mid the deafening racket the little quarter kicked the goal, the whistle blew its last



shrill wail and the game was over. The subs rushed on the field and bore off the excited Brown upon their shoulders. The air was full of shouts of 17 to 0 and in the gathering twilight in triumph the crimson victors were escorted from the field. As Jameson neared the locker building he saw Thomas and Brown hurrying up to a group in which he recognized Margaret and her mother. He quickened his pace, a happy light in his eyes. She must have seen, and she would understand. Just as he reached the group he stopped dumfounded to see Margaret throw herself into her cousin's arms and sob hysterically upon his shoulder. Jameson stopped and stood looking foolish and surprised as did her brother, but Mrs. Thomas smiled reassuringly. When the girl saw Jameson she untangled herself from her cousin's arms and, blushing furiously, stammered "Oh Mamma tell them." Mrs. Thomas smiled. "Our little excitable girl means Mr. Jameson, that her engagement to Arthur, which has been conditional for so long is at last assured." "Why, Peggy," burst out her brother, "I thought it was—that you were, oh, hang it all" and he started for the building. Mrs. Thomas looked after him very much surprised. Jameson was very white now and the blood from a cut above his eye showed very vividly upon his grimy cheek. His voice was as calm as ever and as usual he smiled, "Why, Miss Thomas," he said, "you certainly surprise us all, but not to forget the correct thing like Billy I suppose I should ring in on the congratulations." Then turning to Brown, and squeezing that gentleman's hand till he winced, "Old man, you are certainly in luck, I wouldn't mind making a touchdown myself with such accessories." He excused himself to dress, and hurried away in the growing dusk to the locker building. Thomas was already there and the fellows were waiting for Brown. When he arrived Jameson got to his shower unnoticed and there Stubbins found him. They dressed in silence and went over to their room. They were too old chums for words, and Stubbins understood. He stood for a long time looking gloomily out over the quadrangle and the lights twinkling in the dormitories, swearing softly to himself. Jameson dropped into a chair before the newly lighted fire and picked up his favorite little green volume from the table. He turned the leaves slowly to that poem he had never before quite forgiven his favorite for writing. As his eyes wandered down the lines now he smiled.



"A fool there was and he made his prayer  
    (Even as you and I),  
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair  
(We called her the woman who did not care);  
But the fool hé called her his lady fair  
    (Even as you and I).  
Oh, the years we waste, and the tears we waste,  
    And the work of our head and hand  
Belong to the woman who did not know  
(And now we know that she never could know)  
    And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide  
    (Even as you and I),  
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside  
(But it isn't on record the lady tried),  
So some of him lived<sup>a</sup> but the most of him died  
    (Even as you and I).  
And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame  
    That stings like a white-hot brand;  
It's coming to know that she never knew why  
(Seeing at last she could never know why),  
    And never could understand."

*L. D. C. '03.*



## The Destiny of Canada.

Winning oration in the Kerr Boyce Tupper Oratorical Contest.

CANADA has a history of which every true Canadian may well be proud. Our development has not been rapid, but our statesmen have wrought with almost incredible sagacity, skill and integrity.

To-day the eyes of all Canadians are fixed with confident hope upon the boundless possibilities of the future of this fair Dominion. Already great forces are operating upon us. Our veins thrill with the impulse of a national life, and the figure of our destiny looms splendid and mysterious before us.

We are heirs to an inheritance of unspeakable possibilities. Canada has an area of three and a half million square miles. She constitutes more than one-third of the whole British Empire, and is only five per cent smaller than the entire continent of Europe. Without Alaska, the United States is four hundred thousand square miles smaller than Canada. The Canadian Province of British Columbia alone is larger than France, Italy, Switzerland and Portugal taken all together. Quebec and Ontario are each larger than the German Empire and Switzerland combined. The actual area of Canada fit for cultivation and capable of producing crops of wheat and other cereals is more than nine hundred millions of acres, and the country is capable of sustaining from the productions of its own soil a population of one hundred millions. The inland waterways of Canada have no equals on earth. We have the largest and richest fisheries, coal areas and timber regions in the world. Our climate has no superior, for it has always bred the strongest and most enterprising races of mankind.

With such a heritage, unequalled by that of any other people on earth, Canada stands with her feet upon the threshold of an unknown though eagerly anticipated future. In the wide prospect which opens before our eyes there is revealed to us more than one goal of possible attainment. Which of these shall be our destiny is a question which at present is stirring the fibres of Canadian life. That we are a people with a destiny of no mean importance is a fact which gives to Canadian life a meaning, a hope, an impulse, a sense of mighty responsibility.



That our present Colonial relations with Great Britain cannot long exist seems obvious. But in the development of a higher national life Canada must inevitably choose one of four courses—annexation with the United States, imperial federation, an Anglo-Saxon union, or independence.

First, annexation as a possible destiny for Canada. Our relations with the United States may be divided into two classes—commercial and political. Situated as we are on this continent with four thousand miles of boundary line in common with our neighbouring Republic, with similarity of laws and political institutions, and with marked diversity of natural production, a commercial union between these two countries seems most natural and imperative, and yet the attitude of the United States towards a commercial union with Canada is extremely repulsive to us. At present the Canadian standard is only 26 per cent on dutiable imports from the United States, as against the American standard of 49 per cent on dutiable imports to Canada. If these unfavourable conditions continue to exist, Canada, in order to protect her own commercial interests, must raise her tariff wall still higher against the United States. The ultimate outcome of such a course will be wider commercial separation. We may rest assured that the United States will never consent to a complete commercial union or annexation. And truly this is the destiny of Canada as marked out by the United States. This sentiment is embodied in the very spirit of the Munroe Doctrine. But to Canadians manifest destiny wears a different aspect.

The United States contains the worst element of European life, which yearly flows through her gates, and which is obtaining a large and increasing share in the government of that country. Canadians have no desire to place their necks beneath the yoke with such a heterogeneous mass of people upon millions of whom the civil laws have no restraining force, and in whose midst is practiced almost every evil known to man. Again, the commercial interests of the various States are continually clashing, and if to these were added Canadian interests the problem would be still further complicated. But again dollars and cents are not all for which a nation exists. Canada stands for something higher and nobler. Above the baser feelings of greedy gain are the higher feelings of loyalty and patriotism, the moral standard, the Divine purpose. Canadians will never sacrifice their

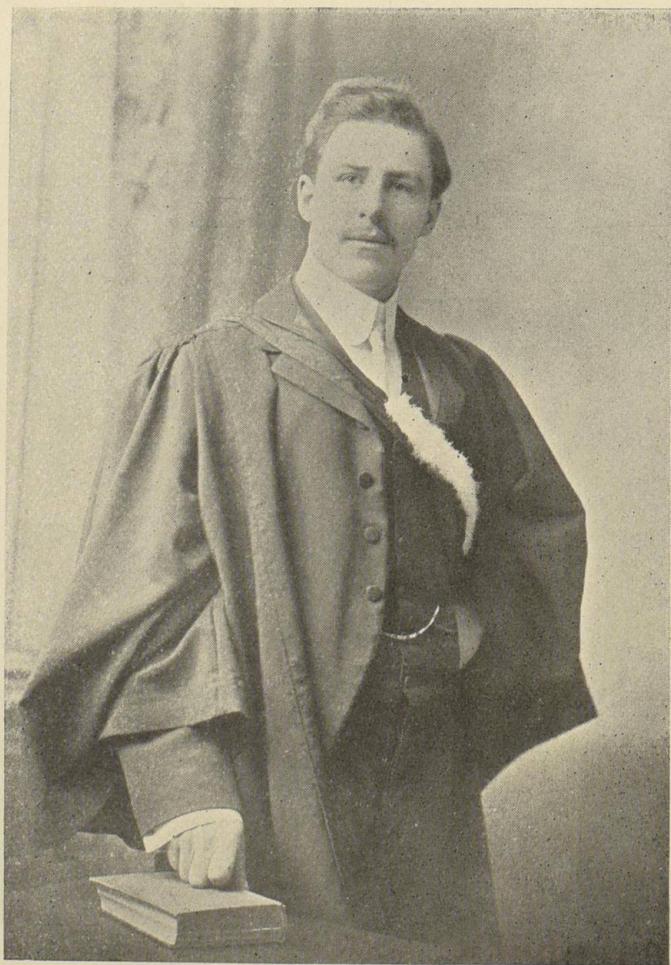


higher principles for a better market with the United States. It is safe therefore to conclude that annexation with our neighbouring Republic is not likely to be the fate of Canada.

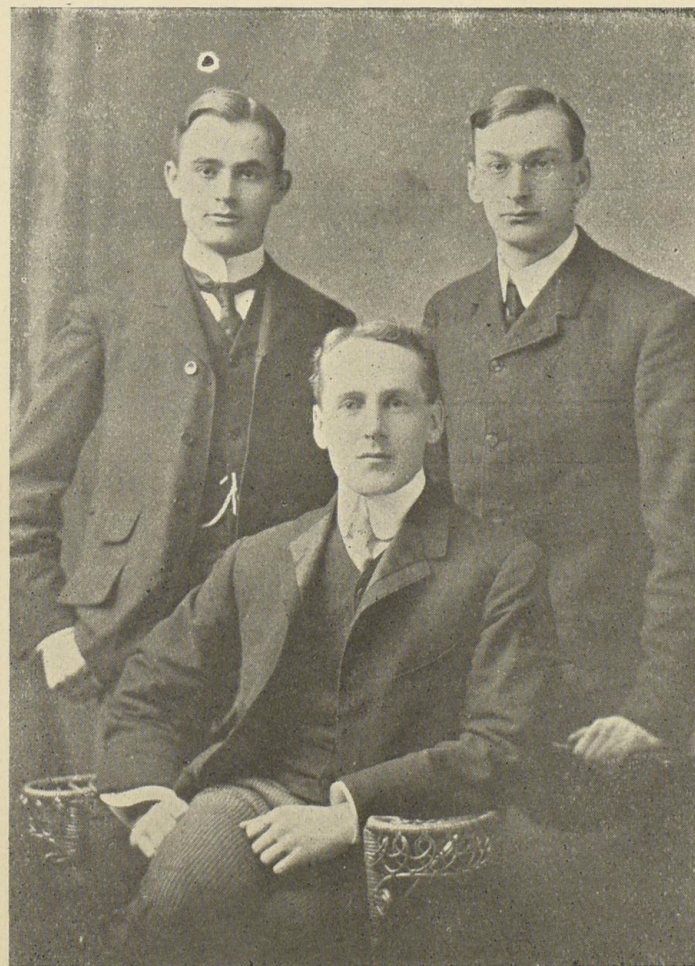
But a grander and more probable destiny for Canada is Imperial Federation. That we should become a part of a federated empire that encircles the globe, with every condition of soil and climate, of demand and supply; that we should launch out into the sea of imperial existence and cast in our lot with the British Empire is indeed a vision not without its attractions. That better trade relations are needed between Canada and the rest of the Empire is beyond question. In any scheme of imperial federation Canada would have a voice in the regulation of imperial affairs. Such a privilege would necessarily develop our statesmen, broaden our national sentiment, and secure for us lawful rights which at present we hold by favor or not at all. But on the other hand that we should become involved in the diplomatic affairs of European and Oriental nations, with which we have little or no concern, could hardly be for our advantage. And again that we should enter into any scheme of imperial defense by which a heavy financial burden would ensue, and for which we would receive no additional advantage, is an idea as unpopular as its realization would be unprofitable. While there are a few who are willing to advocate such a scheme in the face of its numerous disadvantages the tide of public sentiment in Canada is sweeping with a tremendous force to the opposite pole. Hence to loyal Canadians imperial federation does not seem to be our destiny.

But shall there be an Anglo-Saxon Union? This is a question of vital importance. It has scarcely dawned upon the Anglo-Saxon race that such a union is at all possible and that if accomplished would secure the peace of the world and spread to the uttermost parts of the earth western civilization and Christianity. For many centuries it has been the tendency of the human race to separate into small communities and nations. But already a reaction has taken place. We are living in an age of great concentration, when societies and peoples are everywhere uniting their forces in the common interests of mankind. In an age when such a tendency prevails is a union of the Anglo-Saxon race beyond a possibility? Said Andrew Carnegie, "I know the day is coming when Canada as a well behaved younger son will take the mother land by the one hand and the rebellious elder son





MR. G. H. BAKER  
Winner of the Kerr Boyce Tupper Medal.



DEBATING TEAM.



by the other and reconcile them both." This would indeed be the dawn of a new era of peace and prosperity for the world. Then would the way be open for the nations of the earth to realize the vision of him who sings of the time when

"The war drum throb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd,  
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

That a union of the Anglo-Saxon race is possible will not be called in question. But in the light of present indications it is wholly improbable that the destiny of Canada will be determined by such a federation.

But the ages are rolling on. Time's wheel is rapidly revolving, and we are drifting. Let us awaken. In the distance rises a more glorious vision, a larger opportunity, a fuller life, a surer destiny. To develop our resources, to build a nation imbued with a spirit of the highest patriotism, a nation the glory of whose achievements shall be heralded through all time is the transcendent purpose for which we exist. In the proper execution of such a plan Independence must be the inevitable destiny of our Country. And if the dreams of our fathers are ever to be realized and their lofty ideals perpetuated Canada can pursue no other course. For if this be not the destiny of Canada why have we fought? For what purpose has been our whole past history?

We are proud of our leaders and statesmen. To mention the names of the Hon. Joseph Howe, Sir John A. MacDonald, Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is to send a thrill of honest pride and patriotism through the heart of every loyal Canadian. But why have these men stood in the world's political arena, undaunted in defense of Canadian liberties and rights, if not to develop Canada into that one grand nation which the world so much needs to-day and into which we believe, as our Fathers believed, Divine providence will ultimately lead us?

Why will Independence be the destiny of Canada? First, because our whole past history has been a development towards that end, and surely there is yet enough of noble patriotism in the hearts of Canadians to work out the ideals of our Fathers and to stand firm by the principles for which they fought. For seventy years Canada has been gaining a larger measure of self-control. At present the power of Great Britain over Canada in a constitutional sense is con-



fined to the appointment of the Governor General, and to the imperial veto of Canadian legislation, a prerogative which is never exercised. Thus we see that the whole movement of Canadian life has been and is towards independence. And shall we sacrifice the liberties we have already gained at a tremendous cost either to satisfy the greedy desires of the United States for a North American Republic governed from Washington, or for any scheme of Imperial Federation in which it is true we would become part of a mighty Empire, but in which our position would be a subordinate one and our development would depend upon that of the Empire at large?

Again Independence will be our destiny because the French Canadians who hold the balance of power in Canadian politics to-day will never accept the programme of the new imperialism, nor will they sacrifice their very existence in any scheme of political union with the United States, and for them an Anglo-Saxon Union is out of the question. The French Canadian loves Canada. He respects Great Britain as the mother of his freedom; he loves Canada as his native land. He is longing for the day when his country shall sever her political connections with Great Britain and unfurl to the breeze her flag of independence. With such a sentiment prevailing among a people who at present control the government of our land, and who will inevitably constitute an important factor in shaping the destiny of our Country. Any other goal than independence must be little more than a dream.

Again, Canada will become independent because of her rapid increase in population. Already she has flung wide her doors to foreign immigration and thousands of people are annually seeking homes within her borders. If no calamity befalls our country whereby the tide of immigration shall cease to flow, within a few decades Canada will outstrip the Mother Country in population and resources. Will the greater then be subject to the less? Will not this vast increase of population furnish a solution to the problem of self-defence which at present stands as the insuperable barrier to Canadian independence? If Great Britain with a population of forty millions is able to support an army and navy sufficient to protect her interests in every land and on every sea, will not Canada with a still larger population be able to secure for herself adequate political and commercial protection?



If Canada may continue her present relation with Great Britain for a few decades, as will doubtless be the case, she will then, with her vast increase of population and with the tide of public sentiment flowing towards independence, be able to launch out into the stream of national existence not to become a tributary to a mighty river but the river itself, the streams whereof shall make glad the inhabitants of every land.

Never in the history of the world has there been greater need of a nation strong in physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual powers. Nor has it been in vain that Canada through all these years has been so judiciously developed to fill that place. The experience of all the ages is our heritage. Let us build high and strong, for a few more risings and settings of the sun and Canada will be among the nations of the earth.

“Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!  
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.  
Tho’ faint hearts fear the keen confronting sun,  
And fain would bid the morn of splendors wait;  
Tho’ dreamers rapt in starry visions, cry,  
“Lo yon thy future, yon thy faith thy fame!”  
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,  
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;  
    This name which yet shall grow  
    Till all the nations know  
    Us for a patriot people, heart and hand  
Loyal to our native earth,—our own Canadian land.”

*Gordon H. Baker, '04.*



## A Trip to Wittenburg

ON Monday, April 18th, we started off on our long talked of trip to Wittenburg. After the glorious weather of the previous week we felt that everything in that line was secure for the day chosen by Dr. Dickey for his excursion. Alas for our hopes! The rain, for it seemed to us it had rained nearly every day all winter, was at it again. After a very hasty and somewhat meagre breakfast, we joined the rest of the party at the station, where fourteen of us, instead of twenty, got into carriages or coupés as they are called, our spirits not a bit dampened by the weather, on the contrary quite prepared to make the most of all the funny experiences we were sure to have before the day was over

At about ten A. M., we reached the old town celebrated for its associations with the Reformers Luther and Melancthon—certainly not a very imposing looking place—Immediately on arriving, the party separated for a short time, some to refresh themselves with hot coffee, while others rushed to the news stall to secure some of the picture post cards, which are now almost a necessity when visiting a new town—especially one of note. Just opposite the station an interesting old gate of carved stone stands at the entrance to the grave-yard, where a daughter of Martin Luther is buried. From here we walked through watery ways to a large oak tree (outside the Elster Thor,) standing in a small garden now closely fenced in. This is the place where Luther publicly burned the Papal Bull on Dec. 10th, 1520. Farther along we reached the Augustenne built in 1564-83, now used as a theological seminary. Passing through the court to the Luther-haus, the many faces at the windows convinced us that Wolfville students are not the only curious boys in the world! The university building has been joined to the Luther-haus. With the exception of some external repairs, the whole place is much as Luther left it. It was originally an Augustinian convent or monastery but the house was made over to Luther by the Elector. First I must speak of the entrance to the house. A stone archway with corner seats, and above the coat of arms. A wild rose with a heart and cross—and the inscription,

“Des Christen Hertz auf Rosen gebt  
Wenns mitten untern stebt.”





GRADUATING CLASS OF ACADIA SEMINARY.



This work Katherine had done in one of Luther's absences to surprise her lord on his return. The Doctor's ring was answered by the porter's daughter who led us up a winding stair. In the hall are a good many of Cranach's works, including a Crucifixion. A cabinet contains Luther's drinking cup, a mug made from a bit of the oak tree struck by lightening when Luther's friend was killed, the remains of a wine glass used by Peter the Great, who when he was told he could not take it with him, said, as he broke it in two, "At least no one else shall ever drink from it!"

In the living room we found a quaint old store of coloured tiles with the Evangelists on them, after copies in clay, done by Luther himself. Here is the table at which he wrote, his bench and a very curious old window of shot glass with just one little bit left plain through which to look. On a step by this window are two chairs—one large, firm and comfortable with a well carved back and arms, the other—has no back nor anything to make it inviting as a place of rest. One has not to live long in Germany to know which belonged to Luther and which to Katherine.

Opening from this room is a door with the signature of Peter the Great written in chalk. It was afterward varnished over and is now covered with glass.

The next room contains many paintings—One represents Charles V at the grave of Luther; the people are clamoring to have the body destroyed but Charles refuses to dishonor the dead. Others, the Diet of Worms—Luther's Verlobung and Luther fixing his Theses on the church door. The corner room contains his pulpit "Wine glass" style, and the sand glass which was *supposed* to regulate the length of his sermons. The story goes, however, that if, when the glass was empty, Luther felt that he was not in the same condition, he would proceed, with the remark, "and now brethren we will turn the sand glass over again."

Here are also some fine Cranachs and, in a glass case, rare old translations of the Bible.

In a room adjoining the Aula are the gold key used by the Emperor to open the Schloss Kische, copy of the Pope's Bull, model of Luther's monument at Worms, the laurel wreath presented on the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's death, samples of his writing and that of Burgenhagen, engravings by Durer, etc.



The Aula or lecture room where degrees were and are conferred, is very interesting. It contains some very good portraits of Luther, Melanchthon and the Electors of Saxony. The seats open at the bottom to receive books, etc., and are very much carved — by the student's pen knives!

Having seen the old Monastery and its treasures pretty thoroughly, we began to think longingly of the brödchen we hadn't time to eat before leaving home, and as we once more set out through the pelting rain our spirits were less buoyant. The discovery of a conditor by one of the party, however, was all we needed to restore us, and the poor woman in charge looked frightened at the way we fell upon her wares, each one taking what pleased his or her fancy best and devouring it on the spot. After a due recompense to our friend in need we again started off, this time to the house of Melanchthon, the home of the Elector, "Frederick the Wise." Arrived at the entrance we were rather surprised to find the same stone arch and corner seats we had seen at the Luther-haus, but the Dr. explained that Melanchthon's wife, Katherine Keaps, had never rested till she gave her husband the surprise that Luther's wife had given him. We found less of interest here than in the Luther-haus, it had been very recently restored (1898). Still the great reformers worked and wrote here, and here is the room in which Melanchthon died. A picture post card shows his work room with a square table and a Bible printed in 1656.

From here we went to the Market place where is a 16th century Rathhaus (town hall). In front of this building under gothic canopies rise statues of Luther by Schadow and of Melanchthon by Drake. Just opposite is the Stadt kirche dating from the 14th century but now much altered. Luther frequently preached here, and here it was that in 1521 the Holy Communion was first administered by Protestants. The church contains many fine paintings. An altar piece by Cranach the elder, portraits of Melanchthon and Burgenhagen while an easel picture shows us Luther preaching.

A very large font with a cover in which the poor children were half drowned, stands here. It was cast in Nuremburg in 1457.

High above this church rise two towers, and we were assured that any of the party feeling equal to the exertion of climbing would be repayed by the view from the top.



A good many of the party decided to try it, so a bell was rung for the key, which came down to us on a wire from the people above. Up, up, up, we went, but at last we were on steps, after the ladders and rope ladders at St. Pauls, I felt we were going in great style. At the top we found a sort of empty room with rafters, where a dear little German girl of perhaps five and her little round faced brother a year or so younger were playing on a swing and seemed delighted to see us. At Dr. Dickey's request the little fellow stood very stiff and saluted in true Deutsch fashion while the little girl made her "knicks." In spite of the rain we got a wonderful view of the town and country with the beautiful Elbe winding in and out, but perhaps the most wonderful thing to us was the little human nest at the top of the tower! It was so tiny—like a good sized doll house, There sat the mother, with a chubby baby in her arms, in a spotless kitchen all in blue and white, the little sitting room with the proverbial sofa and table, and upstairs—for there *was* an upstairs too, were the wee cubicles where on windy nights the inmates are literally rocked to sleep under their feather coverings. I said the inmates, but the poor father dare not sleep at night no matter how high the wind or how intense the cold. The man who has lived here with his family for eight years, holds the position under government, and every fifteen minutes, day and night he must look out from all four sides of his watch tower, and if all be well blow a bugle to assure the people there is no sign of fire. When we arrived, at about noon he was just waked up. The frau must blow the bugle in the day, while her husband sleeps. All of the children have been born in the tower and two go up and down the stairs to school every day.

After a very good dinner at the "Luther Keller" we were glad to find the rain had ceased, and next made our way to the Schloss Kische.

This is, I think, one of the prettiest churches I have ever seen, and leads to the old electoral palace with its two round towers. The church itself was seriously injured by the bombardments of 1760 and 1813-14 and restored in 1885-92. It was to the doors of this Church that Luther nailed his 95 theses. The original doors were burned in 1858 by Frederick Wm. IV. These doors are of bronze, 10 feet high and bear the theses of Luther in the original Latin text. Above, on a golden background is the Crucified, with Luther and Melancthon at



His feet by Prof. Von Klover. On the right and left above the doors are statues of Frederick the Wise and John the Constant by Drake. Inside, the Church is most artistic and beautiful. The *windows* contain the coats of arms of every town conforming to the Reformation and near the chancel are rows of seats along the wall, beautifully carved, with the coats of arms of the reigning dukes, each of whom is supposed to occupy his own seat. The chair of the reigning Emperor is magnificently carved. The first pew to the left belongs to the city burgher and in it is a very quaint carving—a view of the town. At the time of the French invasion Napoleon stabled his horses in this Church and until 1885 it remained in a very bad condition.

Brazen slabs mark the graves of Luther and his friend and near are large statues of the reformers by Cranach the younger—In front of the Church is a beautiful monument of the Emperor Frederick III by Arnold, about which there is a pretty story. As the people were leaving the church, after the re-opening in 1892, a child's voice was heard calling for sale "Unser Kaisers' blumen." Naturally the Kaiser was much interested and sent for the little fellow who appeared carrying a huge basket of blue corn flowers, said to be the Emperor's favorite flower. These he wished to sell and with the money to have a denkmal or monument erected in honour of him, whose idea it was when Crown Prince, to restore the Church. The Emperor was so touched by the child's thought that he at once took a few of the flowers and gave him one hundred marks, and this was the beginning of the fine monument to Frederick III, father of the present Emperor.

We next saw the house of Lucas Crauach the elder—1472—1553—the painter who was once burgomaster of Wittenburg. The house has been frequently restored. It was now nearly time for our train back to Berlin so we flew to buy and post a few cards, and pick up a few trifles in memory of the day.

*Portia Starr.*



## THE HEIGHTS.

*When into the World of Silent Thought  
We pass from zone to zone,  
Though friends may stray on our common way,  
The heights we tread alone.*

*When Sorrow leads us up the steep  
With all our hopes o'erthrown,  
Though friends are near to give us cheer,  
The heights we tread alone.*

*When Pleasure yields what oft we've sought ;  
And the hidden ways are known,  
Though friends rejoice at Fortune's choice,  
The heights we tread alone.*

*When Life goes out to meet the Dark ;  
To brave the Great Unknown,  
Though some we leave be near to grieve,  
The heights we will tread—alone.*

E. W. R. '05



## Class History.

*Mr. President, Friends, and Fellow-Loafers (to say nothing of regular Anniversary Camp Followers, and other good folk):*

Year after year, at the time when apple-blossoms hold high carnival, there comes to this Provincial Mecca, a multitude of Pilgrims, solely on pleasure bent—to see, to hear, and to return again. Year after year this Hall is filled with a friendly, long suffering audience, who patiently listen to what certain members of the Graduating Class have to say for their edification. And among other persons who arise and do their little stunts, differing not at all from what scores of others have said before them, and hundreds of others will say when they are gone, a Class Historian year after year comes forward, and tells the expectant throng that he does not even know what a Class History should be, and couldn't write one if he did know. Thus far he speaks the truth. But from that point so uncurbed is his imagination, so unlimited the poetical license he takes with facts, so full the brush with which he paints the doings of his class, that even the uninitiated hearer must know he strays at times from the strictest truth, while the average undergraduate, knowing how little is true, chuckles to himself and says: "What fools these Seniors be!" I hope to make some slight deviation from this regular order, and I am quite sure that those of you who listen carefully will find scattered through these annals like gold in the river sand, much of real truth, perfect gems of veracity in fact, truths so self evident as to put Master Euclid's axioms to the blush.

It has fallen to my lot to chronicle the rise and progress of the Class of 1904. My greatest trouble as Historian is the enormous wealth of material at my disposal. I should anticipate no great difficulty in beguiling you for a couple of hours with the record of our deeds, but—be not alarmed—I shall attempt nothing of the sort. There must be a certain time limit to this History, even though I have to make my account an unembellished recital of facts, fragmentary in the extreme, a mere outline of the works and days of this handsome body of typical young collegians whom you see before you, attired for the most part in other people's gowns.

The record of a college class may be compared to the incoming



tide on the wave-beaten sea-shore. It is the strong wash of the water beneath which does the work, but it is the play of the wind and sun upon the waves, the froth and the foam, and the noise, which lend it its picturesqueness. I cannot hope to give any account of the real work done by this class. That, you may find perhaps on the college records. I shall confine myself to the surface of the waves, the sun and the wind, the foam, and the noise.

Nevertheless, if my name fails to go down to posterity beside the names of Grote and Gibbon, Prescott and Parkman, it will be, I am sure, through some fault of my own, and not through any fault in my material for a history.

Something less than four years have elapsed since there occurred in the peaceful and unsuspecting town of Wolfville, an event of some importance in contemporaneous history, but naturally of far greater moment to the score or more of young men and maidens immediately concerned. I speak of the arrival of the Class of 1904. No blare of trumpets, no booming of cannon heralded our humble advent, due no doubt in part to the fact that no one knew at just what hour we arrived. As on a clear midwinter evening, silently, one by one, unnoticed the stars swing down into their places, so we came, almost unnoticed till our constellation was complete.

Most of us soon after our arrival went about enquiring where the President's office was, that we might go and register. Most of the people whom we addressed seemed kindly disposed towards us, but when we asked certain young men in queer caps, and hands in pockets where we should go, they gave us looks which plainly said: "Go, and be — registered." "Ah," we murmured, conscious of our own innocence. "These be Seniors." We afterward learned that they were Cads.

Arrived at the office, we knocked timidly and were ushered into the Presence. There came forward to shake hands with us a man clad in a most cordial smile, and whose outstanding feature seemed to us to be a pair of new and somewhat vocal boots. The mind is very sensible in the smallest details, and also to erroneous impressions at such a trying time, but we have since learned that our first impressions were correct, and that the feature is permanent. We were at once made quite at home, and began to feel of some importance after all. We afterward found that the upper-classmen did not confirm us in the opinion we there formed of our own value.



Almost before we were out of the office we found another very cordial man lying in wait for us. In behalf of the Y. M. C. A. he greeted us, persuaded us that our first duty as a Freshman was to join that society, and then quickly extract \$1.00 from each of us. It was our classmate Mr. Baker, who by the way is quite a hand at greeting people. It is said that when he was at the Academy he greeted the new young Math. professor at college, taking him for a Freshman, and told him he hoped he would enjoy his course, and not to be afraid of the Sophomores, as they rarely touched anyone now-a-days.

Our nebulous mass which had arrived in fragments, soon decided to consolidate and come into existence—as a class. Having taken due precautions against the Sophomores, we got together for our first class meeting. A difficulty presented itself. We wished the young ladies of our class to be present, but none of us knew their names, and they were up in the Seminary building. Finally one brave man volunteered to go and ask for the Freshman girls, and bring them to us. This he did in the most skilful manner, and in consideration of his heroic conduct we immediately made him our first President, doubting not that he would prove a leader of men as well as of women. His propensity thus early shown to us has since been developed, for it is said that Mr. Cunningham has been seen at least two or three times since then with a young lady, not necessarily always the same one, though. We have had seven presidents since then, but as none of them were much of an improvement on our first one, we have chosen him again as our last president, whose eloquent address you just listened to.

But to return to that Class-meeting. After the officers were elected we had some committees to appoint. We found about 15 or 16 of these would be required. Everyone in the class got an office or two. Any whose names we did not know we would appoint by saying, “I move that the gentleman second from the wall be appointed to this position.” First there was an Executive Committee, which strangely enough consisted of exactly seven members, six precious souls and a man from Gaspereau—Mr. Colwell. Then other committees followed, which were instructed to report at the next meeting. The class constitution which we adopted at the second meeting we can safely say is without a rival anywhere. We next chose our Class Motto. A motto is something which every class has but no class uses. This most





GRADUATING CLASS OF ACADIA COLLEGE.



useless piece of furniture serves, however, for a very impressive ornament on class programs and pictures, especially when one or two of the words are spelled incorrectly. *Age quod Agis* is supposed to mean, "Do what you do," and that is just what as a class we have failed to do. In athletics especially we have never done what we had it in us to do, and what we could have done if we had put a little more of the "Age" into it.

We selected our Class Colors next. There are those who do not think our colors are very pretty, but *we* think so, and isn't that all that is necessary? Our true colors, lest you should mistake, are Burnt Sienna and a delicate shade of Cerulean Blue—not Mud and Sky as some would have us think. Never, by any accident have we been able to approach our true colors in class decorations, altho today's program covers are an approximation to them. Some people say that our colors don't go together very well, but they have never seen our class sweaters—after the wash.

We next concocted our Class Yell. If mortal yell has ever surpassed ours in pure poetry of sentiment or music of tone, I have yet to know it. Soulstirring to us, blood-curdling to our enemies, it nevertheless possesses a certain weird fascination, at once charming and elusive. This comes from the Indian blood in its veins. Nearly all the words are from Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. We have only been in college four years, but already two or three outside of our class have managed to learn our yell. If we are not all dissolved in tears after the Valedictory, we will attempt to give you a practical illustration of how it goes.

The first time we ever heard this yell of ours it was not given by ourselves, but was read from paper by upper classmen at our Football game with the Cads. Even under those unfavorable circumstances it was an inspiration. I must tell you, by the way, about that game. The way we picked the team was unique. We were rather a small class, so we first picked the rooters, which consisted of Mr. Crawley. The rest of the class, except the girls, were the team. We practised steadily, and soon had a fairly bad team. We played the Academy and beat them, at least, we were ahead when time was called, but a Cad picked up the ball and ran across the line with it after we had stopped playing, and as the referee said he had not heard the time-keeper's whistle, the Cads claimed the game. No yells were given,



but there was a general mix-up and some gesticulating. We always claimed, supported by the upper-classmen, that we had won the game, a thing that had not been done for years by a Freshman class, and has never been done since.

Soon after the Academy game we won the inter-class debate with the Sophomores, completely swamping them in the flood of our eloquence. We have not won so many debates since then as we could wish.

Elated with our so auspicious beginning, I suppose we must have become rather cocky for Freshmen, and the Sophomore's took it into their heads that a few of us, resident in the Hall, had too much to say, so one night there was a secret gathering of Sophs, a bath tub was made ready, and there was to be a descent upon us sleeping innocents. Many of us roomed with the Seniors, who, thinking they would enjoy a hand in the fray, strayed out into the hall and yelled: "Sophomores turn out." A somewhat sheepish looking crowd appeared at one end of the hall, but having seen that the ventilation in the corridors was all right (for which ostensible purpose they had assembled) the Sophs decided to retire to their downy couches again and get their much needed rest.

Our class constitution calls for literary and musical programs every other week, and for our Freshman, and part of our Sophomore year we kept up this little custom. We had debates, synopses, and solos of various kinds. We have a great wealth of musical talent in our class. Why, one of our smallest members alone can sing all four parts at once, at the same time accompanying himself on the auto-harp with a mouth organ attachment. This combined quartet and orchestra is sometimes called Mr. Killam.

The class of 1904 seems to be fortunate in the matter of Junior Exhibitions. We have had some connection with three of them, the first time being in our Freshman year. At that time occurred the famous hen racket, for which a couple of Sophomores and our Mr. Strong were suspended. In dealing with the situation we very clearly proved the unquestionable superiority of arbitration over war. While the Sophomores threatened that they would all leave college, went out on a strike, and fussed and tore around much as they had planned for their own hens to do, we simply appointed a committee of diplomats who waited on the Faculty and plead Mr. Strong's case so



effectively that he was immediately reinstated amongst us. One of the Sophs suspended at that time thereupon conceived such an admiration for our class that he has since joined us, and become one of our influential members.

Even before the Christmas vacation some of our pristine innocence had begun to wear off. We learned for instance that all the stores in Wolfville were *not* selling out at cost all the time, and that the special discount to students was as often added as subtracted. We did manage to drive some bargains with Wolfville people, but it was done at night in the apple-orchards. Apple growers always seem more liberal at night. We found a good many things not "as advertised" before the year was done, in college as well as town. We shall probably keep right on finding out the same thing in the wider world, and perhaps—unwelcome thought, perhaps before our Anniversary Exercises are over you will say that we ourselves are not "as advertised."

Soon after our return from the Christmas vacation we had a class sleigh drive, during which some things happened and some did not. A spill was one of the things that did not. As there were not enough of our class girls to go around, an opportunity was offered to a number of our classmates of becoming acquainted with some Wolfville ladies—which thing they did.

Along toward Spring we re-established the neglected game of Basket Ball by playing a match with the Sophs which we won. We got through our Freshman year, however, without winning any leagues—a thing which we repeated in two subsequent years. We had no base-ball team when we were Freshmen and our Hockey team was somewhat beaten. Through the medium of Receptions we became pretty well acquainted with the Seminary ladies before June, altho none of the class were seriously affected. However, as we sat in the Freshman gallery executing the unspoken command "eyes left," we were soon able to distinguish the separate and individual parts of that fair vision in the rear gallery, and like the poet's fancy, to "give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." Someone, I just forget who, told us that we were a popular class with the Sems—at that time. The Sems that year were possessed of remarkable discernment.

Our Sophomore year opened pleasantly enough. Several of our



number had left us, but new recruits came in and took their places. We felt in first rate condition for strutting, so we strutted—a little. Since we had been let alone when we were Freshmen, and also since we were at best a small class, and the incoming Freshman class a very large one, we didn't abuse them very much, but confined our assertion of authority to a little regulation of their first class meeting. They had chosen a very poor place for Freshmen to hold their initial meeting anyway. It was in Prof. Sawyer's room, way up next the roof in a lonely corner. We became aware of what they were doing and proceeded in a body to the door. They looked so very comfortable in there that we thought perhaps they would like to stay together a while. Accordingly we fastened the door with a rope, and listened to the entertainment. Soon they adjourned, attempted to come out, but thought better of it and decided to stay where they were. We begged them not to desist from their proceedings on our account, and at the same time gave them some good advice about the proper conduct of class meetings, as we observed theirs was run in a very unparliamentary manner. Those on both sides of the door becoming impatient at last, and not knowing just how strong the panels were, we voted to adjourn to dinner, someone suggesting that we let the Freshies out, or they would starve to death. More cruel councils prevailed however, and we left them to their fate, trusting that they were a resourceful class. We found this to be true, for, as we afterward learned, one of their number named Moses spied a trap door leading into the attic, climbed up, clambered across the rafters, kicked on the trap door of Prof. Tuft's room, and dropped down, a forlorn, dust-covered little object, into the midst of the Senior Political Economy Class. His tale of woe was listened to with some mirth by professor and class, and he was assisted in his noble work of rescuing his imprisoned classmates.

We behaved pretty well for a few weeks, and attended to our studies till it was Junior Ex. time again, '03's Junior. Now it is quite evident that an account of the rise and progress of our class would be incomplete without the *rice*. I will not leave that out. Whether the custom is a wise or foolish one we wont stop to discuss, but nevertheless it has been a custom for the Sophomore class each year to plan and execute some little surprise for the Juniors, which also serves as a relief to the audience from the heavy eloquence of the orators.



Since the trick of the previous year had fallen flat we were all the more determined to make ours a success. Our wildest hopes were more than realized. Midway in the exercises a hole opened in the ceiling directly above the platform, and a thin white stream of rice began to descend. (You may see the filled up hole even now, right above my head, a white spot on the blue ceiling). The rice soon filled all the available space on the platform, and began to spatter over the professors who sat in solemn line where the class are now. It ran down onto the floor, even to the front seats. By this time most of the professors were struggling manfully to keep straight faces behind their college caps, and the audience was in a roar. Clapping, howling, laughing by turns, and then stopping for an instant to get breath and resume. Then uprose the President, cleared a space in the rice bank where it was not up to his knees, and in that same calm voice in which he would announce that the building was on fire, but for every one to remain calm and avoid a panic, he called for Oliver and told him to go and see if the attic was full of rice, and if it was all coming down through that hole. Many people in the audience ascribed the fall of the rice to supernatural agency, but there were a few of us sitting trembling in the gallery who, with regard to its cause, entertained as Dr. Trotter would say: "Dogmatic presuppositions antagonistic to all supernaturalism."

*We* ascribed the shower to a large barrel of rice with a slide in its bottom placed directly over the opening in the ceiling. Lest any should think from my seeming knowledge of the details, that I had something to do with it, I will say that I did not, but received my information from Mr. Cunningham and DeWitt who in turn received it from someone directly concerned in the plot. (This is one of those gems of veracity I told you about at the beginning.) As everyone, even the Faculty, appreciated the fact that this was the best and cleanest tricks ever played at a Junior Ex., the enquiry for the guilty parties was never pushed.

After such a successful venture, the more conservative spirits of the class advised that we let well enough alone, but the radicals clamored for a Sophomore Racket. Accordingly we had one. Since we did not blow up nor burn down any buildings, and since we did not make Chip. Hall the centre of our operations, certain people of other classes, for whom the angel Gabriel himself will have to blow his trumpet two



or three extra times before they wake, said that we didn't have any Racket. However the occasion was very satisfactory to us, and we used up something less than a hundred dollars worth of fireworks and noise with great pleasure to ourselves and great interest to the Seminary ladies under whose windows at a 'ghostly hour, we performed our rites. None of the professors on whom we called complained of any lack of noise, and indeed Dr. Trotter, at whose office we had a pleasant visit the next day, complimented us on the fiendishness and variety of our noises. In truth we did have a goodly variety. A huge fire bell was towed along with us, which might have been heard in New Brunswick (but probably wasn't.) Then we had musical instruments varying in tone from a great automatic fog horn to a shrill siren whistle, from the voices of Mr. Baker and Mr. Eaton to that of Mr. Crawley.

In the line of sports we did not succeed especially well in our Sophomore year, although we won in basket ball and hockey from our rivals of '05. We have tried twice since then to win a hockey game from '05, but owing to accidents to our men, and to '05 having a better team than ours, we were beaten both times.

After this somewhat strenuous existence for the fall and winter of our Sophomore year, a reaction set in toward spring, and we became very peaceable, giving attention to the contemplation of unexplored text books against that day when exams. should be upon us. Some of the class at this stage in our history began to give themselves up to maiden meditation, (this phrase being used in an objective, not subjective, sense.) When the long bright days of May foretold the coming summer, we took to the open. Out where the old reading room stood, (peace to its ashes) when the bees were humming beneath the willow trees, and the grass was soft and deep, we laid us down with a book propped up before us, and studied and dreamed by turns. The breeze came whispering to us of apple blossoms somewhere near, and stirred the leaves a little above our heads. Across the hedges and through the trees came the sound of a pleasant Babel of pianos and soaring voices from the open windows of the Sem, a strange harmonious discord which formed a fitting background to our thoughts. The weary work of whole winter months was done in one long afternoon, and seemed not work at all. It was a very lotus-land. Exams were a thing to be laughed away, and life was a thing to live.



The last night of our Sophomore year, the Reading Room, old Stoic that it was, decided its work on earth was done, and quietly committed suicide. Its remains were found the next morning when we passed by on our way to the early train which should take us home for the summer.

Vacation hurried quickly by and we were back again, started on our Junior year. Some of our members had left us, among them Mr. Reed. We heard that he was on the western prairies, frequently practicing the mile run, a few feet ahead of a pack of wolves. His training thus obtained has stood him in good stead since he has returned to the class of '05, for he has taken to track athletics, and is said to have a perfect Boreas of a wind. We also made some gains at the beginning of this year. We imported a football captain from Mt. Allison and increased the number of our lady members by three, with them raising our standard of scholarship several degrees. We had a most successful, and also, uninterrupted, Junior Exhibition. The addresses, needless to say, were good. Mr. Charlton proved that Canada must imperialize. Mr. Slipp horrified the audience with his account of the terrible devastation done by Mt. Pelee. Miss Archibald convinced us that Dickens was a good writer. Miss Haley settled woman's social position, and Mr. Bates proved nothing in particular about a much abused and over-praised Englishman called Ruskin.

Mr. Baker was to have spoken at the Junior, but the Insurance company got wind of it, and informed us that the College building was only insured against fire, and they would not be responsible for anything in the nature of an earthquake or volcano. Some members of the class of '05 remembering our successful trick of the year before, attempted something on a still more elaborate scale, which being planned under an unlucky star, failed utterly. A huge fire gong had been placed under the seats in the Sem gallery, together with an electric battery. Wires were conducted into a room below. When the wires were connected the gong was to ring with a sound calculated to wake the dead, produce a panic among the Sems, and as it kept up its fiendish noise, pretty effectually break up our little show. When the exercises were well under way, a '05 man touched the wires, but owing to the fact that we had found and removed the gong some hours before the entertainment began, the effect was not exactly what the Sophomores desired. It detracted somewhat from our pride in this



triumph that a professor had first found suspicious evidence which put us on the track to our discovery. Nevertheless the mere pleasure of getting ahead of someone who was trying to get ahead of us, was to us erring mortals a sufficient cause for some exultation. At least, we were feeling just as happy that night as some of the Sophomores. It is reported that some of the most moral young men in their class after the exhibition spoke earnestly in strange tongues.

The rest of our Junior year passed quietly. We devoted some little attention this year to studies as a sort of side line, since under the elective system each of us was supposed to be taking subjects that he liked. By this time we were getting acquainted with the winning ways of the professors, or rather the ways of winning the professors. Many devices were tried for getting the most marks with the least work. Perhaps in one lecture-room the only requisite would be to laugh in the proper place at some antique joke, in another it would be perhaps to look wise, guess carefully, and co-operate sparingly with the professor in answering his own questions, and in yet another it might be to show a willingness to do all kinds of extra work outside of class. Professors are only human after all, and many a pleasant hour may be spent in their company if one does not work too hard, but uses some tact in putting his efforts where they will tell the most.

Along in the spring, the atmosphere in our class was rather oppressive for a few days because of a disturbance over a certain sect which had arisen in college giving themselves out to be somebody. While admitting that they *were* somebody the rest of the college wanted it understood that they weren't *everybody*. About that time the Faculty arose and said that they too *were* somebody and still had hopes of keeping a hand in the control of the college. This appearing reasonable, concessions were made all around, and everybody having seemed to gain their principal point, all bowed as gracefully as possible and things went on again, and the year closed.

Home again, back again, away again—on our Senior year. In previous years we had frequently found that we called ourselves by our former name of the year before, but we never made a mistake in our Senior year. We knew that we were Seniors, and yet we strove to speak to the common underlings with as little trace of condescension in our voices as possible. We have filled our positions of honor and responsibility after a fashion. We know the present Juniors are wait-





GRADUATING CLASS OF H. C. A.



ing anxiously for us to depart that they may step into our shoes. They will run things better next year, profiting by our mistakes. We could not profit from 03's mistakes for they never admitted having made any. The year has passed pleasantly and all too quickly. There have been Senior parties to go to, societies to run (and tax) leagues to win, and plucks to work off. This year for the first time we won two out of the three inter-class leagues. To some of us it seemed good that the feeling between the two upper classes was better in our last contests than at some previous times. At the close of the base ball season, Juniors and Seniors were able to eat ice creams together at our expense without a suggestion of flying at each other's throats.

Our Senior year has been passed amid the indescribable luxury of the newly furnished Chipman Hall. The new chef, the new menu, the new shower baths, the new regulations—why, we might say we didn't know what it was to live until this year—but I don't think we will. Just about exam time when we were rattling our last two cents together in our pocket, ostensibly saving them for collection, then we tested once more, and proved, the Infallibility of the Pope—to turn up with college bills.

Through the month of May we found it increasingly difficult to leave our rooms at Robson's Studios, in order to attend to the less important duties, classes, exams, etc. Nevertheless we were compelled to lose two or three hours every day in these things, right when the light was good, too. Of course the men of the class were content with some 12 or 15 proofs apiece of graduating pictures, but it is said that the proofs of our five lady members if placed end to end in a single line would reach from Robson's to this College Hall and about half way up the middle aisle.

It is a matter of deep concern to some of us to observe the manner in which one after another our classmates have been lured away by the sirens. Our ranks and our hearts were kept fairly intact till our Senior year, but then such havoc! They have all gone and left us at last, all but two—Mr. Killam and myself. Mr. Killam did I say? It was a mistake. *He* is to be married in June. Already like sweet incense the swelling strains of the chosen Wedding March are ascending to the sky, by way of practice, from an organ in a little Island home.

And now our course is finished. We have completed the tour of



the classrooms, and the circle of the galleries in the Wolfville Baptist Church. It has been very pleasant here. There are other voices than those of the sirens which have called us aside from the steadfast course—voices which have served to make life more full of joy :

We have harked to the call of the Campus, wide  
Where the whistle pipeth shrill,  
To the Autumn call of the crimson trees  
On the crest of the southern hill.

We have followed the call of the winter wind  
Which bade us arise and go  
To the great deep woods where the Silence dwells  
Néath trees that are draped with snow.

We have answered the call of the sweet-voiced Spring  
When the hills were clothed with green,  
And the valley orchards were seas of white,  
With a river, blue, between.

Four times the leaves have turned to red and gold, and have fallen across the paths in drifting heaps, and we have scuffled through them as we did when we were children, and have rejoiced. Four times the white mantle of winter has been flung far across the fields, and the silver frost with its magic touch has turned twigs and branches of the elms into a fairy land over our heads, and four times Spring has come and whispered something to those same naked branches, and they in modesty have quickly thrown around and over themselves a filmy, dainty veil of lightest green. Then they have been in a few days clothed in thick draperies of leaves—and then it was June.

Never have nature's preparations seemed so complete as for this our own Commencement. Perhaps, however, it is but a piece of imagination, the same as when we thought that the Autumn sunsets were never so glorious as during this our last year, and that old Blomidon in the hazy distance was never quite so much like one of its own pure amethysts. But putting imagination aside, to-morrow we graduate. We shall file up to the platform and hear the learned Doctors say all manner of things about us in the Latin tongue (which perhaps they wouldn't care to say in English for fear of hurting our feelings.) Then they will decide to let us graduate after all, and will give us each a parchment since they have no other use for them, and will put across our shoulders a string of very doubtful ermine which is intended to signify something or other. Then innumerable distin-



guished visitors will say things about us ( and themselves ) and then perhaps we shall be able to go and get some dinner. In the evening we will go to, or by, the Con., which, a pleasant enough occasion at other times, will bear with it a certain element of sadness this year—in that it is the last of all things here. It might perhaps be characterized by these somewhat incoherent verses.

A blaze of light—a brilliant, joyous throng—  
A stroll beneath the dear old classic trees.—  
A low, sweet laugh, or fragment of a song—  
Then, silence—save the whispering of the breeze.

High hopes, deep thoughts, beyond their youthful ken—  
A shadow cast by parting, and a sigh—  
A whispered word—a stolen kiss—and then—  
And then the last sad, lingering “Good-bye.”

And then our Class History will be ended. Ended? Ah, no, but just begun. Because there will be thereafter no tangible proof of our existence as a class, shall we not nevertheless *be* a class? Go to, thou that puttest thy trust in what the eye can see alone. Thou dost miss the best of life. Even when we were here what visible thing joined us together? Memory shall bind us closer than contact ever did. Knowest thou not, too, that this is spring, spring of the year, and springtime of life? Nothing can end in the spring; for it is a season of beginnings. There will be forty, fifty, perhaps sixty little years, and then cometh the autumn with the falling of the leaves. One by one we shall fall, and when our Last Leaf shall miss his hold on the rugged old tree of life, and, faded and wrinkled, shall flutter to the ground, then, not till then will our History be ended. Others will follow us when we are gone, and, turning the pages in the mighty volumes of world-history, perchance may find ascribed to us—a line—a paragraph—perhaps—a page.

*Roy Elliott Bates.*



It was our wish to publish Mr. Charlton's ingenious and humorous Class Prophecy, but Mr. Charlton in an excess of modesty tore up his production immediately after the Class Day Exercises, so, unfortunately we are unable to reproduce it. Those who were fortunate enough to be present Class Day will remember it with pleasure.—ED.



## Valedictory.

ALMOST four years of the present century have passed away.

During this time there have been wars and rumors of wars. But while the thunders of the cannon were pealing through the hills and the call of the bugle summoned men to service the class of 1904 has been quietly preparing for this eventful day. And now that it has come we must leave our happy surroundings and join in the oft repeated, sad refrain—"Farewell."

We assure you, dear citizens of Wolfville, that in saying farewell to you we are not unmindful of your many kindnesses to us. We came to you unlearned strangers seeking knowledge, friends and home. In your midst we have found many noble friends; in your homes we were royally entertained; your hearts have been to us veritable fountains of sympathy; and your pockets, which bear a striking semblance to the fathomless abyss, have served as places of safe keeping for our hard earned money.

To you, Mr. President, we say farewell. Your noble example, your unexcelled loyalty and devotion to the welfare of these institutions, your unflinching enthusiasm and the wide sweep of your knowledge have been our constant inspiration during our stay with you. So long as your strong hand and judicious mind shall continue to control the affairs of these institutions we shall not fear the future of our *Alma Mater*. So we leave you. We thank you for your intense interest in our welfare, and we hope that you may long be spared in full strength to carry on this noble work.

Gentlemen of the Faculty: Four years ago we came to you rusty, uncouth Freshmen. With the rough and scanty materials then placed at your command you have toiled incessantly. The various methods you have employed, and the patience you have manifested in your endeavours to fit us for a larger and more useful life place us under special obligations to you, obligations which we are sure will grow more apparent with the passing of the years. Already you have unfolded to us the mysteries of past ages, and you have placed in our hands the golden keys which will admit us into the glories of days to be. We go from you with broader minds and higher ideals. May we prove ourselves worthy of the instruction you have given us. And now kind, faithful teachers, farewell.



To you, fellow Students, farewell. We leave with you all the machinery of College life which we have so imperfectly controlled, and we hope that our mistakes will serve as danger signals to you. No longer will we meet you on the platform and the Campus in those petty rivalries which break the monotony of college life. No longer will our voices join with yours to rend the silent midnight air and disturb the peaceful slumbers of the "Fair Ones." The privilege which is ours to-day will soon be yours. Then we will meet you in the world's great arena and shoulder to shoulder we will face the fight bearing in majestic grandeur the standard of our *Alma Mater*.

Classmates.—We stand to-day upon the threshold of a new life. Infinite are the possibilities that lie before us. To-morrow we pass from our monastic cloisters out into the great world of active life. Out where the weak are oppressed by the strong, where every form of human society, government and religion is being contaminated by the gigantic evils of modern times. Hark! what sounds are those we hear pealing through the centuries? The voice of a needy people. The weak crying for the hand of the strong; the poor asking for the help of the rich; the sinner pleading for a knowledge of the true God. Never has there been such an attractive field for the operations of an honest life. The strong hand, the noble heart, the powerful and well trained intellect have never been in greater demand than they are to-day. Classmates, this is our opportunity.

From a thousand streams of intellectual and moral influence we have gathered into our minds and hearts the powers of thought and action which we must now turn on the great problems of human life. Let us not feel that the day of great men and worthy deeds has passed forever. As the future beckons us on, let us follow with undaunted courage, ever animated by the feeling that the best is yet to be. We cannot expect that in the life before us we shall have all victory and ease. We will have to carve our way sometimes in rough places. But as the gold is purified by the refiner's fire so shall we, by our varied experiences, be better qualified to play our part in the great drama of human life.

Hundreds have left these classic walls and have gone before us—some to fame and some to shame. The issue of our future rests in no accidents of circumstances but in our own hands. Shame to any man who in this age with all its vast opportunities, its scientific



achievements, its ever-advancing civilization, shall, with the advantages of a college training, fail to live a useful life. As we go forth to a larger life let us cherish high ideals and unselfish ambitions; let us be true to ourselves, our country and our God; and when the pearly gates of the unseen world shall unfold to you and me, and the angels strike their harps of gold in the world that is to be, we shall have a place among those who have been counted worthy to become the benefactors of the world. Age quod agis. Farewell. Farewell.

*Gordon H. Baker.*



## CLASS ODE.

**A** glance along the pages of the Past—

A vision of world-wonder yet to be—

A guess at Life's stern riddle, vague and vast,

Stray sands of Knowledge, gathered by her Sea—

While musing, dreaming here in sheltered glen,

We gird ourselves to join the world of men.

Beyond these happy walls, this elm-tree shade,

Our paths may lie through other fields as fair—

Perchance what men call Life, itself was made

But for a wider, worldier College, where,

Far-straining upward from this earthen clod,

We might prepare to join the World of God.

Comrades of mine, a little, on the way,

Strive! That Life's fulness be not lost to thee:

Serve! Let the World be grateful for thy day,

Then from the Hand which holds thy destiny

May thou receive the laureate crown, "Well done!"—

The last degree our hopes are builded on.

*Roy Elliott Bates.*



## Anniversary Week.

IF the graduating classes of College, Academy and Seminary had unitedly spent the previous week in prayer for good weather to grace their graduation, the elements could not have been more propitious than they were for the week beginning Saturday, May 28th. Perfect weather, countless multitudes of apple-blossoms and large crowds of people, served to make the Anniversary Week of 1904 a memorable one at Acadia. Every train from Saturday afternoon on deposited its crowd of pleasure seekers at the Wolfville station, and soon our quiet, empty streets were fairly alive with gaily costumed Anniversarians.

The first attraction this year was Seminary Class Day. The girls of the Crimson and Cream, after a somewhat eventful history at the Seminary took public occasion of saying "Good bye" to the Seminary, to their friends, and some are bold enough to whisper—to the college. To speak wholly within bounds, Seminary Class Day was very successful. A larger crowd than Alumnae Hall would seat was gathered at three o'clock Saturday afternoon and listened with great pleasure to the following program:

### PROGRAM.

- |                           |                  |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Welcome,               | President        |
| 2. Roll Call,             | Secretary        |
| 3. Piano Solo,            | Hazel Wortman    |
| 4. Class History,         | Ethel Fitch      |
| 5. Reading,               | Frances Burditt  |
| 6. Prophecy,              | Helen Skene      |
| 7. Vocal Solo,            | Gertrude Heales  |
| 8. Valedictory,           | Florence Hickson |
| 9. Presentation of Gifts. |                  |

The Class History must have been greatly enjoyed by the initiated, for it was not without interest even to such rank outsiders as members of the Athenæum Staff, who really could not be expected to appreciate all the humorous allusions to incidents of Sem life. The Prophecy made some rather ingenious disposals of certain members of the class, and seemed to be greatly relished by the "fair" portion





COLLEGE BASE-BALL TEAM.



of the audience, which by the way, was nearly the whole audience. The Valedictory address was solid and thoughtful, admonishing the young ladies of the class to live up to high ideals and strive to be of some use in the great world into which they were entering. The solos on the program gave a pleasing variety to the afternoon's entertainment.

Saturday evening the crowd betook itself to College Hall where they heard Prof. Tripp of the Emerson School of Oratory render several classical selections, both grave and gay, in a highly artistic manner. Prof. Tripp's rendering of portions of Shakespeare's plays will long be remembered by lovers of classic drama.



### Baccalaureate Sunday.

Long before the bell for morning service began to ring, College Hall was crowded with the inevitable Baccalaureate Sunday Congregation. Soon the President, the speaker of the occasion, and the Graduating Class filed slowly in and were seated. Rev. L. D. Morse of Wolfville opened the service with prayer, followed by the reading of the Scriptures by Dr. Cameron of Ottawa. Miss Archer, vocal teacher at the Seminary, then sang a very sweet solo, "The Lost Sheep." Rev. E. M. Saunders of Dartmouth lead in prayer, and Mr. Maxim's splendid choir of forty voices sang as an Offertory—"Hark, Hark, My Soul." The speaker of the morning was then announced: Rev. Calvin Goodspeed of McMaster University. Dr. Goodspeed took his text from 1st Cor. 16:13 "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." The sermon was masterly in conception, and was so earnest and practical that it cannot fail to be remembered by the Graduating Class, with great profit in the years to come. We wish that our space permitted us to give some adequate reproduction of the sermon, but that would be quite impossible. It must suffice us to say that Dr. Goodspeed held the attention of the audience perfectly for an hour, and everyone was satisfied at its close that they had listened to a remarkably strong and appealing sermon.

The address in the evening was by Rev. J. H. Jenner of Halifax,



from the subject : "The Biblical Doctrine, of the Resurrection : Is it Credible?" Mr. Jenner marshalled his facts and proofs of the Resurrection in a scholarly and logical manner, and spoke with such clearness and ease of delivery that it was the greatest pleasure to listen to him. The music by the choir in the evening was exceptionally good, and Mr. Garfield White's solo was greatly enjoyed.



### The Annual Inter-Class Field Meet.

( MONDAY AFTERNOON. )

The annual field and track sports were held on the college campus, Monday afternoon, May 30th. The Seniors had decided not to enter a team for the cup so that '05 easily won the trophy. This lack of competition is to be deplored as this is surely the most important inter-class contest of the year and deserves a greater share of interest. Notwithstanding the absence of this element of excitement through class rivalry, the afternoon proved quite interesting to the spectators on account of the excellent performances of those who did enter. Four records were broken by good margins and one was equalled, while the other events were remarkably well contested, considering the nature of the track and campus. More than ever as each year goes by does the need for a first class running track become evident and until this is provided one very important branch of our athletics will be seriously handicapped. Two years ago the student body took the initiative and made arrangements with the Faculty for the building of a track but nothing further has been done. The blame, presumably, must be laid on the Faculty.

The following are the records broken,—16 lb. Hammer Throw. Former record of 112 ft. 5½ in., held by Jones '04. New record by Jones '04 of 115 ft. 4 in. Running Broad Jump. Former record of 19 ft. 9½ in. held by Howe '05. New record by Howe '05 of 20 ft. 9½ in. 120 Yard Hurdles. Former record of 19 2-5 sec. held by Hamilton '03. New record by Howe '05 of 18 sec. 16 lb. Shot Put. Former record of 36 ft. 11 in. held by White '03. New record by



Jones '04 of 37 ft. 3 in. Running High Jump. Record of 5 ft. 5 in., held by Richardson '00 equalled by Howe '05.

The list of events follows :

- I. 100 Yards Dash.  
 1st Lewis '05 (Record 10 sec.)  
 2nd Howe '05  
 3rd Johnson '05 *Time* 10 1-5 sec.
- II. Running High Jump.  
 1st Howe '05 (Record 5 ft. 5 in.)  
 2nd DeWitt H. C. A.  
 3rd Jones '04 *Distance* 5 ft. 5 in.
- III. 15 lb. Hammer Throw.  
 1st Jones '04 (Former Record 112 ft. 5½ in.)  
 2nd Webster '06  
 3rd Denton '04 *Distance* 115 ft. 4 in.
- IV. Running Broad Jump.  
 1st Howe '05 (Former Record 19ft. 9½ in.)  
 2nd Jones '04  
 3rd Lewis '05 *Distance* 20 ft. 9½ in
- V. 220 Yards Dash.  
 1st Howe '05 & Lewis '05 (Record 23 2-5 sec.)  
 2nd Johnson '05 *Time* 24 sec.
- VI. 16 lb. Shot Put.  
 1st Jones '05 (Former Record 36 ft. 11 in.)  
 2nd Denton '04  
 3rd Webster '06 *Distance* 37 ft. 3 in.
- VII. ½ Mile Run.  
 1st Trimble '05 (Record 2 min. 13 sec.)  
 2nd Oxner H. C. A. *Time* 2 min. 27 sec.
- VIII. Pole Vault.  
 1st Lewis '05 (Record 9 ft. 7 in.)  
 2nd Jones '04  
 3rd Howe '05 *Height* 8 ft. 8 in.
- IX. ¼ Mile Run.  
 1st Howe '05 (Record 50 sec.)  
 2nd Lewis '05  
 3rd Johnson '05 *Time* 56 2-5 sec.



## X. 1 Mile Run.

|                |                         |
|----------------|-------------------------|
| 1st Denton '04 | (Record 5 min. 4¾ sec.) |
| 2nd Reed '05   | Time 5 min. 21 3-5 sec. |

## XI. 120 Yds. Hurdles.

|               |                             |
|---------------|-----------------------------|
| 1st Howe '05  | (Former Record 19 2-5 sec.) |
| 2nd Jones '04 | Time 18 sec.                |

The highest individual score was made by Howe '05 with 5 firsts, 1 second, and 1 third, total, 28 points. Jones '04 was next with 2 firsts, 3 seconds, 1 third, total 20 points.

L. C., '05.



### The Tennis Tournaments.

The tournaments this year, although commenced quite late in the season were finished on Monday and Tuesday of Commencement Week. The playing in the tournaments showed a marked improvement over last year. At times, indeed, the tennis was very swift and of a high order. The "glorious uncertainty" of the game was again well illustrated, especially in the singles. Bates' defeat of De Witt in the second round after having lost one set to him, surprised some of the knowing ones, but really served to prove the former player's greater steadiness. Still more were the wise people surprised when Tufts defeated Boggs in the semi-finals, especially since the latter had won the first set by a beautiful rally when the games were 5-2 against him. In the final round Bates defeated Tufts with comparative ease, thus winning the Singles Championship for 1904.

The Doubles tournament turned out about as expected until the final round, and even then it is a question if many were surprised at the result. Boggs and Tufts won from last year's Champions by good heady tennis, but only after a hard struggle of four sets. At times during this contest some very brilliant tennis was seen, the best probably that has ever been in Wolfville.

A feature of the tournament this year was the granting of handicaps according to a man's ability in order to make the competition more even—a good innovation.

L. C. '05







## The Singles Tournament.

| <i>1st Round</i> | <i>2nd Round</i> | <i>3rd Round</i> | <i>Semi-finals</i> | <i>Finals</i>  |
|------------------|------------------|------------------|--------------------|----------------|
| Sipprell         | (bye)            |                  |                    |                |
| Reid             | Chittick         | Sipprell         |                    |                |
| Chittick         | 4-6, 7-5, 6-3    | by default       |                    |                |
| Faulkner         | Faulkner         |                  | Tufts              |                |
| Estey            | 3-6, 6-4, 6-2    |                  | by default         |                |
| Christie         | Tufts            | Tufts            |                    |                |
| Tufts            | 6-3, 6-4         | by default       |                    |                |
| Eaton '07        | Boggs            |                  |                    | Tufts          |
| Boggs            | by default       |                  |                    | 5-7, 7-5, 10-8 |
| Wright           | Wright           | Boggs            |                    |                |
| Barss            | 6-2, 6-1         | by default       |                    |                |
| Denton           | Denton           |                  | Boggs              |                |
| Bailey           | 7-5, 6-3         |                  | 6-4, 7-5           |                |
| Seeley           | McIntyre         | MacIntyre        |                    |                |
| MacIntyre        | 6-2, 6-2         | 6-2, 6-3         |                    |                |
| Harris           | Harris           |                  |                    | Bates '04      |
| Lewis            | 6-4, 6-2         |                  |                    | 6-3, 6-3       |
| Balcom           | Fash             | Fash             |                    | Singles        |
| Fash             | by default       | 6-4, 6-4         |                    | Champion       |
| Glean            | Glean            |                  | Glean              | 1904           |
| Havey            | by default       | Glean            | 6-2, 2-6, 6-4      |                |
| Crawley          | Crawley          |                  |                    |                |
| Hibbert          | 8-6, 4-6, 6-4    |                  |                    |                |
| Charlton         | Bates            | Bates            |                    | Bates          |
| Bates            | 2-6, 6-3, 8-6    | 3-6, 6-3, 6-4    |                    | 7-5, 6-4       |
| DeWitt           | DeWitt           |                  |                    |                |
| Eaton '04        | 6-1, 6-0         |                  | Bates              |                |
| Pelton           | Pelton           |                  | by default         |                |
| Davison          | 6-4, 7-5         | Strong           |                    |                |
| Strong           | (bye)            | by default       |                    |                |



## CLASS DAY.

TUESDAY, MAY 31st.

Class Day exercises brought an eager crowd to College Hall fully an hour before the programme began. Many anxious parents who had been worrying over the future career of their aspiring sons came to these exercises seeking rest of mind and expecting to hear the destiny of their prodigies decided once for all. Here they would hear what things had occupied the attention of their favored ones during the past four years; and here they expected to hear from the class prophet what things Providence had in store for them in the future. We trust they were not disappointed.

The decorations of College Hall were quite in harmony with the event; '04's colors have a sombre, almost gloomy appearance, and was not this occasion one of sadness? To-day for the last time '04 were to have a class meeting. To-morrow each invested with a parchment would forsake these secluded classic halls for the wider, more difficult school of public life. Marshalled by Pres. Cunningham the class entered the room with mournful steps and slow and took their respective places on the platform. Each countenance told what inward struggles were taking place. Each realized the solemnity of the event, yet tried to conceal it from his neighbor.

Pres. Cunningham gave a brief but pointed introductory address referring to former class meetings and contrasting them with this one. The class showed excellent judgment in selecting so capable a person for their final President.

The roll call was a series of surprises to the audience. Although the number of graduates was only twenty-two it was quite apparent from the list repeated by the Secretary that '04 had at one time given promise of a much larger showing on Graduation Day. The responses to the names of absent members were apt and quite witty. By a unanimous vote of the class the officers for their final term were permanently chosen.

When it was announced that the Class History would be delivered by Mr. Bates we expected something well worth listening to, and—to express it mildly—we were not disappointed. The historian gave an accurate review of the important events that had transpired during the past four years, graphically portraying their evolution from that



*verdant germ*,—commonly known as Freshmen—to the *fully-developed organism* of Seniors. The history was written in a very lucid and pleasing style and contained many ripples of wit and flashes of poetry. The general opinion of the audience was that Mr. Bates' History was unparalleled by those of many years previous.

The Class Prophecy—a '04 Utopia—did not fulfil our expectations nor do justice to its author Mr. Charlton. Engrossed with other things the writer seemed obliged to postpone the preparing of it until time was at a premium consequently the product was somewhat crude, unfinished and unpolished. The prophet showed considerable originality.

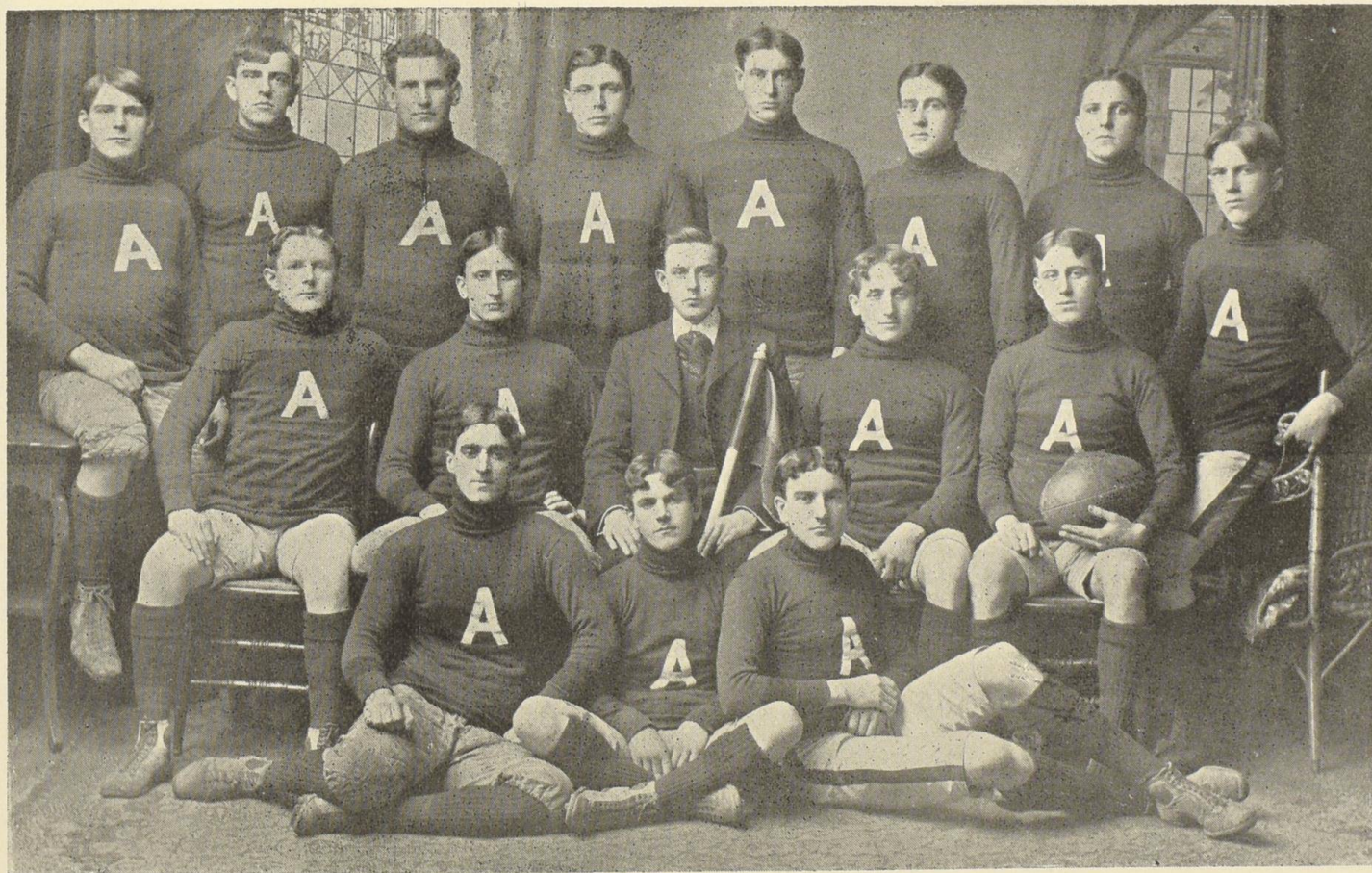
Mr. Baker's Valedictory was brief, but quite in keeping with the occasion. It contained that deep tinge of sadness so characteristic of valedictories. The pathos of the address combined with the speaker's softened and appealing voice easily captivated and held the emotions of his audience, and 'tis said that more than one listener was seen struggling to repress the falling tear, and vainly endeavoring to look cheerful.

The class trio, by Miss Haley and Messrs Dexter and DeWitt, also a solo by Miss Murray, one of Wolfville's most popular vocalists—gave a balance of cheerfulness to this otherwise impressive class meeting.

The class of '04 have left us. We wish them every success in their larger sphere of life, and trust that the careful discipline of the last four years will prove of immense value to them in their future career. It is with a feeling akin to sadness that we bid them farewell conscious that ere long the time will come when we shall stand, where to-day they have stood for the last time, and publicly announce our exit from Acadia.

S. '05





COLLEGE FOOT-BALL TEAM.



## Academy Closing.

The closing exercises of Horton Collegiate Academy took place Monday evening. The audience was large and attentive. The exercises were interesting and not unduly prolonged, the Academy, especially fortunate in having Dr. Sawyer, our venerable and beloved professor, address them. Dr. Sawyer made a strong plea for the continuance and advance of the Academy in our system of education. He had great hopes of seeing the Academy greatly improved and better fitted for larger usefulness in the near future. Principal Brittain gave an encouraging report of the year's work showing among other things an increase of 50% over last year in the number of those preparing for College. We append the program without further comment.

### PROGRAM

|                                           |                                        |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| Military March:                           | <i>Schubert-Tausig</i>                 |
| Miss Lewis and Miss Haines                |                                        |
| Prayer:                                   |                                        |
| The Work of the Year:                     | Principal                              |
| Piano Solo:                               | Nocturne <i>Bendel</i>                 |
|                                           | Miss Fraulein Price                    |
| Essay:                                    | Nova Scotia's Resources and Advantages |
|                                           | J. Melborne Shortliffe                 |
| Song:                                     | <i>Neidlinger</i>                      |
|                                           | Miss Frances Burditt                   |
|                                           | with violin obligato by Miss Warren    |
| Valedictory:                              | John Geldert                           |
| Address:                                  | Prof. Sawyer, D. D., LL. D.            |
| Presentation of Prizes.                   |                                        |
| Presentation of Diplomas and Certificates |                                        |
| GOD SAVE THE KING                         |                                        |

### PRIZE WINNERS

|                    |           |                        |
|--------------------|-----------|------------------------|
| <i>Senior Year</i> | 1st Prize | John Geldert           |
|                    | 2nd "     | J. Melborne Shortliffe |
| <i>Middle Year</i> | 1st Prize | George E. Glean        |
|                    | 2nd "     | Welton Shurber         |
| <i>Junior Year</i> | 1st Prize | Bernard Trotter        |
| Bookkeeping Prize  |           | Miss Mabel D. Hines    |
| Shorthand "        |           | Miss Genie Stople      |

It was announced at the closing that Principal Brittain severs his connection with the Academy this year, a fact which we very much regret. His work has been faithful and fruitful during the past years of his principalship. It will be hard to fill his place.



## Seminary Closing.

(TUESDAY EVENING)

That the Seminary Closing is one of the most popular exercises of Anniversary Week needs no proof beyond the fact that this occasion annually draws as large a crowd at an admission of Twenty-five cents each as the other exercises do which are free. Nobody who is present in Wolfville during the week intends to miss this occasion which is of such great and perennial interest.

On Tuesday evening a crowded house awaited the advent of the long White Procession, which in a stately, well trained march filed into the hall and up the centre aisle to their seats in the very centre of the assembly. The teachers of the Seminary followed, and took seats on the platform. The audience then had the pleasure of listening to the following program.

Processional March: *Meyerbeer*  
Misses Laura Rainforth and Helen Fowler

Prayer

Vocal Solo: Angels Guard Thee *Godard*  
Lillie Gertrude Andrew Heales, Wolfville, N. S.

Essay: The Religious Drama  
Harriett Conradine Faulkner, Hantsport, N. S.

\*Essay: England Fifty Years Ago  
Nora Isabel Ferguson, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Pianoforte Solo: Csardas, Danse hongroise *Joseffy*  
Lillian Adella Strong, Wolfville, N. S.

\*Essay: Home Decoration  
Sarah Leonard Elliott, Clarence, N. S.

Essay: Chivalry  
Florence Edith Hickson, Newcastle, N. B.

Pianoforte Solo: Valse Caprice *Hoffman*  
Edith Warmington Spurden, Fredericton, N. B.

Essay: The Holy Grail  
Helen Skene, Pennfield, N. B.

\*Essay: Gothic Architecture  
Clara Amelia Daniels, Lawrencetown, N. S.

\*Essay: The Clown in Shakespeare  
Ethel Annie Fitch, Clarence, N. S.

Vocal Solo: Ernani Involami, Scena e Cavatina *Verdi*  
Frances Winifred Burditt, Middleton, N. S.

Address:  
Rev. L. D. Morse, B. A., Wolfville, N. S.

Presentation of Diplomas

Award of Prizes

\*Speakers

GOD SAVE THE KING



It would be a difficult task to pick the best from so many excellent essays. It is perhaps enough to say that all five of the speakers had evidently put careful preparation into their addresses, and further, all were spoken in clear, distinct tones easily heard in all parts of the house, a thing which, by the way, is not always accomplished by lady speakers.

The musical numbers on the program were greatly enjoyed. Miss Burditt's solo was especially charming.

Rev. L. D. Morse delivered a brief, earnest address of congratulation and advice to the graduating class in words which will doubtless be long remembered by those young ladies.

Principal DeWolfe reports a very successful year at the Seminary. The total attendance including day pupils has been 192. Ninety of this number have been in residence. This attendance is the largest in the history of the institution.

Prizes were awarded as follows :

|                                                                   |                    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1st Payzant Prize in English                                      | Miss Fitch         |
| 2nd   "   "   "                                                   | Miss Skeene        |
| 1st Payzant Prize in French                                       | Miss Elliott       |
| 1st St. Clair Paint Prize for first<br>honor in collegiate course | Miss Elliott       |
| 2nd St. Clair Paint Prize for honor<br>in collegiate course       | Miss Fitch         |
| Governor-General's Bronze Medal<br>for best work of the year      | Miss Fitch         |
| Payzant Prize in Music                                            | Miss Lilian Strong |
| Wm. Cummings Prize in Art                                         | Miss MacDonald     |
| Silver Medal in Shorthand                                         | Miss Flewelling    |

At the close of this exercise the graduating class presented the Seminary with two large panels reproduced from the Cantoria Frieze in the Cathedral at Florence, and the Art Department made the school a present of an exquisite little water color by Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, a leading New York artist. This water color sketch is of a sand dune on Cape Cod. The light and coloring in the picture are charming. The Seminary is to be congratulated on the possession of this little gem.



## COMMENCEMENT DAY.

### WEDNESDAY MORNING.

THE weather was at its best for the best of events, the College Closing on Wednesday morning. The large gathering, the patient waiting, the long procession of dignitaries, are all too familiar for description. Everyone looked eagerly to see the Senior Class finally file in for the last time. Especially interested were the parents in the South Gallery who in addition to their natural pride in such a memorable occasion, doubtless remembered the bills they had been called upon to settle during the last four years, and rejoiced accordingly to see their sons graduate.

Five essays were delivered. Mr. Pattison, the first speaker, delivered an address on "University Settlements." We expected something good from Pattison—and got it. The speaker showed a large and intimate knowledge of his subject, while his splendid voice and earnest manner held the attention of everyone in the house.

J. Walter Jones, the second speaker, had for his subject "The Significance of Play in Education." His essay was well constructed and well delivered. He showed to advantage the large place that sports are demanding in modern education.

Mr. Crandall's essay on "Moral Education" was delivered with ease, and showed much evidence of careful and original thought.

Miss MacNeill covered the whole range of literature in "Word Pictures," and did it well, showing that she has received much from her course that will last. The passages chosen from prose and poetry by way of illustration were selected with great appropriateness and artistic feeling.

"The Sphinx's Riddle," written in blank verse by R. E. Bates was judged the most original and charming essay ever delivered at an Acadia graduation. The one who wrote it is also Editor of this paper and a modest man, and as he will see the proof of this account we will say nothing further about it.

Two vocal solos by Mrs. Bret Black of Windsor lent grace to the occasion and were greatly enjoyed by the audience.

After the last essay the class filed across the platform and received their B. A. diplomas. The following graduated with Honors:



R. E. Bates, R. W. Hibbert and Miss Elsie MacNeill, in Classics. Miss Ells in Latin. J. H. Cunningham in Mathematics.

The following graduates received the degree of M. A. Rev. A. C. Archibald '97, Church History, C. M. Baird '02, in English and Economics, T. H. Boggs '02, in Economics, A. M. Boggs '03 in English Philosophy, L. D. Chipman '03, Economics, Etta G. Phillips '03, English and Mental Philosophy, L. L. Slipp '02, in Economics.

A. B. Weymouth M. A. (Harvard) was also admitted to the degree *ad eundem*.

The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. J. A. Gordon of Montreal, and the degree of D. C. L. on Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Minister of Railways and Canals.

The prize winners of the year were then announced :

The Nothard and Lowe Gold Medal, for highest general excellence during the last three years of the college course won by Miss Elsie MacNeill of Charlottetown.

The Governor-General's Silver Medal, for second highest average during the last three years of college course, won by R. E. Bates, Amherst, N. S.

The Kerr Boyce Tupper Medal, for Oratorical Excellence, G. H. Baker, Wolfville.

The Elmona Curry Zwicker Prize in Chemistry, J. H. Cunningham, Guysboro.

The Mrs. C. T. White prize of \$20 worth of books, awarded to the young lady of the college writing the best essay on a prescribed subject was won by Miss Edith Stearns of Charlottetown, and the Wm. Cummings prize for the young lady writing the second best essay on same subject was won by Miss Muriel Haley of St. John.

The President then made an announcement showing that the Second Forward Movement Fund had already reached \$54,000 in actual pledges. This he considered as very favorable, and he said he had high hopes of a very successful completion of the movement.

Dr. Trotter also announced and explained a New Science Course to be organized at Acadia, leading to the degree of B. Sc. and which will admit the holder to the third year of the Science Course at McGill.

Hon. H. R. Emmerson and Hon. J. W. Longley were called upon for short addresses. Mr. Emmerson gave an interesting address



during which he offered a prize of \$25.00 for the best essay written by any student in the three institutions, on the subject of "Canada's Transportation Problems."

Mr. Longley gave a characteristic, racy little speech which caused the audience to forget their weariness.

It was announced that the Class of 1904 in graduating would present the college with the sum of Fifty Dollars each year for Five Years, this sum to be used for apparatus in the Physics Department.

Dr. Trotter heartily thanked the class for their generous gift on behalf of the College.

*E. W. R. '05*

(In regard to the gift presented to the Physics Department by the class of 1904, I have received the following from Professor Haley, with the request that it be published in this number of the *ATHENÆUM*: )—ED.

To the Class of 1904.

Permit me this opportunity to express my deep appreciation of the service you have rendered the College through your recent gift to the Department of Physics.

Through you, future students will enjoy the use of many facilities which were denied your own class, and thus the College will profit in a very direct way by your generosity and forethought. In this every friend of Acadia will rejoice.

It is exceedingly gratifying to receive from the class this expression of confidence and good-will.

Sincerely,

F. R. HALEY.



## Seminary Art Exhibition.

### WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

[The following remarkably fine account of the Seminary Art Exhibition, taken from the *Halifax Herald*, is probably far more satisfactory to the teachers and pupils of the Art Department than anything we would be likely to write about the Exhibition if left to our own devices.—ED.]

"The art exhibit has never been excelled in the history of the seminary. The work exhibited gave evidence of careful training and, in many instances, of marked talent on the part of the pupils.

The best work in color was executed by those pupils who had done thorough work in the cast drawing department. The number of oil studies exceeded that of previous years. Miss Mable MacDonald, of Petitcodiac, in her still life painting showed good understanding of values. Her group of "Oriental Brasses" and study "Skull and Book" were especially interesting. To her was awarded the Cummings prize for general proficiency in art work.

Miss Flora Denton of Little River, Digby County, was best represented by the Violin Study and groups of potted plants. Both were very artistic in handling.

Among the flower studies from nature, a painting of tulips by Miss Alice Huntington of Wolfville, also Mayflowers by Miss Julia MacIntyre of Springfield, N. B., and Miss Clara Daniels of Clarence, received special attention. Miss Clara Sterns of Charlottetown, P. E. I., showed several pleasing landscapes.

The work in water color was characterized by freshness and directness in handling. Several charming studies of Acadian scenery by Miss Vera Benjamin of Bridgewater, and Miss Pearl Reid of Berwick, merit special attention. The work of Miss Maude Christie of River Herbert and Miss Mabel Hines of Argyle, was pleasing in color and simplicity of treatment. A marine, by Mrs. B. O. Davison of Wolfville, was much admired.

The Ceramic exhibit was smaller than usual, but choice. A beautiful stein in rich green lustre and gold and a salad bowl in classic Chinese design, were the work of Miss Margaret Lynds of Hopewell Cape. Other pieces in enamel and gold by Miss Elinor Burgess of Wolfville, and a fruit dish in flat gold, decorated by Miss Margaret Forrest of Halifax, were excellent in execution.



The Cast Drawing exhibit showed fine work in all the grades. A "Hermes," by Miss Mabel MacDonald, was particularly strong in drawing, while the young Augustus showed marked refinement of treatment. As character studies the "Head of Negress" and "Laughing Boy," by Miss Flora Denton, deserve special mention. Interesting drawing by Miss Vera Benjamin, Miss Ethel Baker of Yarmouth and Miss Lena Freeman, were also noted.

The classes in Freehand Drawing and applied design showed designs for gingham, iron brackets, stained glass windows, book covers, etc. These were excellent, for the most part, in conception, and well executed. This work has special educative value. The Composition Class showed book covers and original illustrations in pastel of "The Idylls of the King." These latter, while quite ambitious in treatment, show a method of work which is new to most of the pupils who aspire to an art education, and which deserves all the encouragement which it can receive. The work of the children was especially interesting. It shows what might be done in our public schools if adequate facilities were provided, and the public appreciated its worth.

The Seminary Art Department is working in the right direction. The efficiency of the work is manifest; the ideals inculcated are high and the attainments are by no means meager. To Miss Chipman and Miss Sloat is due a large meed of praise for the progress which has been achieved. We are glad to learn that the registration has been the largest in the history of the school; that the work of the department is recognized in the attainments of the pupils when they seek for admission to the leading art schools of the States, and that more and more the best approved methods of these schools are adopted into the course. The seminary is to be congratulated upon so creditable a showing.



With the *Conversazione* in College Hall, Wednesday Evening, the Anniversary Week at Acadia came to a pleasant close. Friends old and new, old and young, met and chatted and reminiscenced, and said they were sorry it was all over. And thus ended one of the happiest and most successful of Acadia's Anniversaries. May our *Alma Mater* see many another as fair!



## The Inter-Collegiate Track Meet.

(ST. JOHN, SATURDAY JUNE 4)

THE second annual Inter-collegiate Track Meet between The University of New Brunswick, Mt. Allison and Acadia was held on the Victoria Athletic Grounds, St. John, N. B., on Saturday, June 4. The most perfect weather conditions prevailed and the contest was witnessed by an enthusiastic crowd of 1000 persons. Acadia won the meet with 6 firsts and 5 seconds a total of 45 points, just half of the possible number. Mt. Allison was second with 33 points, while U. N. B. came last with 12 points. The victory was a glorious one for old Acadia and although we had looked for a good showing from our team none had dared hope for such triumphant success. Two Maritime records were broken, both by Acadia men. Howe in the Broad Jump went  $5\frac{3}{4}$  inches further than the old record of 21 feet 6 inches. Jones in an exhibition Hammer Throw beat his own record of 122 feet  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches and sent the hammer 3 feet 1 inch beyond his former mark. Howe repeated his performance of last year by again making the highest individual score of the day, 21 points. Jones was second with 13 points and Black of Mt. Allison was third with 11 points. Acadia's victory was due to the long and conscientious training of excellent material and the college should feel very proud of its track men, particularly of Jones and Howe who are a whole team in themselves. The second string men did much better than last year and clearly showed that their work is an important factor in winning a Track Meet. Although every man on the team did not win a point, those who did not had the satisfaction of knowing that though their work did not show directly in the scoring, indirectly it did.

Acadia's team was as follows :—

Jones, '04, (Captain,) Weights, Jumps and Hurdles.

Denton, '04, Weights and Runs.

Howe, '05, Sprints, Runs, Jumps and Hurdles.

Lewis, '05, Sprints and Pole Vault.

Reid, '05, Runs.

Johnson, '05, Sprints and Runs.

Webster, '06, Weights.

In the finals of the Hundred, Black of Mt. A. ran a magnificent



race, beating Howe by more than a yard. Powell of Mt. A., won very prettily in the High Jump, compelling Howe who beat him last year to be content with second place. Howe's work in the Broad Jump was simply wonderful and when he broke the Maritime record in his third leap the crowd went wild. Squires of U. N. B., also won much applause by his splendid showing in this event. The 220 yards Dash was an exciting struggle between Black and Howe. The former got the lead on the start but Howe succeeded in holding the pole and passed and defeated Mt. A's speedy runner by a safe margin. Jones was warmly greeted when he stepped into the circle for the Hammer Throw, nor did he disappoint his admirers for he easily out-did the other competitors. He failed however to equal his own Maritime record in the contest but in the second of two exhibition throws he made a new record that will not soon be broken. The prettiest run of the day was the Quarter. Howe won with apparent ease and came within 1-5 of a second of the Maritime record. In the Shot Put Jones and Denton captured first and second places respectively and placed Acadia well in the lead. In the Pole Vault, Marr of Mt. A., cleared 9 feet 6½ inches without a balk and won the event. Lewis surprised both himself and his acquaintances with his good showing doing foot better than he had ever done previously. The finals of the Hurdles were particularly exciting. Howe who was leading and had every appearance of winning tripped and fell heavily at the second last hurdle. In the mix-up the other competitors with the exception of Marr fell. The Mt. A. hurdler raced ahead and won first place with Jones a very close second. The time for the Mile Run was considered exceptionally slow but investigation next day showed that the contestants had been compelled to run six laps on a five lap track so that the time was fast rather than slow. Denton took the lead in the second lap and was never headed, winning with a margin of 40 yards. Atkinson of Mt. A., considering that his team was hopelessly beaten, ran a plucky race, pulling up from the tail end so as to almost catch Denton. But the Acadia runner had himself well in hand and simply raced away from the others in his final spurt. Atkinson will prove a dangerous competitor in the mile next year.



Below is a summary of the Meet:—

FIRST HEAT, 100 YARDS.

- First.* Howe, Acadia. Time 10 4-5 seconds.  
*Second.* Powell, Mt. A.  
*Third.* Wood, U. N. B.

SECOND HEAT, 100 YARDS.

- First.* Black, Mt. A. Time 10 4-5 seconds.  
*Second.* Lewis, Acadia.  
*Third.* Doe, Mt. A.

HIGH JUMP.

- First.* Powell, Mt. A. Height, 5 feet, 4¾ inches.  
*Second.* Howe, Acadia.  
*Third.* Barker, U. N. B. and Squires, U. N. B. (Tie.)

FINAL, 100 YARDS.

- First.* Black, Mt. A. Time 10 4-5 seconds.  
*Second.* Howe, Acadia.  
*Third.* Powell, Mt. A.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

- First.* Howe, Acadia. Distance, 21 feet 11⅔ inches.  
*Second.* Squires, U. N. B.  
*Third.* Marr, Mt. A.

(Former Maritime record 21 feet 6 inches.)

220 YARDS.

- First.* Howe, Acadia. Time, 24 1-5 seconds.  
*Second.* Black, Mt. A.  
*Third.* Powell, Mt. A.

HAMMER THROW.

- First.* Jones, Acadia. Distance: 121 feet 7 inches.  
*Second.* Barker, U. N. B.  
*Third.* Howie, U. N. B.

(In an exhibition throw Jones broke the Maritime record of 122 feet 1½ inches and made a new run of 125 feet 2½ inches.)

440 YARDS.

- First.* Howie, Acadia. Time: 51 3-5 seconds.  
*Second.* Black, Mt. A.  
*Third.* Powell, Mt. A.



## SHOT PUT.

- First.* Jones Acadia. Distance: 35 feet  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches.  
*Second.* Denton, Acadia.  
*Third.* Barker, U. N. B.

## FIRST HEAT, HURDLES.

- First.* Marr, Mt. A. Time: 18 seconds.  
*Second.* Jones, Acadia.  
*Third.* Wood, U. N. B.

## SECOND HEAT, HURDLES.

- First.* Howe, Acadia. Baker, U. N. B. (Tie.) Time:  
19 3-5 seconds.  
*Second.* Doe, Mt. A.

## POLE VAULT.

- First.* Marr, Mt. A. Height: 9 feet  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches.  
*Second.* Lewis, Acadia.  
*Third.* Malloy, U. N. B. Squires, U. N. B. (Tie.)

## FINAL, HURDLES.

- First.* Marr, Mt. A. Time: 18 seconds.  
*Second.* Jones, Acadia.  
*Third.* Barker, U. N. B.

## MILE RUN.

- First.* Denton, Acadia. Time: 5 minutes 46 1-5 seconds.  
*Seconds.* Atkinson, Mt. A.  
*Third.* Lynch, U. N. B.

Although every event was sharply contested, the best of good feeling and sportsmanlike conduct prevailed throughout the Meet. The manner in which the U. N. B. athletes accepted third place proved that they were game sport and can teach any team how to take a defeat. Mt. Allison made a plucky fight against a superior team and fought hard for every point until the last event was over. We wish to express our thanks to Mr. Charles F. Crandall, '99, our representative in St. John for his work in making the Meet the great success it was. To the representatives of the other colleges and to the officials of the day we are also indebted. We are sorry that Saint Francis Xaviers was unable to compete but next year we hope to see them take part in this Meet, which promises to become the greatest athletic event of the Maritime Provinces.

V. L. O. C. '05



## Inter-Collegiate Base-Ball.

ACADIA 3, U. N. B. 2.

On the Monday following the Field Sports, before a very small crowd, the Acadia Base-Ball nine played their first and only college match of the year against the team of the University of New Brunswick. The boys from Fredericton seemed confident of winning, hence the victory for Acadia was all the more acceptable and pleasant—for us. Speaking generally of the two teams, it must be admitted that U. N. B. had a better balanced aggregation than did Acadia. But the superior quality of Charlton's pitching, and a safe hit bunched with several errors on the part of our opponents won the game for Acadia. Malloy the U. N. B. twirler was in good form and did excellent work both in the box and at the bat. Charlton has done good work for Acadia, as a Base-Ball player, since he has been in college, but his playing in this match was the finest exhibition of his skill he has ever given and the credit of winning the game must be largely his. The other members of the team played their positions in the field well, but those who were supposed to be the strongest batters failed to make good, and the weak hitters did the scoring. We must, again, compliment the U. N. B. boys on the way they can take a defeat. In this case where the chances for victory seemed to be with them their cheerful acceptance of the result was particularly noticeable.

The score:—

| <i>Acadia</i>        | <i>A. B.</i> | <i>R.</i> | <i>H.</i> | <i>P. O.</i> | <i>A.</i> | <i>E.</i> |
|----------------------|--------------|-----------|-----------|--------------|-----------|-----------|
| McMillan, '05, c. f. | 4            | 1         | 1         | 0            | 0         | 0         |
| Lewis, '05, 3b.      | 4            | 0         | 0         | 0            | 0         | 0         |
| Charlton, '04, p.    | 4            | 0         | 0         | 2            | 5         | 2         |
| McIntyre, '05, 2b.   | 4            | 0         | 0         | 2            | 0         | 0         |
| Balcom, '07, 1. f.   | 3            | 0         | 0         | 0            | 0         | 0         |
| Bowes, '04, c.       | 3            | 0         | 1         | 14           | 4         | 1         |
| Curry, '05, 1b.      | 3            | 1         | 0         | 7            | 0         | 0         |
| Ayer, '05, r. f.     | 3            | 1         | 1         | 2            | 0         | 0         |
| DeWitt, '04, s. s.   | 3            | 0         | 1         | 0            | 0         | 1         |
|                      | 33           | 3         | 4         | 27           | 9         | 4         |



| <i>U. N. B.</i> | <i>A. B.</i> | <i>R.</i> | <i>H.</i> | <i>P. O.</i> | <i>A.</i> | <i>E.</i> |
|-----------------|--------------|-----------|-----------|--------------|-----------|-----------|
| Malloy, p.      | 4            | 0         | 1         | 0            | 4         | 0         |
| Dumphy, c.      | 4            | 0         | 2         | 9            | 1         | 1         |
| McCarthy, 1b.   | 4            | 0         | 1         | 13           | 0         | 1         |
| McLeod, s. s.   | 3            | 1         | 0         | 1            | 1         | 0         |
| Lunny, c. f.    | 4            | 0         | 0         | 0            | 0         | 0         |
| McBeath, 3b.    | 4            | 0         | 0         | 1            | 0         | 2         |
| Thorne, 1. p.   | 4            | 0         | 0         | 0            | 0         | 0         |
| Gerou, 2b.      | 3            | 1         | 0         | 0            | 4         | 2         |
| Everett, r. f.  | 2            | 0         | 0         | 0            | 2         | 0         |
|                 | —            | —         | —         | —            | —         | —         |
|                 | 32           | 2         | 4         | 24           | 12        | 6         |
| Acadia          | 1            | 0         | 0         | 0            | 2         | 0         |
| U. N. B.        | 0            | 1         | 1         | 0            | 0         | 0         |

Summary—Stolen bases, McLeod, McMillan, Lewis. Hit by pitched ball, McLeod, Everett. Struck out by Charlton, 14; by Malloy, 7. Time of game, 1 hour and 19 minutes. Umpire, James McAllister.

*V. L. O. C. '05.*



## Review of Athenæum Society.

WITH an efficient staff of officers and committee men the Athenæum Society last year started under very favorable auspices and gave promise of a year's successful career. The members seemed actively interested in their society and endeavored to make its meetings interesting and instructive. Yet this almost abnormal enthusiasm gradually showed signs of decline. A number of the members sought *other diversions* for their Saturday evenings. Various means were tried to keep up the zeal necessary for the success of our meetings. Inter-class debates, which in previous years had been found helpful were instituted; yet these although partially successful did not fulfil the expectations of those most deeply interested in the welfare of our society. It was not until the Inter-collegiate debate with St. Francis Xavier's cast its dark and ever-darkening shadow over our society that the energy born of despair became manifest.

The necessity of selecting three debaters to represent Acadia in this contest with St. Francis Xavier's gave the required stimulus. At the eleventh hour special meetings were held and debates on the the question for discussion between the two colleges took place. At first it was generally conceded that Acadia had no debaters, but in these preliminary discussion evidences of ability in this line began to present themselves and from the crude material a number of men were giving promises of hope for the approaching contest. The Acadia team consisting of Messrs Balcom, Chittick and Porter on the evening of March 25th fully sustained the reputation of our Alma Mater in previous inter-collegiate debates. Considering the short time at their disposal for preparation and the highly creditable manner in which they presented their argument Acadia has sufficient reason to be proud of her Debating Team for 1904. They clearly proved that Imperial Federation under the conditions laid down by their opponents would be detrimental to Canada's progress and development.

This Inter-collegiate Debate, to which reference has been made, is but part of a larger scheme for an inter-collegiate debating League between Dalhousie, St. Francis Xavier's, Mount Allison, University of New Brunswick and Acadia. Last November a committee consisting of one representative from each of the above institutions convened in Wolfville and drew up a schedule for such a debating League.



Each year four of the above five colleges debate. An executive committee, of one from each college has also been established to secure the successful accomplishment of this schedule.

During the year a lecture was given by Hon. J. W. Longley, subject—"People I have met"—; also a recital by Mr. Edward P. Elliott, the well known American Impersonator.

The annual Reception of the Athenæum Society was held on the evening of Friday, April 8th. The presence of Ward's Orchestra; the cheerful decorations and the gay company succeeded in making the evening pass very enjoyably to all.

S. '05



### Review of Y. M. C. A. (Missionary Dept.)

A review of the Missionary department of the Y. M. C. A., for the past College year presents many features that give every reason for gratitude. The mission study class, though not so largely attended as we would desire, was nevertheless well sustained throughout the year. The book, "Rise and Development of Protestant Missions" studied during both terms, proved an inspiring study of human life and effort under the guidance of the Divine life. We are hoping that an increased number may participate in this excellent study next year. The services in conjunction with the church have held their high degree of interest. The addresses given by Dr. Boggs of India and Rev. Mr. Harrington of Japan—men, who have been in long service in the forefront of our Missionary line—were appreciated very much. From the richness and fulness of the volume of their great experience they gave us a few leaves, and we know that the impressions by them made on many hearts will, in the future be splendidly manifested in great measure in foreign service.

As a result of prayerful searching after the true purpose of their lives, two of our fellow-students have decided in favor of life investment in the foreign field, thus bringing to the Volunteer Band increased strength and courage.

In financial matters we have been eminently successful. Our Society decided to solicit aid in behalf of Rev. J. A. Glendenning, '00, who two years ago went from our midst. In this way we would





COLLEGE TRACK TEAM.



have an immediate interest in the foreign field, and from this direct contact there would come a freshness and inspiration from abroad that would stimulate and quicken our home life.

To the call for voluntary offering a hearty and commendable response came from the various classes. We have therefore been able to surpass the mark reached at any previous time by voluntary offering for missionary purposes, having raised the splendid amount of \$49.30. Adding to this the amount received from church services, \$15.02, we have been able to place to the credit of Mr. Glendenning's salary \$64.32.

We hereby acknowledge the amounts received from parties.

*Class of '04.*—Baker, \$1.00; Bates, 50c.; Bowes, 50c.; Charlton 50c.; Crandall, \$1.00; Cunningham, 50c.; Denton 50c.; DeWitt, 50c.; Dexter, 50c.; Eaton, 50c.; Emmerson, \$2.00; Haines, 50c.; Hibbert, 50c.; Jones, \$1.50; Killam, \$1.00; Pattison, \$2.00.—Total \$13.50.

*Class of '05.*—Berry, \$1.00; Christie, \$1.00; Curry, 80c.; Fash, 50c.; Howe, 50c.; Howlett, 50c.; Keirstead, \$2.00; Lewis, \$1.00; MacIntyre, \$1.00; MacMillan, \$1.90; McPherson, \$2.00; Mason \$1.00. Oakes, \$1.00. Reid, \$1.00; Simpson, \$1.00; Spidell, \$1.00; Strong, \$1.00; Warren, \$2.00; Wheelock, \$1.00.—Total \$20.30.

*Class of '06.*—Bancroft, 50c.; Barss, \$2.00; Bower, \$2.00; Copp 50c.; Denham, 50c.; Harvey, \$1.00; Kinley, \$1.00; Knott, 50c.; Peppard, 50c.; Porter, \$1.00; Seeley, \$1.00.—Total \$10.50.

*Class of '07.*—Allen, 50c.; Eaton, \$1.00; Harris, \$1.00; Kinley, \$1.00; Payzant, \$1.00; Peacock, 50c.—Total \$5.00.

A. W. W. '05



## The Year in Athletics.

WE look back upon the year 1903-04, as far as Athletics are concerned at Acadia, with feelings of mingled satisfaction and dissatisfaction. Flushed with the triumph of our two successes at St. John we feel proud of the work accomplished by our various teams, and on the whole we may justly feel so, although at times during the year we have felt like believing those who have tried to tell us that Acadia was declining in sports. But the concluding events of the year have convinced us that we are possessed of just as good athletic matter as ever—yes, and better. Yet there are features of Athletics other than the mere playing of matches, and the incident training leading up to them. We refer to the business and executive phases of sport, which belong more directly to the Athletic Association than to the college teams. Glancing back over the Athletic Association meetings for the year we are forced to admit that they were anything but creditable to the college. Inefficient and indifferent methods of presiding over these meetings prevailed, the times and places at which they were called were almost invariably such as rendered full attendance impossible. Motions were rushed through without discussion or with one-sided discussion, a general lack of interest seemed always to pervade the student body and business was transacted in the most un-business like manner. Although the primary cause of such a state of affairs might be traceable to a few, yet the blame of its continuance must be borne by each of us alike, and our regret over it should be sufficient to prevent its repetition next year. Regarding the financial status of the Athletic Association nothing very flattering can be said. Selfishness and thoughtlessness have led to needless waste and we find a treasury practically empty with which to begin next year's Athletics. More efficient business methods in handling the funds of the Association, and a more watchful supervision over the property, owned by the society on the part of the officers and members should prevail.

The Foot-ball team of '03-'04 was a good one and it did excellent work. Yet when a team plays three draw games in a season there is little satisfaction over such results and a feeling is likely to be produced that the team should have done better. Such was the case this year. The practises of last fall were enthusiastic and Captain Bowes



is to be complimented on the large number he had out at every practice no matter what was the condition of campus or weather. The team was particularly fortunate in playing almost as a unit throughout the entire season, for hardly a change in the personnel was necessary after the first match. We were also lucky in that accidents to the players were few and not serious. The presence of the Boggs boys in their old places on the half line did much to make the team a strong one. The results of the season were :—

|               |                      |               |                 |
|---------------|----------------------|---------------|-----------------|
| Acadia versus | Halifax Y. M. C. A., | at Wolfville, | 11-0.           |
| "             | "                    | Dalhousie,    | " 0-7.          |
| "             | "                    | Truro,        | " 8-0.          |
| "             | "                    | U. N. B.      | " 0-0.          |
| "             | "                    | Mt. Allison,  | Sackville, 3-3. |
| "             | "                    | Truro,        | Truro, 3-3.     |

Immediately after the Foot-ball season was over Basket-ball began. Captain Haines gave the men plenty of work and turned out a fast and skillful team.

Unfortunately the negotiations for a game with the U. N. B. in the Christmas holidays ended in failure, and during the Spring when the U. N. B. team was willing to play, our Faculty refused to allow Acadia a match game, so the season ended without a Varsity game. At different times throughout the year the First and Second teams gave some very fine exhibitions of Basket Ball. The inter-class league series closed with the teams in the following order :—

|             | <i>Won</i> | <i>Lost</i> |
|-------------|------------|-------------|
| Seniors,    | 8          | 0           |
| Juniors,    | 6          | 2           |
| Sophomores, | 4          | 4           |
| Freshmen,   | 1          | 7           |
| H. C. A.,   | 1          | 7           |

We have heard that next year the Faculty intends to abolish Basket Ball. Although such a move will mean the doing away of a very pretty game the gain to the students will probably more than compensate for the loss. There seemed to be this year a feeling that we were having too many inter-class games which were doing the Varsity teams little good and were wasting a good deal of the students' time. Again the Gym. of late has been of little use to those who play no Basket Ball and the abolition of this game will, perhaps restore gymnasium work to favor.

Even in the most successful years in Athletics some one branch



of sport is likely to be a failure. This year it was Hockey that was unfortunate. Although Dexter, as Captain, did his best for the team the results of the season have proved this one thing at least—Acadia cannot play Hockey. This does not mean that we will cease to try to play. Not at all. On the contrary since Hockey has become an inter-collegiate game with us we are all the more anxious to keep it up and to extend the number of college games. But before we can hope to make this sport a success at Acadia we must have two things, —first a rink that the game can be played in, and, secondly, more men in college who have played Hockey before entering. If Acadia men young and old set to work earnestly and unitedly both these wants can be supplied and Hockey raised to the standard of our other college sports. The games played and their scores were:—

|                                                   |      |
|---------------------------------------------------|------|
| Acadia versus Dalhousie Law School, at Wolfville, | 10-2 |
| “ “ Yarmouth, at Yarmouth,                        | 2-4  |
| “ “ Canning, at Wolfville,                        | 3-9  |
| “ “ Mt. Allison, at Sackville,                    | 1-11 |

The standing in the inter-class league was:—

|             | <i>Won</i>     | <i>Lost</i> | <i>Tied</i> |
|-------------|----------------|-------------|-------------|
| Juniors,    | 4              | 0           | 1           |
| Seniors,    | 3              | 1           | 1           |
| H. C. A.,   | 2              | 2           | 0           |
| Freshmen,   | 1 (by default) | 3           | 0           |
| Sophomores, | 0              | 4           | 0           |

The work of the Track team in the Inter-collegiate Meet has been fully discussed elsewhere in this number. That we have won from Mt. Allison and U. N. B. and so secured the beautiful trophy for this year is a matter we can all congratulate ourselves on. Track Athletics differ from most other college sports in that they require long and careful training and afford very little real fun to the contestants. Yet owing to the stimulus that the inter-collegiate contests has given to Track work this branch of Athletics has taken a firm hold at Acadia. Captain Jones deserves the warmest commendation for the hard work and thought he has expended in getting and keeping the team in shape. His idea in having the indoor meet and the preliminary field meet were excellent ones and, together with the Annual Field Meet, did much to sustain the interest in Track events. But



there is one need that must be filled before Acadia can hope to do her best in this the most important branch of Athletics. We *must* have our campus graded and a quarter-mile cinder track placed on it. Would that the powers that be could see their way clear to having this done this very summer.

For the first time Acadia this year met and defeated U. N. B. in Base-ball. The resulting victory for Acadia was a most agreeable surprise. Charlton has been an able Captain and by giving the men frequent practice and lots of it he got together a nine considerably better than was looked for. The inter-class league ended with the teams standing thus:—

|           | <i>Won</i> | <i>Lost</i> |
|-----------|------------|-------------|
| Seniors,  | 3          | 0           |
| Juniors,  | 2          | 1           |
| H. C. A., | 1          | 2           |
| Freshmen, | 0          | 3           |

With three sports Base-ball, Tennis and Track Athletics coming together in the Spring there is almost sure to be some interference. Consequently there has been some talk of cutting out Base-ball. If this were done the desire for exercise would probably lead some, who now play Base-ball only, to go in for Track work, where more men are needed. Again, the expenses of Base-ball would be done away with. On the other hand, there are those who play ball and will play nothing else, and these men have a right to contend for their favorite sport. However the matter may be settled it can be readily seen that there is a problem here that cannot be hastily solved, but only with due consideration as to what is best for the college as a whole.

The Tennis season of '04 has been shorter than that of other years owing the prolonged wet weather. Bates has proven himself an energetic Captain. Without any outlay on the part of the Athletic Association the courts have been dug up, rolled with a seven-ton roller, and put in excellent condition. Three courts have been in use and more men than ever have played on them. By making the tournaments handicap Bates succeeded in getting a very large number to enter and aroused much interest in the game.

An event which promises to be one of far-reaching results, and which must be credited to this year, was the framing of the rules governing Foot-ball and Track events between Mt. Allison, U. N. B.



and Acadia. The Intercollegiate Meet of this year was held under the new rules, but at a conference subsequent to the Meet a disagreement over their final acceptance arose and at present all is uncertainty and the uniformity we were looking for in intercollegiate sport may be as far off as ever. The proposed rules provide that in order to be eligible for a Track or Foot-ball team one must have taken at least three regular subjects for a certain length of time; no student bearing a degree is eligible; a student may play on his college team five years but no longer; no Academy or preparatory student is eligible. The difficulty over the adoption of these rules is that Mt. A., wants to have Graduate students eligible for the teams, while Acadia and U. N. B. hold out for undergraduates only. It will be noted that the proposed rules apply to Foot-ball and Track only. If we have read the feeling at Acadia aright there is here a desire that these rules be extended to all branches of intercollegiate sport.

The men who have won their "A" during the present college year and have earned the right to wear their college letter are:—

| <i>In Foot-ball</i> | <i>In Hockey</i> | <i>In Track Sport</i> | <i>In Base-ball</i> |
|---------------------|------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Denton, '04         | Dexter, '04      | Jones, '04            | Charlton, '04       |
| Jones, '04          | Bates, '04       | Denton, '04           | Bowes, '04          |
| Wheelock, '05       | McIntyre, '05    | Lewis, '05            | DeWitt, '04         |
| Webster, '06        | Curry, '05       |                       | Curry, '05          |
| Putnam, H. C. A.    | Keirstead, '05   |                       | McIntyre, '05       |
|                     |                  |                       | Lewis, '05          |
|                     |                  |                       | Ayer, '05           |
|                     |                  |                       | McMillan, '05       |
|                     |                  |                       | Balcom, '07         |

The elections for next year have resulted as follows;

- President, A. A. A. A., Frank E. Wheelock, '05.
- Treasurer, A. A. A. A., Gorden P. Barss, '06.
- Secretary, A. A. A. A., W. H. Hutchinson, '07.
- Foot-ball Captain, Joseph E. Howe, '05.
- Second Foot-ball Captain, J. Arthur Estey, '07.
- Business Manager, Foot-ball Team, Allan A. McIntyre, '05.
- Basket Ball Captain, Frank E. Wheelock, '05.
- Hockey Captain, Loring C. Christie, '05.
- Base-ball Captain, Lorne McMillan, '05.



Track Captain, Joseph E. Howe, '05.

Tennis Captain, Roy P. Fash, '05.

*V. L. O. C. '05*



☞ As there are yet a large number of subscribers who are in arrears, and as this number is costing no small amount, it is earnestly requested that all those who are in arrears, see that their accounts are settled immediately.

The address of the Business Manager for the summer is :

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341 Main Street,

St. John, N. B.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Rev. A. S. Lewis, \$1.00; Newton Theological Institution, \$3.50; N. B. Rogers, \$4.00; Rev. S. W. Schurman, \$1.00; Rev. H. H. Roach, \$3.00; Miss M. K. Bentley, \$1.00; Rev. H. G. Esterbrook, \$2.00; L. H. Putnam, \$1.00; J. E. Eaton, \$2.00; Rev. G. R. White, \$2.00; S. McMillan, 50c.; C. O. Howlett, \$1.00; A. & W. MacKinlay, \$2.50; P. Gould, \$1.00; C. M. Baird, \$1.00; C. J. Mersereau, \$1.00; H. B. Shepherdson, \$1.00; E. A. Crawley, \$1.00; Miss Mae D. Hunt, \$2.00; Geo. Bancroft, 75c.; Wolfville Laundry Co., \$3.50; Dr. C. C. Jones, \$2.00; Miss Craig, \$1.00; W. P. Copp, 75c.; Miss B. J. Thorne, \$1.25; F. L. Adams, \$1.00; R. H. Ells, \$1.00; G. A. Crozier, \$2.00; Miss Rena McElmon, \$1.00; Miss M. I. Currie, \$1.00; E. C. Young, \$2.50; Thomas. E. Corning, \$1.00; Geo. R. Bancroft, \$1.00; Miss Alberta MacKinlay, \$1.00; J. S. Hales, \$2.50; C. P. Charlton, \$1.00; R. B. Dexter, \$1.00; W. W. Robson, \$2.00; A. M. Boggs, \$1.00; C. W. Peppet, \$1.00; Dr. E. J. Bowles, \$5.00; B. H. Eaton, \$1.00; Kaulbach & Schurman, \$6.00; Rev. D. H. Simpson, \$2.00; F. H. Eaton, \$1.00; G. B. Parker, \$6.00; D. E. Carmichel, \$1.00; F. I. Woodworth, \$1.00; Acadia College, \$6.00; F. C. Sears, \$5.00; R. P. Schurman, \$2.00; H. C. A. (adv.) \$3.50; J. A. Armstrong, \$1.00; Rev. J. W. Manning, \$1.00; Zadock Hawkins, \$1.00; L. E. Haines, 50c.; W. G. MacFarlane, \$6.00; C. A. Eaton, \$1.00; C. D. Denton, 50c.; Class of 1904 Acadia Seminary, \$5.00; F. W. Pattison, \$1.00; A. W. Warren, \$1.00; Rev. M. Richardson, \$2.00; S. B. Kempton, \$1.00; Miss A. M. Hayes, \$3.00; Class of 1904, H. C. A., \$5.00; Miss Celia Kierstead, \$1.00; Rev. W. J. Rutledge, \$4.00; F. S. Porter, \$1.00; Rev. H. W. Cann, \$1.00; Cragg Bros., \$3.50; W. H. Coleman, \$1.00; Rev. G. Churchill, \$2.00; G. H. Parsons, \$6.00; R. J. Colpitts, \$1.00; Dr. Kierstead, \$1.00; J. D. Purdy, \$1.00; Malcolm Elliot, \$1.00; Prof Haley, \$1.00; L. H. Curry, \$1.00; Judson Margeson, \$1.00; J. H. Tabor, \$4.00; T. H. Boggs, \$1.00; Athenæum Society, \$5.00; C. H. Borden, \$3.50; Nova Scotia Nursery, \$6.00; Miss Edith R. Ells, \$1.00; R. D. Colpitts, \$1.00; K. C. Margeson, \$1.00; G. H. Baker, \$1.00; C. G. Colpitts, \$1.00; G. C. Allen, \$2.50; Class of 1904 Acadia College, \$5.00; G. H. Baker, \$1.00; Austin Bill, \$1.00; L. H. Crandall, \$1.00; Miss Maud Christie, \$1.00; Miss Jennie Flemming, \$1.00; Rev. S. S. Pool, \$2.00; Rev. J. H. MacDonald, \$5.00; F. M. Fenwick, \$1.00.

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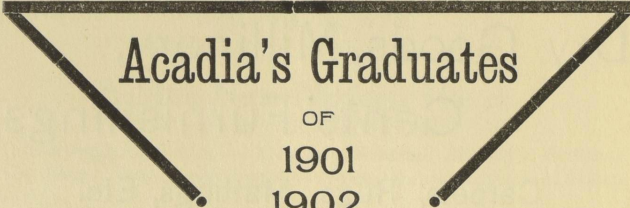
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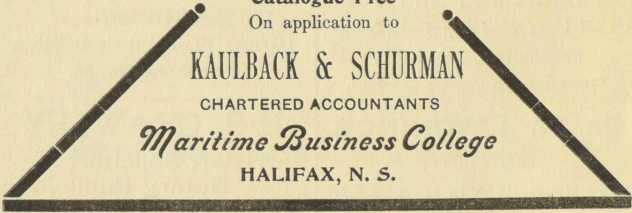
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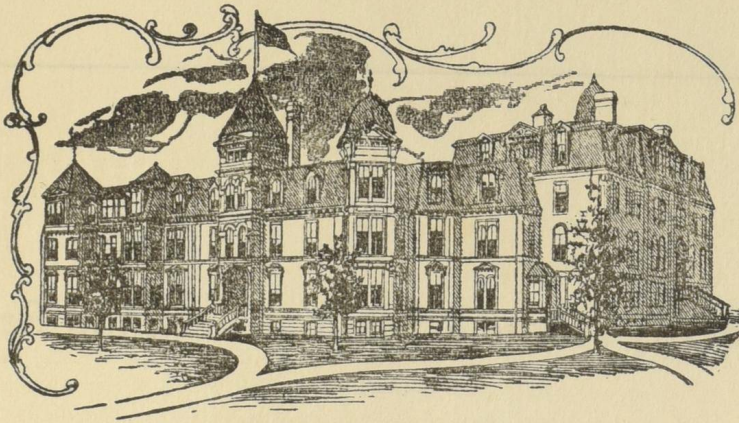
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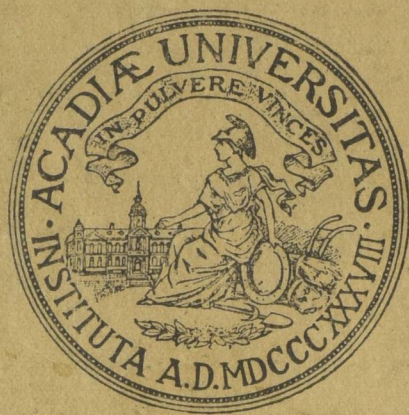
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