

# The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. XXXIII

JUNE, 1907

No. 8

## The Iris.

The blackest earth ! It seems so strange,  
That out of it should be revealed,  
A truth of deepest, widest range,  
To many human hearts concealed.

Thou beauteous flower of many hues  
'Tis wonderful thy secret sense  
That helps thee thus thy tints to choose—  
A sign of love's magnificence.

In thy soft petals I can see  
A revelation all divine,  
A revelation dear to me,  
Bearing upon this life of mine.

Oh ! In the darkness of **my** day  
Be mine to feel the Spirit's might,  
That through this tenement of clay  
May be revealed diviner light !

*Farrar Stewart Kinley, '06.*

## Acadia's Advantages.

SUCH is the subject upon which a few paragraphs are requested. Now some of us have been so long and so thoroughly identified, in one way and another, with Acadia College, that conformity with this request appears like laudation of one's own kindred or even one's own self. But this age is much given to advertising, to an exaltation of the good features in anything which has competitors, to an exaggeration indeed of excellences with a corresponding belittlement oftentimes of what stands in rivalry. And just as soon as there is unfairness, injustice, or misrepresentation, whether it be among rival grocers or rival colleges, in selling shrubs or in seeking students for Theological Seminaries, there is something at work for impairment of the general weal, the evil wrought being all the greater where the end in view is most worthy. With these things in mind, therefore, and under their tempering influence we would now write.

Acadia's present advantages are essentially what they were, so that what is here said is a presentation of the old rather than of the new. She is highly favored, in the first place, with respect to her physical location. Times innumerable has this been stated, but it must continue to have repetition for the benefit of those who keep coming forward with desire for higher education. Natural surroundings are universally recognized as holding an important place among educative agencies. About us here there is a varied excellence to which the many who come and go are paying highest tribute. After all allowance is made for the inclination of kind and courteous visitors to speak in flattering terms of what they see among those with whom they tarry for a little, there still remains a large margin that goes to prove that our schools of learning are blessed as few others are in the natural attractions by which they are encircled. These winsome aspects are bringing tourists thither in increasing numbers from year to year. Our calendar is not dealing in fulsome rhetoric but giving sober fact in saying: "The surroundings are of unsurpassed beauty and breadth; and all that the kind face of nature may inspire in a man is here."

The town of Wolfville itself is small and quiet. To some it might seem more gainful for students to be near a great and stirring centre; but experience rather confirms the belief that at such a founda-

period in the life of young people it is more to their advantage to be where distracting influences are less numerous. Later on, when advanced professional and technical education are desired, the centres of larger population may more appropriately be sought. The conditions at Acadia are singularly favorable for study, and those who cannot study here, cannot study anywhere.

But scenery and retirement are not enough. And so we add, without much effort at particularizing, that whatever benefits attend the smaller colleges in general are here found, we cannot but think, in envious degree. This belief is based chiefly upon the abundant testimony of those who go from us and communicate with us after review and comparison. The large Universities have much of which they can boast; and it is just as true that many of the comparatively small colleges have considerable that in all fairness they can extol. It is noteworthy that leading educationists have often had much to say in favor of certain elements which are present in the latter and absent from the former. And in strongly expressing themselves thereon they not infrequently speak out of delightful and inspiring memories, discerning how much they themselves owe to the less pretentious circumstances of earlier days. Because of financial considerations many go to the small college, not far away, who could not command the funds necessary to attend a large University at a more remote point. And even to those who go later to where educational work is carried forward on a much larger scale, the smaller institution proves invaluable because of its adaptation to the transition stage between the limitations of boyhood's home on the one side and the extraordinary opportunities of a finely equipped University on the other. As a rule there is likely to be more of class-room discipline in the smaller college, and a more steady incitement to daily faithfulness. Where numbers are fewer the students comes into closer touch with professors and with each other, thus being put in the way of fuller gain from such attrition. The men and women who have gone from us to other seats of learning, and out into divers spheres of activity, often refer in glowing words to the wholesome and helpful forces that operate in the life at Acadia. Those who remain on the ground, while others come and go, find it much easier to refer to this agreeable fact than to commendatory sentences out of their own prejudices and thus lay themselves liable to the charge of a thing so unfitting as self-praise

To any readers who may have little familiarity with our past history it may not be amiss to state, moreover, that for more than twenty years Acadia's graduates have been admitted to the senior class at Harvard, where they have most honorably acquitted themselves ; and that more recently many of our men have gone to Yale for post-graduate study, where they have made fine records and won many valuable scholarships. Not only from our own graduates, then, have we testimony to the effect that they deem the work done among us, when examined in the light of wider privilege, to be of excellent quality, but an estimate of like import is furnished by the way in which great American Universities treat those who pass to them from our more humble conditions.

Then let us declare again, of such prime importance is it, that Acadia is of that order of college which stands for what is highest and ultimate in education. It has regard to what is of vital moment in human development. And may this renewed declaration assist in holding us rigidly, amid ever-opposing incitements, to that which is paramount. Physical development and intellectual, as we cannot be told too often, if told in a manner that is not mere cant, are always to be kept tributary to moral and spiritual advancement. The final product is not to be scholars merely, but Christian scholars, men and women of sterling character whose mission is manifestly altruistic. A sort of training which does not make a man a better man, and strongly impel him to high service for his fellows, falls far short of the proper goal. The aim of this college at its beginning was of this supreme nature, and we believe that it now is what it then was. John Milton once wrote, and the utterance should have lodgment in memory and translation in life, that "the end of all learning is to know God and out of knowledge to love Him and imitate Him." That we might be doing better at Acadia in this culminating particular none will more readily admit, nor with deeper desire for improvement, than those upon whom rests with greatest weight the guidance of her affairs. At the same time it can be affirmed, with assurance of harmony with truth, that Acadia is at heart today just what she was seventy years ago. She seeks the highest welfare of her students, and the promotion, through them, of the cause of righteousness in the earth. While each one who comes within her walls for instruction is himself responsible for the use made of the advantages afforded, and while some, it may be regretful-

ly observed, are not inclined anywhere to yield to what is best, it still remains true, unless we misread the past or the present or both, that here on "The Hill" the old-time forces are at work to conduct all who come this way for education not simply along paths that lead to sound scholarship, but also to that which constitutes the crowning glory of all endeavor—noble Christian character. And be it known that in the production of such character, and nowhere else, lies the remedy for things lamentable,—for dishonesty in business, for corruption in politics, and for selfishness everywhere.

*A. C. Chute, '81.*



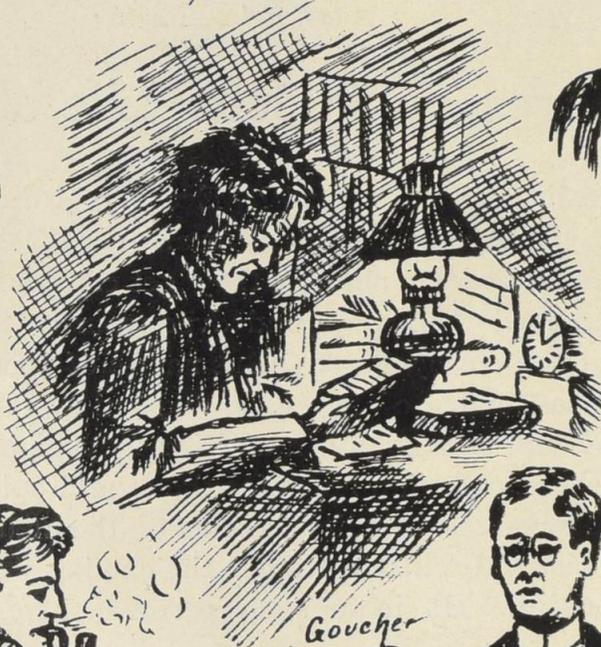
## Advantages of Student Life at Acadia.

WHAT college shall I attend? Every year the question is asked by young men and maidens all over these Provinces. To help themselves toward an answer, they get calendars of the various institutions and read them over and over from cover to cover until they almost know them by heart. But names of professors, and lists of courses and estimates of expenses, and rules of discipline do not supply just the data upon which a decision may be based. It is then that the prospective collegian longs for the candid opinion of the initiated, and for disinterested replies to some of the many questions that are making his mental attitude toward the coming year one continued interrogation point. It is to such persons these paragraphs are addressed.

There are many interesting facts with regard to the life of a student at Acadia College, which are not found in the Acadia calendar.

What do students at Acadia do when they are neither studying nor attending class? Occasionally there is a student for whom this is a question of no importance; the few hours for sleep and the few minutes for eating that he snatches from his grammar and lexicon leave him no such problem for solution. Also occasionally, on the other hand, we find one, by courtesy called a student, for whom this quest means everything. But between these extremes of the man who never studies and the man who does nothing but study is the

# CLASS- MATES



great body of normal college men and women, who come to the college for all the varied life, work, culture, recreation—that it has to offer.

And one may really *live* while taking a course in the white college on the hill, and choose the kind of life that suits him. If he likes the community life of a college residence, there is Chipman Hall with all its conveniences which you will find amply set forth in the calendar. If he prefers to board out in town his choice may range from first-class hotels to the most retired type of family life. For his outdoor life there is the campus where if so inclined he may indulge in foot-ball or track sports to the extent of losing his breath and enlarging his heart (literally), or if he is of poetic temperament, or perchance is in love, which sometimes happens even at Acadia, he may walk in quiet reverie to Willow Hollow or The Ridge or to renowned Grand Pre.

The citizens of Wolfville, moreover, can be depended upon to do their part to make life enjoyable to those who come among them year after year. The freshmen will scarcely have had time to get their eyes open and look around before they will have an invitation to come as a class and spend an evening at the home of some friend of the college.

From this modest beginning social life will continue to thicken in proportion as it is cultivated. There will be parties, receptions, class drives, snow shoe tramps, besides countless diversions of less pretension, but perhaps of even more pleasurable quality. And through the long winter months there is the rare opportunity for exhilarating exercise mingled with no less exhilarating social intercourse, which is afforded by Evangeline Rink, one of the best in the province.

The student who wants to live a life full of healthy human interest, at the same time that he is acquiring as good an education as can be had in Eastern Canada, will make no mistake in registering as a student at Acadia College.

*T. J. K., 08.*

## Age in Youth,

In the midst of the mirth of Life's Maytime,  
When the world wore a garland of flowers,  
Down the deep, golden heart of the daytime  
Sang we ever for love that was ours.

As who walketh in sleep, so unheeding  
We moved and marked nothing of ill—  
Knew not that a shadow came speeding  
Where the meadow-land meets with the hill.

Like a silent cloud-shadow it sought us,  
Though the blue was unbroken above,  
And the chill, darkened breath of it caught us  
As I bound with red roses my love.

Quick we turned at its touch and saw stooping  
A form like a woman's bowed low,  
Hollow-eyed, with her flesh sere and drooping,  
Her breasts—God, we hated her so !

So wrinkled and withered of feature,  
Our hearts from the sight of her shrank—  
From the hair and the hands of the creature—  
From her limbs so unlovely and lank.

Our eyes, by her sharp fingers guided,  
O'er our path, the white meadows among,  
Wandered back, and a voice that derided  
Croaked, tuneless, the song we had sung ;

Then broke into mocking and laughter :

    "Thy Beautiful One, hold her fast !  
Youth and love—for a day—ah, but after—  
    When youth and when beauty are past !"

    "Now ye sing, for ye know not of sorrow—  
    Ye shall know and your singing shall cease—  
Perchance ere the morrow's tomorrow  
    Shall I sound ye the knell of your peace."

Close I strained my love to me, and kissed her—  
    Jeered the hag—"ere the bloom of her die,  
And I yield her to Death my dark sister—  
    More dreaded of mortals than I."

She vanished. Our spirits breathed bolder,  
    We laughed at our fears that had fled—  
Vowed a love that should never grow colder  
    Till stars from their courses are sped.

So we set the long echoes a-ringing  
    When the meadows gave into the glen,  
Oh, but hark !—one clear note from our singing  
    Sweet and high, ye shall hear not again.

*Roy Elliott Bates, '04.*

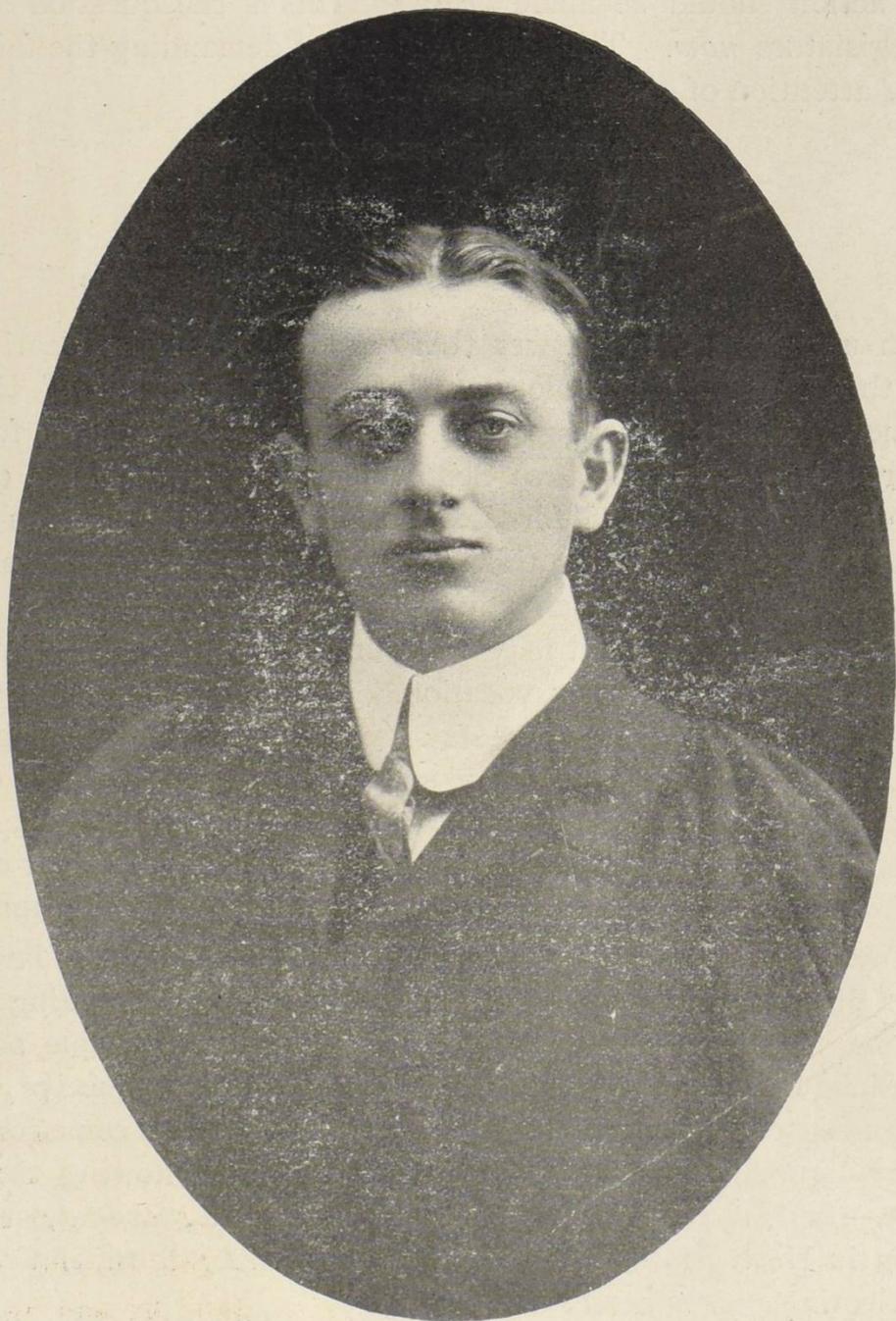
## Has the Time Arrived for a Prohibitory Liquor Law in Nova Scotia?

(*Winning Oration in Ralph M. Hunt Contest*)

THIS question, on which tonight I venture to submit my humble opinion, is one of not far distant application. The question calls not for discussion of some mighty problem affecting Africa or China or Japan, with which we are concerned only indirectly. It is asked with reference to this fairest Province by the sea—with reference to ourselves. In reflecting upon this question, our minds need not traverse land and sea, and strive to give attention to the doings of peoples under foreign skies. Our study is of interest at home, concerning every family in our land, yea, every citizen. We think that we are interested in Russia's woes, as over continent and ocean wide we feel the quivering tremor and hear the hiss and roar and see the dust and smoke of her gigantic mount of clashing tyranny and revolution. But bring it home to Nova Scotia. The interest which we now maintain will run to *nil*, and that which now we cannot know will be supreme. In a similar way, the question which we now consider invites our deepest interest.

Again, our interest in this question is enhanced, inasmuch as the matter to which the question relates is of colossal importance. The liquor problem! The rum traffic! The very thought of it brings forth to view a whole black tribe of human miseries and woes and shame—a fiendish horde whose name is legion; of which more anon. What wonder, then, that in these latter days devoted men and women in many lands, with deep conviction of the havoc this monster makes upon the sons of men, have had the courage to stand up and fight the beast and try to save their young? Nay, how they could have such conviction without the courage—this were a wonder! The monster has come to slaughter or be slain.

Still further is this question of the deepest interest to us, because its application is to the present time. We are not asked to judge the acts of men of former days; nor are we asked to say what should be done in years to come. "Has the time arrived?" we are asked.



JAMES MELBOURNE SHORTLIFFE, '08  
(Winner of Ralph M. Hunt Prize for Oratory)

Photo by Miss Harris, Wolfville.

What action should be made *today*? This is the question asked by our legislators *now*. This is the question demanding the fairest and *present* attention of every loyal Nova Scotian.

“The crisis presses on us.  
Face to face with us it stands,  
With its solemn lips of question,  
Like the Sphinx on Egypt’s sands.”

In my attempt to answer this question, let it be clearly understood that I assume the rôle, not of the politician, but of the moral reformer. To me, this question, “Has the Time Arrived for a Prohibitory Liquor Law in Nova Scotia?” is equivalent to the question, “Has the Time Arrived for Legislation for Moral Reform in Nova Scotia?” The reason for this view will appear as we proceed, and will consist of “that which you yourselves do know.” It matters, therefore, not to me what may be your party politics; it matters not what your creed, nor your vocation. If you are a true, loyal Nova Scotian, with the highest interests of your fellow-provincials at heart, desiring that our Province may surpass all other spots of earth in purity and virtue and consequent happiness of her sons; then, then, in presenting to you this case as it appears to me, I have no fear of stone-wall opposition. Indeed, I am forthwith assured of your approval.

Now, let it frankly be confessed that I am neither a lawyer nor the son of a lawyer. Still, with this previous understanding that all you here of Nova Scotian residence desire that her people be as free as possible from vice, I venture to submit what I conceive to be a common-sense proposition. It is this: The time has come for a prohibitory liquor law in Nova Scotia, given the following three conditions,—first, if there is in Nova Scotia *need of such law*; second, if there is in Nova Scotia *consciousness of such need*; third, if there is in Nova Scotia *power to enact such law*.

First, then, the need. It surely must be granted that laws pertaining to evils are enacted for these two purposes,—first, to suppress *as far as possible* existing evils; and, second, to prevent the introduction and establishment of other evils. Long before the Great Law-Giver uttered His command from thundering Sinai, “Thou shalt not kill”—ever since the day on which the jealousy of Cain subdued his reason and his brother-love—murder had existed as an evil among



T E IRIS G. A. EID. P. R. C. A.

men. The Sinaitic law forbade the existing evil, which is to say, that law *prohibited* the evil; for, notice well, according to the highest authority, to prohibit is simply "to forbid, as by legal enactment." We may illustrate the second feature by an example nearer home. Thus, the founders of our Canadian Confederation so framed the constitution thereof as to prevent the introduction into our political system of various admitted evils, that had appeared in the land to the south of us.

Applying this principle of the dual purpose to the liquor traffic—for surely every sane person will brand that traffic as a diabolical evil—applying, then, this principle to the liquor traffic, it appears that a prohibitory liquor law is needed, given either of the following conditions,—first, if *all* the people drink intoxicating liquor as a beverage; second, if *none* of the people drink such liquor as a beverage; third, if *any percentage* of the people thus indulge.

The first two cases must not long detain us here; it is with the third we are concerned. Surely no amount of argument is required from this platform to establish the fact, that, given the first condition, a prohibitory law is needed. The only argument required is the vision of a land whose every citizen indulges in the poisonous cup. Perchance, there may be some who praise themselves for having the ability to live as drunkards of the moderate type. But, if the people in general be human, the only natural inference is, that in such a land abound drunkards of the *immoderate* type. The poison courses through the infant's veins; the innocence of childhood vanishes before early indulgence, as the dew before the scorching sun; licentious youth swiftly glides into shameless maturity; and before the prime of life should have been spent the yawning earth has seized a victim here, another there. Industry and thrift have long since emigrated; Virtue has withdrawn her ambassador; and moral Purity has retired across the border-line to mourn in sackcloth and ashes. O! Darksome picture! And these are only the outlines. The coloring would make the picture hideous to behold. Here, then, is need of legislation to forbid this heinous, bacchanalian mode of life.

Given the second condition, namely, that none of the people drink intoxicating liquor as a beverage, we have need of a prohibitory law with the preventive purpose. Were liquor introduced, the youth, through ignorance, might indulge. It is simply a case for the application of the sound old proverb, "Prevention is better than cure."

One other case remains. In it appear two classes ; one, abstinent—conscious that “wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging ;” the other, indulgent,—some moderately, some immoderately, but all alike deluded by the raging mocker. Grieved and sore at heart from the misery and shame and woe and death which this vile monster traffic lavishly bestows upon their fellow-citizens, the former class attempt to rescue from his grip some dying one, and help him back to life. On the other hand, the monster, eager to keep his larder full, sets subtle watch on those within his power ; and, greedy for some fresher blood, lurks lows in secret ambush, ready to pounce upon some tender lamb of purity sporting in innocence apart from the fold. Here, then, are conditions which make necessary the forbidding law with the dual purpose, both to cure and to prevent.

This is the case like to our own. We people of this Province cannot justly bear the name of “drunkards ;” nor can we fairly be described as “abstinent.” As a people, we are both. Thus, sixteen of our eighteen counties are under local option law ; which fact implies a majority of voters in those parts in opposition to this atrocious business. On the other hand, the same fair inference is, that in the two remaining counties a majority is in favor of the traffic. A more definite and more appalling fact is given by authorized statistics, the latest at hand being for the year 1903. Since then, however, no evidence is forthcoming to show any marked improvement ; so that the record for that year may fairly indicate the present state. In the year 1903, the convictions for drunkenness in Nova Scotia numbered 2726, or one conviction to every 169 of the population.

Think but one moment. This grim, astounding fact is only one suggestive stroke of a grimmer, darker picture. When one reflects that only few of those who drink intoxicants are ever brought to trial for drunkenness ; and when one further learns that not all of even those who reach a helpless, drunken state are brought to court ; one then begins to be aware that this insatiate, monstrous, wily beast has denned within our own fair land hard by the fold of purity. But hark ! Even while we gaze upon this dark, grim picture, there comes a heavy, quaking sound from yonder Capital. There in a modern Heorot this greedy Grendel—Rum—has closed in deadly clinch with the people’s mighty Beowulf—Prohibition. Can there, then, be any doubt as to the need ? The monster is in our land.

The existing conditions make necessary the forbidding law with the dual purpose, to cure and to prevent.

Now, second, is there in Nova Scotia consciousness of such need? Just a few words are sufficient here. That there is such consciousness is implied in a fact already noted, namely, that a majority of the voters of sixteen counties are opposed to the traffic. They are conscious of its diabolical effect upon the social, moral and even political life, and hence give their vote to prohibit the business in their respective counties. We need further only call attention to the numerous addresses delivered, setting forth various phases of these subjects, temperance and intemperance; and to the existence of numerous temperance societies, together with the aggressive work of the Nova Scotia Temperance Alliance. Surely there is consciousness of the need.

Thirdly, the power is in our hands. Certainly nothing more is needed here than to mention the well-known fact, that the British Privy Council has authorized the several Provinces of this Dominion to enact a prohibitory liquor law for their respective territories.

That is to say, we have need of a prohibitory law, consciousness of that need, and power to enact the law. What else should determine the time for that enactment? If there be yet in the way any subtle technicality not well known to us who are not deeply versed in law, surely, surely, human common sense finds these observed conditions sufficient to warrant the conclusion that the time has arrived for a prohibitory liquor law in Nova Scotia.

What, then, before this question, should be the attitude of every loyal Nova Scotian? What should be the attitude of him who really is aware that this atrocious business is the enemy of state and home and life? What stand ought he to take who is aware that to legalize this pernicious traffic is to tolerate, yea, to protect the enemy of thrift and industry, of purity and virtue? The attitude of every such an one surely ought to be implied in these two words, "No compromise."

But, in some portions of our land, we now give to this business the sanction and protection of the law; so that the monster shamelessly stalks abroad, with brazen face and searching eyes of steel and three sharp rows of poisonous teeth, as of a shark, devouring whom he may. And while he thus devours, many, who down deep in their consciousness desire he might be slain, are too indifferent to lend a

hand. Yea, worse, many of these same at length join with the following herd and give their blood up to the beast.

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar grows his face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Not such must be our attitude. The struggle may be long and difficult. The monster's life is strong ; and, even when he has been deeply stabbed, he will maintain the fight out to the bitter end. But the dagger is in the people's hands, and they have might to plunge it deep. We can forbid ; we can withdraw the sanction of the law ; we can brand this vile monster as an illegal, shameful thing ; we can compel him in his dying state to hide in secret den back from the public view ; and, when at length his life has flickered out, we can erect a shaft, inscribed on which will stand this epitaph—“Here lies the people's greatest foe, subdued at last by the people's arm.” Difficult the task ? Then, as with Alpine climber, let our motto be, “Excelsior !” Difficult the task ? Then every day must be with us a present time to strike. Hence,

“Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act,—Act in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

*James Melbourne Shortliffe, '08.*



## Class Ode,

Within these classic walls  
Awake to duty's calls  
The Past, a glimpse of life, to us hath brought ;  
Here many a lesson learned,  
Here many a victory earned  
The while our souls to new ideals have sought.

Our student days are o'er,  
Comrades, we'll meet no more  
Beneath the shadows of this sheltered glen ;  
Life's stream sweeps out to sea  
Bears with it you and me  
To face new strife—to take our place with men.

Our future all unknown  
We tread life's maze alone  
With Him who all our destinies hath made :  
Eager in search for truth  
The golden glow of youth  
Paints bright the path ; nor can we be afraid.

Be ours the nobler life  
Above earth's sordid strife,  
A higher plane, a better race to run ;  
Be ours to stand for right,  
Be ours to fight the fight,  
To win the course, to **hear** the grand *well done*.

*William Raymond Barss, '07.*



## Class History.

*Mr. President, Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

CLASS Histories are as periodic as the seasons of Spring. Each year when the arbutus has bloomed and faded, when the violet has given of its fragrance and the orchards are beginning to clothe themselves in masses of pink and white, there is given from this platform the history of a body of men and women more or less young known as the Graduating Class. If we should take time to review these productions we would readily perceive, if we were mathematically inclined, a sort of harmonical progression running through them, revealed in the recital of addititious greatness, feminine insusceptibilities, hair-breadth escapes from capturing leagues, or honors graciously given up to others enjoyment. We wish to assure the audience that the gain this year in these differentiating qualities has been most marked, and that today you will have the pleasure of listening to the story of the grandest, most intellectual, most self-sacrificing class that Acadia has ever produced or is capable of assembling. For the validity of this statement we would refer you to one most capable of judging, Sir William Oliver, Knight of Bell and Hall. The strength of our claim is further evinced by the fact that we are the only class that has ever gone or likely ever will go through Acadia without having in its senior year a row with the President of the College. Most pleasant relations have existed between us.

Metinks I hear someone saying that giving the history of the class at these exercises is a most foolish custom. Perhaps it is, and probably in our case it is also an unnecessary one. Our genius has been recognized by the under-classmen; our greatness is perfectly revealed in the classic features and noble bearing of our members as they sit stiffly and uncomfortably before you this morning; there is no need of further attempt to make our abilities and achievements known. Yet the unnecessary things of life have their place. Life would be less cheerful without the daisy covered hillsides or the buttercup filled meadows. The play of the colors upon the clouds makes the sunset assume new forms of beauty. The rainbow in the vaulted arch of heaven is a non-essential witness to the storm's cessation. See yonder apple tree—one solid mass of purity and fragrance! It delights the eye, y thousands of its blossoms will fall without coming



V. E. Peppard      C. M. Harris      B. D. Knott  
A. B. Balcom, (leader)

1907—SENIOR DEBATING TEAM—1907  
(Winners of Inter-Class Debating League.)

to maturity. Who dare say their short life has been wasted? So today we are giving you some of the unnecessary features that your knowledge may be made richer and fuller because you have seen the play of the colors upon the grave realities of college life.

History! what an awe inspiring word! I diligently sought a fitting meaning ere I began to write. The dictionaries gave a most unsatisfactory definition,—“A narrative of truth acquired through inquiry.” Think of it! “Acquired through inquiry.” I knew sufficient facts gathered through observation to fill ten volumes, and I had no desire to institute any inquiry whatever fearing to bring to light some things which were better hidden. For, let me whisper it so no one can hear, there are probably a few,—a very few things in connection with our class which if known would have to remain untold to you. For instance, we should not like you to know that the very first Saturday evening we spent in Wolfville we rendered before the assembled student body the most amusing and unique entertainment of the year; that on that evening even the most dignified of our members recited Mother Goose Rhymes, sang whole operas through their noses, stood upon most unstable mounts formed high in air of chairs, tables, books, etc., where they barked like dogs or crowed like the new hen that wants the suffrage. Neither should we like to tell you that for a whole season we paid our class girls’ way into athletic games and sacred concerts, but that since then they have grown quite capable of looking after themselves. You must be kept in ignorance of the fact that three of our class suffered pangs of torment in anticipation of being bald on graduating day, but because the Fates have been most kind these three are sitting on the platform behind me without a wig. Under no circumstance must I tell you that our class prophet, Mr. Barss is an eccentric fellow and frequently gets mixed up in the points of the compass. He came to us from the West, and all winter long he has continually sought the West by going to Windsor, which village we all know is to the East. I hardly know what this genius of eccentric imagination is coming to, but his father who keeps a watchful eye over him told me today in avowed secrecy that last evening when he saw the son sink into the arms of the crimson-golden West and vanish in the shadows of the on-coming night, he gave him up, and that forever. But these are things I would not tell for anything, so I was not willing to accept this definition of

the word lest if inquiry were made I might disclose some of these secrets to the vulgar mob and *this intelligent audience*.

I must needs find another definition, but where? The Mathematical department gave me no help except that the word was composed of seven letters,— *naughty seven*. The Psychology class responded to no historical sensations. The English room was too busy looking at picture post cards of Shakesperian characters which they were soon to address to their late friend Beowulf to give attention to my request. The class in Political<sup>1</sup> Economy were too strenuously engaged in their efforts to “live, move and have their being,” to supply the needed information. The Physics’ department was too busy with class work to attend to my behest, while the Chemical department did not consider my note carefully enough written or sufficiently explanatory to demand serious recognition. The French and German classes were too busy in getting out the next sentence in advance even to notice my entrance. In despair I rushed for the Greek room, but so many captive microbes within its tight-shut walls confronted me that I dared not enter. Weary and discouraged I sat down on a chair in the corridor and told my tale of woe to our college confessor. “Write just the truth” says he, “and let the truth be just what you want to write.” The smiles came again to my face, and that same night I began the history of the Class of 1907.

It may be well at the very beginning to state that our class has been one called upon a peculiar mission. As in the great crisis of the past men were summoned by the call of some higher power to assume the burden of grave responsibilities, so in anticipation of the crisis in Acadia’s history, when after stormy scenes within and critical attitudes without she should stand helpless without a president, there was called from among the wilds and the busy walks of life the best of our land, that they fitted and trained might assume at the proper time the responsibility of steering Acadia through the dangerous waters and keeping her safe in prestige and honor. We have proved ourselves equal to the task, and Acadia stands today as secure as if a president had been at the helm during the year that is past. Our success is largely due to our choosing at the very beginning of our course to give special attention to the intellectual side of college life. Athletics, therefore, though shared in by our class and successfully

too, have always occupied a secondary place in our work, while in the classroom and forum we have reigned supreme.

One may wonder how a group of persons with diversified interests and ambitions can become united on one purpose, each seeking to realize in himself the true spirit of all the rest,—submerging, perhaps his own ideal into that of the common good. Yet this is something which nature is constantly exemplifying. In my window during the winter there has stood a box of flowers. The bulb from far-off Bermuda sent forth its first shoot; the earth gave of its constituents; the air of its elements; the water of its substance; the sun of its warmth and light; and when after the snows long fallen had begun to melt away, when the sun grew warmer and its rays flooded the window, the plant gave forth tiny buds which grew and unfolded, and there was revealed to the eye the flower in its perfect and united form. So our class composed of many elements has, aided by different factors, grown until it has assumed the form of unity of purpose and work.

It is almost four years ago that we first arrived in Wolfville as a class, yet our first impressions cling in memory as if we had come but yesterday. Other classes have come quietly or noisily, making much ado about nothing. We marched up the street modestly clad in rain-coats and rubbers and burdened with various bundles tied up in the Family Herald which we in vain tried to protect from the elements by the use of our new umbrellas. The streets, strange to say, were a little muddy too, and when we reached the first corner some of us may have looked at first as if we had come from the farm, a suspicion which of course we afterwards easily ousted. No one was out to direct us to the college. The President, contrary to our expectations had not deigned to meet us on account of other pressing engagements, and the members of the Faculty were at home suffering from nervous prostration anticipatory of our arrival. We had to trust to our own resources to find the ephemeral office, for not even one of those fairy creatures which in our freshman year seemed so angelic but which now have descended into the ordinary scale of human beings, met us to offer their services. Perceiving a dark-skinned hero standing in the doorway of one of the principal buildings we ventured to inquire the way to the office, where the calendar said we were to register at once. He replied that the office was not open. We then told him all our troubles, and he gave us valuable information on the way that he and

the president ran the college, so that we made friends at once, and have remained staunch and true to each other ever since.

We wandered next to the president's house, which our new friend and genial informer pointed out to us. After a very pleasant call on the president and family, we set out under his protection to that ideally ideal place called Chip Hall. Shall we ever forget that first glimpse. It was wet outside, but there was more dampness within. Paint, green both in color and texture confronted us. It was on the doors and on the floor. Our guide did not inform us that the hall had been newly painted until we had transferred considerable of the mixture to our best Sunday suits. We forgave him when he assured us that the Hall had been fixed over especially for our benefit. The former classes had torn out doors and windows, burned chairs and tables, but a renovated hall awaited us with \$7000.00 improvements, including hot water and new silverware. We followed the President around with great alacrity and enjoyment. He showed us the new commodes, the new mirrors which would do credit to a young lady's boudoir. When our rooms had been selected and he was about to depart, someone gasped: "Where are the beds?" Our anticipated misery was entirely eliminated by his affable assurance that the beds long delayed by the railroad would surely reach us soon, and we slept on the floor for four solid weeks, perfectly satisfied with our lot and happy as rats in a garret.

Our first class meeting was held on the opening day of college. Holding it so early the Sophomores had no time to take knowledge of our ways. Flour was high that year anyway and up in the Southwest corner we felt perfectly secure. Stenderson guarded the door while Neily made the motions. We appointed our class officers by means of the pronouns "him," "her," and "you." Some said that we chose our first officers through our aesthetic taste only, as Mr. Hutchinson had the honor of being our first President. The ones who by chance, however, received the appointments carried on the business of the class during the first term to the satisfaction of all.

Then came the hour for registering at the office. It was a most august assembly. The desk, the big book in which our names were written one after another reminded us of things beyond this life, and a momentary hush fell upon us all. We were then for the first time impressed with the importance of college life. After our names had

been entered, our ages more or less correctly noted, our guardians recorded and our condition definitely marked, we felt like joining hands and singing "Blest be the tie that binds," but we contented ourselves with gathering in the hall and getting acquainted.

What plans were made for the future as we talked over the coming four years! We were happy then, because the future was full of hope. We are happy now because we have lived these years and found them pleasant, though many of the dreams of that day have been rudely shattered.

Our next few class meetings, and we held them daily, were taken up with making motions and rescinding them, choosing members for the various committees of labor in the various societies. As we were no idlers we appreciated these honors, but were quite willing to pass the jobs over to the next class when our term had expired.

We next chose our class yell, for it must needs be ready for the Friday night reception, and also for the football game with the Academy which was then rumored to be coming off within a day or two. The yell which the committee brought in we adopted at first sight. We simply swallowed it whole, a usual custom with our class which often made things interesting when the morsel proved distasteful, then with bated breath after it had been written upon the blackboard we whispered it together amid profound gravity lest a rude Sophomore be outside listening and put us to shame by giving it away before we had a chance to spring it ourselves upon the unsuspecting world. We thought it was grand, but later made some changes in it to suit our aesthetic taste, and the revised version we shall render in a very subdued manner at the close of these exercises.

Our class colors next claimed our attention. Ribbons were tested and washed, hung out in the sun and put out in the dew at night. Brown eyes, blue eyes, gray eyes and black eyes looked at the different shades to see if they admitted of combination. Colors were combined in light rooms and dark rooms. We studied the hats in the millinery shops and the gowns of the Sems in church. 'Twas Autumn, and nature had just begun to prepare herself for her long rest. The maples were putting on their gayest colors, and the hillsides reflected one glow of green and red. As we sat in our class meeting and looked out over the hills the choice was made, and you see today floating from the flag:

staff true nature's colors, toned to suit the requirements of flags and sofa pillows.

Prompted by Peacock and our own high ideals we chose for our Class Motto : "Umquam ad altiora,"—ever toward higher things. It was the motto of the whole world at the time of the flood, and under its inspiration we have left the low places of earth and become immortal as the deities of Olympia.

Our first public appearance after we made our famous debut the first Saturday night, which other classes since then have been made to imitate, was on the football field when we played the annual game with the Cads. We did not win,—no one expected us to, but we put up a good strong game, and it was only near the close of the second half that the Cads succeeded in scoring. Perhaps we might have won the game had Balcom not been seen running after the ball once during the last half, or if Peacock had been on the team to score a touch down from center field, or if Travis who started on time for the game had arrived on the scene before the game was ended, or if Neily's knee had not given out at a most critical moment. The other classes told us it was a glorious defeat, and we believed them. We were chagrined however when we found our class ribbons had been stolen by the nasty Sophomores.

For this culpable action they were to suffer in the near future, for the Freshman-Sophomore debate soon followed. The subject was received with curiosity. Committees were appointed to choose the side and select the debaters. On the night before the debate was to come off the four debaters met together for an exhaustive study of the question. All the arguments for and against were quickly reviewed and by nine o'clock we separated to our rooms to compose our speeches. They were marvels of sentiment and imaginative suppositions, but our magnificent eloquence floored our opponents. Indeed one was so affected that he fainted and had to be revived with fresh air and artificial respiration. The victory was easily ours, and one of our men, Mr. Balcom, showed such cleverness at debating that he was chosen leader of the intercollegiate debate which came off that winter with St. F. X.—winning a victory for Acadia, which he has done for four successive years. We signaled our victory by declaring a holiday for the entire student body on the Monday following, and from the

top of Chip Hall we greeted the professors who refused to take the holiday, very foolish of them we thought, with songs and blowing of trumpets.

Our victory prompted the Sophomores to revenge, and they in full council decided to haze us. Their attempt was a miserable failure. It reminded us of the truthfulness of that proverb: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you," for when we refused to comply to their modest demands they slinked away to their rooms and never even looked at us again without our permission.

About this time a few of our young men grew restless to take some of the class girls out to an evening's entertainment. The Seminary afforded the opportunity by giving one of those "hours of peaceful rest," known in classical language as a Seminary Recital. Our desire under this treatment soon dwindled away, and solace was found in other quarters.

✓ The basketball league came off before Christmas, and in this we had the pleasure of defeating the Cads. Our record in basketball has had its ups and downs. We have never won a league, but have at least won the reputation of being the only class in the league that has played true basketball throughout. The games that we have won have reflected credit upon our skill and combination.

In our Freshman year we witnessed the last public appearance of the Junior Exhibitions. They were *switched* off the college calendar, and the *current* of student opinion was turned in sympathetic coldness towards the three Sophomores who made themselves illustrious by causing the ones gathered to listen to the orating Juniors to sit in momentary darkness. The culprits were brought to light, tried in swift assembly, and next day the First Expulsion of these Acadians took place. The Junior Exhibition as a public college function had ceased to live.

Our return from the Christmas holidays ushered in the hockey season, and our class soon had a good team on the ice. In our first game which was played with the Juniors who captured the league that year we gave them such a hard rub for their victory that we were pointed out as the coming hockey players of Acadia. But our main interest running along intellectual attainments forbade our giving hockey the requisite attention, and so our class has never captured a league in this sport. Just how near we came doing so we shall



	G. G. Hughes,	A. S. Bagnall,	F. E. Mallory,	D. C. McKinnon,	C. R. Chipman,	J. H. Geldert,	
	Forward.	Forward.	Forward.	Forward.	Forward.	Forward.	
F. H. Eaton,	J. S. McLeod,	A. T. Crilley,	W. J. Wright,	E. E. Eaton,	R. I. Stailing,	I. H. Putnam,	
Forward.	½ Back.	½ Back.	Bus. Mgr.	½ Back.	½ Back.	Forward.	
	F. L. Lewis,	W. G. Kierstead,	J. A. Estey, (Capt.)	G. R. Messenger,	G. F. Camp,		
	¼ Back.	¼ Back.	Fullback.	¼ Back.	½ Back.		

ACADIA FOOTBALL TEAM, 1906-1907.

Photo by Robson Studio, Wolfville, N.S.

leave unsaid. It is always better when you have no definite facts to state not to boast of what one nearly did. In our Sophomore year two of our strongest players failed to come back, and our team showed their absence. Since then the interclass league has been disbanded.

About this time we had our first class party. I call it our first one because we had another though it was in our Senior year. These were, we long thought, the Alpha and the Omega of our social engagements as a class. Busied with the activities of our ambitious career we had no time for public social life, and the town and faculty long respected our wishes in this matter. Our Junior party, our Senior parties,—all founded upon custom of long standing failed to materialize. The last few weeks of our college course, however, were interspersed with some special functions of which the party given by our classmate, Miss Currie, claimed most attention. We were requested to bring the thing that we most willingly would part with, and our despised treasures when displayed to the view of all ranged from pictures of girls that we once thought quite nice, to old toothbrushes and rolls of Chip Hall butter. But we have found our social pleasures chiefly among ourselves,—some two by two, some four by four. We recommend this style to all the underclassmen.

The Springtime brought baseball and tennis, and in both we modestly occupied the Freshmen's place. In baseball we had good material, but were deficient in technique. At the close of the season we formed a second team out of the remainder of the class, and with Harry Payzant as Captain, dressed in his spotless white duck trousers and "beaner," we shamefully beat the first team in a friendly game. They laid their defeat to Neily's knee which in the springtime more than at any other season showed evidence of weakness. But with Peacock on our side to catch the high flyers, and Adams on first base, how could the first team expect to win. Our baseball record after that was I think first-class. I have a forgetful memory at times, although one fact is very clear that we beat the present Junior class the next Spring, which they freely pardoned, and evidenced by aiding us in winning the Baseball League in our Senior year.

I have gone quite explanatively into our athletic record for the freshman year, that you may readily see that we had good athletic material in our class which was a product of good development, and that

it was only on account of our interests being centered in higher things that we have failed to reign supreme in the line of sports.

June came with its delightful days, magnificent stretches of snowy white hillsides and lovely green valleys, with its stretch of crowd of sightseers and usual number of papas and mammas of the Senior Class, with its usual tiresome exercises, and last of all the Con. Some went to that, others found their way through the lonely roads of Kings and Hants counties, others remained in Chip Hall and packed up,—all left the next day for home. Our first year at Acadia had passed away.

When we returned in the Fall for our Sophomore year we found that our ideals and aims in life at Acadia had proved too much for several of our number, but we became enriched by seven young ladies more or less beautiful and witty and three young men, two of them being from the class of 1906,—one an orphan and the other a cast-away. We welcomed them in more or less good faith, expounded to them our common principles and placed them on our class roll as members in good standing. Under our cultured influence one has developed into a fine student with a pale, refined countenance and false teeth, while the other will sail in September for Merrie England to sit in the halls at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. Our influence over these has been most potent.

We had decided the Spring before not to haze the incoming Freshman class, so did not even give them the accustomed initiation. We however stole their class yell, and on the day they were to give it forth for the first time at the reception for new students, we marched into the dining-room of Chip Hall and yelled it lustily. Chagrined and mortified '08 could eat no dinner that day. They found exercise during the afternoon in hashing together a new yell, which if you come here next year you will have the privilege of hearing from this platform. For fear the present Juniors may not rest easy in their graves if they do not know how we came in possession of their yell, I may simply say, the writer borrowed a bible from one of their class surnamed Jost, in which book he had placed a copy of the yell for safe keeping. I hesitated about making use of the yell as it did not seem just right to appropriate it from so sacred a hiding place, but the yell was inserted among one of the Psalms which read: "Sing unto the Lord a new song," and we sang



I. Archibald, Spare.	W. H. Skinner, Center.	J. S. Bates, Left Wing.	J. S. McLeod, Right Wing.
G. G. Hughes, Rover.	V. E. Peppard, Pres. A. A. A. A.	I. H. Putnam, Goal.	
J. A. Estey, (Capt.) Point.	G. E. Lewis, Goal. (not in picture.)	F. L. Lewis, Cover Point.	

ACADIA HOCKEY TEAM 1907.

Photo by Robson Studio, Wolfville

In our debate with the freshmen that Fall we lost, and lost not because we had met a decidedly superior team, but because the conceit of being Sophomores, and the successes of the year before had made us careless in preparing for the debate. The defeat did us good, and since then although our team has been on this platform three times each year it has never been defeated. We made up for this foolish defeat when after Christmas we defeated the Juniors in a spirited contest in which we supported the negative side of Prohibition,—a fact which startled the students, horrified the faculty, and made the town think of extra police protection. That year Mr. Balcom of our class again led Acadia to victory in her debate with Kings.

There was no public Junior Exhibition that year, the essays being read before the Faculty in private, so we had no chance of displaying our trickeries at that function if we indeed possess any such burdensome utensils.

After mid-years we amused ourselves in leading the "Simple Life." The snow fell, the winds blew and the landmarks disappeared one after the other until all communication was cut off with the outside world. Facing famine and death from freezing we started to dig ourselves out and reach Halifax before a tragedy occurred. The railroads supplied the shovels, which we afterwards forgot to return, and after repeated efforts we came back triumphant, bringing in coal and flour and the mail which revived our languishing bodies and refreshed our minds. The banks of snow vanished under the gaze of Spring. June came, the Summer sped by, and we once more found ourselves back at Acadia, this time as Juniors.

There had been some changes in the make-up of our class. A few had given up the struggle of keeping up with our pace, and a few had ventured to enter our ranks, all but three of whom have declined to graduate with us on special request of the Faculty. Mr. Barss is one of the three who succeeded in showing himself quite equal to our high standard. In appreciation we made him the Prophet of the Class. His visions will probably remind you that we are living in a grand and awful time. If so, you can trace back its beginning to the summer preceding our Junior year, when one of our most faithful members was double-knotted. It was a serious shock to our celibate minds and had a disturbing influence upon one or two of the class. At first we doubted the truthfulness of the report, but in the delay-

ed his return day after day we began to lost faith in his singleness of purpose. We bought our gifts, more or less useful, which we shyly presented to him on his return. After a time we became accustomed to him in his new role, and since then have been seeking to learn of a father's blessing being poured out upon the class.

That Fall was very eventful in Acadia's history. There took place in late November what is known as the Second Expulsion of the Acadians. Two of our class were requested to find a boarding place in town as Chip Hall was henceforth to be given over to non-smokers. None of our members, however, were presented with complimentary tickets for home, ours being the only class that remained complete.

It is with pleasure that we speak of our Junior Exhibition. Junior Essays are required to be written by all. Some of these, years before, were delivered in public, later they had been given in private audience with the Faculty. We freed ourselves of both the writing of the essay and the reading. Amid the excitement attending the Second Expulsion, and the succeeding worry over the president's health the Faculty overlooked this requirement, and we were too modest to remind them of the way they were neglecting us. Our escape, however, served for no precedent, as this year's Junior class wrote the essay as required by the curriculum.

During the winter Acadia debated U. N. B., and under the leadership of our Mr. Balcom another glorious victory was won on the platform. In the Spring we captured the championship in the Tennis-Singles, and one of our men tied with Joe Howe for the first place in the High Jump in the intercollegiate track meet.

We also captured the interclass debating league by three straight victories, securing the coveted honor of winning the league the first year it had been in existence.

Our Senior year and it has been the best of all for now we came in touch with the work to which long before we had been especially called. The voice had summoned us, but it was as the call of a far away echo, vague and indistinct. Far in the forest of Lake Jolly one had listened long to the pines whispering the story of the great work to be done far in the distance. On the bank of one of the little brooks that runs down to the St. Croix one had seen in the shallow pool a vision of the for man and women of strength and power. The bell of his r's ch as the evening notes of pr. die y, echoed

the call of service from the college far across old Fundy. On the sea coast of one of our rocky islets one had heard the voice in the restless wash of the waves on the rockbound shore, and beyond the blue of the ocean, beyond the farthest visible cloud duty awaited in which he was to share. Others had heard in the vesper hymns of the evening breeze, in the gentle sighing of the willows as they swayed over the meadow brook, the same entreating summons, and had come in obedience to the call. It was not until we reached our Senior year that our work was clearly revealed to us. Acadia was without a president and upon our shoulders was placed the responsibility of guiding and controlling college affairs. We have not proved ourselves unfaithful to our trust. Our success has been largely due to the Faculty in seeking to carry out our slightest wish, and to Mr. Oliver who has aided us ever by friendly counsel. Under our guidance the year has been a successful one. The football team that was never scored against and the victories that the team won, the record in Hockey, Acadia's victory over Mt. Allison on the debating platform, certainly are things long to be remembered. In all these our class has shared, though naturally it occupied a more prominent part in the last. Two of the debating team was from our class, and the victory which was gained this year makes four inter-collegiate victories that Mr. Balcom has secured for Acadia during our course.

In our inter-class relations our class has been most successful. We won the debating league again without a defeat. As we shall enter no more in these contests the other classes will have some show. We cannot leave them our ability, but we trust they have learned some helpful lessons in debating while sitting at our feet, and we leave them our best wishes and hopes that when they line up in the coming years against the other colleges on the debating platform that victory will rest upon the banners of Acadia. We, also, aided by three Juniors, won the baseball league by three straight victories. Some of our men were on the Track Team and thus forbidden to play, so we filled in the necessary gaps from the Junior class. This was our best exhibition of baseball. Our proudest achievement in athletics was, however, at the track meet held this spring at St. Stephens, when one of our class, Frank Eaton, broke the intercollegiate record in the running high jump, clearing the bar at 5 feet, 7 inches.

In our dealing with the Faculty we have shown our best execu-

ability. They have always recognized the justness and the wisdom of our demands. Our requests for holidays have been unanimously granted. Our course in the Senior year most materially lightened. Our Theses were simply high school productions ; two of us got off without writing a Senior essay ; we ignored Apologetics and Bible altogether, and freed ourselves both from class work and examinations on the same.

We simply transformed Chip Hall into a haven of rest. No more shall hockey games take place on the second flat corridor, or tennis in Blood Alley. No more shall the midnight air be disturbed by the noisy entrance of the late ratter, or by the roll of the grand concert in the rooms on the first floor. No more shall the alleys and stairs run rivers of water, nor shall Salvation Army parades be held on the roof. From henceforth there shall be "Peace, perfect peace," undisturbed by naught but Romeo's playing the piano and the silent march of the ghosts of the ancient regime through the corridors.

By precept and example we have encouraged good behavior on the part of the students, and this year the relations of Faculty and students have been beyond reproach.

We had some grand schemes in our Senior year, which even included the production of a Shakesperian play on this platform tomorrow evening. Of course you know about that, everyone does, so we will appease your idle curiosity by telling you why we gave it up. Our plans unfolded to one of the Faculty in close secrecy were disclosed by him and reported to all. Provoked and chagrined, we heartily voted retribution by declining to give the play. For this reason you will not have the pleasure of seeing our class shine before the footlights.

Our dramatic energy was then applied to private enterprises. We instituted "Senior Affairs," to be held annually in the Chapel with refreshments served in the mathematical room that the amount served may be accurately measured. Our programme on this occasion took in everything from a play to a dance,—though of course you must not mention this latter to the Faculty, with *one* exception, lest they institute inquiry.

Our record as a student body has ceased. Yet in many ways our influence will long be felt and our name live in the memory of those that follow us. Our influence in the . . . share in the inter-

collegiate debating victories, our classmate, Mr. Estey, as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, are alone sufficient monuments to the success of our class while here at Acadia.

To-morrow we go. For four years the bell has summoned us to class and chapel. Its notes floating out o'er park and field have told of struggles, victories and defeats. For four years the tides have flowed in and out of Minas Basin, laden with the ocean breezes and mists of the Bay of Fundy. The onward march of the waters have reminded us that the years are fleeting and that nothing but the present counts. For four years old Blomidon has reared its majestic head in outline against the azure sky. Its strength and grandeur have entered into our character. For four years the Faculty have sought to instruct, develop and perfect by word and example, and for four years our class have struggled, differed, agreed, worked and toiled for ourselves and for Acadia.

Our course here is ended. The bell will call us no more ; the tide in its ebb and flow will be noticed by others ; old Blomidon will cease to rear its head before us ; the class rooms will be filled with new faces. Yet our work is just beginning. In the far-off world there is need for men and women for which our training has fitted us. We shall seek to do our best, where'er our work may lie. The North may speak, the West may call, far away India or China may send its entreating summons, but wherever our duty is, whether among the busy haunts of men, or in strange climes of desert-fields or lonely prairies, we shall be true to the spirit that lives in the very name of Acadia, and which has been summed up in our motto : "Umquam ad altiora." And after the battles of this world are o'er, true to our ideal we shall arise to that higher life beyond where God reigns supreme.

*Clarence Manning Harris, '07.*

## Class Prophecy.

*Mr. President, Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

YES, it seems a long time ago. As I sit and gaze into the change-ful blaze of my study fire tonight, the burden of time is heavy upon me. Life has been but a personification of the fitful fancy of the firelight glow. Old friends, old faces have gone and their going has brought to me a measure of sadness. The golden prospects that were bright before me years ago, have been purified in the furnace of un-pitying experience. Some of these prospects have been realized; others have made me understand the folly that lies hidden in some of youth's sanguine dreams. It matters little what is before me now, for the weight of years is bearing me down until I too feel near the brink of the unknown country.

And so, tonight, the glowing embers do not carry me into the un-certainty of the future. Memory is busy and awakened realities be-come as present problems to be solved, so near do I seem to the old days, the old scenes. As I look back upon it now with the unbiased vision of old age, familiar events, familiar faces rise before me with speechless impressiveness and I am compelled to ponder them in my soul. Influences of the mighty past hold me in their sway and joy and pain are blended in the picture that rises before me—the picture of the life that has been. No matter where I am now, no matter what has been my pursuit in life, the destinies of my classmates of Old Acadia, 1907, arouse my curiosity now as never before. I wonder why. Is it a foreboding? And if so, is good or evil portended by it? My soul is haunted with the fancy and yet I cannot rid my memory of the thoughts which concern them all. Where are they now? Have their lives turned out in accordance with the prophetic writings uttered on that memorable class day so many years ago? I shiver to think of any such possibility. And yet, why should I? For the fate of the few whose lives I have followed reveals to me the foolishness of any youth who imagines himself inspired with a knowledge of the great eternity of the future. Yes, how very differently all must have happened. Compari-sons are not pleasant, and still it would be interesting to compare the theoretical with the actual; in other words, to trace, side by side, the lives the members of '07 as portrayed on that happy June day, and

their lives as they have been lived in reality. It would be interesting had I the material with which to make the comparison. Unfortunately but half the story is mine—the side of theory—that which might have been.

Can I recall that prophecy? Circumstances connected with it I never can forget; and subtle ideas of the exact wording break through the fringe of memory and invite me to a fuller recollection. Infused with the thought, I rise and search for that which has been hidden from human eye for many years. At last, from a topmost shelf in a remote corner of my library, I draw a little old notebook, upon which also the finger of time has left its fadeless mark. As I resume my seat and turn the discolored pages, a wave of feeling breaks over me, surpassing any thus far in my reverie. Time, place, persons come to me as if it were but yesterday. Once more I feel the joyous pulsations of youth. Age is but the dew of life, which is speedily dissolved by the rising sun of reminiscence. Eagerly I commence at the beginning and this is what I read :

Yes it has been decreed that I am to deliver the class prophecy. Imagine, my gentle reader, the state of mind into which I was plunged when the announcement was made to me. Conflicting emotions battled for the mastery. In a measure, I felt the honor that had been thrust upon me, although I did not realize it to the extent that some of my classmates did. I felt relieved to know that I would not be a target for the jokes of some other prophet. Moreover, I seemed to take a sort of nefarious delight in the thought that now I could return with interest several little things that I had laid up during my college course. On the other hand, I soon felt that I was up against that for which I had never bargained. At first it did not seem such a difficult task, but the more I considered it, the more I realized the obstacles that beset my way. Davy, Harris and Miss Crandall principally, and others incidentally, appealed to me in turn to drop them entirely from the plot. Oh, the wild threats they made. If my sense of fear in this respect had not been blunted, I would have given up in despair. For what is a prophecy unless it foretells the future? And who could foretell the future without saying something that at the time would appear to be a "soak." I thought things had reached their limit however, when Davy told me he would withdraw his friendship forever, if I mentioned his name in connection with a certain girl who graduated

from Acadia Seminary in '06. As I value his friendship highly, I have decided to consider his request and accordingly shall refrain from any such mention. Harris told me he would surely retaliate if I tried any of my witticisms on him, but, considering the fact that he will have little chance to carry out his threat after this article has been made public, I did not make him any reply except that he must take his chances with the rest. Miss Crandall told me she knew she was an eligible subject for a class prophet, but she would rather I did not have too much to say about her.

Well do I remember the life of self sacrifice I lived all through the past winter,—the nights I stayed home from rink,—the parties I refrained from attending. All this availed but little and the evil day was ever afar off. All I could do when I did stay home was to sit and blankly stare into space waiting for an inspiration. At last in order to maintain the reputation of the class as well as my own self respect, I collected my frenzied wits and, at the eleventh hour, evolved the production I am now placing before you.

But I must not tarry, for personal experiences are apt to be uninteresting; besides my classmates no doubt are getting anxious to know just what fate has in store for them,—just what their future in life is going to be. And so, I hasten to tell you, in all sincerity and truth, my own personal opinion as to what time holds for each individual.

Some few years after graduating, I started on a trip, my sole purpose being to see something of the world. Naturally, I suppose, I turned toward the Mother Land, resolving to spend some time in viewing its historic scenery. Accordingly I made my way to Montreal and took passage in one of the famous Empress steamships bound for Liverpool. The voyage promised to be delightful. Beautiful Autumn weather, a clear sky and smooth sea, together with the superb equipment of the steamer made all hearts light, and the beginning of the journey was everything that soul could desire in the way of a sea voyage. To watch the splendid orb of light rise from the watery horizon,—to sit all day and bask in his delightful warmth and wholesome atmosphere—to watch him sink to rest in his ocean grave—to watch the rolling billows turn to silver at the touch of a glorious harvest moon—*this was grand*. Thus the wildest of nature's elements held us in its magic sway and our very beings were inspired with the grandeur of sky and sea. Our eyes were destined to be turned weeping. The



season of the year was not to be depended upon for continuous fair weather. When two or three days from port, the calm was succeeded by a spirit of brooding—of unrest. An intuitive feeling that something was about to happen seemed to settle upon us and our souls were shaken with the dread that precedes a storm at mid-ocean. At length the storm came—the rains descended—a great gale blew and lashed the mighty waters till all around was dashing spray and grinding billows. Then we were made to realize the frailty of human life in the hands of a passionate nature, in whose elements we were being tossed at her slightest fancy. Each succeeding day brought with it a hope of returning peace, a hope that the powerful forces would lull themselves to rest worn out by their labor of living. Vain was the expectation ; instead of abating, the tempest increased. At length the fifth night out, at the beginning of the third watch, came a blast of wind mightier than before—a flash of vivid lightning—a peal of thunder—a crash of rending timber—then the cries of struggling men—then darkness, blacker than the blackest midnight.

When consciousness returned to me, I found myself in a strange land. Beautiful? Yes, it was beautiful beyond compare. Flowers bloomed, birds sang, brooks warbled the tune of endless nature over sands of shining crystal. Distant hilltops glowed as though fairies were lighting thousands of tiny bonfires upon their summits. A sky of dazzling purity shed a radiance, softer than that of earthly sky, upon the landscape. The whole scene might have been the fantastic design of some imaginative artist whose ambition had soared above the earth. And yet, amid all this beauty, a spirit of inaction came over me. My consciousness had returned in part only and I was yet to face the fuller mysteries of the life I was to lead. How I came here, whither I was going, or what I was about to do did not seem to appeal to me. I accepted my new situation without a query as to its justice. I did not feel afraid, neither sorry nor glad any more than a sort of satisfaction came upon me, a desire to sit down beside the sweet toned brook and rest forever.

Presently I became aware of mists floating before my vision, which as I gazed were interpreted into beings half human, half ethereal. I was not one of them, at least I did not think I was. I questioned why. I wondered if I ever would be able to come and

go so easily and yet so gracefully. I wanted to know who these creatures were—if they could talk to me and explain the mysteries of this strange country.

My meditations were interrupted at this point by a buzzing louder than usual. The atmosphere seemed to become peculiarly agitated and before I could enquire into the cause of the disturbance, one of the airy beings lighted at my feet. At once I felt interested and seemed to be waking from my lethargy. The countless mystic creatures had not attracted me as this one did. Soon I recognized the cause, for I recognized the being. In tones of the same mongrel Dutch for which he was famous at Acadia, Frank Howard Eaton, my old room-mate and bosom companion, hailed me with—"Hello, Alter Frau, how sind sie diesen tag?" I was astonished and yet delighted beyond description. At last I had found someone who could explain the situation upon which I had entered so strangely. To this was added the joy of seeing Frank, a pleasure I had not experienced since leaving College. To make sure that I could enjoy his undivided attention, I asked him if any of our old class girls were here. I at once saw my mistake, for, looking at me with the grieved expression that he ever could assume when convenient, he replied,—“Alter frau, warum ask mir das?” I hastened to apologize and to assure him that the question was purely accidental and that I had no particular occasion to ask it ; whereupon he again became serene.

Eager in my quest for truth, I asked many questions concerning this beautiful country. I was told that this was not a place but a state, which succeeded my past life and which would serve as a means for moral purification. It was but a preparation for a final future, which would be grander, happier, amid surroundings far surpassing these around us now, or else darker, more wretched and amid circumstances in comparison with which these were Paradise in the extreme. I could not understand just how this state would serve as a means for moral purification. Everything was beautiful here and surely no one could be unhappy. How was it that, if men were destined to be finally separated, all were allowed to enjoy this same beautiful nature. At length I learned that this was a state of suffering in a way. Different persons appreciated the surrounding beauties in different degrees according as their earthly lives had been good, bad or indifferent; and that to those whose earthly career had been evil, the beauties

would be a greater source of punishment than would a state beautiful in a lesser degree.

Part of the mystery was cleared and yet the aching void of misunderstanding was still unsatisfied. After waiting for some time in order that I might realize more completely what I had been told, it occurred to me to ask Frank what he had been doing since we last met and how he came to be here. He said, "Yes, I'll tell you if you promise not to tell anybody." Of course I promised as I did not see any immediate occasion I might have to divulge his secrets. "Well," he said, "After completing my theological course at Colgate, I offered myself to the Foreign Missionary Board for service in India. Strange to say they did not jump at the chance of securing my service for the benighted heathen, yet after due deliberation, they decided that I could go as no one else was available and a vacancy had to be filled. So I went. Everything went well until one fatal day, when, for the thirteenth time in my life I met my fate. A beautiful Indian maiden was the victim this time and my heart became a slave in her possession. The facts became known however, in spite of all efforts to keep them secret and at last the news reached the maiden's father. He was a Brahmin Priest, proud and haughty, bitter in his hatred to the missionary and his labors. Enraged at the thought that I had been the cause of his daughter breaking caste and losing the respect of her race, he decided that I should become indeed food for the gods. Once this decision was reached, the end was soon accomplished and for want of anywhere else to go I came here, accompanied by the lingering strains of a Telugu translation of that good old hymn, 'You look awful good to father.'"

"Ah Frank!" I cried, "how often did I tell you when you were under my supervision, that your love for the fair would be your ultimate ruin; but little did I dream that such a fate would be yours. However, I cannot be sorry as without you I would not have as much information as I now possess. But tell me further; are any more of our old class at Acadia here and do you know anything about any of them?" "None are here," he replied, "unless some have come while we have been talking; at least I have not seen nor heard of any." I was disappointed for I thought perhaps some of the others would be here. It seemed to me that a mission had come suddenly upon me which I could not fulfill—the mission of finding out the whereabouts of

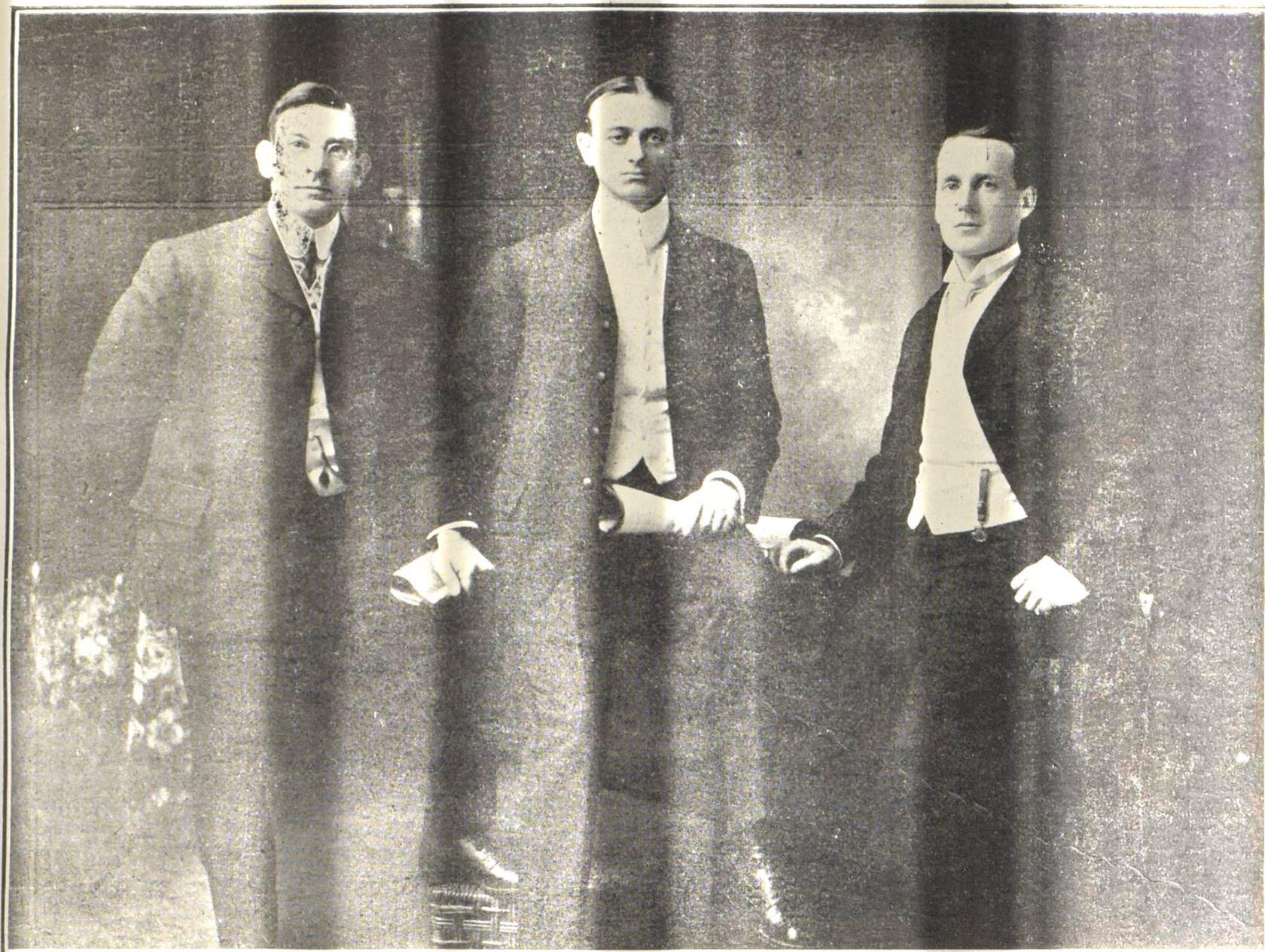
each of my old classmates. It was always a mystery to me what would become of each individual member and the mystery seemed to be stronger than ever upon me now. Until this purpose was accomplished I could not be happy. And so a feeling of restlessness overcame me and my spirit began to chafe even amid all the beautiful things that surrounded me. Frank noticed my restlessness and wanted to know its cause. When I told him he asked me why I did not go back to earth and satisfy my longing. I was astonished at this and then it came to me that I was a spirit and whereas I was once material now I was immaterial and no doubt possessed the power to move freely in space. When I considered the matter in this light, I began to feel more like a proper spirit should feel and resolved to act more like a proper spirit should act. Accordingly I started for earth. I do not remember just how I got there and I do not know whence came the necessary power. Probably the method of transportation was more rapid than any means ever known to man; possibly the velocity of light did not exceed it. Anyway I came; and oh, the bliss of spirit life! I understood it only after I had safely landed from the mystic shores of the ether world. Whereas I was once visible, now I was invisible and could comprehend all things without my presence being known to any one. Where my appearance would have been objectionable at one time, now it mattered not for none but myself was the wiser. Then what an appeal to the sense of humor! To arouse a feeling of apprehension, yes even of fear, to move tables and rock chairs, to create raps on various articles of furniture and even on people themselves, to worry unsuspecting mortals in the many ways that only spirits can—all this made the hardships in the way of becoming a spirit as mere nothings in comparison.

But I must not dwell. Naturally the first place I should seek in my earthly quest would be Acadia and to Acadia I went in spirit. I did not expect to see the same surroundings that were there in the year 1907, yet the changes were far greater than I had anticipated. Many new buildings had been erected in order to make room for the ever increasing attendance in the various departments. An exhaustive course in theology had been established, followed later by courses in Law and Medicine. Something like a hundred students were graduated each year. One thing I did not fail to notice was that the old College building remained intact. Chipman Hall had been remodelled

and now contained a large dining hall on the first floor and the rooms of the various clubs occupied the other flats. An office had been provided for the Chairman of the House Committee. As I entered this room, I beheld a familiar figure in the chair ; it was none other than Brice David Knott, still wearing his characteristic lean and hungry look. I learned that he had been given the office for life in recognition of his valuable services during the year 1907. Brice seemed thoroughly at home in his position and as far as I could gather discharged the duties of the office in a business-like manner. In addition to this, Brice had made his name famous by an invention known as "Knott's Patent, Adjustable, Automatic Breakfast Food, warranted to sustain but not contain life." This had been introduced into the Hall and formed a part of the daily bill of fare.

Passing from Chip Hall, I found that there had been many changes in the Faculty. The Professor of Political Economy in the olden days had ceased to live, move and have his being and had departed from the scenes of Trust Finance in an airship of the latest improved style. Several of the senior professors had given place to younger men and altogether with new buildings, new students and new professors, I really felt a stranger in a strange land. This strangeness was dispelled somewhat as I entered Chapel one morning. The service was conducted in a strikingly original manner by James Arthur Estey, the new professor of History and Economics. As I heard him announce the old hymn "Peace Perfect Peace" I thought that after all it was the same old Acadia and some things would remain forever. After the service was over I went up to him and rapped vigorously on the sleeve of his gown. My endeavors to attract his attention were not successful and all I could do was to stand back and gaze at the little great man and realize my own insignificance. As I followed Estey throughout the day, I discovered that he now owned the little red house opposite the Acadia Villa Hotel, where he used to spend his idle moments during his college course. Conclusions as to why he had taken this step were easily drawn. Estey was ever mercenary and the financial saving resulting from community life had appealed to him. That is all.

Overhearing a conversation between Estey and another professor, I learned that one of our classmates, whose name I could not catch, was a lecturer in Chemistry at Harvard. As things were becoming a trifle monotonous around Wolfville by this time, I decided to visit



B. D. Knott, '97,

J. M. Shortliffe, '08,

A. B. Balcom, '07, (Leader)

ACADIA DEBATING TEAM, 1907.

Cambridge and learn, if I could, who this famous chemist was. Accordingly I set sail for Boston and was fortunate enough to arrive at Harvard just in time to witness a most interesting spectacle. There seemed to be an unusual crowd of people flocking toward the large chemical laboratory. Not wishing to be left behind, I pushed my way through the crowd and entered. The large lecture theatre was crowded to the limit. In the centre I beheld the lecturer, Professor Frank F. Adams. Frank seemed more pompous than ever and I doubted not that the dignity of his position had added materially to his size. I found that this was show day at the laboratory and that Prof. Adams was to illustrate his theory on the Final Analysis of the Atom. The preliminary address of the lecturer showed that he was thoroughly acquainted with his subject. At last the time came for practical operations. Something was wrong with the apparatus. A mixture of several ingredients, that had been slowly stirring by motor power, suddenly exploded with a deafening crash. For a time consternation reigned supreme. When quiet had been restored and the din and smoke of the disaster had cleared away, it was found that no one had been injured except the lecturer. He had undergone a serious transformation and what was before Fat in bulk was now fat in several pieces each too small to be recognized as a part of the once perfect lump. Terror, greater than before, prevailed amongst the audience. But wait :—from out the crowd there steps a man whose determined countenance and thickset body betray him to be Gordon H. Stender-son. As he raises his hand the audience subsides into quietness and every ear is waiting to hear the words as they fall from his lips. "I am an engineer by trade," he said. "For years the most difficult cases of *gas* manipulation have come under my supervision. Believe me when I say that worse conditions than these have been overtaken successfully. I shall die, I know I shall, but I am going to try what I can do with the problem before us." Accordingly, he stripped himself to his undershirt and set to work. In a short time Adams was reinstated to his former self looking little the worse for the strenuous experience through which he had just passed. As he arose and shook hands with the man who had put him together, a tremendous applause burst from the astonished people. In the midst of the uproar I escaped to meditate over the things I had both seen and heard. Really earthly life was wearing and I was glad that I belonged to the spirit world.

After wandering about for some time, I felt the old restlessness returning upon me. I wanted to talk to some one—to express myself and to ask questions instead of merely observing. My longings seemed to be understood by the powers that were and soon I was to experience that which completely restored my equilibrium. I seemed to feel a mighty tug in a single direction, an impelling force that I felt obliged to follow. As I proceeded along this line of least resistance, I found myself the desired subject of a mediumistic circle. There were but five in the circle, four women and the medium. As I entered their midst, both faces and voices betrayed the personality of each of the women. They were four old class girls—Miss Marsters, Miss Craig, Miss Crandall and Miss Messenger. It seemed perfectly natural for them to be together they were such close friends in the olden days. From their conversation I gathered that this was the first time all of them had been together since they graduated and that they were spending their holiday in Boston. For the sake of novelty as much as anything they had gone into a spiritists meeting and had asked a medium to converse with some spirit. Of course they did not dream that it was I who responded, and I doubt if they ever will know it. After I had arranged a series of signals with the medium, I began to ask questions which is somewhat contrary to rule. I did not know this at the time as I was green in such experiences. Well, the first thing I wanted to know was if any of the four were married. One answered “No” with a trace of sadness in her voice. This was Miss Crandall. Another answered “no” and laughed. This was Miss Craig. The other two smiled and sheepishly hung their heads and I at once formed my own opinion. By further questioning, I learned that Miss Crandall had become just what I always thought she would—an old maid school-marm. Judging from her answers, her yoke was rather galling at times for we all knew she had aspirations at different times in her college history. It was even rumored that she had desigus on my old room-mate although I always denied any such statements. Miss Craig was also a school-marm although she could hardly be dubbed an old maid. The same happy Cece with the same everlasting smile—she could never assume any of the characteristic spinster expression. She had been left a fortune by the death of a rich relative and was going to give up teaching. She was about to accomplish one of the chief desires of her life—that of founding and supervising an orphan asylum and had come to Boston

to interview some noted philanthropists concerning the project. Just here in the programme Miss Craig giggled out loud which delayed operations for some time. I was quite lenient however because I considered the material with which I had to work. After peace was restored and the offender had promised not to laugh again, the seance was resumed. Miss Messenger had gone West after graduation to try her luck and make her fortune. She had succeeded beyond her wildest expectations, for she had captured the affections of a rich old miner in Vancouver, whom she said she was sure would not last longer than two or three years. She seemed happy in the hope that this latter prospect would come to pass speedily and had many plans as to what she was going to do then. Miss Marsters, previous to her marriage, had been lady principal of a private boarding school for young ladies, somewhere in the vicinity of Winnipeg. At all times she had taken an interest in public affairs, especially those relating to the well-being of her sex. Her views were ever decided and when expressed were always clothed in emphatic language and delivered with impressing gesticulations. No one wanted to encounter her more than once in an argument for invariably they were made to feel their inability to stand up against her scathing criticisms. Just here Miss Craig laughed again and the sitting came to an end. Just as they were leaving, I overheard Miss Messenger ask the other three to come to her hotel to tea the following Sunday night, and I at once resolved to be there myself though in an unofficial capacity, to gather what information I could from the gossip that was sure to be indulged in.

And so I departed grinning to myself, for truly here was a case where I knew yet was not known. In spite of my jubilation, the experiences of the seance were so new to me that I was tired. I never knew before that spirits slept, but I certainly slept now— not only slept but dreamed. It was the strangest dream. It was a sort of legend and ran thus: "No class is complete unless at least one match is made between two of its members at some time in its history. The class of '07 was complete in this respect for there had been one match made. The participants in this self-sacrificing act were Peacock and Miss Benjamin." My dream told me further that Peacock had become a celebrated preacher in the Canadian West and that the zeal and earnestness of both the minister and his wife had won for them a large place in the affections of the people. Here my dream ended and I

awoke to ponder upon this new experience. Yes, thought I, the unexpected always happens. Who would have thought such a thing possible years ago? If anybody had asked me who the likely couple could be, certainly I should have answered Harris and Miss McDonald, although when I come to think of it, I do not know why I should say such a thing. They had never been attentive enough to warrant any such assertion.

Well I expected to hear of most anything after this and resolved not to be surprised at any new revelation. Thinking of Harris led me to wonder where he was now. I remembered he once told me that he was going to China as a missionary, so I thought it would be useless to look for him there. The only other places possible for him to be were Bear River and Worcester. I found, however, that he did go to China where his services were greatly appreciated by the curious Chinamen. His creed was in a class all by itself—a sort of Reformed Baptist which included card playing and Sunday labor. I did not get this information by going to China, I was tired of long journeys. I obtained it from the offices of the American Baptist Missionary Board in Boston. The man that ran this show was none other than Victor Peppard, my quondam friend of Acadia fame. I was astonished slightly at finding Vic in this position even after my resolution not to be surprised at anything. However, my sense of the ridiculous received a most severe shock and the incongruity of the situation appealed to me strongly. That Vic bossed things was evident. The whole show or none was still his motto. He had never married for as he always said none of the girls looked good enough to him. Those that did look good enough persistently kept out of his way.

Leaving Vic in his apparently snug quarters, I went to the Hotel Touraine to fill my engagement for Sunday evening. I had little trouble in finding the same four women whom I had met in the circle. They were very cosy over their chafing-dish and of course the gossip, which is a necessary adjunct of such functions, was not wanting. From their conversation I gained much valuable information. "Say, girls," one of them exclaimed, "have you heard of Mildred Black's good fortune?" "No," the others cried, "tell us about it." "Well she has been appointed a full fledged professor in mathematics at Vassar College. You know after leaving Acadia, she took a post-graduate course at Vassar and received her Ph. D. after some two or three years work. Then

she spent several years in Europe and for a time held a position as instructor in one of the German Universities for the higher education of women. And now she has received this appointment. It is certainly a grand success for her." This news was received with varied comment from the other girls. "I always thought Mildred was pretty smart," remarked Miss Craig. "Yes," said Miss Crandall, "I knew she would do something great some day." "I have some more news to tell you," interrupted Miss Messenger. "You know Elta Brown married and settled out near Vancouver. They say she is very unhappy and constantly bemoans the life of a Doctor's wife. Her husband has to leave her so much alone that she says she is almost as lonesome as she was during her senior year at Acadia." "Isn't that too bad," Miss Marsters remarked. "Yes I think it's perfectly dreadful," replied Miss Messenger. "Well, the course of true love never did run smooth," observed Miss Craig, "but I never thought Elta would come to that." "Some people have queer tastes," remarked Miss Crandall. "I heard the other day that Gertrude McDonald had entered a convent." "A convent! Oh horrors!" the others exclaimed, "why on earth did she do that?" "I don't know unless it was because she had to give up going to China as a missionary. I kind of think it was that because I almost became a nun myself when I gave up going to India. I know how to pity her," answered Miss Crandall sadly. Miss Craig burst out laughing. "This is a funny world and funny people in it," she said, "and some of the funniest are those who graduated in our class. Now there is Maidie Curry. If anybody was fitted for a nun it was she. But she has become quite famous, while Gertrude has settled for life where nobody will see or hear tell of her again." "What about Maidie?" the others asked. "Why haven't you heard? She has become quite a literary star and the book reviews give her latest production great praise. It is some sort of a philosophical treatise on the superiority of woman. I saw a copy but didn't read it; if I had I couldn't tell what was in it." "Well I'm sure!" said Miss Crandall after a pause, "all the girls seem to have done something to make themselves famous but us." "Just think of the good we are doing every day in our family circles," returned Miss Marsters; "every body cannot be great from this world's point of view, and possibly we are doing as much good as some of the brighter stars that surround us." "It's a pity Edith Spurr is not here, she might give us some new in-

formation on the subject," remarked Miss Crandall. "Why what does she know about it?" asked Miss Craig. "Oh didn't you hear about her? She has been settled down for some time now. You know she was thinking something of it when we knew her last. Persistent efforts on the part of *Benny* were rewarded at last and Edith decided she would have him to get rid of him. That's why I thought she might give us some information." "That's true she might;" answered Miss Craig. "Well that's another of our class girls who has been foolish enough to get married. That makes four—not a bad proportion."

Here the conversation commenced to drift off into a discussion concerning the place of woman in the world and I left the happy group to their own amusement. Once more I had plenty to ponder over and soon I found myself wandering aimlessly through the different streets. Presently I came to the outskirts of the city. My attention was attracted by a procession which was wending its way toward a public square. A slender little man with emaciated features was leading the caravan. As they approached the square the man, who was evidently the manager, stopped to speak to some boys who were standing in the way. "Come boys," he said, "we're going to have a circus here; you better get out of the way boys." I knew the voice at once. It surely belonged to Joe Brehaut. This time I was dumbfounded. Joe Brehaut the manager of a circus! The thing was almost beyond comprehension. Well in a short time Joe had his show set up and ready for business. "Come boys," he said, "come to the circus. We've lots of nice things in here; come in boys." I didn't think his voice and stage manner would attract very many customers and yet people seemed to be going in in large numbers. As I didn't have much else to do I followed the crowd. As Joe had said, there were lots of things there. However, everybody seemed to be moving in one direction and the crowd was gathering around one object of apparently great interest. It proved to be a fakir, a necessity with which every circus is provided. But imagine my astonishment when I saw that the fakir was another nought-sevener, William L. Rand. Rand was doing the pea under the box act in professional style. "Take me at five? Yes? Show me you're worth it sir, show me you're worth it. Now you see the ball. Under this box? Yes? Now you have it and now you don't. Pass over your money sir——" and so on until my head grew dizzy with the rapid fire of talk. Money was coming thick and fast for Rand was an adept in his profes-

sion. I didn't stay to see any more of his juggling nor any more of the circus but got out as hastily as I could. Certainly this was a pair of incongruities. I could not associate pious Joe, who married the girl from Tusket, with such surroundings. I always thought he would be content with an unlimited supply of cold roast beef and molasses. No more could I reconcile honest Rand, whose one ideal was to know his lessons well and watch for telephone calls, with these associations. And yet such were the facts for surely I had not been deceived. For a while I could not come to any sensible state of mind so upset was I by the occurrences I had just witnessed. However, after a time I came back to my rational spirit and I began to wonder what had become of the rest of the class and where I should go to look for them. There was Balcom. Of course everybody thought when we were at college that Balcom would land in Parliament eventually. But, after the way some of the class had turned out, I thought it would be a chance if I could get any information there concerning him. However I resolved to try and true to my resolutions started for Ottawa. When I got there I had no trouble to locate my man. Everybody was talking about him and all the daily papers had his name in glaring headlines. It seems that a bill had been brought before the house to provide luxurious homes for people who didn't want to work any more. Balcom had made a rousing speech in favor of the bill and as a consequence his name was in everybody's mouth. His speech had been delivered the evening before the day on which I arrived in Ottawa. The third reading was made on the morning of that day and the House was to be divided at noon. Balcom said the vote was not of much consequence as there had been nothing said on the other side, so he did not wait for it but went home for his dinner instead. As soon as the vote was taken a messenger was dispatched to inform him concerning the results. As I was in the House at the time, I followed the messenger to see what effect it would have upon Balcom. When we arrived he was taking his after dinner nap. The messenger concluded that the message was of sufficient moment to warrant his waking him. Balcom seemed to think differently, for in a disgusted tone he exclaimed: "Slash, Time, Measure what did you wake me for?" Evidently political fame rested lightly upon him as did his debating fame in the years at Acadia,—for our *little tin god* was ever modest.

Leaving parliamentary scenes, I wandered into the great Canadian

West. The country was interesting and, at this time of the year, beautiful. Stretches of golden wheat far as the eye could reach, boundless prairies with their billowy undulations made a picture not unpleasant to look upon. From these rural scenes I went into Winnipeg, the queen city of the West. Passing through one of the principal streets, I noticed a sign before the entrance to one of the largest theatres. It read thus—"Come and hear Bill Hutch, the famous twentieth century orator. Admission 5 cents." It is needless to say I went when the time came. I never thought of Hutch in this connection and I doubt if anybody else ever did. I remember in our senior year that he had to be carried to his room, when someone told him he would have to read his *graduating oration* before the Faculty and student body. However I was agreeably surprised when I attended the lecture. Of course it was under the auspices of the young ladies' auxiliary, Hutch was in great form and made a big hit. In the front row of the audience I noticed a man whom I thought I had seen somewhere before. After a little reflection it proved to be Gordon H. Gower who had the honor to be the youngest graduate in our class. It would not be policy for me to tell you who the oldest was, even if I could. I was not surprised to find Gower here although I was anxious to know what his occupation was. I did not know how I was to find out unless I could follow him when he left the meeting. I acted upon this suggestion and found that he lived in a comfortable home in the residential part of the city. He had gone to Winnipeg soon after leaving Wolfville and entering the teaching profession had been promoted until he became supervisor of the city schools, a position he now enjoyed. Truly his lines had fallen in pleasant places.

And now I have numbered them all except the two twin spirits—Wright and Davy. I knew not where to find them. Wright's home was in Bear River. Could I find any trace of him there? At least I could try. So the long journey was accomplished and I arrived in the pretty little Nova Scotia village just as the Mayflowers were lifting their tiny blossoms to be kissed by the warmth of returning summer. Yes, my endeavors were not in vain; Wright was there. He was employed in the United States Civil Service in the forestry department, and was home for an early vacation. I learned that, in all probability, I should find him at the summer residence out by the lake where so

many of his boyhood days had been spent. Accordingly to the summer residence I went in hopes to see my old friend. Walking toward the borders of the lake, I perceived a canoe coming toward the shore in the direction of the summer house. As it came nearer I recognized its single occupant to be the same round-faced, boyish Billy Wright, the happy spirit of '07. He was singing at the top of his voice—"And for bonnie Annie—" the song ceased as the keel of the canoe grated upon the sand and the figure of a woman—no doubt the figure of Annie, appeared at the cottage door. Realizing that I was treading on sacred ground, I betook myself to a far distant region leaving them—Billy and Annie—together.

And now but one remains. In all my travels, in all my searches, one name, one classmate ever has avoided me. Others have come to me as if directed by Providence, upon others I have stumbled accidentally, while still others have been revealed only after a most diligent search. Yet try as I may, no trace of Rufus Lamont Davison can I find. No news of his death, no knowledge of his living can I discover. A veritable wandering Jew existence he must be living, guided by impulsive fancy as he was in the days when we were friends together. I doubt if he ever married because he could never get his courage to the sticking point long enough to ask the girl. Happy, yes and probably carefree, I can imagine him, wherever he may be, the same kind hearted, faithful Davy as of yore.

And yet there is one more whom I had almost forgotten, viz., William Oliver. Although he was not a duly registered member of the class and was not admitted to our class meetings, yet he always took such an interest in the affairs of our student days that I shall not refrain from mentioning him here. Anyway he always said that after '07 graduated he didn't care how things went; although I haven't a doubt that all classes, that have come and gone since he was a part of the college, have heard the same thing. When in Wolfville on my return from the Ethereal realm, I heard that Mr. Oliver had departed this life some years ago. Not a doubt comes to me but that Billy's soul to Heaven went, and I can imagine that he keeps the inhabitants thereof guessing the most of their time, for Billy's amount of policy was practically unlimited.

This makes my roll complete. I have discovered in part the lives and destinies of all. My mission is accomplished and I can go back

to the sweet-toned brook and be content. But no, I cannot return without one more glimpse at Acadia. The first place I visited in Spirit, it shall be the last before I return to the Spirit world. And so my weary footsteps are turned in this direction and once more I am carried back to the old college town. It is June, the month of Anniversary. I find that all the class of 1907 are gathering for a re-union—all save the two who cannot be present in visible form. Time forbids the details of the announcement week. Space will not allow an account of the class gathering in its various phases. I must beg time and space, however, for a description of the last class meeting. We were all there—twenty-four precious souls in raiment of flesh and two in shining garments of invisible hue. Frank had understood the longing of my spirit for his and had come down to earth to join the happy band. Knott is in the chair calm and smiling. Miss Craig is trying to decipher the minutes of the last meeting. Reports of committees are called for. Peppard rises and says that the programme committee have nothing definite to bring before the meeting. Old business receives no response. New business is welcomed more heartily. Harris begs leave to resign from any committee he was ever on. Miss McDonald moves that we rescind all motions ever passed. Miss Spurr seconds the motion. Discussion is called for, but none is forthcoming. The question is put and carried. Miss Crandall rises to her feet and in quavering tones moves that we as a class shuffle off the mortal coil and seek repose in a better world. Miss Brown seconds the motion. Again there is no discussion and Miss Marsters is the only one who says nay. Estey moves, Fat Adams seconds that the cheapest method of transportation be procured. This motion also is carried without discussion and without a dissenting voice. Then we adjourned and with one accord departed to the land of everlasting sunshine.

Thus ended the prophecy. As the notebook falls from my hand the stone is rolled farther away from the sepulchre of the buried past and the spirit of what has been envelopes me more completely in its memories of joy and pain. I can see it all—the glad June filled with sweet aromas from the orchard and meadow—the clear call of the joyous song bird, the gentle zephyrs fanning the heated atmosphere—the flag of green and garnet floating from yonder flag staff—the faces

of the graduating class, some happy some sad—the class girls robed in garmets of filmy white—the Assembly Hall filled with eager expectant faces of friends and relatives gathered to witness the last class meeting. My heart is full to overflowing. Time can never efface the memories of individual and class scenes. Our lives have been tuned to different spheres of action. Yet I doubt not that each in his own little realm has wrought faithfully and well—that each has sought to

“ . . . make Life, and Death and that Forever,  
One grand sweet song.”

My reverie must end for I must heed the calls of the world without. Yet, if you will, I shall leave with you a parting benediction. Whatever position in life you may have been called upon to occupy may “Peace be within thy walls and Prosperity within thy palaces.”

*William Raymond Barss, '07.*



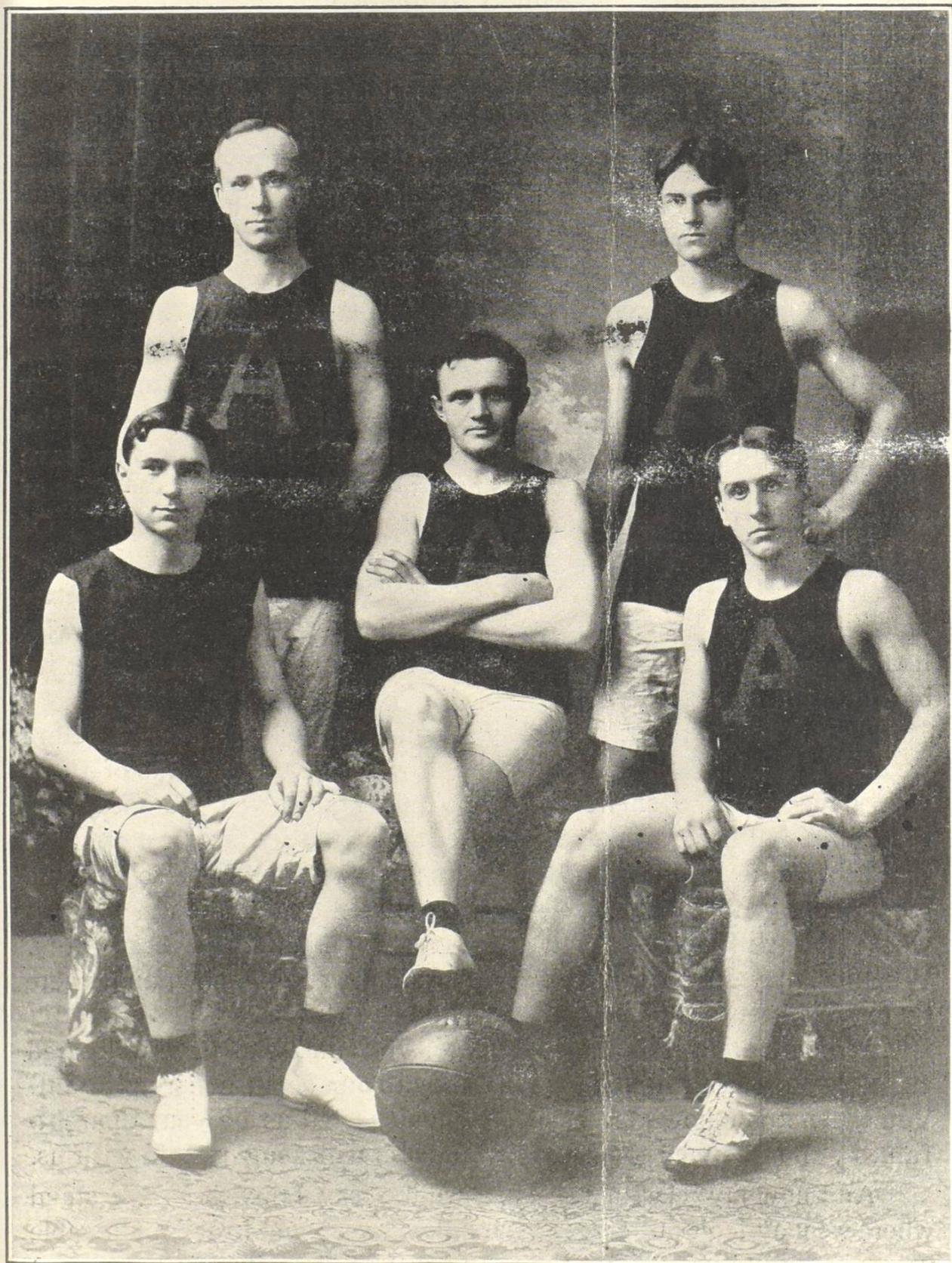
## Valedictory.

*Mr. President, Fellow Students, Friends :—*

FOR four years we as a class have been toiling along the pathway, which shows the impress of many feet, until now we stand at the open gateway, with the whole world before us, one of mountains and valleys, of sunlight and shadow ; a world whose horizon is bounded only by eternity. What we have gathered as we have journeyed along remains to be seen when we shall have passed and taken our places with those who have gone before us.

Four years ago when we gathered from North, South, East and West, strangers to each other who were yet to be bound together by ties which will never be broken, we looked forward and said, “oh the year nineteen hundred and seven will be long in coming” but the seasons have rolled by and the flying hours have brought us all too quickly to that goal, and now we lift up our eyes and look to that higher one, we have each set before us.

Our years here have been only years of preparation. We have learned to see in Nature a familiar acquaintance ; to feel that with the great men of other ages we have something in common ; to know that we have made friends among the men of our own age, who will be



J. H. Geldert (Capt.)  
J. S. Bates

H. S. Bagnall

I. G. Jost  
C. R. Messenger

JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM.  
Winners of Interclass Basketball League 1906-07.

leaders in all walks of life ; we have learned to appreciate other's work and to bear criticism of our own. And so they have been years of actual living. True it is only a miniature life ; but in our classes, in our societies, in our social intercourse we feel that we have been trained for the life of struggle without. We are now to take our places in the great world of men and women, scholars and toilers, business and politics. Before passing out, we pause to say farewell.

To you, honored and revered professors our gratitude is due. How much you have done for us cannot be estimated in a few words. The knowledge we have gained in your lecture rooms and under your guidance is one of the least factors. What shall we say of the Christian example you have set us, the noble inspiration you have given us, the higher ideals you have raised before us, the words of wisdom and warning you have spoken to us from this platform. Of these and many other things we might speak which show that our love for you should be unfeigned. Our regret at leaving is unutterable ; but we must go out and fight our own battles with no wise hands to guide and direct. Therefore it is with grief indeed that we bid farewell.

To our fellow students we say adieu, for it will not be long before we shall grasp your hands, and bid you welcome to the ranks of those who have left the shelter of our Alma Mater. In the meantime remember that here you have unlimited opportunities for advancement ; that now is the seed time of your lives ; as you plant here so will you reap in the years to come ; it is your privilege to make the harvest what you will. We resign the trusts which have been ours. Whether they have been well or ill performed you know, and where there have been mistakes you may avoid the pitfalls.

We bid farewell to the citizens of Wolfville, who have welcomed us to their homes and done much to make our sojourn here pleasant. You little know how you have oftentimes cheered us by your thoughtfulness, and the memory of your kindness will long remain with us.

And now my classmates, must we too say farewell ? We stand where we may look out across a boundless sweep and hear innumerable voices calling to us. What they say depends upon ourselves. To the one who has learned here the lesson of the eternal kindness of the true and good God, the voices of the sin racked world speak with an irresistible appeal. To the one who recognizes, that for him there

can be only one ideal, and that fashioned after the pattern of the Saviour of the world, these voices tear his heart with a mighty longing to lift up and sustain fallen humanity.

The cry for intelligent and earnest men and women is borne to our ears clear above all the low rumblings and mutterings of the masses steeped in misery. Ah yes! the voices are all around us and the paths we must tread, diverge.

We would do well to remember that the great privileges and advantages, which we have had here, bring with them great responsibilities. Let us see to it that we live up to these responsibilities which are laid upon us.

It may be that in working out our destinies, mistakes will occur as they have to others, but let us not be discouraged ;

Be strong !

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,  
We have hard work to do and loads to lift,  
Shun not the struggle, face it ; 'tis God's gift.

In whatever work we may be engaged, we must let the precious life of purity and kindness and gentleness and courage and love, which Christ brought into the world, come into our hearts, transform our lives and go forth from us to help and bless mankind.

One of the most deep seated principles of man's nature is his abiding love for his country. Above all things be true to this instinct ; stand forth and uphold the honor of our land. Labor that no foul blot besmirch what should be a name of unsullied purity. There is no way by which we may more benefit mankind than by promoting a righteous government for a country. My brothers, with the ballot in your hands, the responsibility of the future of many people rests upon you. My sisters, with your God given power to rule by influence, the responsibility is yours also.

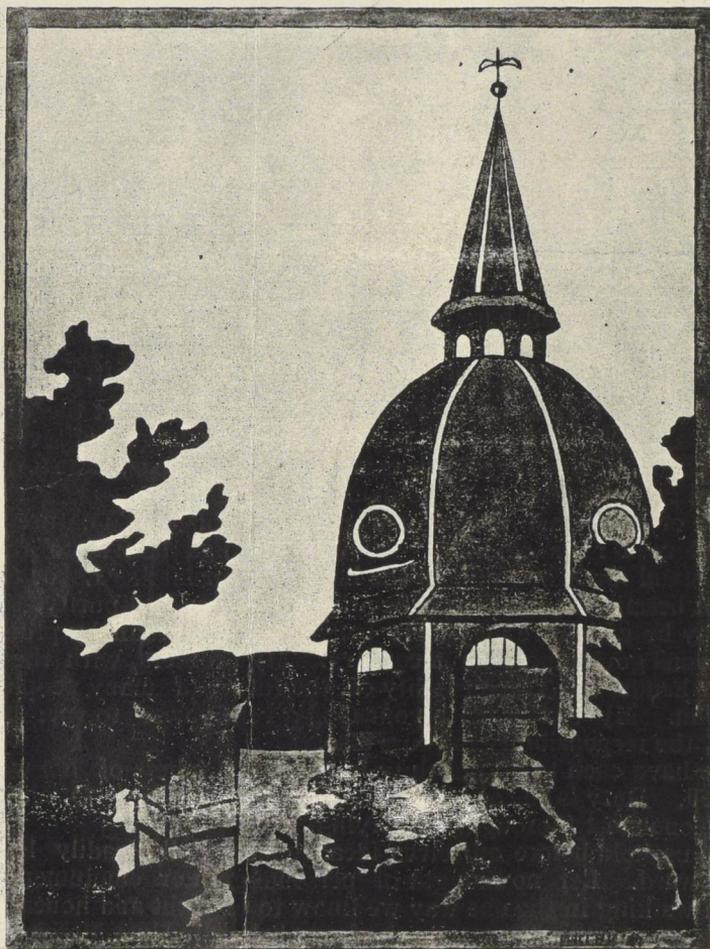
We have each to do our duty in whatever sphere of life we may be placed. Duty is the aim and end of the highest life. Of all others it is the one most thoroughly satisfying.

Let us hold before ourselves ideals which shall steadily lead our lives upward. Let no thought of personal gain or emolument deter us from walking in the one way we know to be right and honest. Let us bring no stain to the standard of our beloved Alma Mater but let our motto indeed be "Umquam ad altiora," ever toward higher things.

And when we have done our work on earth—of necessity, of love, of labor or of duty—may it be with the consciousness that it has been done to the best of our power, and may we hear at last the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Once more the class of Nineteen hundred and seven bids "Farewell."

*Helena Beatrice Marsters, '07.*



THE BELFRY

*"Thou heraldest the hours and the days."*

## The Belfry.

Day's early welcomer, while yet the night  
Is loitering in the groves and river-ways,  
Thou heraldest the hours and the days,  
Out of the dust and gloom and prisoned light.  
Thou knowest not the past of wrong or right,  
Winging thy peals into the dark or blaze  
Of heaven; so deep and true thy voice that says;  
"Advienne que pourra,"—ever towards the height.  
Thy brazen lips have waked in many a breast  
A deathless spirit of sweet memories;  
Called forth to joyous purposes the worth  
Of heart; and o'er the faith of soul imprest  
A harmony that seemed of the skies,  
For him whose feet shall know the dark of earth.

*John Frederic Herbin, '90*

## The Nova Scotia Technical College.

THROUGHOUT Canada we find a great interest at the present time in the subject of technical education. The growth of the schools of applied science at McGill, Toronto and Queen's, the founding of the Mining School of Dalhousie and the introduction of courses in engineering in the University of New Brunswick, Mt. Allison and Acadia, are all evidences of this fact.

A notable step in this movement has recently been taken by the government of Nova Scotia. In the act establishing a provincial school of technology we have a measure the importance of which from an educational and industrial standpoint it would be difficult to overestimate. Summarized, the more important provisions of this act, which is entitled "The Technical Education Act," are the following :—

There shall be established in Halifax an institution for the purpose of affording facilities for scientific research, and instruction and professional training in civil, mining, mechanical, metallurgical and electrical engineering or any other departments which may from time to time be added.

The Institution shall be known as the Nova Scotia Technical College.

Provided the existing colleges in the province continue to give instruction in the first two years of the various branches of engineering, the Technical College shall undertake the work of the last two years only.

There may be established in such places as it may seem advisable local technical schools to furnish industrial education of such character and extent as will most effectively meet the requirements of the various localities.

There shall be constituted a body corporate, composed of the teaching staff of the college having the rank of professors and of representatives of the various colleges now doing the work of the first two years in courses of engineering; and the said corporation shall have the power to grant such degrees as it may determine, to prescribe the several qualifications for these degrees and the courses of study to be pursued in the various departments. In respect to all matters of conduct and discipline and matters connected with the educational work of the institution this body shall have full control.

Each of the colleges in the province (and Mt. Allison University in New Brunswick) now doing the work of the first two years of engineering courses shall be entitled to one representative on the Corporation, such representative to be chosen by the Council of Public Instruction.

It will thus be seen that the government proposes that the existing colleges shall continue to give instruction covering the first two

years of all courses in Applied Science, and that a central institution be established in Halifax to give the third and fourth years of these courses. This scheme, if faithfully carried out, will make full use of the resources of the province for technical education already in existence and provide a provincial school of technology at the least cost to the government. The proposal to give the various colleges representation on the corporation of the new institution should under the circumstances commend itself as being both just and expedient. A practical federation of all the existing colleges in Nova Scotia and Mt. Allison in New Brunswick is brought about by this agreement, and each college is made a feeder to the college of technology. While it is not expected that Mt. Allison and Acadia shall renounce their relations of affiliation with McGill, it is only reasonable to suppose that they will support in every legitimate way the maritime institution and encourage prospective students of engineering to patronize the new technical college. In working out the details of government and in arranging the new curriculum of study it is to be hoped that nothing will be done to alienate the sympathy of the existing colleges.

The provision for establishing and fostering local technical schools and mining schools is an important one. These schools with their evening classes will in many cases make use of the manual training equipment already found in our town and city schools. They will be for wage-earners, for men who are striving to improve their positions by private study or by taking courses under the direction of correspondence schools. The plan is to develop these technical schools largely according to local needs. They will not be competitors of the high schools, nor is it intended that they shall compete with the work done in the colleges. For the past two or three years both Kings and Dalhousie have been conducting schools of this class in some of the mining centres. The success that has met their efforts seems to indicate a large demand for work of this description.

While the government may be congratulated on the introduction of this important measure we must express the regret that the new technical college cannot be made interprovincial in character. It may not be too late even now for this. In the words of Prof. Andrews,

"The cost of full equipment of such an institution will tax even the expanding revenues of a province like Nova Scotia, and therefore the question arises, Should not an effort be made to make this institution interprovin-

cial? New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island are in as great need of this research work to open up their resources and to develop new industries as Nova Scotia. It is well known that the government of Nova Scotia are willing to open the question of the location of the college if by locating it in some border town instead of Halifax it can be made a maritime institution. This is an opportunity too great to be lost. . . . Why should not the University of New Brunswick join the confederation of colleges and send her men in applied sciences to a maritime college of technology situated at Truro or Amherst? If we cannot have legislative union let us have educational facilities? The colleges relieved of the burden of the costly work of the last two years will be able to do more for pure science and general education. Should we not be able to give our young engineers a higher standing before the world? Should not we reap through a research department stronger than any one province can equip, greater advantage to the industrial life of maritime Canada? This is a simple business proposition and it is for a business government and the business men of the province to decide how it shall be dealt with in the best interests of our province. We are at the parting of the ways and the decision of the present will influence for good or ill for a century to come, the development of technical education and therefore the industrial development of maritime Canada."

*F. R. H., '84.*



## A Night Etching

'Twas night. Beneath the dark and gloomy pall  
I stood, and upward gazed.—  
The star in radiance blazed;  
The cloudy curtain hid the others, all.

But lo! the cloud  
Was scattered by a breeze,  
That rustled 'mong the trees,—  
Yet was not loud.

It drifted o'er the sky like filmy lace—  
Stars shone; and, in accord,  
To greet the earth, her lord,  
As through a lattice, peeped the Night Queen's face.

*B. F. Trotter.*



V. E. Peppard, (A. A. A. A.)                      B. D. Knott, (Y. M. C. A.)  
F. Adams    W. L. Rand    G. H. Gower  
(2nd term Athenæum)                      (1st term Athenæum)    (3rd term Athenæum)

1907—PRESIDENTS OF THE COLLEGE SOCIETIES—1907

## Review of the Athenæum Society

THE first regular meeting of the Athenæum this year gave promise of success. Every seat was full and even the new men seemed desirous of helping in the entertainment. However, the enthusiasm all too soon died down. There was a steady decrease of attendance, then a sudden drop due to mid-year exams, then another decrease due to the rink, till in the spring tennis and baseball reigned supreme and the difficulty was to obtain a quorum. Still, tho' the attendance has not been all it should have been, we must class this year as successful, and that this has been the case is largely due to the energy and good management of the three presidents, Messrs. Rand, Adams and Gower.

The Executive Committee put up a good schedule of entertainments and nearly all were found willing to do their share and responded when called upon. Among the entertainments we would mention the Chip Hall, Outsiders and those given by the different classes.

The Lecture Committee has not furnished us with as many speakers as in former years which we regret, for we used to enjoy the lectures by eminent professional men which were engaged to speak before us. Perhaps they may have had some difficulty in procuring good men but we believe that a little more interest on the part of the committee would have given us the opportunity of hearing at least a few public men of note during the winter. The one entertainment they procured, namely the one by Miss Pauline Johnson and Mr. Walter McRae, was very much enjoyed.

Perhaps the most profitable feature of the year has been the Interclass Debating League which was won by the Seniors. Recalling the debates, we remember that every man showed the result of careful work in preparation and in the case of every debater we noticed a marked improvement as the year went by. It is largely as a result of this league that Acadia has sustained her reputation for debating.

The Interclass Debating League stood as follows :

	Won	Lost
Seniors	3	0
Sophs	2	1
Juniors	1	2
Freshmen	0	3 (1 by default to the Seniors)

Our annual intercollegiate debate took place in College Hall on March 27, this time our opponent being Mt. Allison. The subject was—“Resolved that Legislative Union of the Maritime Provinces, on terms alike equitable and agreeable, would be advantageous.” Mt. Allison, represented by J. S. Smiley, '07 (leader), I. C. Rand, '09, and J. N. Ritcey, '09, supported the resolution, while for Acadia, A. B. Balcom '07 (leader), B. D. Knott, '07, and J. M. Shortliffe, '08, argued against it. From the fact that the two colleges stood at the head of the league everyone expected a splendid debate and no one went away disappointed. The Judges, Hon. W. T. Pipes, Judge Russel and Post Office Inspector W. E. McLellan, awarded the decision to Acadia on the dual ground of argument and presentation. We have indeed great reason to be proud of our debating team and especially of Balcom who for the fourth time lead his team to victory. The present standing of the various colleges in the Intercollegiate Debating League is:

	Won	Lost
Acadia	4	0
Mt. Allison	3	1
U. N. B.	2	2
Dalhousie	1	2
St. F. X.	1	3
Kings	0	3

The annual reception of the Athenæum took place Friday evening, April 5th. Music was furnished by “The Harpers” from Halifax and this, with the large attendance, helped to make the last reception the best one of the year.

Yes, the year has been fairly successful but we hope that next year will be much more so. If attended in the right spirit we may learn in the Athenæum many a lesson to apply in after life which will make us broader minded men and more worthy sons of old Acadia.

*L. G. Jost, '08.*



Rah! Rah! Rah!

Yah! Yah! Yah!

Hurrah! Hurrah!

ACADIA.

## The Year in Athletics.

Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Yah ! Yah ! Yah !  
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Acadia.

**C**ERTAINLY a most excellent yell ; a yell which times innumerable has sent Acadia on to victory. Never has it been more in evidence than during the past year and not without reason, for have we not just reached the end of one of the most satisfactory years in athletics in Acadia's history. Acadia is fast forging ahead and success has been the sum of the year's work in athletics as it has been in all the numerous branches of college life.

It was with much expectation and a few doubts that twelve months ago we looked forward to our athletic career for the college year before us. There were firm resolutions to go into hard training for football ; the hockey enthusiasts yearned for the cold weather to come ; the track men had dreams of jumping telegraph poles and racing express trains. Many were the castles built in air, but our imaginations did not carry us far enough, for victory has crowned almost every effort.

First it was football. The good news greeted us on our arrival last fall that the remodelled campus was in fit condition for a practice field and that there would be no more mile runs out to the dyke. The first weeks of practice passed and Captain Estey's heart was made glad at the abundance of good material from which to choose his team. With the good old Acadia spirit behind our men, what more was needed to make the season a success ? The weeks slipped by and at last the great day had come, the day of our annual game with Mt. Allison. Of course we all knew that Acadia would win, but when the final whistle blew and the game stood 8-0 in Acadia's favor, then in truth we needed no yell-leader. This victory indeed left behind it a feeling of satisfaction, but the season was not without its disappointments, as the Intercollegiate Trophy this year remained un-awarded. The growing opposition to the antiquated "safety" rule reached a climax last Fall, and it is to be hoped that in the interests of justice, it will be struck out of the Rule Book.

All through the season, the team was handicapped by not having practice games arranged, the result of not giving sufficient notice of

teams with which communication was held. Timely preparation is being made to avoid this next year.

As a whole, the football season was a success. Our team did not once sustain a real defeat, our goal line not being once crossed for a try.

The following is the result of games played :—

U. N. B—1	Acadia—0	(Fredericton)
Acadia—3	Wanderers—0	(Halifax)
Acadia—8	Mt. Allison—0	(Wolfville)

Football suits were hardly stowed away for another year when Basketball came in to appease Acadia's restless spirits. Although not an inter-collegiate sport, basketball is a game which is the source of much enthusiasm and healthy class rivalry and provides a pleasant means of exercise during the late fall weather. It was a wise change to run off the Inter-class League before Christmas instead of in the Spring. The league was closely contested and highly interesting, finally resulting in a triumph for the Juniors.

Christmas holidays were soon over and the Hockey season had begun. This was our first year in the Inter-collegiate League and, in fact, the first year that Acadia had taken any real interest in hockey as a college sport. It was with little self-assurance and some trepidation that we lined up to play our first match with Mt. Allison in the Wolfville rink. Only a few minutes had passed, however, before all doubts were vanished and the game ended in a signal victory for Acadia.

But we were now face to face with our first difficulty—examinations were upon us. For three weeks but a single practice was held, and we were then on our way to play a return match in Sackville. The game was fast and furious—a fact which the writer's collar-bone can verify. We were defeated but still held a majority of goals in the two games and had won our section of the league from Mt. Allison. By the time the play-off with St. Francis Xavier was at hand, Acadia's team was in rather a crippled condition. The game resulted in a defeat for our team ; a defeat which was cheerfully received however, for the septette representing St. F. X. were past masters at the art of hockey playing. One more game closed the season. The Dalhousie Engineers were defeated in the Wolfville Rink by the score of 12-4.

The summary of the season's games is as follows :—

Acadia—11	Mt. Allison—7	(Wolfville)
Mt. Allison—10	Acadia—8	(Sackville)
St. F. X.—12	Acadia—2	(Amherst)
Acadia—12	Dalhousie Engineers—4	(Wolfville)

One more intercollegiate contest remained to complete the year's routine; namely, the Intercollegiate Track Meet. The track men were somewhat at sea during the first of the season without the veteran Joe Howe, but new men were soon found to give stability to the team and all worked with the resolve to hold the Track Cup another year. The new campus is at last in good condition for track practice and we now enjoy one of the best fields in the provinces. It was decided to hold the annual meet at St. Stephen, N. B. on Victoria day. A full account of the meet is given in another column.

During the spring months there is a yearning to be out of doors. Those not venturing to enter the lists, to run and jump, find less strenuous relaxation in baseball and tennis. There were still stray patches of snow in the fields when the baseball started its devious course over the campus. By the first of May the inter-class league was in progress and the interest in baseball deepened. Again the advantages of the new campus were apparent for we had no ditches to jump, hills to climb or broken windows to pay for this year. As for the playing, the opening games were little more than successions of errors. The later matches, however, were admirable exhibitions of baseball. The league was won by the team representing the two upper classes.

Tennis has been as popular as ever. Oh! the mad rush to get to the campus. Three solitary courts among two hundred students. Surely there is room for a few more courts somewhere on the college premises.

The year's athletics have not been carried on without expense. The Athletic Association has been plunged deeper in debt than ever. But through the successful outcome of various functions held under the auspices of the Association during anniversary week this debt has been paid off and a good balance left on hand in the treasury for helping out the expenses of next year.

During the past year a number of men have been admitted to the "Legion of Honor" by winning their "A's." In football, Chipman, Crilley, E. Eaton, Mallory and Macleod were the new additions; in

hockey, Hughes, E. Archibald and W. Skinner ; in track sports ; Camp, Stailing, W. Spurr, Goucher, Young.

And so we are at the end of another year in athletics. It has been a year not without a bountiful share of victories. Never once has the college spirit waned nor the interest in athletics faded. Yet these are only the beginnings of better things to come. Acadia's highest plain is yet to be reached. The prospects for next year are better than ever before. We will suffer very few losses either in the football, track or hockey ranks, and there is some good material in sight from which to strengthen our various teams. Athletic games hold a prominent place in college life. May they perform in years to come their rightful duty of keeping the body sound and healthy for the more important things of life, of fostering the spirit of fair play and generosity among the fellows and of maintaining a friendly feeling among the different colleges.

*J. S. Bates, '08.*



## Critique of the Y. M. C. A.

AS the college year draws rapidly to its close, there comes to many a natural tendency to pause and to take a retrospective view of the months just passed—an exercise, most beneficial, not only to individuals but also to organizations. In looking back over the work of the Y. M. C. A. the question arises, what has it accomplished? Results in athletics are computed by the victories gained; scholastic attainments by examination marks; by what standard shall the work of the Y. M. C. A. be measured? Of its aim and purpose all are aware, the development of the highest qualities of Christian manhood and Christian fellowship,—but the results achieved are not so easily estimated, since they be embedded in the minds of men and eternity alone can reveal them. Nevertheless, there are signs which indicate where the work has been successful, and where it has been lacking, and of these it may be helpful to speak.

Throughout the year the Wednesday evening prayer meeting met regularly, except for two or three unavoidable interruptions. The attendance has been good and a quiet, steady influence has been maintained. The Sunday morning devotional meeting and Bible Study classes, while not so largely attended as might be expected, have proved a great source of help and blessing to all who have availed themselves of these privileges. In consideration of the elevated tone of spiritual life there manifested, it is a pity that more of the members could not persuade themselves to forgo their Sunday morning nap.

Only two Sunday afternoon lectures have been given this year, one by the President, Mr. Brice D. Knott, on Mission Work in Large Cities, and the other by Dr. G. E. DeWitt on the subject, Observance of the Laws of Health a Divine Decree. Both of these excellent lectures have been already reported in the monthly columns of the ATHENÆUM.

Through the delegations to student conferences our Y. M. C. A. has been brought into closer touch with the other colleges, and to some extent our ideas have been broadened and our ideals elevated. Five delegates were sent to the Maritime Conference at Fredericton last autumn, and four members attended the larger gathering at Northfield last summer. That the helpful nature of these conferences is being

appreciated is shown by the fact that plans are being matured to send a larger delegation to Northfield this coming summer.

Twice during the year the Y. M. C. A. received visits from men prominent in College Y. M. C. A. work; Messrs. Irving and Davison came, bringing to us a glimpse of the larger world of student life and activity.

On the whole the work this year has maintained the standard of former years, while in some particulars at least it has made marked advance. Thus it goes on quietly and steadily, by its uplifting influence helping men to overcome the temptations of student life and to shape their lives more closely after the perfect pattern of the One Ideal Man.

*L. Ackland, '08.*



## Missionary Department of the Y. M. C. A.

**B**OTH success and failure characterise the efforts put forth to uphold the missionary department of our Y. M. C. A. during the past year. Altho we can see vast room for improvement, we can see, nevertheless, some advances which have been made along the different lines of this important work, which was intrusted to the missionary committee of our association.

The Acadia Volunteer Band which has now been in existence for seventeen years, increased its membership by three over last year's number. The fellowship which the members of the Band enjoyed one with the other during this year will long be remembered. We can look back with sweet memories upon our weekly meetings held throughout the greater part of our college year. Often our meetings were enlarged so as to include other members of our association, and together we took up a course of study concerning our own Hindoo Mission Field. Notwithstanding the fact that we lacked a teacher in this study it was interesting to us to learn something of God's work in the place where we ourselves feel the responsibility of making Him known.

Again, as a part of our missionary work, we have given, as in past years, four public missionary meetings in the church. These meetings this year have been well attended and the interest in missions

here at Acadia has, to some extent at least, been increased because of them. In this connection the Y. M. C. A. is deeply indebted to Bros. G. A. Lawson, W. H. Jenkins, G. P. Raymond and W. V. Higgins for the assistance which they rendered in these meetings.

Finally along the line of missionary contribution the fellows of our association have responded well to the soliciting of the missionary committee and have succeeded in raising for the support of Mr. Glendenning in India the total sum of \$112.66. It was contributed as follows.—Seniors \$17.00, Juniors \$25.50, Sophomores \$17.00, Freshmen \$27.00 and church collections \$26.16.

We believe that to a greater extent, than is ever supposed, the success of the Y. M. C. A., as of the individual, depends upon the place which it gives to this great subject of missions; and that if this phase of our work is well looked after, the Y. M. C. A. need never lack in spirituality. There is therefore a great opportunity lying in the way of those who undertake any work along this line at Acadia. May those who have this work in charge in the coming year feel in addition to the opportunities, the responsibilities to the end that the whole cause of Christianity may be strengthened at Acadia.

*F. H. E., '07.*



## Manhood

The morning music of my life has ceased,  
 My sun is high in air, and all the glad  
 Accompaniments of youth have fled away.  
 What have I now? My work is here to do,  
 And tho' the sun beat down with sick'ning heat  
 Upon my tired back, I still must work.

'06.



## Review of Propylæum Society

ANOTHER June! Another Commencement Day! Another year, whose opportunities have slipped away—improved or neglected. And what has the Propylæum Society done with its privileges? In most ways, improved them. The success of the year's work has been due chiefly to large membership and regular attendance. Then the Senior girls, more numerous than usual, have used their three years' experience with good advantage.

The Society met regularly every second Friday afternoon. Miss Helena Marsters, president during the first term, was succeeded by Miss Gertrude McDonald. The programs have been literary and musical. The synopsis for the fortnight has kept us in touch with the busy world outside.

Two inter-class debates were held which made us feel there should be more debating or none. Perhaps more attention might profitably be given to this line of work. We learn to debate only by debating. U. N. B. has a regular Girls' Debating Society. Why not Acadia?

During the year, each class furnished the entertainment for one day. The Freshette and Sophette programs were laughable and enjoyable. The "Jolly Juniors" gave a Thimble Party at the home of Miss Hilda Vaughn. The "grave old Seniors" held the last meeting, inviting the Seminary and ladies of the town.

Before Christmas, the Propylæum gave a public reception to the College, Seminary and Academy. After Easter, the Society invited the Athenæum to enjoy with them "An Evening with Shakespeare." Scenes from different plays were presented, and an amusing farce, "The Ladies Speak at Last," won hearty applause.

The advantages of this Society to each girl can hardly be overestimated. In the first place, the girls become familiar with Parliamentary usage, learn to properly address the chair, and acquire skill in the delicate handling of "an amendment to the amendment to an amendment." Then there is a chance for the exhibition and development of each girl's literary or dramatic or musical talent. In addition to this, there is promoted among members of all classes that good fellowship and co-operation which is one of the most helpful features of college life. The growth of such intercourse is retarded here by absence of "residence life." But the more optimistic of us are dreaming of the speedy erection of a Girls' Residence, with its Reading Room, its Tennis Court, and other joys innumerable.

But we are digressing. In closing this review of the Society—its work, its purpose and its dreams—permit us to send the kindest fare-  
r those who are leaving, the heartiest welcome to those who  
g, and best vacation wishes to all. *L. A. Lowe, '08.*



G. Vaughn

M. W. Daniels

J. McLeod

E. Peck

A. Eaton

H. Crandall

G. L. McDonald

J. S. Haley

I. M. Crandall

H. B. Marsters

N. Elderkin

Pres. Propylæum (2nd term)

Pres. Y. W. C. A.

Pres. Propylæum (1st term)

OFFICERS OF PROPYLÆUM SOCIETY AND Y. W. C. A. 1906-07.

Photo by Robson Studio

Robson Studio

## The Y. W. C. A. for the Year.

THE Y. W. C. A. has had a year of prosperity. At the beginning of the college term the society gave an informal reception to the girls of the entering class, and our President, Miss May Crandall, in her address of welcome to the new girls, sought to interest them in the work of the society, and to emphasize the importance of each girl making her college course one of spiritual as well as intellectual growth. We can report nearly every girl an active member.

The president has been untiring in her devotion to the work of the society, and there has been developed, under her leadership, a new and increasing interest, not only in our immediate circle, but in Y. W. C. A. work generally. Our Sunday morning meetings have been well attended. One meeting in each month has been devoted to missions, and excellent papers have been presented by some of the members. Especially would we mention those on the Revival in India, and the work in Western Canada.

We have been favored, several times, on the occasion of the missionary meeting, with addresses by missionaries, and others interested in the work. Their inspiring words have given us a new acquaintance with the work in which several of our members are now engaged. Miss Peck and Dr. Zella Clarke are our latest representatives to the foreign field, and Miss Cora Elliott, who, for the past year has been studying in Boston, will leave for India this autumn. Others who are now in field have been devoted members of our college society, and we interpret this to mean that the Y. W. C. A. is a good place to foster the missionary spirit. Its value to the girls cannot be too highly estimated.

The year, financially has been quite up to the average. The funds raised have been given to missions.

*M. W. Daniels, '08.*



## The New Science Society.

THE Science Course which was instituted at Acadia two years ago is amply justifying the hopes which its promoters placed in its success, both in respect to the work done and to the number of students taking the course. Owing to the increasing interest in scientific subjects, there has been a growing feeling of a need for a society to foster and encourage these interests. The Athenæum Society has proved an efficient instrument for literary culture and public speaking, but its objects and labors are more along the line of the general Arts Course.

While the science students see and appreciate the benefits to be derived from this Society, they at the same time feel that another step should be taken for their special benefit and thus for the benefit of the whole institution. As a result a science society has been organized this year which has for its object "To improve its members along lines pertaining to the Science Department of Acadia University, to encourage its members in individual research work, and to foster a feeling of good fellowship among the science men."

All students of the B. Sc. and Abbreviated Science courses are eligible for membership in this Society on payment of fifty cents per year and subscribing to the Constitution and By-Laws; a special clause provides for the admittance of the Arts Students who wish to join. The Society will meet twice a month and constitution requires that at least one paper bearing upon some scientific subject shall be presented by a member of the Society at each regular meeting.

The working staff of the Society consists of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of four members. In accordance with this requirement the following officers were elected for the past year :

President—W. R. Barss, '07

Vice-President—A. P. Goudey, '08

Treasurer—C. Wilson, '09

Secretary—E. King, '10

Executive Committee—W. J. Wright, A. P. Goudey, S. Troop, F. E. Mallory.

In thus organizing themselves the Science men do not intend in any way to usurp the field of labor of the Athenæum Society, but rather to supplement and aid that body. This new step is the outcome of the evolution of student life and interests at Acadia. The introduction of the Scientific Department was accompanied by new surroundings, and this society is the result of the natural tendency of the student body to better adapt itself to its new environments. It is intended that this will be a new force to assist the student in reaching the highest aim of the institution namely, Liberal Culture.

*W. J. Wright, '07.*



## The College Paper.

**A**WAY back in the seventies the ATHENÆUM had its origin. It was when Jacob G. Schurman, now President of Cornell University, was reading for the Gilchrist Scholarship, when Douglas H. Simpson dreamed of elocution by night and practiced it by day. It was then ambition seized the "boys," and they kept saying, "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me." We must find they said, outward garb for ideas that otherwise will surely pass from consciousness. A paper! A paper! Let us have a paper. The time has fully come for action. Let us not be like dumb-driven cattle, but *literati* in the strife. These ideas carried the day and so the ATHENÆUM was born.

Next, what form shall we give it? What aspects of University shall be emphasized? What messages ought this periodical begotten of thought bear to its constituency? Above all what shall be its motto? For awhile brains were busy in search of some short pithy sentence which would suggest the nature of the students' labors. One more familiar with the first book of Vergil than the others bethought himself of a line of that Poet, which would be fairly talismanic. Here it is:

*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*

Translate this Latin to see what a happy selection the "boys" made. The sentiment smacks just a little of battle, you see. You will find, however, that friend and foe are to be treated impartially.

There is to be no compromise, no truckling. Their aim was to be true to themselves and their College.

So the motto was adopted and a beginning made. But they were "prentice" hands for such work, as the task excited apprehension. Still failure was not to be entertained. Matter good, bad and indifferent flowed in. Then came the time to choose selectors. So some entered an atmosphere of literary mystery and became Editors. These made choices or selections and sometimes in making them incurred the ill-will of contributors whose ambition was far stronger than their thoughts. This was to be expected, if the paper was to live. To get the exact quantum of this and of that was a task that sorely perplexed the editors. Some articles must be light and easy, some heavy and some should strike the golden mediocrity. Jokes, too, either selected or original ought to be inserted to feed those that had a fancy for that kind of pabulum. Be it remembered that the writer of this article contributed an essay of the heavier class, which was parcelled between the first two issues of the ATHENÆUM. Thus amid much misgiving and nursing of hope the paper was sent forth on its mission of progress and enlightenment. It received a warm welcome and words of congratulation came when they were much needed.

This Periodical has had a life of more than thirty years and sometime during this period it exchanged its motto for the less ambitious one of *Esse quam Videri*. It is vitally important to know whether, so far, it has succeeded in its mission. Its issues have not been uniformly good and sometimes the editors have not been sufficiently discriminating, yet, upon the whole, it has served its purpose well. It would be interesting to have before us a list of its editors. There was a time in the history of this paper when one served as editor the whole of the four years of his course. This was Dr. Chute's experience when a student. The Dr. tho' he wrote much himself experienced the difficulty of finding suitable matter. But he made a lucky hit when he introduced into the paper Dr. Welton's "Reminiscences of European Travel." At another time a new interest was created by the appearance of an article entitled, "Echoes of the Past." The subject of this paper was "Gudolphus in the Past." This was the first of a series of more than twenty articles. At once there were eager inquiries about the authorship. The editors were mum and readers were perplexed. Suffice it to say that this revival of the past

in the form of contributions was a great relief to the staff and a treat to their readers.

The success of a paper depends largely upon the ability of the chief editor. He is constantly passing judgment and discriminating taste is ever in demand. He is often blamed for the insertion of this and the rejection of that. Results generally justify his decisions. His work is indeed onerous. To contributors of different minds he has to make appeals for sundry articles. He must keep his own interest alive and often awaken and sustain that of others. Responsibility walks with him by day and sleeps with him by night. He has often to wound the feelings of contributors by throwing their productions into the waste-basket. The demands made upon him are legion. Amid all this he keeps his purpose steadily before him. He is ever lynx-eyed, vigilant, literary, discriminating and progressive.

In its editors the ATHENÆUM has been fortunate. They have never made stock of their office. They have guarded and fostered the interests of their Alma Mater and those of all concerned. May the succession continue, and then the ATHENÆUM will never fail in its mission of knowledge and enlightenment.

*R. V. J., '60.*



## Our College Library.

**D**URING the school year which has just closed, the college library has greatly increased its sphere of usefulness. This year, for the first, the librarian has had an assistant, which gives him more time to attend to the cataloguing of books and assisting students who are doing special reading, particularly in connection with the English course. Several changes in the arrangement of the library have proved very advantageous. The old entrance has been closed, and the room under the East Gallery of Assembly Hall, formerly used by the Academy as a class room, has been utilized as a delivery room.

Here the card catalogue has been placed and students wishing merely to draw books have only to find the book-number from the catalogue and give it to the librarian or assistant who gets the book from the shelf. By this method students reading in the library are not disturbed by unnecessary confusion. One new book-case has filled an

urgent need, and a more logical arrangement of the books, with a re-adjustment of several book-cases, has been found more convenient and has made the room brighter and more cheerful. One thing deserving special mention in this connection is the setting apart of one book-case exclusively for reserved books. On these shelves are kept the dictionaries and encyclopedias, and spaces for each department are devoted to reference books which the professors of the various departments place there for supplementary reading. These books are always found in the library during library hours; but may be withdrawn at the end of a library period to be returned at the beginning of the next period.

A number of new books have been placed on the shelves this year. Among them may be mentioned :—

Von Zittel's, *Text-Book of Palaeontology*; Foster's, *The Finality of the Christian Religion*; *Variorum Editions of five Shakespearean plays*, Edited by Furness; Sarragin's, *Shakespeare Lexicon*; Hall's, *Adolescence*, Vol. 2.

The students seem to appreciate the efforts which have been made to render the library of more service to them and it has been used to a greater extent than in former years. The rules have been respected, which fact has helped to maintain its efficiency. Although there is a pressing need for more books and the fund for that purpose is very limited, we believe that the library is beginning to hold the important place which it certainly deserves as one of the greatest educative factors in our university.

*E. G. D., '09.*

## The Registration.

THE attendance this past year has been the largest in the history of Acadia College. There was a total of one hundred and sixty-three enrolled in the various departments. The summary according to classes is as follows :—

Seniors . . . . .	26
Juniors . . . . .	34
Sophomores . . . . .	34
Freshmen . . . . .	69
	<hr/>
Total	163

Although the Science Course has only been organized since 1904, yet there is already a good attendance, numbering in all thirty-six, five of whom received this year the degree, Bachelor of Science.

The "Sweet Girl Graduate" is more and more in evidence at Acadia. Naughty-seven had ten to its credit. There were in all forty-four co-eds, this being an increase of seven over last year. The college course is certainly becoming popular with the young ladies. This year's Senior class graduated six with honors, four of whom read for their Honors in Classics. Acadia's graduates have always taken first rank in the larger universities, and we have every reason to believe that this year's undergraduate body will amply uphold the reputation of their Alma Mater.

The Freshman class was larger by far than any other entering class, and, with such a highly successful year in every branch of college life, we expect that next year's Freshman class will be very large, especially as the Horton Academy matriculating class was one of the largest ever graduated, and a large proportion are planning to enter college next Fall.

*G. H. M., '09.*

## The Second Forward Movement of Acadia University.

THE history of Acadia University and its Affiliated Schools has been a series of forward movements. From a small beginning with slender resources, it has made steady progress during nearly 70 years of existence. Today a combined teaching staff of 40 professors, instructors and teachers is required in the various departments to properly care for the intellectual training of more than 500 students.

The development of the money resources of the institutions has not kept pace with development in other respects. The exigencies of the situation have therefore called for two forward movements of a special nature during the past ten years, each aiming to give relief from financial burden and strengthen the financial resources.

The first Forward Movement, inaugurated by President Trotter in 1897 was an attempt to raise \$75,000.00 in four years. This aim was realized. Every dollar of the amount was paid. The Endowment was increased by \$40,000.00 and the balance was used for reduction of debt. Impending financial disaster was avoided; pressure was relieved, but the financial problem was still a serious one for consideration. There yet remained a burden of large indebtedness and an annual deficit on account of insufficient income. Some way must be found to place these institutions on a permanently solid financial basis.

At this point in 1903 President Trotter launched THE SECOND FORWARD MOVEMENT on a scale so large as to dwarf all previous efforts, involving the sum of \$230,000.00. The Alumni and other friends of "Acadia" are required to raise \$100,000.00 before Jan. 1st, 1908 (next New Years Day), which will secure \$100,000.00 from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and \$30,000.00 from Mr. Andrew Carnegie—a grand total of \$230,000.00.

In accordance with the first condition of Mr. Rockefeller's pledge, the college authorities reported Jan. 1st, 1906 the full amount of \$100,000.00 subscribed, of which amount \$71,000.00 is now paid (June 1st, 1907). A similar amount has also been received from Mr. Rockefeller. The remaining \$29,000.00 must be collected by Jan. 1st, 1908. While this amount is fully subscribed, yet many new and generous

contributions are necessary on account of inevitable shrinkage in value in a pledge list so large, and extending over such a period of years. By hearty co-operation it will be possible to lay Mr. Rockefeller's pledge under tribute to the last dollar. An additional stimulus to heroic effort is the fact that Mr. Carnegie's gift of the New Science Building is conditioned upon the absolute completion of **this MOVEMENT**, the last dollar of which secures the \$30,000.00. Success is assured because among the people of various lands are many friends of "Acadia" who will prove again their appreciation of her worth.

The opportunity thus presented to give financial relief and enrichment to the educational work at Wolfville is unique and inspiring. After nearly seventy years of noble and persistent effort, it has now become possible, through the providence of God, in one comprehensive Movement to accomplish four ends, viz:—(1) To make urgently needed repairs on existing buildings. (Such repairs are now completed), (2) To wipe out completely the debts which have so burdened the institutions, (3) To secure a much needed new Science Building from Mr. Carnegie, worth \$30,000.00, (4) To add \$100,000.00 to the Permanent Endowment of the College, thus appreciably enlarging the income, and making possible a much higher degree of efficiency.

The members of the Alumni, former students, undergraduates and other friends now have their opportunity to place "ACADIA" upon a splendidly solid financial basis. The help of every individual is needed in order that this Second Forward Movement may come to complete success at the end of the present year. Its accomplishment will mean a brighter day of greater usefulness and efficiency for our ALMA MATER in the coming years.

*W. L. Archibald,*  
Field Secretary,  
Acadia University.

## Acadie—Past and Present



ON the fifth of September in the year 1755, an Acadian, living on what is now College land, left his home and wended his way toward the little village of Grand Pré, on the shores of the Basin of Minas. Not only one but many, in fact all the male inhabitants of the Acadian land were taking their way thither, in answer to a summons from the governor for all to assemble in the village church. Everybody was asking the occasion for the meeting; everybody was wandering what the proclamation would be. Surroundings were strange to them. True, the meadows were still green, the willows still stood out in bold relief against Blomidon rising far to the northward, the mists from the mighty Atlantic looked on the valley as of yore, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean still spoke in accents disconsolate, and yet a feeling of dread seemed to overcome them. Why was the graveyard beyond the church of St. Charles dotted with soldier's tents? What was the cause of the pickets surrounding the camp and village? Why were the open gates guarded with armed sentries? Why was the church surrounded with soldiers who stood stern and commanding as the line of bewildered men entered in single file? Little wonder they were afraid; little wonder that mutterings regarding the heavy hand of British law were uttered amongst them.

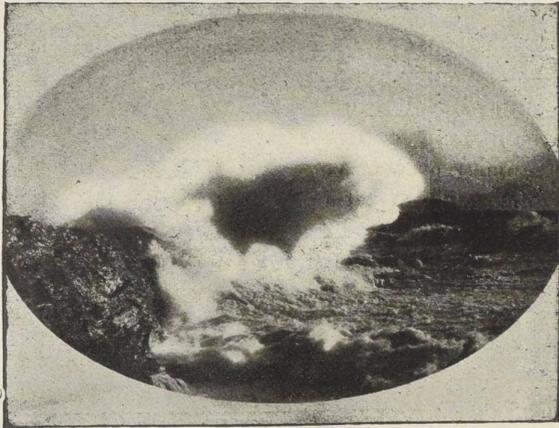
At length the proclamation was read. Their lands, tenements and cattle were forfeited to the crown and



Grand Pré Village

they themselves were declared prisoners and were ordered to be conveyed in vessels to other British colonies. In a few weeks the letter of the law was carried out, the majority of the Acadian people were taken on board the ships at Horton Landing, and the Acadian land and the Acadian people became a land and people of tradition—famous in history—fit subjects for the poet's imagination—fit subjects for any present day lover of sad, poetic lore.

And so, to-day, one hundred and fifty-two years after the scene we have just pictured, an attempt is being made to preserve undivided the spot of earth most closely associated with the lives of the Acadian people of the Minas Region. Wolfville has subscribed a sum of



**"The deep-voiced neighboring ocean Speaks"**

money toward the purchase of this land—fourteen acres in all—overlooking the beautiful dyke lands of Grand Pré. A wide interest throughout Canada and the United States has been aroused in the work and considerable publicity has been given it in the newspapers and magazines of both countries. A Board of Trustees will be incorporated to take charge of the property, and an executive officer appointed to act under their direction. The President of Acadia University and the President of the Nova Scotia Historical Society will be largely connected with the movement and probably will be placed on the Board of Trustees. The story of Acadie is fully known. After

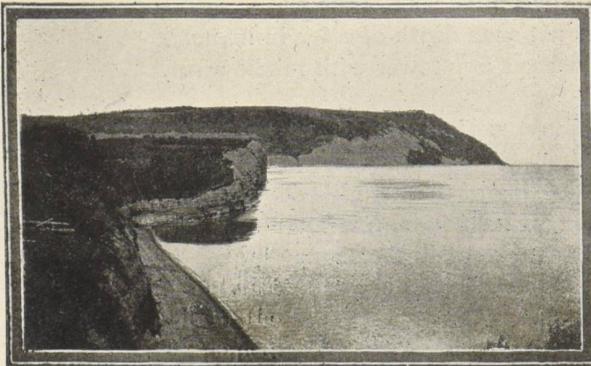
so many years of neglect, 1907 will surely see this land, replete with the history of an unfortunate people, dedicated to the memory of those who once were here.



**"The willows stood out in bold relief."**

The effort that is being put forth appeals to every student of Acadia. The whole land of Acadie, rich in its tradition and natural scenery, is connected largely with college life. Who would recognize Acadia without Blomidon, without the neighboring village of Grand Pré, without the many beautiful walks and drives throughout this lovely land so richly endowed with nature's wealth? All have been

dear to us as students and their memory shall remain with us as a heritage of our college days. Then each one will feel a kindly interest in the efforts for preservation as outlined above.



**"Blomidon rising far to the northward."**

## Twilight in the Valley.

Calm twilight stilly wraps the shadowy vale  
In eerie darkness, nought is clearly seen  
Save the white flicker of the junco's tail,  
The fire-fly lanterns, fitting 'mong the green,  
The snowy foam-crests where the waters leap,  
Riot and surge, and sink again to sleep.

But all the glorious girdle of the hills  
Glow warmly with the breath of Helios' steeds,  
Which, slanting down, with shimmering color fills  
The forest darkness, till the maple bleeds  
In every leaflet, and the oak-tree old,  
The forest-king, is crowned with living gold.

And far above the mountains tier on tier,  
The dark cloud castles, burning as with fire,  
Their serried turrets o'er the heavens rear,  
The crimson blossom of the wayside briar  
Bears not such depth of color in its heart  
As flushes every tower with rainbow art.

The murmur of the river fills the dell,  
And from the hillside comes in cadence clear  
The tinkling of the hermit's silver bell.  
No jarring sound makes discord on the ear,  
For at this hour, in the shadow long,  
They all are blended in sweet even-song.

But now the music ebbs, and sinks away;  
One after one the sweet musicians cease,  
All save the river; the last gleam of day,  
Departing, leaves the quiet vale in peace,  
While night descends with moon-beams' misty bars,  
And all the heaven blossoms into stars.





G. V. White, '09, E. Pauline Patterson, '09, Lucy A. Lowe, '08, W. B. Foster, '08, Dorothy Manning, '09, E. G. Daniels, '09  
W. R. Barss, '07, J. A. Estey, '07, Mildred W. Daniels, '08, C. M. Harris, '07, M. R. Elliott, '08, J. M. Shortliffe, '08  
Editor-in-Chief Bus. Mgr.

EDITORIAL STAFF ACADIA ATHENAEUM, 1906-'07

# The Acadia Athenaeum

VOL. XXXIII

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1907

No. 8

CLARANCE MANNING HARRIS, '07, Editor-in-Chief

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS

WILLIAM RAYMOND BARSS, '07	JAMES ARTHUR ESTEY, '07
WILLIAM BERNARD FOSTER, '08	MILDRED WALLACE DANIELS, '08
JAMES MELBOURNE SHORTLIFFE, '08	LUCY ANN LOWE, '08
EDWARD GARFIELD DANIELS, '09	ELLA PAULINE PATTERSON, '09
GILBERT VINCENT WHITE, '09	DOROTHY DEAN MANNING, '09

MALCOLM ROBERTSON ELLIOTT, '08, Business Manager

## Editorial.

ALL material things come to an end, and our minds though busied with present activities seem to overlap the intervening spaces of the future and find pleasure in brooding over the triumphs or failures which the end will reveal. Ofttimes the anticipated consequences are less stern than the real disappointments that await us, but frequently the dread of the end clouds over the glow of the future and success when realized comes as a pleasant surprise. But whatever the end may be there is always a sense of relief when the task is completed, and even failure is endurable provided one had done his best.

Our work in connection with the ATHENÆUM paper is completed. For eight long months we have been looking forward to the day when we should say "Farewell," and others would begin to take up the work. Now that the end is really here we are betwixt two opinions, whether we should like to do it a'l over again that we might attain nearer to our ideal, or vacate our places without one regret because we have done what we could to make the paper a success during our term of office. We shall choose the latter and step out content that whatever failures attended our work the same are mitigated by the know-

ledge that we have honestly tried to be faithful to the trust committed to us and have not shirked the responsibilities imposed upon us by the student body.

We are pleased over the result of our efforts in seeking to have as large a number as possible of the student body contribute to our columns. We believe that the true success of a college paper such as ours must be measured not so much by its literary make-up, for that is a most variable and uncertain quantity, depending almost wholly upon the talent possessed by the student body in general, but by the means the paper offers for the self-development of the student. From the fact that about sixty of the students have this year made contributions to our columns we believe that the paper has in some degree fulfilled this purpose. Our thanks are sincerely extended to all those who helped in this material way to make the paper a success.

If our readers will pardon a personal word the editor would like to thank the Assistants through this column for the services which they have so ably rendered. Even the extra work placed upon them has been willingly performed. The Assistant Editors by attending in the most careful manner to their various departments, the Business Manager by his hearty cooperation, have freed the editor of all needless anxiety and care, and made the work of getting out the various issues assume a degree of pleasurable otherwise impossible.

Now our work is done. For a whole season we have gleaned the literary field of Acadia, and the sheaves, eight in number, have one after another been placed before you for inspection. Frequently notes of approval and encouragement have been received from our graduates, and at times the students have showed appreciation of our efforts by kind words and expressions of interest. These words have been appreciated by us all. Though of the past they will live in the future. No more now may we reap. We tarry only long enough to bind up this last sheaf, then, with hearts beating love for old Acadia from whence it has been plucked, with one last lingering glance at our field of work, we shall silently steal away, our going unnoticed, and when the morning appeareth others will have taken our places and the work will be carried on. We fain would tarry just a moment longer, but the day is far spent and the last call for the weary toilers has sounded. We tie together the last strands, lay our rickles aside, and step out forever.

## Senior Night in Propylæum.

THE closing meeting of each society is generally attended with interest, and this was especially true of the final gathering of the Propylæum Society, held Friday evening, May 10th. Invitations had been issued to the Seminary Faculty and girls, and the lady friends of the town, so College Hall was filled to over-flowing.

The program was presented by the Seniors, who thus bade farewell to the Society. After the transaction of necessary business, the following program was discussed :

Address of Welcome and Farewell,	Miss McDonald
Piano Solo,	Miss Currie.
Class History and Prophecy.	
Reading of the Seniors' Will,	Miss Brown.
Chorus—Medley.	
Valedictory,	Miss Benjamin.

In the opening address, the President, Miss McDonald, spoke of the loss the Society would sustain in the departure of the most intellectual class that has ever adorned these halls. This modest statement was received by the audience in the spirit in which it was uttered.

The Class History and Prophecy took the form of a re-union of the Senior girls a decade hence, at the home of the former Miss Craig. Matron and widow, actress and missionary, doctor and parlor-maid, they met again with the old loyalty to '07 undiminished by the flight of years.

The last will and testament of the Seniors in which each girl was made some suggestive bequest, was read by Miss Brown. The Chorus—decidedly original—made up in wit and happy hits what it lacked in harmony.

The Valedictory reminded us that very soon they will have gone out from their Alma Mater, to do their share of the world's work. The Critic's report by Miss Lowe brought the program to a close.

After adjournment the girls gathered around and received the legacies of the Seniors—which were no shams, but a pretty gold class pin for each girl.

## The Inter-Class Base Ball League of 1907.

**D**URING the present season, we are glad to say, interest in base-ball has greatly revived. This is chiefly due to the fact that our new campus gives us an admirable place for a good diamond, something that has for several years been very much needed.

A league series of six games was arranged by the base ball committee representing the different college classes and the Academy. The two Upper Classes, '07 and '08 combined, entered a team, '09 pluckily joined in the contest, '10 put in one of the strongest teams in the league, and as usual the Academy boys showed their interest in the sport by entering a team.

The opening game of the series between the Upper Classes and '10 was very loosely played, resulting in a victory for the Upper Classes by a score of 22—16.

The next game between '09 and H. C. A. proved to be a more interesting contest, the Academy team winning by a score of 12—3.

The third game proved the most interesting and exciting of the whole series. The Upper Class team by playing clean ball administered a defeat to the Academy nine. Score 6—5.

In the next game, Upper Classes vs. '09, the Upper Class team defeated the Sophs. by a score of 9—6, thus sustaining their line of victories and winning the league without defeat.

Another exciting contest was that played between '09 and '10, the Freshmen doing the trick by the narrow margin of 9—8.

The last game of the series, H. C. A. vs. '10, was won by '10, score 8—1.

The final standing of the teams was :

	Won	Lost
Upper Classes	3	0
Freshmen	2	1
Academy	1	2
Sophomores	0	3

Altogether we may say that the ball played this year is a great improvement over that of late years, and we trust that the time will soon come when base-ball will be one of our most successful sports.

*W. H. Hutchinson,*  
*Captain Acadia Team, '07.*

## The Intercollegiate Track Meet.

THE fifth annual "Intercollegiate Track Meet" was held in St. Stephen, N. B., May 24th. The weather was favorable and the track in good condition. The competing colleges were Mount Allison, University of New Brunswick, and Acadia. From first to last it was evident that the University of New Brunswick had the strongest team, although each of the other contestants put up a plucky fight. The number of points awarded to each team were as follows: University of New Brunswick, 40, Mount Allison  $27\frac{3}{4}$ , Acadia  $22\frac{1}{4}$ .

The team that we sent to St. Stephen this year although possessing no "star" men, was a good strong aggregation, and a general feeling of confidence was felt by the student body that they were not sent in vain. However several surprises were in store for us—some pleasant, some otherwise.

Three Intercollegiate records were broken. The high jump was won by Eaton of Acadia who in an exhibition jump cleared the bar at five feet seven inches, breaking the Intercollegiate record by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches. In the 440 yards dash Rutledge of U. N. B. broke both the Intercollegiate and Maritime Province records. Time 50 sec. The record was also lowered in the mile run, by Atkinson of Mt. Allison. Time 4 min. 55 sec.

Acadia's team was as follows:

Eaton '07 (captain) Jumps, Weights and Pole. Jost '08, Jumps, Weights, Hurdles and Run. Keirstead '08, Weights. Stailing '09, Sprints and Jumps. Goucher '09, Jumps. McKinnon '09, Weights. Crilley '10, Sprints and Pole. Hughes '10, Weights, Hurdles and Pole. Camp '10, Sprints and Hurdles. Miller '10, Sprints. Spurr '10, Jumps and Run. Young '10, Run.

Below is a summary of the meet:—

### FIRST HEAT 100 YARDS.

First—Wood, U. N. B. Second—Clindenin, Mt. A. Third—Doe, Mt. A. Time—11 sec.

### SECOND HEAT 100 YARDS.

First—Camp, Acadia. Second—Llewellyn, Mt. A. Third—Stailing, Acadia. Time—11 sec.



Camp, '10  
Hughes, '10

Eaton, '07, Capt.  
Stailing, '10

McKinnon, '09  
Keirstead, '08

Jost, '08  
Crilley, '10

Miller, '10  
Goucher, '09

Spurr, '10

Young, '10

ACADIA TRACK TEAM, 1906-07.

## SHOT PUT.

First—Baird, U. N. B. Second—Rutledge, U. N. B. Third—Lank, U. N. B. Distance—35 ft. 1-2 in.

## FINAL 100 YARDS.

First—Camp, Acadia. Second—Wood, U. N. B. Third—Llewellyn, Mt. A. Time—11 sec.

## RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

First—Baird, U. N. B. Second—Wood, U. N. B. Third—Stailing, Acadia. Distance—20 feet, 9½ in.

## 220 YARDS.

First—Bridges, U. N. B. Second—Llewellyn, Mt. A. Third—Camp, Acadia. Time—25 1-4 sec.

## HAMMER THROW.

First—Sutherland, Mt. A. Second—Hughes, Acadia. Third—McLean, U. N. B. Distance—94 ft. 11 1-2 in.

## 440 YARDS.

First—Rutledge, U. N. B. Second—Bridges, U. N. B. Third—Doe, Mt. A. Time—50 sec.

## HIGH JUMP.

First—Eaton, Acadia. Second—Beer, Mt. A. Third—Spurr and Goucher, Acadia. Height—5 ft. 7 in.

## HURDLES—FIRST HEAT.

First—Wood, U. N. B. Second—Hughes, Acadia. Third—Jost, Acadia. Time—18 sec.

## HURDLES—SECOND HEAT.

First—Baird, U. N. B. Second, Rutledge, U. N. B. Third—Doe, Mt. A. Time 18 sec.

## HURDES—FINAL HEAT.

First—Wood, U. N. B. Second—Hughes, Acadia. Third—Baird—U. N. B. Time 17 1-2 sec.

## MILE RUN.

First—Atkinson, Mt. A. Second—Smith, Mt. A. Third—Young, Acadia. Time—4 min. 55 sec.

## POLE VAULT.

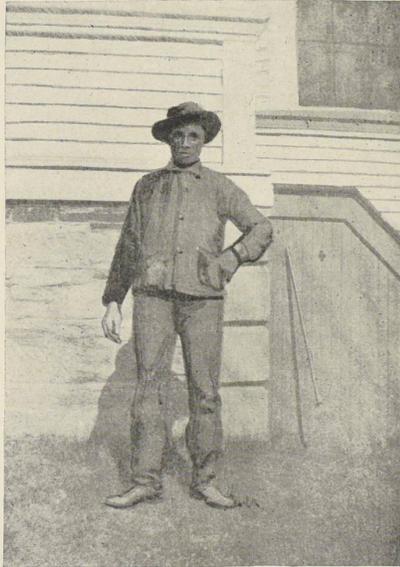
The Pole Vault was unfinished as the contestants had to leave in order to catch the train.

The St. Stephen Track Company deserve words of praise for their very generous proffer of their racing track to the colleges free of charge.

Many thanks are due to the Thistle Athletic Association of St. Stephen for their co-operation in the Track Meet. With a very generous spirit they gave freely of their time to aid us in every way. We found them to be true sporting men of the highest type.

We congratulate the University of New Brunswick upon the fine Track Team she was able to produce this year. We cheerfully hand over the "cup" to them, feeling that they deserve it, and adding the words so often heard here as elsewhere "May the best team win."

*W. G. Kierstead, '08.*



## Anniversary Week.

### College Functions.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY, JUNE 2.

THE morning of Baccalaureate Sunday dawned bright and clear and gave promise of fine days to come, which hope was realized in perfect weather throughout all the Anniversary Exercises. A larger crowd than ever before seemed to be in Wolfville this year to attend the various functions, and long before the hour for beginning the Sunday morning service College Hall was filled to overflowing. The service was conducted by Dr. A. C. Chute, who, with the speaker, followed by the members of the graduating class marched to their seats to the rhythmic beats of the processional. The service opened with the singing of "All hail the power of Jesus' name," after which the scripture was read by Rev. W. C. Goucher of St. Stephen, N. B. A solo followed by Miss Waldron. Prayer was then offered by Rev. W. V. Higgins, returned missionary from India. Miss Merson sang a solo after which the speaker of the morning was introduced—Rev. C. A. Eaton, D. D., of Cleveland, Ohio. We wish we might print his address in full. Those who were there will long remember his presence on the platform and the words that he spoke. "What shall I do with Jesus which is called the Christ?" This is the great question of the century. The central thought of the century just past was Science, and in all scientific research this great question had to be answered. Through commerce the world is becoming one. Shall Christ become universal? Politics, too, will need to be cleansed by the same high personality. Upon the answer this century will give to the question, the future of the world depends. Would one care to write the history of the world after it had rejected Christ? But Christ's hour has come, and in the great struggle of our century Christ will not be rejected. In a quiet but most impressive way he enlarged upon these thoughts, and the vast audience listened with close attention to him as he spoke words that seemed to come from the heart of a man in close touch with his Saviour, yet beating in kindly sympathy for the needy world.

In the evening the services were under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., the speaker being Rev. Shirley J. Case, of Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me. He took for his text Gen. 2:15, which suggests the question, What will you do with yourself? What is the significance of a human life in its earthly existence? The immensity of space makes prominent man's insignificance. Man's work proves him a weakling. Yet God intends that man should be a co-worker with Him, and this gives significance to human life. The strongest argument for this working together is Jesus Christ,—God in flesh. The magnitude of the present opportunity enhances the significance of life. Life is fuller now than it was years ago, and if we do not admit God as senior partner into our lives we impoverish the world and deny ourselves of the greatest of all helps, fellowship with the Almighty.

## Tennis

The season this year has been particularly favorable for tennis. By the middle of April the courts were ready for use, thus giving an addition of about two weeks to the general length of the tennis season. Although the courts were not in an ideal condition, still they were a decided improvement on last year, and much interest has been manifested in the sport.

The following is the record of the Singles Championship Tournament :

SINGLES-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

2nd Round	3rd Round	4th Round	5th Round	Final	
Swim	Goucher	Bates	Bates	} Bates 3-6, 6-4, 7-5	
Goucher	8-6, 6-4				10-8, 6-0
Hughes	Bates	Marsters	} Bates 6-3, 6-4		
Bates	default				6-2, 6-0
W. McIntyre	Marsters				6-2, 6-0
Marsters	6-0, 6-1	Godfrey	} Balcom 6-1, 6-2		
Camp	Camp				2-6, 7-5 6-2
Tabor	default	Balcom	} Balcom 6-1, 6-2		
Price	Godfrey				6-0, 6-2
Godfrey	default	Huntington	} Robinson 6-1, 6-0		
G. McIntyre	Thurrott			6-4, 6-2	
Thurrott	6-3, 6-4	Robinson	} Robinson 6-3, 6-1		
Duffy	Duffy			6-4, 6-2	
Read	7-5, 6-3	Daniels	} Lewis 0-6, 6-3, 6-4		
Balcom	Balcom			6-0, 6-0	
Spurr	6-0, 6-4	Daniels	} Lewis 0-6, 6-3, 6-4		
Barss	Harris			6-0, 6-0	
Harris	6-1, 6-2	Potter	} Lewis 0-6, 6-3, 6-4		
Huntington	Huntington			6-1, 6-4	
Mallory	7-5, 6-2	Lewis	} Lewis 0-6, 6-3, 6-4		
W. Spinner	Robinson			6-0, 6-0	
Robinson	default	Lewis	} Lewis 0-6, 6-3, 6-4		
Kent	Elliott			6-0, 6-0	
Elliott	6-0, 6-0	Lewis	} Lewis 0-6, 6-3, 6-4		
Daniels	Daniels			6-0, 6-0	
Walker	6-0, 6-0	Lewis	} Lewis 0-6, 6-3, 6-4		
Magner	Potter			6-0, 6-0	
Potter	6-1, 6-4	Lewis	} Lewis 0-6, 6-3, 6-4		
Lewis	Lewis			6-0, 6-0	
Dickie	6-0, 6-0	Lewis	} Lewis 0-6, 6-3, 6-4		
Lounsbury	Lounsbury			6-0, 6-0	
A.Huntington	6-3, 6-2	default			

Robinson  
6-3, 6-3  
Singles Champion  
1907

## Class Day Exercises.

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 4.

Tuesday morning dawned bright and serene. The clear, fragrant air, the warm sunshine coaxing the laggard apple-buds into full bloom, the bright green of campus and dyke with the red and light green class flag floating over all combined to make an ideal setting for the last '07 class-meeting. Parents and friends early thronged to the Hall and at the hour of opening, one of the largest gatherings in the history of Class Day exercises had assembled.

Class meetings have always been interesting sessions and now this final meeting, when the events of the past are to be reviewed, the joys and sorrows of the varied experiences of a four years' course are to be laid before the public, and when the mysteries of the future are to be revealed through the inspired person of the class prophet, must be considered an occasion of the greatest interest. Expectancy was written on every face, for classes possess individuality, and what is more interesting than the disclosure of the secrets of the past history and the horologue of the future of an individual who has made a career and of whom greater things are anticipated! Friends anxiously awaited the announcement of the fate in store for those in whom they were interested. Decisions of great importance might be forthcoming.

A tinge of sadness seemed to be upon the members of the class as led by their President, Brice D. Knott, they took their places on the platform. In a neat, expressive address of welcome the President explained the purpose and nature of the morning's exercises.

After the reading of the minutes the Secretary, Miss Craig, called the roll. Although a number had dropped out at different stages of the Class' history yet the original personnel had been rather singularly preserved, in contrast with the membership of most graduating classes. The responses to the names of absent members were apt. By a unanimous vote the present officers of the class were re-appointed to their respective positions for life. A motion was further unanimously passed that the Class donate \$400 to the college, the income from which should be applied as an essay prize open to competition by all bona fide college students. This generous expression evoked a prolonged outburst of applause.

Clarence M. Harris, as Class historian, next gave a survey of the past, tracing the career of the Class during its Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior periods of growth. The history of '07 had not been marked by times of great stress, quite the contrary, yet the writer succeeded in giving a graphic and most pleasing account of the events of the four years, which was heartily applauded by the interested audience.

A solo by Frank F. Adams was heard with great pleasure.

Probably the most anticipated part of the programme was the Class Prophecy and we were not disappointed in the realization. The prophet, W. Raymond Barss, disclosed a rather unique plan in the execution of his plot. Many years after graduating he returned as a spirit from the spirit land and sought out his old Class-mates. The consequent revelations were followed with intense interest by the audience.

A quartette by Messrs. Estey, Wright, Hutchinson and Adams was well received. Miss Helena Marsters' valedictory gave fitting expression to the feeling of the class in departing from old Acadia and its many associations. It was delivered in a most admirable manner.

When the class yell had been vociferously given, the morning's exercises came to an end.

The Class of '07 has gone out from its Alma Mater. Our best wishes attend each member as the larger responsibilities in the world of action and conflict are assumed.



## The Interclass Field Meet.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

The meet was run off on the 4th with the weather favorable, except for a rather high wind which hampered somewhat the competitors.

The running was mostly slow owing to the wind and the soft condition of the track. Moland, H. C. A. won first place successively in the 100 yds, 220 yds, quarter-mile and half-mile. The mile was won by Young '10 in 5 min. 13½ sec. The hurdles was won by Hughes '10, time 18½ sec.

With the weights, the work was fair. Hughes '10 winning the hammer throw easily with 98 ft. 10 in. Eaton '07 won the shot put, distance 32 ft. 1½ in.

The jumping was good, Eaton '07 winning the high jump with 5 ft. 4 in. The broad was won by Allen, H. C. A. with 19 ft. 7 in. McLeod, H. C. A. showed up in good form in the pole vault clearing 9 ft. 6 in. The wind hindered considerably these events.

The Academy thus won easily with a total of 53 points. We may presume that lack of practice since the Intercollegiate meet on May 24th, interfered largely with the records of the day and prevented the best of work being done in the several events. There was a good attendance, and fair enthusiasm while the events were being run off.



## Commencement Day.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5TH.

Brightly rose the sun on the morning of the 69th Anniversary of Acadia. All the preceding exercises of the week had been favored with delightful weather; and now the grandest of the exercises of commencement week came nothing behind in this most desirable favor. If the state of the weather on graduation day betokens the general character of the life upon which the graduates are just entering, surely the class of '07 is to enjoy a sunny life.

Fully one hour and a half before the exercises were to begin, the streams of humanity began to flow into College Hall. The experience of the past few days had taught them that to be even "on time" meant to stand during the exercises.

At 10:15 o'clock, the long procession, consisting of Governors, members of the Senate, the Faculty, candidates for the degree of M. A., and the graduating class, filed into the Auditorium, and, at the usual signals from the piano, took their seats. To those who have witnessed the more recent commencement exercises at Acadia the absence of Dr. Trotter was indeed most noticeable. His part was well performed by Dr. Tufts, acting President, at whose immediate right on the platform was His Honor, Governor Fraser. This is the first time Acadia has been favored with the presence of a Governor of Nova Scotia at her commencement exercises.

The exercises began with prayer by Rev. Shirley Case.

The following essays were then delivered by members of the graduating class—"The Future Nation," by Gordon H. Gower, West-

port, N. S. ; "The Power of the Ideal in Daily Life," by I. May Crandall, Chipman, N. B. ; "Imagination in the Realm of Science," by William R. Barss, New Germany, N. S.

Variety was here given in the program by the rendition of a piano solo by Miss Joy Lawrence of Hantsport, N. S.

The reading of essays was then continued as follows :—"Personality," by Miss L. Elta Brown, St. John, N. B. ; "The Influence of the Past," by Brice D. Knott, Merrigomish, N. S.

A vocal duet, rendered by Messrs. Claude Balcom and Frank Adams, was received with great satisfaction.

Dr. Tufts next announced the following members of the class as graduating with Honors :—William R. Barss, in Physics ; Mildred M. Black, in Mathematics ; L. Elta Brown, in Classics ; J. Arthur Estey, in Classics ; Edith M. Spurr, in Latin and French, and Clarence M. Harris, in Greek and German.

The presentation of prizes came next. This part of the program did not occupy much time, the chief reason being that only two prizes were to be presented. These were the Governor-General's medal, and the Ralph M. Hunt oratorical prize. The former was presented to J. A. Estey of the graduating class ; the latter, to J. M. Shortliffe, '08.

It is with gratification that we report the gift of the graduating class to their Alma Mater, which took the form of a permanent fund of \$400,00, the interest of which is to be used each year for a competition prize under conditions submitted to the Faculty by the donors. Our list of prizes is very small, and the custom of founding permanent funds for competitive prizes is one worthy of imitation by the succeeding classes. We might mention here the other new prize which will be offered next year by Mr. L. H. Dimock of Windsor, to the young lady of the college who shall do the best work in English Essay writing.

Dr. Tufts next announced that of the \$100,000 pledged for the Forward Movement \$71,000 had been collected, leaving \$29,000 to be gathered by Jan. 1st, next. The deepest interest of each lover of Acadia was urged in order to bring this movement to the full success.

Degrees were then conferred as follows :—B. A. to Cassie M. Benjamin, Gaspereau, N. S. ; Mildred M. Black, Fairville, N. B. ; Joseph D. Brehaut, Goldenville, N. S. ; L. Elta Brown, St. John, N. B. ; Cecilia A. Craig, St. Stephen, N. B. ; I. May Crandall, Chipman,

N. B. ; Mary I. Currie, Wolfville, N. S. ; Rufus L. Davison, Delhaven, N. S. ; Frank H. Eaton, Lower Canard, N. S. ; J. Arthur Estey, Fredericton, N. B. ; Gordon H. Gower, Westport, N. S. ; Clarence M. Harris, Bear River, N. S. ; William H. Hutchinson, St. John, N. B. ; Brice D. Knott, Merrigomish, N. S. ; Gertrude L. McDonald, Upper Dyke Village, N. S. ; Helena B. Marsters, Wolfville, N. S. ; Frances P. Messinger, Wolfville, N. S. ; John C. Peacock, Port Elgin, N. B. ; Victor E. Peppard, Central Onslow, N. S. ; William L. Rand, Kinsman's Corner, N. S. and Edith M. Spurr, Falmouth, N. S.

B. Sc. to Frank F. Adams, Wolfville, N. S. ; Burpee A. Balcom, Nictaux Falls, N. S. ; William R. Barss, New Germany, N. S. ; Harry G. Stenderson, Freeport, N. S. and William J. Wright, Clements-vale, N. S.

M. A. in Course to Frances Everett, B. A., in Classics ; R. E. Gullison, B. A. in Church History and Anthropology ; J. Howe, B. A., in Economics ; A. H. M. Hay, B. A., in Economics ; Bessie King, B. A., in Constitutional History ; Allen A. McIntyre, B. A., in Economics ; F. S. Porter, B. A., in Church History ; H. C. Todd, B. A., M. D., in Chemistry and Constitutional History.

The following degrees were granted *ad eundem* :—B. A. to Miss Josephine Hales, B. A. (Dal.) ; Frances Everett, B. A. (U. N. B.)

M. A. to H. Judson Perry, M. A. (Colgate) ; Horace G. Perry, M. A. (U. N. B.) ; and J. Edmund Barss, M. A. (Harvard.)

The graduating class was most excellently addressed by Dr. Chas. Eaton. He urged them to remember that the door of usefulness will open in proportion to what is done.

The following Honorary Degrees were then announced ;—M. A. to Mr. J. E. Barteaux, Truro ; D. C. L. to H. H. Bligh ; D. D. to Rev. Chas. Eaton, D. D. ; Rev. Edwin Crowell and Rev. Robt. McDonald ; L. L. D. to Dr. Trotter. Dr. Crowell and Dr. Eaton made responses.

Judge Hoke, American Consul at Windsor, responded briefly to his name.

A strong, stirring address by Governor Fraser, followed by the National Anthem, brought the commencement exercises to a close.

## Base Ball.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

A new feature was introduced in our college athletics this year when a ball game was arranged between the Alumni and the Undergraduates for anniversary week. Such a game between the old seasoned grads. and the college could not fail to add interest to any exercises of closing week that might be held on the campus. The two teams lined up as follows :

Alumni		College
Hutchinson, '07	Catcher	Faulkner, '11
Charlton, '04	Pitcher	Lewis, '09
Curry, '05	1st base	Bates, '08
McIntyre, '05	2nd base	Lounsbury, '11
DeWitt, '04	3rd base	Huntington, '08
Estey, '07	Short stop	Rice, '10
Peppard, '07	Rt. field	Haverstock, '09
Barss, '07	Ctr. field	Murray, '11
Ayer, '05	Left field	Archibald, '10

The teams were fairly matched, and an interesting contest resulted. Charlton pitched a splendid game for the Alumni, having 14 strike-outs to his credit. Lewis of the undergraduate team also did good steady work retiring 8 of the Alumni batters.

The score by innings was as follows :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
Alumni	0	0	0	1	1	5	0	1	x	9
Undergraduates	1	0	0	0	0	0	6	0	0	7

The fielding and general support of the two teams was very good with the exception of two innings of which it is perhaps better not to speak. The game ended in a victory for the Alumni team, score 8—7. Altogether the game was much enjoyed by both sides and we hope to see this game made a regular feature of anniversary week at Acadia.

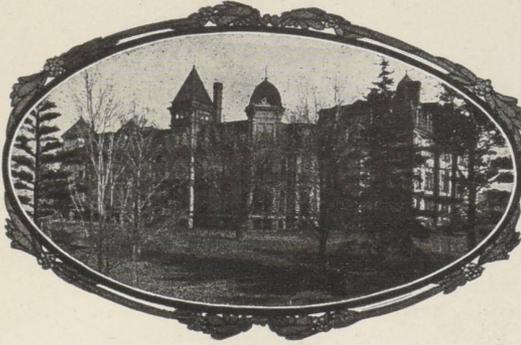
## Alumni Banquet.

On Wednesday, June 5, immediately after the graduating exercises, the Alumni of the College, graduated class and friends, assembled in "Chipman Hall" dining room to celebrate the annual Alumni Banquet. Rev. H. H. Saunders, '93, the President of the Alumni Association, presided. The tables had been tastefully laid by Rockwell & Co., and after ample justice had been done to the host of good things provided for the occasion, the following toasts were proposed and responded to:—1, "The King," 2, "Our Alma Mater," which was proposed by the Rev. G. R. White, '87, in a few well chosen and fitting words and responded to by R. D. Porter, '57, in a very neat and humorous speech; 3, "The Graduated Class," entertainingly proposed by Dr. R. V. Jones, '60, and responded to by Brice D. Knott, '07, president of the class; 4, "Our Graduates Abroad," proposed by the Rev. W. V. Higgins, '86, returned missionary from India, who emphasized the influence of Acadia men on the great world, to the extent that hardly a country exists where Acadia men cannot be found exerting an influence on the minds of men. Dr. Chas. A. Eaton, '90, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Prof. S. J. Case, '93, responded with appropriate and pleasing speeches.



## The Closing Concert, Wednesday Evening, June 5.

The anniversary functions were fittingly brought to a close by a concert in College Hall on Wednesday evening, June 5th, given by Mrs. Jessie Southwick, wife of Dean Southwick of the Emerson School of Oratory. A large number greeted the reader who was new to a Wolfville audience but who by her presence and realistic interpretation of the first few numbers of the programme soon made a place for herself in the hearts of the most critical audience in the country. Her rendition of these several lyrics was very pleasing indeed. In her interpretation of the Witches and of Lady Macbeth, she showed herself to be a true student of Shakespeare, and an artist in interpreting, these most difficult of characters. In the chariot race from Ben Hur she simply thrilled the great audience and held them as spellbound as if the real scene was being enacted before them. The recital was a success in every way, and the Athletic Association under whose auspices the concert was given, was made glad by being able through its share of the proceeds to pay off its debt and leave a considerable sum on the treasury to hand over toward the expenses of next year.



## The Pierian

(of Acadia Seminary)

EDITORS:—GRACE PRISK, '06, HELEN BANCROFT, '07.

### Acadia Seminary Closing Exercises.

ON Thursday evening, May 23rd, a pianoforte recital was given in Alumnae Hall by Miss Joy Lawrence, of Hantsport, a graduate in pianoforte, assisted by Miss Nellie DeWitt, Miss Hazel Goudey, and Mr. Claude Balcom. Miss Lawrence's success as accompanist in the recent May Festival is still fresh in the public mind, and she is sure of an enthusiastic reception whenever she appears. Her playing on the night in question was a delight even to the uninitiated in the mysteries of the world of classical music. Her assistants were also heard with great pleasure. Following is the programme:—

#### PROGRAMME.

Piano Soli		
(Gavotte from Violin Sonata)		Bach-Saint-Saens
Toccata		Paradies
32 Variations in C minor		Beethoven
	Miss Lawrence.	
Song—O Divine Redeemer		Gounod
	Miss DeWitt.	

## Piano

Concerto in A Minor (First Movement) . . . . . Grieg  
 Orchestra Parts played on second Piano by Mr Emery.

Miss Lawrence,

Vocal Duet—Night Hymn at Sea . . . . . Thomas

Miss Goudey.

Mr. Balcom

## Piano Soli.

Impromptu in G flat

Nocturne in F sharp

Waltz in C sharp minor

Miss Lawrence

Chopin

## Piano Soli

The Nightingale

Valse Caprice

Miss Lawrence

Liszt

Rubinstein



On Friday evening, an Elocution Recital was given by Miss Mary Evans Richards of the graduating class, and was largely attended. Her selections were from the "Merchant of Venice," and were cleverly executed. Miss Burmeister, teacher of piano, assisted. Following is the programme:

## PROGRAMME.

"The Merchant of Venice," . . . . . Shake-peare

I (a) Act I. Scene II.

Portia and Nerissa.

(b) Act III. Part of Scene II.

Portia, Bassanio, Salerio, Jessica.

II. Polonaise in E flat

Chopin

III. Act IV. Scene I. Court scene.

Duke, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Shylock, Nerissa, Portia.

IV. (a) Dedication

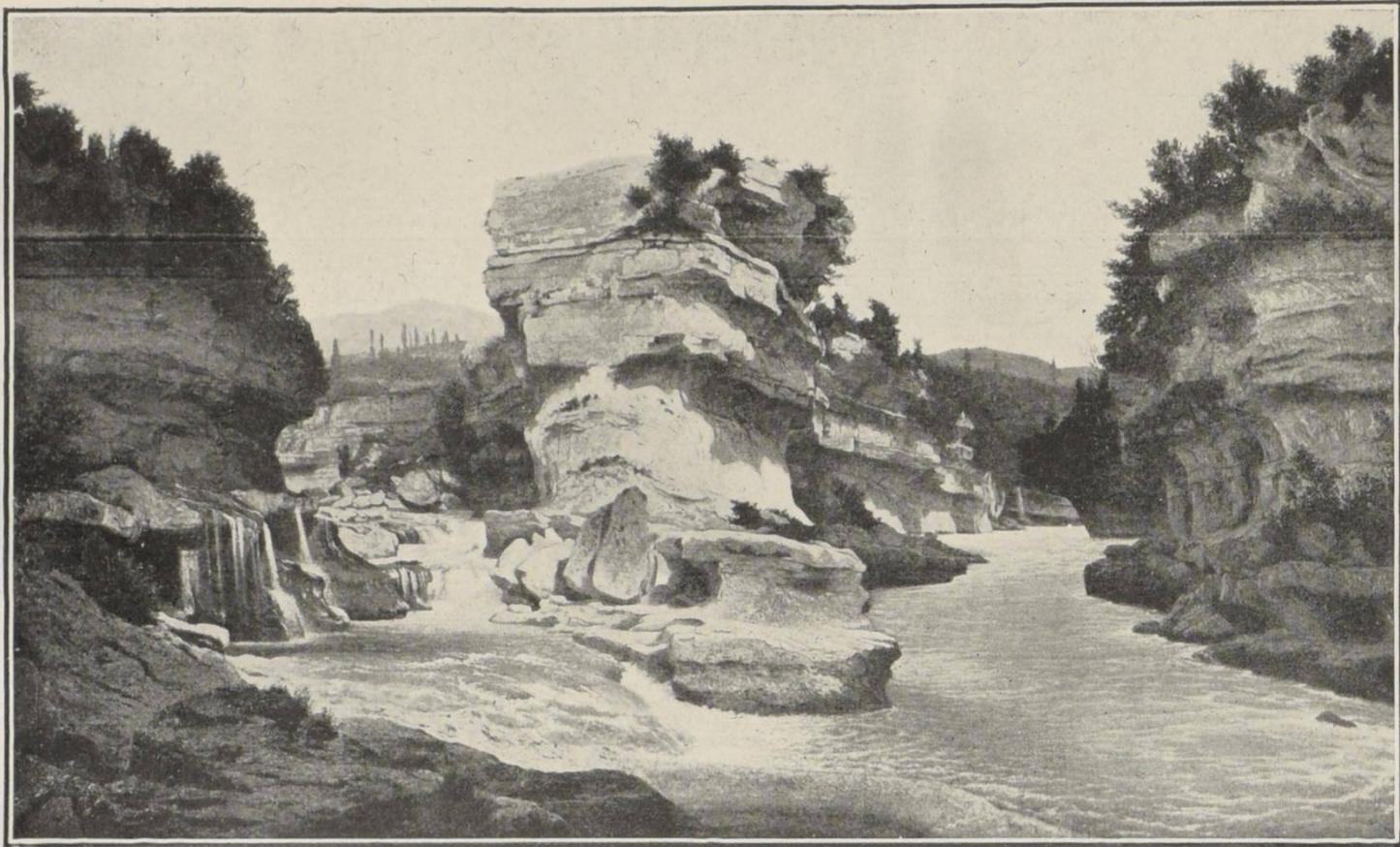
Schumann-Liszt

(b) Serenade

Shubert-Liszt

V. Act V. Scene I Ring Scene.

Portia, Nerissa, Jessica, Lorenzo, Bassanio, Gratiano, Antonio.



MEETING OF THE RHINE AND THE RHONE.  
(reproduced from original painting now in Acadia Seminary.)

Alumnae Hall was again filled on Saturday Evening, at the presentation of a French Comedy "Le Barbier de Seville," by advanced pupils of the French department. The play is a comedy of love and intrigue in the 18th Century. It is a duel of wits between a bold lover and a crafty guardian for the hand of a fair lady. The parts were taken as follows:

The Count Almavine	Nellie Elderkin, Advocate Harbor
Rosine	Muriel Harrington, Wolfville
Bartholo	Marjorie Barnaby, St. John
Figaro	Mary Peck, Hillsboro, N. B.
Bazile	Flo Walker, Truro.
La Jeunesse	} Pearl Price, Sussex, N.B.
L'Éveillé	
A Notary	Beatrice Shand, Windsor

The acting was spirited and the characters well sustained, while the French of all was clear and well pronounced. Miss Barnaby and Miss Harrington are to be particularly commended for excellence.



Among the most attractive features of closing week are the class day exercises of the out-going Seniors from Acadia Seminary. These were held in College Hall on Monday afternoon, and attracted a large number of visitors. The hall was decorated with the class colors, blue and brown on the motto "Non ministrari sed ministrare."

The class president, Florence A. Eaton gave an address of welcome, after which the Secy., Flo E. Walker, called the roll. The different members responded with quotations appropriate to their mental characteristics. After a piano solo by Flossie Brown, Emma G. Murray read the class history, in which were many amusing hits. Mary E. Richards then gave a delightful reading "Just like other folks" and Lena Anderson a vocal solo "The Pastoral." The Class Prophecy by Mary B. Peck was an exceedingly bright production abounding with humorous forecasts, and produced much merriment. The reading, "The Going of the White Swan" by Miss Nicholson, was much enjoyed, as was also the piano solo by Joy Lawrence. After a touching valedictory by Helen Bancroft, the presentation of gifts created much laughter, each gift being supposed to be an index of the character of the recipient. The proceedings closed with an original class song.



Flo Walker, '07

Sadie Dobson, '08

Beatrice Shand, '08

Helen Bancroft, '07

Una Layton, '07

PIERIAN EDITOR AND OFFICERS.

Photo by Robson Studio, Wolfville.

Immediately after the Class Day Exercises, a Reunion and Banquet of the Alumnae Association took place in the dining room of the Seminary. The tables had been tastefully laid and decorated under the direction of Miss Mabel Wortman, one of the officers of the Association, and the ladies who surrounded them presented a pleasing sight, with their faces aglow from the reviving of old-time friendships. After the banquet, toasts to the King, to the Graduates, etc., were proposed and responded to in happy vein.



The crowning event of the Seminary was the closing on Tuesday evening, which took place in College Hall. Principal DeWolfe with a score of assistants occupied the platform, and it was an attractive sight as the sweet strains of *Aux Flambeaux* floated upon the air to witness nearly 200 maidens in white marching to the front. The programme was as follows :

#### PROGRAMME.

Processional . . . . . March aux Flambeaux  
Misses Hazel Chute and Nita Kaye

#### PRAYER.

Vocal Solo—"O Divine Redeemer," . . . . . Gounod  
Miss Nellie DeWitt

Essay—Shakespeare's "Coriolanus,"  
Helen Bancroft, Acaciaville, N. S.

Piano Solo—Impromptu in F. Sharp, }  
Trois Eossaises (Scotch Dances) } . . . . . Chopin  
Joy Lawrence, Hantsport

Vocal Duet—"Night Hymn at Sea" . . . . . Goring Thomas  
Miss Hazel Goudey, Mr. Claude Balcom

Essay—Railway Extension in Canada,  
Mary Beatrice Peck, Hillsboro. N. B.

Violin Solo—Mendelssohn Concerto, First Movement,  
M. Evelyn Starr, Wolfville, N. S.

Essay—The Meaning and Need of Physical Training,  
Mary Evelyn Slack, Windsor, N. S.

Vocal Solo—"For All Eternity" . . . . . Mascheroni  
Miss Hazel Goudey

Address—Reverend J. H. MacDonald, B. A.,  
Fredericton, N. B.

These were all of unusual excellence, and elicited unbounded applause.



Y. W. C. A. OFFICERS.

## GRADUATING CLASS, 1907.

## COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Berta Marie Cleveland	Wolfville, N. S.
Florence Ada Eaton	Pugwash Jct., N. S.
Muriel Haire Harrington	Wolfville, N. S.
Mary Beatrice Peck	Hillsboro, N. B.
Agnes Evelyn Rogers	Springhill, N. S.
Minnie Julia DeWolfe Sweet	Billtown, N. S.
Flo E. Walker	Truro, N. S.
Juanita Waterbury	Wolfville, N. S.
Kathleen Margarettha Wortman	Wolfville, N. S.

## SOPHOMORE MATRICULATION COURSE.

Helen Bancroft	Acaciaville, N. S.
Marion Bancroft	Acaciaville, N. S.
Amy Rood Kelly	North Sydney, C. B.
Mary Evelyn Slack	Windsor, N. S.
Minnie Julia DeWolfe Sweet	Billtown, N. S.

## PIANOFORTE COURSE.

Gladys Victoria Harris (1)	Wolfville, N. S.
Joy Lawrence (2)	Hantsport, N. S.

## ELOCUTION COURSE FOR DIPLOMA.

Mary Evans Richards	Campbellton, N. B.
---------------------	--------------------

## ART COURSE FOR CERTIFICATE.

Emma Grey Murray	Wolfville, N. S.
------------------	------------------

## DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSE FOR DIPLOMA.

Rita Blanche Manning	Chester, N. S.
----------------------	----------------

## CERTIFICATES OF PROFICIENCY FOR WORK DONE IN SENIOR YEAR :

## PIANOFORTE.

Lena Dell Anderson (3)	Digby, N. S.
Florence Belle Brown (3)	Church St., Cornwallis, N. S.
Lucretia Florence Nicholson (3)	Charlottetown, P. E. I.

## CERTIFICATE OF ADMISSION TO SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Una Layton	Great Village, N. S.
------------	----------------------

1. Teacher's Diploma.
2. Artist's Certificate
3. Completing work in Theoretical Branches

The Art Department of the Seminary has kept pace with the other growing interests of the school. The general quality of the work shown this year is stronger than ever before.

On Wednesday afternoon a private view of the graduation work of Miss Emma Murray, of Wolfville, was held from 3.00 to 3.30. and a general exhibition from 3.30 to 6.00 p. m. Miss Murray has completed the four years' course in art. Her work shows breadth attained by study of expression through various mediums. In cast drawing from the antique, the full length figure of the Victory of Samothrace, and two drawings of "The Slave" by Michael Angelo, are especially fine. In oil painting, a large canvas of still-life—oriental pottery and brass—is perhaps the most interesting, showing breadth of handling, simplicity, and excellent texture. A charming study from nature of Hollyhocks attracted attention. Miss Murray's exhibit of water colors included dainty bits of Acadia scenery, sketches from the posed model, serious sketches from still life and several delightful flower compositions. The colored charcoal drawings were quaint and interesting. In clay modelling and casting, the "Cherub's Head" and plaque of jonquils from nature showed an appreciation of the concrete in art. Miss Murray has been especially successful in designs for practical things. A large folding screen, designed and stencilled by hand, a brass lantern in conventionalized design of Acadian scenery, magazine covers, and wall papers, formed part of the exhibit.

Other exhibits in water-color and oil painting, Cast Drawing, Free Hand Drawing and Design, Tooled Leather, and china painting, were of great excellence, and showed evidence not only of careful training on the part of the teachers, but of industry and enthusiasm in the students. Names that are especially worthy of mention are : Miss Pearl Price, Mr. Fred Goucher, Miss Nellie Elderkin, Miss Jeanette Ingraham, Miss Sterling, Miss Flo Walker, Miss Emma Smith, Miss Elsie Estabrooks, Miss Hazel Chute.

---

Thus ended the most successful closing of the most successful year in the history of Acadia Seminary. Good byes were said, some going away for the last time, others intending to return in September. Our best wishes attend one and all.

# The Lyceum

(Of Horton Academy.)

EDITORS :—T. S. ROY, G. A. BARSS, W. L. KINGDON.

ANOTHER year has rolled by, and as we lay down the duties and responsibilities that have been ours during the past year, our greatest regret is that we have not performed our duties, nor borne our responsibilities as well as we wished: nevertheless it is with a feeling of great pleasure that we look back over the past year, which has been one of the most successful in the history of the Academy. Many changes and improvements have been and are being made in this institution, all of which go to show that it is advancing and not receding. We trust that Horton Academy will ever grow, till at last she reaches the high standard of moral and intellectual excellence towards which she is striving.

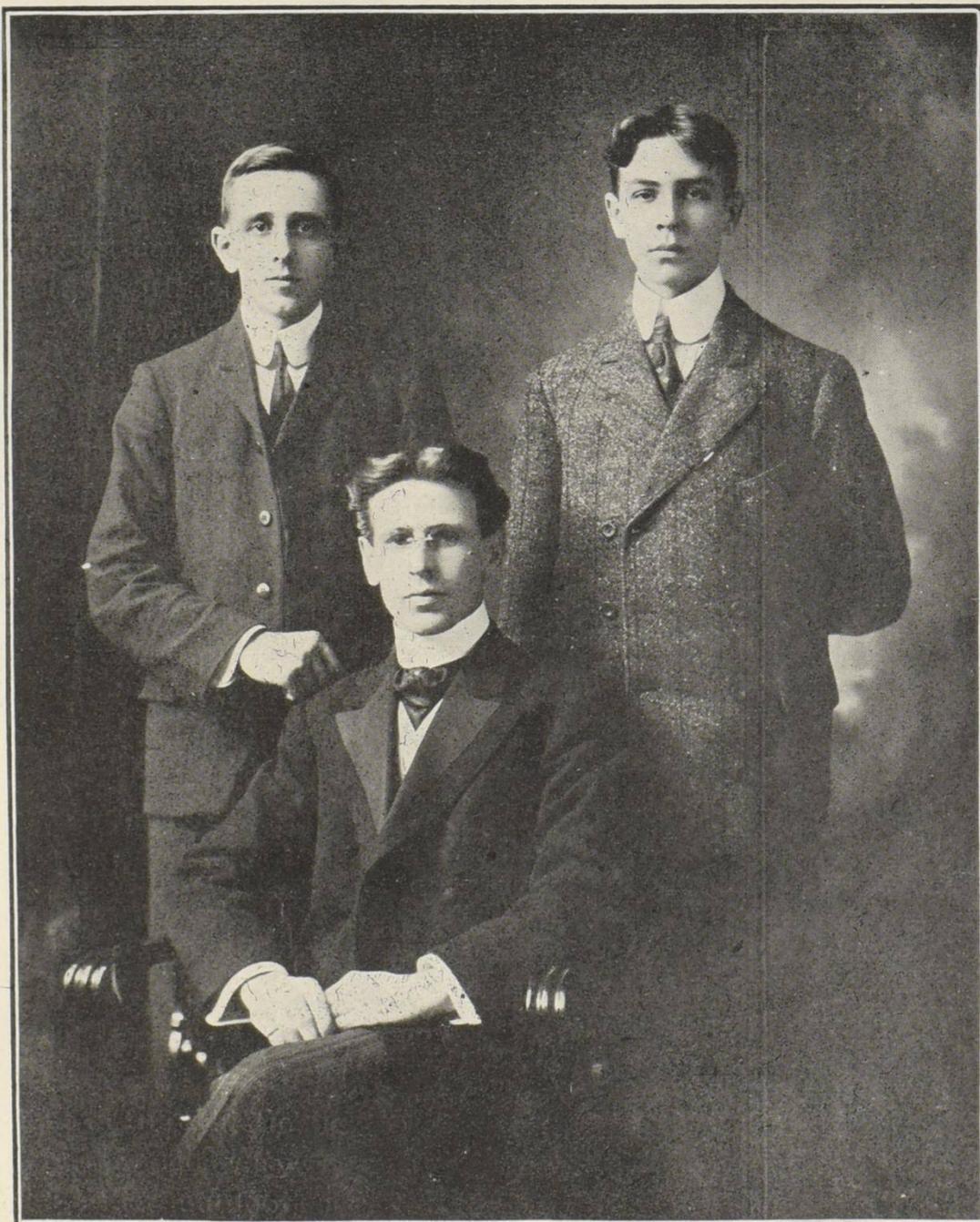
At a school meeting held on June first, although contrary to custom, it was decided to postpone the electing of a football captain until the opening of the fall term. At the same meeting J. Cole Hayward was elected president, and W. L. Kingdon secretary of the school for the coming year.

At the last Lyceum meeting of the term Mr. J. F. Locke was appointed editor of the Lyceum for the fall term of the next school year.



## Athletics for the Year

The last few years have shown a great development in the athletic side of academy life. In its early history the school devoted very little attention to football, baseball, track, or to the other outdoor sports. No one could then imagine the Academy playing such teams as the Wanderers or Second Dalhousie, nor could they picture such scenes as the campus has presented during the present year. Time has passed and with it many darkening clouds have rolled away. To-day, no school in the Maritime Provinces holds a better record in athletics than Horton Academy. Our teams have met defeat in several instances; but on an average the victories have completely



G. A. Barss

T. S. Roy

W. L. Kingdon

ACADEMY EDITORS 1906-07.

overshadowed the defeats. As we look back upon 1906-07, and consider carefully the work done by the different teams, we can reasonably say, that the year in athletics has been very successful. It is to be hoped, that in the future, H. C. A. may not only maintain, but also improve her present record.

Our football team needs no introduction here, for its fame is known to almost everyone. The month of September was given up to hard practice and careful training, so that by the time college opened, the team was in the best of condition for playing. Our first game was played with the Wanderers of Halifax, on their own grounds. The match was a hard one and tested the strength and skill of our men. It ended 3-0 in our favor. We next tackled our old rival King's. The first game played at Wolfville amounting to no more than a practice, resulted in a victory for H. C. A. by the score of 25-0. In the return match, the Windsor boys, being strengthened by new men were able to play a much stronger game; but they were hardly equal to our halves, who were continually crossing the line with the ball. This game ended in our favor with the score of 21-0.

Although we were somewhat disappointed with the results of the game with the Freshmen, yet we feel that the Academy did well in holding out so long against a team which consisted largely of first Acadia players. It is also gratifying to know that an old Academy player scored the three points against us.

Two games with Second Dalhousie (winners of the Halifax Junior League), and both resulting in victories for the Academy by the scores 11-0 and 8-0, completes the list in football. The number of points won during the season was 68; the number lost was 3. We feel that our success was due in a large measure to the energetic manner in which Captain Allen and the teachers worked with the team. The players also deserve credit for the way in which they turned out to the practices.

The Academy hockey team went through the season without a defeat. Captain McLeod besides being a good player was also a worthy leader. The team had very little chance to show the public what great things it could accomplish. The inter-class league, which undoubtedly would have been won by the Academy, did not materialize. Three games were played during the season. Each of these resulted in easy victories for the Academy, the first being with King's



HORTON COLLEGIATE ACADEMY FOOTBALL TEAM, 1906-07.

Photo by Robson Stu

ending in a score 16-3, second with Windsor Collegiate, ending 4-1, and the third with Canning, score 15-1. The team also won by default, the return match with Windsor Collegiate.

In basket-ball, the team representing the Academy was a strong one, notwithstanding the fact, that most of the men had never played the game before. F. L. Faulkner proved a good captain and under his direction the team steadily improved. Our team won third place in the league, winning from the Freshmen and Seniors, and losing to the Juniors and Sophomores. These results show a decided improvement over previous years.

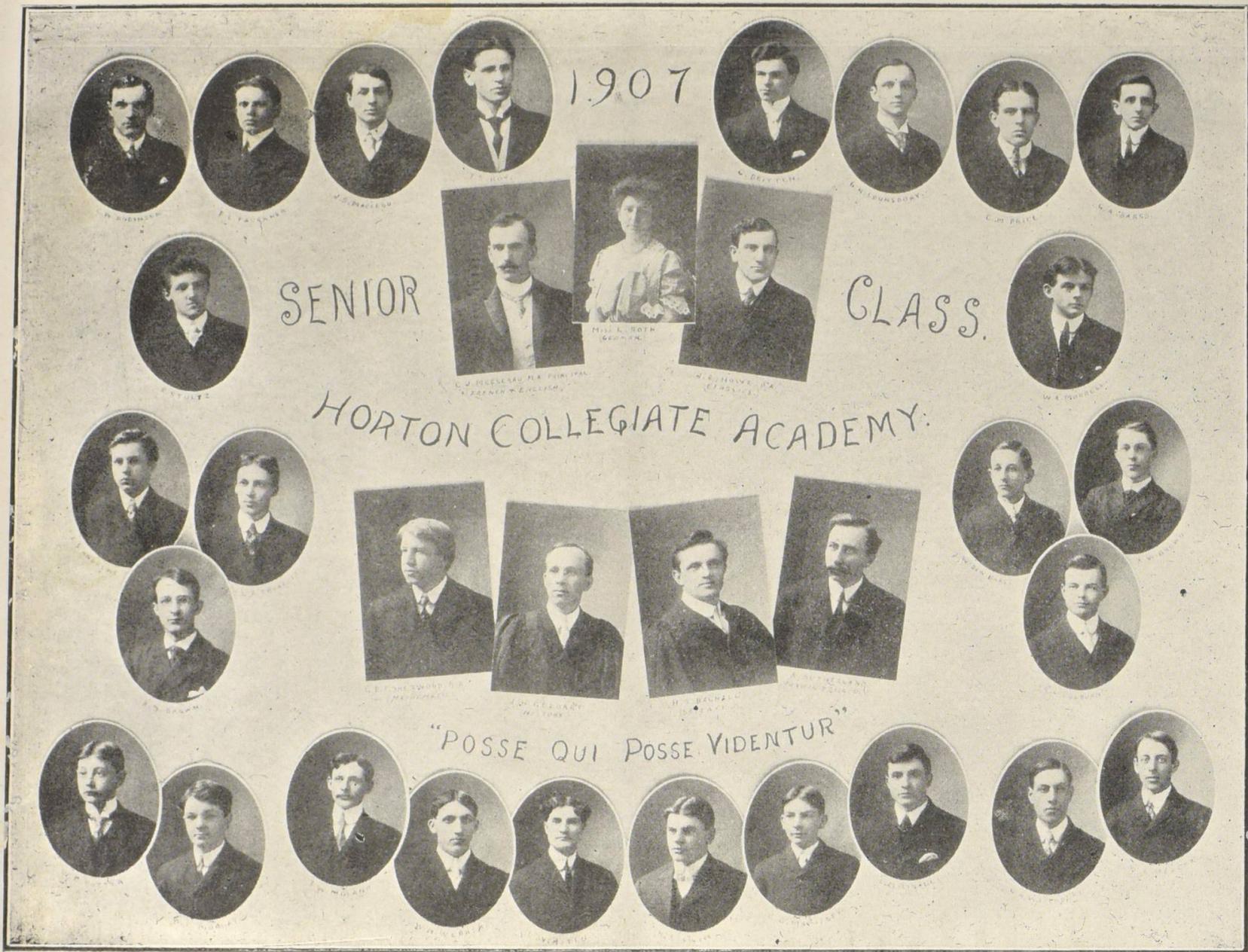
Our base-ball team, under the direction of Captain Lounsbury, did as well as could be expected. We lost two first men at the beginning of the season, and later on two more players left the school. Then, the captain, having broken his finger, was unable to take his place on the team. With all these misfortunes the Academy was unable to make a good showing in the league.

What the Academy lost in base-ball it made up in track. Our team has won the majority of the meets, and we succeeded in carrying off the cup in June. Captain Moland has performed his duties to perfection. No one at Acadia can equal him in running.



### Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has been a source of strength to many of the students. The singing, the bright testimonies, and the words of the different leaders, have made the meetings both interesting and helpful. It is in such gatherings where one receives power and courage to live the true Christian life. No wonderful revival has occurred during the year; but we feel that God's Spirit has been working quietly and effectively among us. Last October our association was represented at the Y. M. C. A. convention at Fredericton, by Messrs Young and Moland. On their return they gave interesting reports of the conference, and offered several practical suggestions. At the last meeting of our society Prin. H. T. DeWolfe spoke to us on "The secret of Paul's success as a missionary." After the address a sum of \$15.00 was raised for missions. This amount will be contributed to the Glendenning fund. The officers elected for next year are:—Pres. J. Cole Hayward; Vice-Pres. Segbert Allen; Sec'y Clarence Colpitts.



GRADUATING CLASS OF HORTON COLLEGIATE ACADEMY, 1907.

Photo by Robson Studio.

## Lyceum.

The Lyceum is the oldest, and still continues to be one of the most profitable societies of the Academy. Some of the most prominent men in Canada today, received in our society their first lessons in public speaking. The entertainments during the year consisted principally of debates, mock trials, vocal and instrumental music, and a weekly synopsis. The debates were well contested and proved instructive to both the speakers and listeners. It is to be hoped that those who return next year will arrange to have more open debates, so that everyone may receive training in this line. It would also be well to have original papers read before our Lyceum from time to time.

At the inter-class track meet, held on the afternoon of June 4th., our old score with the Freshmen was repaid with double interest. The Academy won the much prized trophy, scoring 53 points out of a possible 99 ; beating the Freshmen by 18 points, and the whole college by 7 points. The Academy succeeded in winning 6 firsts, 5 seconds and 8 thirds. Moland our track captain led the team to victory. He gained 4 firsts and 1 third, thus making 21 points, which was the highest individual score. It should be noted that the team with the exception of one man, were members of the Senior Class.



## Closing Exercises.

At the appointed hour on Monday evening, June 3rd, a large audience had gathered in College Hall to listen to the closing exercises of Horton Collegiate Academy. As Misses. Nita Kaye and Hazel Chute played the processional march, the staff of instructors and the members of the school marched in and took their respective places.

The exercises were opened with prayer, led by Rev. J. W. Brown, Ph. D. of Gaspereau, N. S.

Principal Mersereau then followed with some remarks on the work of the year. The total attendance had been 97. The aim of the teachers had not been to impart to the students knowledge alone, but to aid them in attaining right habits of life. The strict discipline of the school, its debating, its athletics, its Y. M. C. A. apart from the demands of class-room and frequent examinations had helped

along this line, and he felt that from the highest standpoint the work of the year had resulted in success.

Two of the graduating class delivered essays. The first was Mr. F. Spencer Andrews who spoke in a pleasing manner upon the topic "Modern Inventions"; the second Mr. Geoffrey A. Barss. Mr. Barss gave an excellent treatment of the subject "Nature's Library."

Next in order on the programme was the Class Prophecy. The prophet, Mr. Clair W. Robinson, was poetic in form at least. He showed considerable wit by the way he wove the various characteristics of the different students into his prophetic vision of their future lives. After the prophecy came the Valedictory. It was a fitting word of farewell given by Mr. Chas. A. Britten.

The address to the graduating class was given by Mr. A. E. Dunlop, B. A., LL. B., of Kentville. He took as his subject "Real Life," and showed that real life is the cultivation of the spiritual side of our natures which links us with the Divine and gives to us our best and purest motives, and our strongest purposes to do what is right.

The following received First Class diplomas in the collegiate course:—T. Sherrard Roy, Newcastle, N. B., (who led his class with an average of 94%), Royden S. Stultz, Newcastle, N. B., William A. Morell, Tryon, P. E. I., W. Cecil Murray, Springhill, N. S., Clair W. Robinson, Baie Verte, N. B., Jas. S. McLeod, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Geoffrey A. Barss, Dartmouth, N. S. The following were granted 2nd class diplomas: F. Spencer Andrews, Isaac's Harbor, N. S., Walter DeW. Barss, Dartmouth, N. S., Chas. A. Britten, Spring ill, and Whylic Brown, Gaspereau, N.S., Frank L. Faulkner, Sackville N. B., Clarence L. Colburn, Oxford Jct., N. S., Chas. G. Marsters, Wolfville, N. S., W. Pitt Potter, Canning, N. S., L. H. Waterbury, Wolfville, N. S.

In the Business course there were granted Honor Diplomas to W. Arthur Elderkin, Wolfville, N. S., H. H. Clarke, Canard, N. S., Harold K. Bowser, Victoria, N. B. A regular diploma was granted H. W. Lunn, Centreville, N. B.

The following received certificates of work done in the senior year: Chas. W. Allen, River John, N. S., G. Holland Lounsbury, Fredericton, N. B.; Ira W. Moland, East Chester, N. S., H. Earle Swim, Doaktown, N. B., Leon A. H. Thurrott, Maugerville, N. B.,

Clarence M. Lingley, Port Williams, N. S., Hilston W. Lunn, Centreville, N. B.

The I. S. Boats gold medal for excellence in public speaking was awarded to Mr. Chas. A. Britten. The singing of the National Anthem brought the exercises to a close.



## Academy Vaedictory.

The end for which we have steadily worked has come. What a day of delight we thought it would be when we would receive our diplomas and say farewell to the Academy. But now that the long-looked-for event has come we are conscious of the fact that the joy of leaving is tinged with sadness as we think of parting.

The founders of this Academy were wise when they determined that it should be established in this valley. To live for two or three years on this, one of the most historic spots of the continent, in a valley whose beauty is world renowned is an education in itself. We may wander to the East or the West, but the memory of these scenes, of Minas Basin and Blomidon, will never fade from our minds.

What happy times we have enjoyed as we have wandered through the orchards and groves, along the brooks and over the marshlands of this lovely valley. How often when our brains have been fagged with study have we refreshed ourselves by inhaling deep breaths from the invigorating breezes that came from the Basin. What training we have had not only for the body but also for the temper, as we have struggled for victory in the various games we have played on the campus, in the rink or in the gymnasium.

True we have sometimes suffered defeat, yet through this we have learned some of our best lessons. It has prepared us to face the greater disappointments and defeats that may often come to us in the life we are about to enter. Then how fortunate we have been to have had the privilege of attending a school where both a college and a seminary are in such close proximity. The difference it would make to the Academy student if these institutions were absent is not easily imagined. The numerous receptions, the events in connection with college life, the opportunity of meeting with the best life in the Maritime Provinces, are experiences which must have had an elevating and inspiring influ-

ence upon each of us. The remembrance of all this, will for ever keep the memory of the Academy fresh in our minds.

Citizens of Wolfville, we came to you with a feeling akin to dread as we thought of entering upon the new life which was before us. But that feeling of dread soon changed to one of satisfaction, when we became better acquainted with your lovely town. We take this opportunity of thanking you for the kind welcome which you gave us not only to your shops, but to your homes. We will not fail to remember your kindness.

To the members of the Faculty we say farewell. We sincerely thank you for the arduous and painstaking efforts which you have put forth in our behalf. Under your wise guidance we have learned many things. Perhaps the greatest benefit we have received from your teaching is that we have learned to think. We believe that to have acquired the power to think and study is of more real value to us than a mine of gold. We believe that if we achieve success in the life we are about to enter it will be largely due to the thorough training that we have received at your hands.

Fellow students, farewell. We leave you to carry on the many different branches of Academy life. Whether it has been in sport, in Lyceum, or in Y. M. C. A. work we have always received your loyal support. And, therefore as you sooner or later enter the senior year with its privileges and responsibilities, we feel confident that you will profit by our mistakes, and that you will not only seek to maintain, but also to increase the splendid record which our Academy has won for itself among the Provinces.

Classmates, as we go forth from these halls we are reminded of the fact that we are following in the track of hundreds who have gone out before us. It is now seventy years or more since the first graduating class went out from this Academy. What a record the history of Academy graduates would make. They are scattered in every land. They have gone North and South, East and West, "some to fame and some to shame." What will our record be!

Doubtless many of us will enter the college next year. But whether we study at Acadia; or enter into the wider school of the world, if we intend to be men of honor we must be prepared to do our best.

When Latimer and Ridley were about to suffer martyrdom because of alleged heresy, Latimer said to Ridley. "Be of good courage brother Ridley, play the man." That is a motto worth following. Our country needs men who will do their duty. They are needed more then railroads or tunnels or even fast mail boats. It is not in wealth or even in power, but in its noble and upright men that a nation finds its true greatness.

But when we find ourselves launched out upon the sea of life we must not be surprised if we sometimes meet defeat. Leonidas suffered defeat at the pass of Thermopylae; Franklin was defeated in his attempt to discover the North West Passage; yet these are counted among the world's heroes. "Duty is ours, events are Gods." We may not be prosperous. It is significant that the men to whom the world owes most were among its poorest citizens. But we can have high ideals. We can follow up these ideals with a determination similiar to that which Teanyson ascribes to the prince who says "I hold that it becomes no man to nurse despair but in the teeth of clenched antagonism to follow up the worthiest till he die." If we do this then it may be said of us, as was said of one of old, "This was a man."

*C. A. Britten.*

*H. C. A. 07*

## College Elections for 1907-1908.

The following are the elections to the various college offices for the ensuing year.

### ATHENÆUM SOCIETY OFFICERS:

President, Harold I. Spurr, '08; Vice-President, Miles F. McCutcheon, '09; Treasurer, Vernon E. Chute, '10; Corresponding Secretary, Reynolds C. Eaton, '10; Ch. Executive Committee, Avarad P. Goudey, '08; Ch. Lecture Committee, Kelsey C. Denton, '08.

### "THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM"—EDITORS—

Editor-in-chief, Malcolm R. Elliott, '08; Associate Editors. John S. Bates, '08; Leslie G. Jost, '08; Annie E. Eaton, '09; G. Hamilton Magner, '09; Sadie E. Dykeman, '10; Willard S. McIntyre, '10; Business Manager, G. K. Haverstock, '09; Assistant Business Manager, Robert R. Duffy, '10;

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS.

President, Kelsey C. Denton, '08; Vice President, Frank Faulkner, '11; Treasurer, ————, Secretary, Fred E. Mallory, '10; Football Captain, William G. Kierstead, '08; Business Manager Football Team, George E. Lewis, '08; Basket ball Captain, Clarence R. Messinger, '08; Track Captain, Leslie G. Jost, '08; Hockey Captain, Gordon G. Hughes, '10; Baseball Captain, John S. Bates, '08; Tennis Captain, William C. Huntington, '08.

### Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS.

President, Lemuel Ackland, '08; Vice President, Miles McCutcheon, '09; Corresponding Secretary, Stockwell Simms, '10; Treasurer, Harold I. Spurr, '08.

### Y. W. C. A. OFFICERS.

President, Miss Mildred W. Daniels, '08; Vice President, Miss Dorothy D. Manning, '09; Sec. and Treas., Miss A. Viola Roscoe, '10; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Jennie I. McLeod, '08.

## Acknowledgments June Issue.

J. C. Rayworth, \$1.00; Horton Collegiate Academy, 5.00; Acadia University, 6.00; Acadia Seminary, 6.00; W. H. Hutchinson, 1.00; F. S. Nowlan, 1.00; Miss G. L. McDonald, 1.00; F. B. Eaton, 1.00; G. H. Haverstock, 1.00; S. G. Weaver, 1.00; B. Simpson, 1.00; C. Wilson, 1.00; Mitchell's Shoe Store, 3.50; E. C. Young, 2.50; W. M. Sturmy, 1.00; Miss Flo M. Harris, 1.75; V. E. Peppard, 1.00; Miss L. E. Brown, 1.00; Miss Annie Eaton, 1.00; Miss D. D. Manning, 1.00; LeB. Hopkins, 1.00; J. E. Hales & Co., 2.50; G. C. Warren, 1.00; V. E. Chute, 1.00; Rev. Geo. Churchill, 2.00; I. S. Boates & Co., 3.50; Porter Bros., 2.50; Dr. Lawrence, 1.75; L. W. Sleep, 1.00; Mrs. A. T. Fuller, 1.00; Miss Sadie Dykeman, 1.00; A. V. Rand, 6.00; Rev. L. D. Morse, 1.00; R. E. Bates, 4.00; Miss E. Tufts, .20; E. D. King, 1.00; C. R. Golfrey, 1.00; E. Bigelow, 1.00; L. Ackland, 1.00; G. H. Magner, 1.35; H. C. A. Football, 5.00; L. H. Patnam, 1.00; J. M. Shortliffe, 3.00; W. Purdy, .35; Senior Class 15.00; J. D. Chambers, 3.50; G. A. Crozier, 3.50; Miss M. Wickwire, 1.00; F. E. Dickie, 1.00; F. S. Goucher, 1.00; Miss Helen Haley, 1.00; Rev. J. A. Huntley, 3.00; Miss L. Hattie, 1.00; Choral Club, 1.50; F. C. Churchill, 1.25; R. H. Young, 1.00; C. R. Dyas, 1.00; F. G. Hughson, 1.00; A. J. Woodman, 1.00; Dr. E. H. Freeze, 1.75; C. H. Borden, 3.50; W. A. Chipman, 1.00; J. M. Shaw, 2.50; Victor Jenkins, .35; S. G. Weaver, .70; Rev. H. P. Whidden, 1.00; Fisk Teachers' Agencies, 2.50; J. F. Herbin, 1.75; Dr. R. V. Jones, .35; Dr. A. C. Chute, .35; C. Chipman, 1.00; F. L. Sleep, 1.00; R. F. Allen, 1.00; D. C. McKinnon, 1.00; F. F. Adams, 1.00; Dr. Bowles, 1.00; J. C. Bishop, 1.00; Mr. McKenna, 2.75; Wm. Regan, 2.50; Dr. Barss, 1.00; Athenæum Society, 5.00; H. T. DeWolfe, 8.00; Miss Rita Manning, 1.00; Miss E. Lombard, 1.00; Miss Agnes Rogers, 1.00; Miss Agnes McKean, 1.00; Miss Mary Calhoun, 1.00; Miss Flo Eaton, 1.00; W. G. Kierstead, 1.00; Miss C. Craig, 1.00; Robston Studio, 6.00; Miss M. B. Harris, 3.50; W. B. Foster, 1.00; W. H. Skinner, 1.00; E. B. Shaw, 1.00; F. L. Lewis, 1.00; J. D. Brehaut, 1.00; T. E. Hutchinson, 1.75; Prof. F. R. Haley, 1.00; Hon. H. R. Emmerston, 1.00; Claude Balcom, 1.00; J. H. Tabor, 2.00; Miss D. DeBow, 1.00; Acadia Villa Hotel, 2.50; Wolfville Decorating Co., 1.25; H. I. Spurr, 1.40; Miss Mabel Richards, 1.00; Miss Beatrice Hopkins, 1.00; Miss J. M. Crandall, 1.00; Acadia Y. W. C. A., 3.00; L. Thurrott, 1.00; C. M. Lingley, 1.00; F. S. Andrews, 1.00; W. S. Prisk, 1.00; W. A. Morrell, 1.00; C. W. Allen, 1.00; G. H. Lounsbury, 1.00; G. R. Lewis, 1.00; C. W. Robinson, 1.00; I. W. Moland, 1.00; C. I. S. Young, 1.00; G. A. Barss, 1.00; W. T. Kent, 1.00; Fred Sweet, 1.00; T. S. Roy, 1.00; F. S. Robertson, .75; Judson Harris, .75; H. J. Walker, .50; N. Fawcett, .30; H. Burnaby, .30; J. A. Rockwell, 1.00; Miss M. I. Currie, 1.00.

JUNE COPIES:—Dr. R. V. Jones (2), Prof. R. P. Gray (2), F. S. Goucher (3), F. A. Shand (3), Miss H. H. Chute (2), Miss Small (2), E. Clinton Brown (2), C. R. Bill (4), J. M. Shortliffe (4), C. Britten, Miss Margaret West, Miss Grace Howard, Miss B. Ferguson, Miss H. McMillan, Miss L. Nicholson, Miss M. Bancroft, Miss Joy Lawrence, Miss B. McNeill, Miss E. Slack, Ivan Nowlan,

J. R. West, Miss C Benjamin, F. I. Woodworth, Arthur Colpitts, Miss C. Hatfield, Miss C. S. Morton, Miss Mabel Hannah, Miss Bool, Miss Alice Rising, Miss Edna Bisbee, Rev. A. C. Chipman, Rev. Mrs. Wright, A. D. Foster, Miss S. Harrington, Miss Alice Harrington, Mrs. F. G. Harrington, Rev. J. R. Wilson, Miss M. J. Eaton, Mrs. L. R. Whitman, W. R. Barss, S. J. Case, Miss M. Black, J. A. Green, Rev. G. P. Raymond, Miss Gladys Harris, Rev. R. O. Morse Mrs. J. Scott Lamont, Rev. J. T. Eaton, Mrs. Wm. Peppard, J. F. Locke, Miss E. Spurden, Mrs S. P. Harding, Mrs. G. W. Peck, Miss M. Balcolm, B. D. Knott, G. P. Bishop, Miss Bessie Freeman, Miss Emma Burke, Lester Gates, Miss Elsie Pick. \$26.25. 75 copies at .35.

The summer address of the Bus. Manager will be Malcolm R. Elliott, Clarence. Anne Co., N. S.

# The Acadia Pharmacy

F. C. CHURCHILL, PH. G.

WE CAN FURNISH  
EVERYTHING UP-TO-DATE IN

*Drugs, Toilet Specialties,  
Etc., Etc.*

COMPETENT DISPENSER ALWAYS PRESENT.



## Sporting Goods

✻ For Summer and Fall ✻

BASEBALL GLOVES

BALLS, BATS,

CHEST PROTECTORS

LAWN TENNIS SUPPLIES : AND MASKS

RACQUETS, BALLS, NETS, ETC.

Also a large assortment of FOOTBALL, CRICKET,  
GOLF, GUN AND FISHING SUPPLIES.

WRITE FOR PRICES.

**W. H. Thorne & Co., Ltd.**

ST. JOHN, N. B.