

THE
ACADIA
ATHENÆUM.



Anniversary Number

1906

32/8

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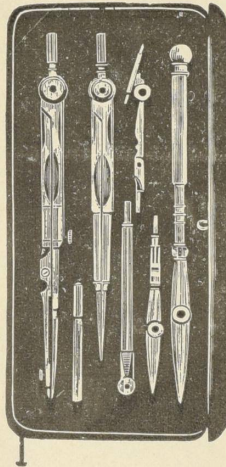
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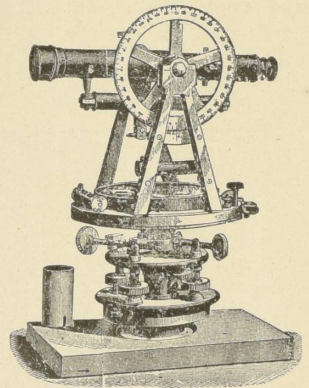
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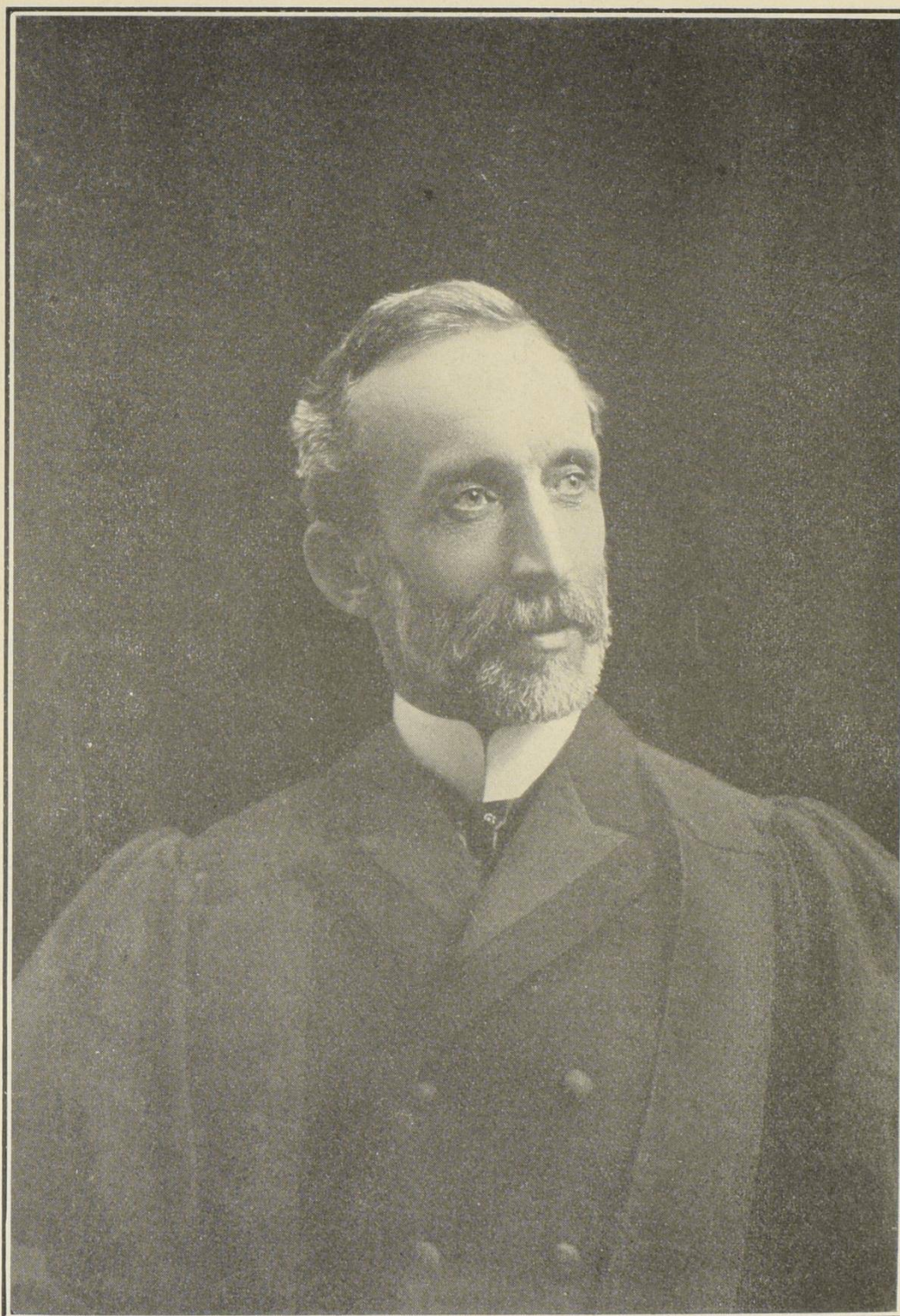


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REV. THOS. TROTTER, D. D., LL. D.
PRESIDENT ACADIA UNIVERSITY, 1897-1906.

Photo by M. B. Harris, Wolfville.

The Acadia Athenæum.

VOL. XXXII

JUNE 1906

No. 8

Anniversary.

Now, in the golden dawning of the year
When vale and wood from wintry dreams revive,
And the all-gladdening sun his eastern hill
Remounts, and doth his beamy coursers drive
O'er the wide heaven, 'till Eve her lamp doth fill
And bid her star shine clear,—
Gladly we come on this auspicious day,
Hailing our fellows with convivial glee,
From sylvan, quiet places far away,
Here at our joyous Anniversary.

—Selected.



A Day in a State Hospital.

ACADIA graduates have entered various lines of work, but the writer does not happen to know of any others who have made hospital work a stepping stone to the study of medicine. It therefore occurred to him that the following sketch might be acceptable to the ATHENÆUM on the ground of novelty.

I awoke that morning, as I had on many previous mornings, to find that an early attack had been made on my toe by Pat, the genial janitor of the male nurses' flat; who for a long time had been trying to rouse me and was still shouting, "A quarter to six ! six ! A quarter to six ! Time to get up !"

Realizing that I had only ten minutes to dress, I jumped into my clothes and ran into the little corridor that served the double purpose of hall and wash-room. There I met the other nurses. "How did you enjoy your forty-two?" said one. "Where do you work this morning?" asked another. I had just returned from a short vacation of forty-two hours, the reward of five weeks of tiresome night duty. "My forty-two was well spent,—I guess I am booked for East Ward today," I replied, attempting to answer questions and wash at the same time.

"Stop your canary splashing there and come over to breakfast. You'll have to hurry if you're going to 'ride' with me." With this injunction, Coburn, the tallest nurse in the flat, descended the stairs, waiting at the foot till I had donned my coat; then we crossed the yard together. The dining room toward which we hastened was in the Administration Building. Two long tables accommodated the day nurses and two short ones those on night duty. Greetings were exchanged as one after another sat down to eat the plain but wholesome food. Scraps of information relating to their work, interspersed with light gossip, constituted most of the conversation.

In a large hospital where fifteen hundred patients and officers are assembled a unique world is created. Into this little sphere, which has its own peculiar government, religious functions, and social life, the noise and bustle of the outside world do not enter. Yet institution life is not monotonous; something happens continually to divert

the attention. Dances, receptions, base-ball games, tennis tournaments, and major operations create considerable excitement and furnish topics for conversation for several days afterward. In the hospital wards the new and strange is constantly occurring. New phases and methods of work are daily presented ; no two days are alike.

State Hospitals provide for both sexes. In the one described, the Male Hospital comprised four wards which received their names from the four points of the compass. Outside of the Institution wall was the Consumptives' Home. In addition to these different wards there were several male asylums.

The East Ward, containing fifty beds, was intended only for acute cases. I had been there before and it was with some reluctance that I returned. In the language of the ward there was always "something doing" there, and the manner in which the work would accumulate at times was most discouraging. Although other diseases were abundant just then, the prevailing epidemic proved to be measles.

After the usual greetings to the female nurses and the departing night nurse, I went into the ward to discover the changes. Only a few of the former patients remained. Some had been transferred to other wards, others had gone to their homes, and others, coming to the end of life's journey in the hospital, had been removed to their last resting place "in the pines."

State Hospital patients are from the lower strata of society. The Commonwealth opens its doors to them when they have failed to pay their taxes and when other hospitals are too crowded to receive them. The Irish and foreign elements predominate, the Anglo-Saxon American forming a very small proportion of the population.

That morning in the East Ward proved to be a busy one, but by ten o'clock the majority of the dressings and preparations were completed and the regular ward work done. That was the time when the doctors called and each patient was visited and questioned in regard to his condition. Nearly all had requests. Those who were tired of lying in one position wished to sit up, others clamored for change of diet, and still others wanted more medicine.

Here is a neurasthenic patient who says he cannot sleep, although the nurse's report says that he sleeps well every night. The doctor whispers something to the nurse, who tries to suppress a smile as she writes the order for one empty capsule three times during the night.

Yonder is a new patient. An examination reveals the fact that the action of his heart is very irregular. An eighth of a grain of morphia and a thirtieth of strychnia is prescribed.

Number fourteen is a morphine fiend. His manner is nervous and and his unnaturally bright eyes are fastened on those of the physician, who says "Good morning," and attempts to pass, but the man begs for more of the drug which has ruined him. "Give me some in the arm just this once, doctor," he pleads, "and I won't bother you any more today. I can't break off the habit at once, for I've taken six grains a day." The doctor, after reasoning with him in vain, gives an order which reads, "Alcohol and water, equal parts; injection in arm. If the patient remains unsatisfied, give an eighth of morphia but no more."

The next patient is an old man of seventy years. Unlike the majority his face and manners speak of better days. His history sheet says that he formerly practised medicine in a Southern State. In spite of his many reverses he is quite cheerful. He has a slight cough for which he wishes the physician to prescribe. The M. D. orders Recipe 675, one drachm t-i-d (three times a day). "What does t-i-d stand for?" asked the old man playfully. "Can it mean till-I-die?"

After the call was ended the dinner trays arrived. While the other nurses looked after their distribution, I visited another ward to find the Out Patient nurse.

"Where's Mr. Durgin?" I inquired of the pleasant little nurse in charge.

"Oh, he's hunting for that man who escaped from the Asylum this morning," she replied. "He has been gone three hours."

Failing to find Durgin. I returned to my ward. The meal was over and several orders awaited me. For an hour I busied myself with these orders and the regular noon dressings, finishing in time to go to first dinner, at a quarter to twelve. The chief subject of discussion at dinner was the escape of the inmate of the "bug-house." The searchers had returned. Two of them had once captured the man. For a time their prisoner was walking quietly between them on the railroad track, with apparently no thought of escape in his muddled brain; but on approaching a station he suddenly entered the woods while one of his guards was using the telephone. Durgin was one of the last to join in the chase and had not even seen the man.

When the morning's adventure had been fully discussed the boys

thoughts reverted to a spread which they were preparing for Lawley. Joe was an asylum attendant, but was with us a good deal of the time. In fact, he was popular with the whole institution. He was leaving the place, and the nurses had decided to give him a 'spread.'

While returning from dinner, we heard the peculiar cries or yells of Florrie, the hospital mascot. He was trying to attract our attention, so we approached his wheel chair to find out what was wanted. He was odd, misshapen little fellow, with limbs twisted like the branches of some gnarled old tree; but the deformity of his body had not affected his intellect, for he enjoyed the reputation of being a shrewd gambler. He bet regularly on the Yale-Harvard games and usually won, for he was well read in the sporting news of the day. He wanted us to bet on the next game between the Institution nine and an outside team.

"What side do you favor this time?" I asked mischievously, for the week before he had lost confidence in the home team to the extent of putting up considerable money on the outsiders, and had lost heavily. I gathered from his indistinct utterance that he had decided to stand by the 'Ome Team hereafter.

"Which time do you have today?" asked a voice as I was leaving Florrie's chair. It was Baker, the male nurse of the Consumptives' Home.

"First time, as usual," I replied.

"Come around to the golf course; we can do the nine holes in an hour if we hurry."

Each nurse was entitled to an hour every afternoon. Mine came between one and two. Soon after one o'clock we found Mike, the one-armed caddie, and started for the links. We each lost a "Vardon Flyer" in the mud pond that formed one of the "hazards," but we had a good deal of fun, and certainly felt better for the exercise on returning to our wards.

At two o'clock I had to take a patient into the operating room. It was an appendicitis case, and as it was an important operation, the spectators' stand was well filled.

From three o'clock to six-thirty there were the afternoon dressings to be done and several temperature charts to mark. At three-thirty some new patients were admitted, among them two dirty looking stretcher cases for the East Ward.

At six o'clock I was congratulating myself upon getting through so early when suddenly I heard a noise in the corridor. Rushing out I found a wild-looking patient whom the doctors had pronounced delirious,—but who had not been suspected of being suicidal,—standing by the ward car with a long, thin-bladed spatula in his hand. Before I could reach him the implement had been directed to his breast but the pliable instrument bent to one side and inflicted only a slight scratch. The man was hurried to his bed and the doctors were summoned.

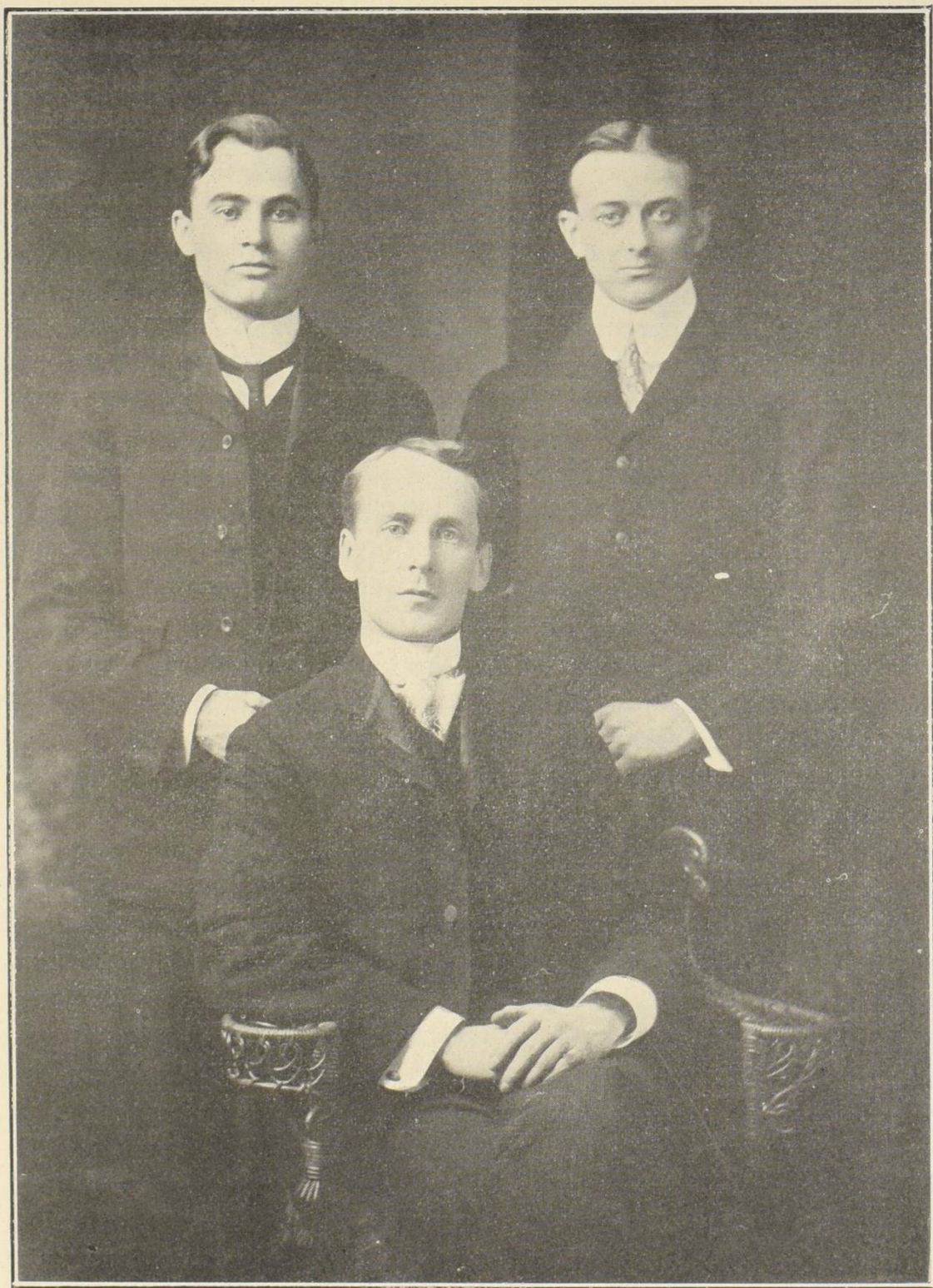
Six-thirty came very rapidly. Almost before I was aware of it the night nurse appeared, swinging the pail which contained his mid-night lunch and expressing his contempt for the day people who had to work.

The spread that night was a select affair, and no pains were spared in its preparation. The shops of the nearest town had been ransacked for choice eatables. The internes were among our honored guests. After the table had been lightened of its load the company "smoked up." This was a ludicrous undertaking for one of the number; the more he smoked the louder grew the laughter and the stronger grew the odor of burning comb in his cigar. Other good-natured jokes were played and received in good part. Speeches, stories and music followed on the program, and a sparring match drew great applause as a finale.

The guests and hosts then departed to their snow-white cots. The day in a State Hospital was over, and Patrick, the genial janitor of our flat, wrapped in loud slumber in another building, was dreaming of the debris he would have to clear away in the morning.

Roland R. Sanford, '00.





ACADIA DEBATING TEAM—1906

Porter, '06

Balcom, '07 (Leader)

Shortliffe, '08

Photo by Robson Studio, Wolfville—

The University Settlement.

THE city is the centre of life. The city presents many of the problems of the hour. In 1790 there were only six cities in the United States with a population of eight thousand or more; in 1890 there were four hundred and forty three. Each year hundreds of thousands of people are leaving the quiet of the country for the rush of city life.

Tremendous problems have arisen in these throbbing centres of human activity, among which are the housing of the poor, intelligent charity organization and the education of foreigners. These questions demand a solution. The University men and women of today are facing these problems and helping to solve them. One of the most powerful factors working for city reform is the University Settlement. This may be defined as a residence, situated in the most degraded part of a city, occupied by College men or women, whose object it is to elevate the ideals of their neighbors and improve their manner of living by bringing into the lives of the poorer class of city population some of that spirit of humane light and learning which permeates University Society.

About the middle of the last century Charles Kingsley, Frederick Maurice, Dr. Arnold and John Ruskin inspired the minds of Oxford and Cambridge students by their lofty social teaching. At this time Edward Denison, an Oxford Scholar of wealth and position, went to live with John Richard Green in Stepney, one of the worst sections of London. His object was to gain a knowledge of the life of the city poor, and to obtain that knowledge by direct observation. Denison only lived a few years, but he began a work that resulted in the founding of the first University settlement. After the death of Denison, an Oxford tutor named Arnold Toynbee spent several summer vacations living among the working people of Whitechapel, he saw the gulf that separated the privileged from the poorer classes; but while seeking to bring into proper relations the centres of culture and industry his young life came to an end.

University men were now becoming interested in the study of humanity. The year following Toynbee's death the first University Settlement was erected in the Whitechapel district, London, and named Toynbee Hall. In perhaps the most densely populated quarter in the world stands this monument to Arnold Toynbee : the quadrangle the gable roofs and spacious halls reminds us of Oxford and Cambridge ; and they tell to the world that College men have entered the work of city reform and propose to do their share in making the city a fit habitation for mankind.

When Mr. Barnett, the present Warden of Toynbee Hall, met that group of Oxford men in a college room and told them that their message to the poor would be in vain if it did not come expressed in the life of brother man, he uttered a powerful truth. A practical and noble conception of a new mission for college men to the world was awakened that day.

The new departure was found to be so successful that other settlements were soon established. In three years the movement spread to this side of the Atlantic and the University Settlement in New York was founded. The students of Scotland, France, Germany, Italy and Japan have thrown themselves into this movement, until today hundreds of settlements stand forth as lights in many of the darkest part of the world's great cities.

In the settlement buildings the people of the neighborhood gather for instruction and recreation, from the little child in the kindergarten to the aged man who comes to spend a social evening in his club. The gymnasium and drill develop the body. The social nature is provided for by reading and game rooms and by musical and recreation clubs. The work of education is given an important place : foreigners are taught the language of the country, instruction is given in the elementary branches of learning and in civics, economics and history. A library of carefully selected books develops a love for good reading, and the yellow covered novel is sometimes supplanted by the works of Scott and Dickens. Industrial activity is encouraged by classes in manual training, sewing and cooking.

The settlement rooms are plain and homelike in appearance, and show that it is possible to live decently and in order under trying circumstances. Art exhibits are held in the settlement halls. Many working men have a love for the beautiful, for pictures and literature,

which needs but the touch of opportunity to be kindled into an appreciative and intelligent flame of devotion; and men make better workers and more skilled mechanics for having their minds stimulated in this way. One cause of poverty is defective and undeveloped personality."

University Settlements are a common meeting place for all classes of society; the rich and the poor, the cultured and the ignorant find themselves working shoulder to shoulder. One of the workers in the University Settlement in New York is worth thirty millions of dollars, yet he is devoting much of his time in the interest of his fellow men who are fighting to put bread in the mouths of their children. Here the poor man discovers that the rich man may be his friend and the rich man finds that his poorer brother has a heart responsive to true sympathy and fair play.

Many of the residents represent their community on committees that care for civic matters. Having been accustomed to a better order of living they are quick to recognize the abuse of local government. Their position enables them to command with authority; the power of the press is at their disposal; the corrupt politician fears them and obeys. The result is that laws are enforced, streets are cleaned, more and improved schools are provided, and tenement houses are kept under proper regulations. The improved manner of living brings about a growth toward higher ideals, a healthier atmosphere and a recognition of the common bond that unites different classes of society.

Oliver Goldsmith said, "Humanity sir is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity." The spirit of Goldsmith has been caught by many university students. The benefit that these settlements are bringing to the cities reacts upon the workers; and a broader conception of life, a loftier purpose inspires the mind of the thoughtful college graduate who is led to see that usefulness in life is of more value than dollars and cents.

Some University settlements are distinctly religious. Many are not. A resident of the University Settlement in New York has said that the settlement will not permanently uplift communities if the Christian conception of man for man is not maintained.

Changed conditions do indeed demand new methods; but truly has it been observed, that "the guns of the present day navy are charged with the same kind of explosive that was used in the days of

Paul Jones ; but the missile that today goes crashing through twenty inches of solid steel plate is fired from a gun compared with which those of Paul Jones were mere toys'' : the powder is the same but the guns have changed. The city problems that are now confronting philanthropist and statesman were almost if not entirely unknown a century ago ; but the power that has uplifted society in the past is still the same ; the power of Christ always, but sent forth by instruments adapted to meet the need of the times. And one of the most powerful weapons of the hour is the University settlement built upon a Christian foundation. No reform without the Prince of reformers ! Men with well disciplined minds, sound judgment and common sense, who love humanity with a Christlike love are building upon the sure foundation of city reform. Men who have one hand in the hand of their Lord while the other is quieting the fevered pulse of oppressed mankind are the true reformers of all time. They are hastening the day when the Kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ. This is not the voice of sentiment, it is the voice of experience.

Frank W. Pattison, '04.



From My Old Chamber Window,

Sundered so long from home, I yearn,—
Fate cannot always sever,—
Back to that cottage to return,
Once more the scenes beloved discern
Which shall in memory fadeless burn
Forever and forever.

How often have I sat and gazed
Outward my world upon,
From yonder dormer-window raised
Above the sloping roof and placed
Fronting to where in splendour blazed
The rising of the sun.

Three Ash trees towered aloft so high
They seemed to childish sight
To pierce the cloudlets floating by,
Rending their fleeces as they fly
Touching the blue dome of the sky
And threat the stars of night.

Sublime it was when winds were loud
To watch each giant form
Before the blast a moment bowed,
When tempest fiends to battle crowd,
Arise and smite with branches proud
The legions of the storm.

The earliest redbreast of the spring
In the tall ash would build,
And through the season's wakening
Unto his modest mate would sing,
Till all the vibrant air would ring
With the sweet echoes filled.

The lengthened reach of tawny-road
That northward wound its way,
Tracked, when the sultry summer glowed,
By teams which toiled beneath the goad,
Drawing the creaking, cumbrous load
Of scented meadow hay.

The marshlands stretching east and west
 Again do I behold :
A broad, broad sweep of meadow dressed
In emerald robe of summer's best,
Or later in the daisied vest
 Of mingled white and gold.

There, gleamed the Basin spreading far
 Which the grim mountain hems,
Where giant tides diurnal war
Wage ceaselessly with foam and jar
Over yon red and shifting bar
 Cornwallis wave which stems.

The Northern Hills abrupt and vast
 The sombre forests crown ;
A fortress 'gainst the Borean blast,
Westward beyond the view which passed
And o'er the vale the shadow cast
 Of their eternal frown

The Cobequids which far and blue
 Their summits reared on high,
Over the waste of waters threw
Their mighty image mirrored true
When peace Old Minas billows knew
 After a storm passed by.

And o'er the summit's lengthened line
 Of the Ridge in easy view,
The straining vision can define,
On the welkin traced in dim design,
The hazy Southern Hills combine
 With the sky's purple hue.

With what delight, day after day
 I watched the Spring unfold
Her varied treasures, when sweet May
Came glorious with her glances gay
Strewing profusely o'er the way
 Her azure, green and gold.

And Oh, what richer ever came
 In summer's bounteous store !
How evening's softened fires would flame
With milder radiance sent to tame
The blaze of noon, and shadows claim
 The landscape o'er and o'er.

How changed ! when Winter drear and lone
 Brought silence to the glade ;
 And music beauty, life had flown,
 And weary winds must make their moan,
 And leafless trees like spectres groan
 And earth in a shroud is laid.

These were the varied scenes and fair,
 The changeful picture spread
 Of land and sea, sky, sun and air,
 Which charmed the vision gazing there
 From the quaint, vineclad cottage dear,
 The cot where I was bred

Edward Blackadder, '94.

[Mr. Blackadder, whose early home was in Wolfville, is now practicing medicine in Westport, N. S. He will be remembered by many as a former editor of the *ATHENÆUM*.—Ed.]



National Spirit, Present Tendency and Outlook.

(Winning Oration in the Tupper Contest)

WITHIN this Mausoleum of Time, the dead Past lies entombed. In its silent halls the spirits of our ancestors hold lone vigil over the sepulchres of conquered nations and the tombs of fallen kings.

Speak, thou genius of the Future, robed in garments of mystery and dark with forboding ill. What secrets hast thou to reveal? What wonders to unfold? Would that some lordly seer might rise with power to break the spell and cast aside the mystic veil that separates the Future from the Past!

But why build fairy castles, why dream idle dreams? Ours is not to wander in the shades of the forgotten Past, or to catch a glimpse of glory that shall be; our task is in the Present; our battle is with the strong. The light of Heaven shines upon us and the shout of victory leads us on.¹

Nineteen Christian centuries have combined to make this age in which we live the grandest day of all achievement. We bear the im-



W. H. COLEMAN, '06
(Winner of the Tupper Medal for Oratory)
Photo by Robson Studio, Wolfenbutel

press at this very hour of the great thoughts and the high inspirations, the struggles and even the crimes of our ancestral ages. If such a social fabric as this has been evolved, who can tell what new shapes human societies will take in their progressive development? Who can say what changed aspect the universal spirit will assume when it has incarnated, through laws and institutions, all the ideas unmasked by the genius of science and has scattered them broadcast as through spiritual communion to future peoples?

Thus has progress marked the ages. Man has risen from a state of savagery to one of enlightenment. The steps by which he has climbed have been many, the ascent has been steep and the end is not yet. First, he knew no better than to seclude himself in the depths of his primeval forest, with the wild beast for his sole companion; then rising to a higher level he sought out his fellow creatures and they, moved by a community of feeling, which they felt but could not understand, linked themselves in the bonds of the first society and thus gradually developing evolved the nation; so that that which was at first but a communion of spirit, existing between members of the same race, today exists as the national spirit of a people.

Just as the spirit of the individual is shown as he rises to eminence in a certain sphere, so the spirit of the nation is displayed as that nation becomes representative in certain respects. The glory of the Hebrews was in their religion. The splendor of the temple bore witness to the spirit of the people. They warred against their aliens; they fought their battles in the name of the Lord Jehovah. The national life of the Jews ebbed and flowed around sacred things. With the Hellenic race, the power of intellect the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners, reflected the whole spirit of the people. When in the Olympic Game they crowned the victor with the laurel wreath and when at the foot of the rostrum they loudly applauded the orator for his eloquence, it was this self-same spirit that they manifested. The Roman delighted in the gladiator's agony. His spirit rose within him as he heard the wild beasts tugging at their chain's eager for their defenceless prey. He shouted himself hoarse as from the housetop he watched the triumphal procession of the victorious General returning from his conquest with captive-laden chariots in his train.

Thus we see what varied forms the national spirit assumes among

these ancient peoples. The Athenian, glorying in his philosophers and poets, the Roman exulting in his triumphs of flesh and blood, the Hebrew rejoicing in his religious ritual. Yet we do not forget that these ancient peoples have given to humanity in times long past its brightest radiance of spirit. Let us accord them the praise that is their just due. From the ruins of their altars, their shrines, their temples, their palaces, a new spirit has emanated, which is not only national, but world-wide in its scope.

Each cycle of history gives birth to some new idea, emancipates some new faculty. The Renaissance brought to new life the sensibilities and the imagination; the Reformation emancipated man's moral nature and liberated conscience. The triumph of philosophy broke down the reign of scholastic reason. Finally, the sensibility enlightened, the conscience liberated, the reason unfettered, one more faculty, the crown of all, yet remained to be emancipated,—the *will* of the people.

And here it is that we pass from a national spirit, which owns the confines of one country and one people, to a universal spirit, which is based on the broad foundations of Liberty and rests upon the cornerstone of Freedom. No nation ever truly breathes the national spirit until it first inhales the pure atmosphere of freedom.

The Athenian, loved his land for its literature and art. The Hebrew revered his country for its sacred rites. We love our land today for its freedom and it is this freedom that fosters the national spirit within our breasts.

Asia, the continent of caste and changeless empires, Africa, the land of idolatry and superstition, gave no fit scope for the play of this Universal spirit. It is in Europe, the land of culture, it is in America, the continent of liberty that its spirit has been most deeply felt and its grandest triumphs achieved.

The bard tuning his harp to melody sings :

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
‘This is my own—my Native Land !’ ”

Aye, men love well the hills, the streams, the mountain peaks of native land, so long as the flag of freedom floats o’er them ; but when they must flee like hunted beasts to the caves of the land that bare

them, then it is that they turn their gaze toward a foreign strand and reckon not what dangers there may lurk, if freedom shall be their reward.

What countries today, let us ask, are the leaders of civilization and progress? What lands are possessed of this true national spirit? Are they those in which the will of the people is denied? Are they those ground down beneath the iron heel of the oppressor? Nay,—they are the lands over whose ground the chariot wheels of freedom have passed, scattering the garlands of liberty in their train.

Look! Throughout Europe and America blows the wind of Freedom fanning to brighter and brighter flame the fires of national spirit. France achieves her liberty through stress of revolution that rends the very earth in sunder and lights up the whole world with the blaze of its terrific glory. Italy, sibyls of poetry and history, on Solferino's bloody field breaks the power of Austria and rises to a new life. Poland, though her aspirations are no more, shall yet see rise from the ashes of her mourning the Phoenix of her liberty. Oh, when shall *we* usher in that glorious age, which shall witness an amphictyon of free peoples and nationalities the world over!

The people of freedom have ever been the people of ultimate triumph. Freedom and national spirit go hand in hand, Why do we see the spectacle, today, of mighty Russia, lying wounded and prostrate at the feet of Japan? Why? The answer is not far to seek. No freedom, no spirit, no victory.

To the right and to the left of us civilization and christianity are opening the eyes of men. Everywhere we hear them calling for freedom from their tyranny and for deliverance from their oppression. And these privileges once gained, they jealously guard; for they have bought them with the blood of their sons.

Britain, the name we love! Britain, we worship her fields of victory, we fall in reverence at the tombs of her illustrious dead. Britain, Apostle of Freedom and High Priestess of Liberty! To our doors she came seeking admission and we flung them wide open at her approach. Did the tyrant enter? Nay. But glorious spectacle! Freedom, robed in garments of light, stepped through the closing portals. From the rock-bound coasts of the Atlantic she passed, through the deep voiced canyons; over the rock-ribbed mountains she sped, to the shining strand of the Pacific beyond.

The war-whoop of the Algonquin and the Huron has ceased; the

church-bell tolls out on the vesper breeze ; the silence of the wilderness gives way to the sounds of industrial life.

Arise, Canadians, yet in your youth ! Lift your thoughts to the level of the great tasks that await you, and usher in a glorious age, with this, the coming of your day of strength !

W. H. Coleman, '06.

The oratorical contest for the Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper gold medal took place in College Hall on Wednesday evening, May 2. There was a large attendance and the exercises were of a most interesting character. Dr. Trotter presided and Rev. Mr. Waring and Messrs. I. B. Oakes and A. V. Pineo acted as judges. Orations were given by Messrs Copp, Barss, Kinley, Havey and Coleman, all members of the Senior class. Messrs Copp and Barss spoke on "The Education Act in England," Mr. Kinley on "Church Federation," and Messrs Havey and Coleman on "National Spirit." The orations were all of a high order, both in the treatment of the subject matter and in expression. So excellent were all the addresses that Mr. I. B. Oakes, who spoke for the judges, stated that they had much difficulty in coming to a decision, which was finally given in favor of Mr. Coleman, whose effort showed in some small degree more all round merit than the others. Excellent music, both instrumental and vocal, was furnished by the students.

At the close, President Trotter announced that as Dr. Tupper had promised the medal only during his stay as president the offer would now terminate. The faculty had decided, however, that owing to the benefit derived by the students from the yearly contest an effort should be made to continue the institution, and had secured sufficient funds to provide a medal which shall not be subject to the coming or going of any man. This has been secured largely from the endowment of the late Rev. Ralph Hunt, and the medal will be designated in future as the Ralph M. Hunt gold medal.



A Memory.

SOME time in the Spring of 1857, I was sleeping soundly in my bedroom on the second floor of the old Acadia College building, when I was suddenly awakened by the entrance of two students,—one very tall, over six feet; the other rather short. The tall one had a lamp in his hand, and the short one some slips of manuscript. My room-mate—Daniel F. Higgins—and I sat up in bed, brushed away the cobwebs from our eyes, and tried to cast off the sluggishness of slumber from our brains, that we might learn the cause of this nocturnal invasion.

The tall young man with lamp in hand quickly explained. We, said he, have made some poetry, and we want you to hear it, and give us your judgment of its merits.

Flattered with this proposal, we pulled ourselves together, summoned our wits to do their best, bade the short man to proceed with his reading, which he did with a light heart and a full voice. It seemed rather long, perhaps, because we wanted to drop back as quickly as possible into the arms of gentle sleep. Of course, it was pronounced a masterpiece—the product of genius. That was satisfactory to our visitors. With pleasure swelled hearts, they retired and left us to patch out our night's sleep as best we could. I never heard or saw the poem afterwards. Whether it survived the wreck of much of the poetry of that day, or whether it perished, I do not know. It was just a little before this, that Tennyson's Maud saw the light and endured a hailstorm of adverse criticism, in which I believe even the great Gladstone participated, although afterwards when he understood the poem better, he made amends. One of the critics wrote this to Mr. Tennyson—“Sir, I used to worship you, but now I hate you. You beast, so you've taken to imitating Longfellow.” The invaders of our bed-room fared better than Mr. Tennyson did at the hands of many papers and reviews. They got unqualified praise.

My recollection of the subject matter of the poem is vague—it was of old foggy College governors, grand sentiments, and heroic labors



VIEW OF WOLFVILLE.

of students, filing through the streets of Wolfville in open day, bearing a sodden deal plank. On their shoulders, arranging them as seats in a great furniture factory, covering them into bags to be soft and safe for ladies—the coming of the great Joseph Howe—the marvellous lecture to an immense crowd on “Literature and Science from a Horton Point of View”—the defeat of a bigoted board of College governors and the grand triumph of right and liberty by its champions—the students of that day.

One of the two poets was Johh Y. Payzant, now of Halifax—I need not say to those who know him, that he was the tall one. The other was T. H. Rand, a sigh for the touch of whose warm heart, and “vanished hand” many an old friend has often felt.

Now for illumination by dry facts of ancient history. About two years earlier than this the students had organized a society among themselves and named it the “Lycæum” the object of which was about the same as that of the “ATHENÆUM” of today. There were of course thorough, able and exhaustive debates. But let light be turned in here on only one of them. Let no one, however, fancy the inspiration of a crowded room, for there were only thirty or forty students on the ground all told. We, on this particular night, now called up, had “Novels” for our subject. The discussion dragged until a young minister came to his feet and denounced the reading of novels as harmful and wicked, adding that no student present had read at many as he had. Dougald Thompson, a New Brunswicker, always brimming with good humor, came to feet in a state of gnashing indignation, and declared the statement of the last speaker an insult to himself at least. He then set out to enumerate the novels he had read and challenged his opponent to at once name the works of fiction he had read or failing this make an humble apology—I do not remember thompson’s entire list, but in it were “Jack the Giant-Killer” and “The Babes in the Woods.” R. L. Weatherbee came next. Tom Carlyle was made to sit in our midst and play the culprit with his lashing sarcasm. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and others were made to confront the offender, and wither him with their indignation through the mouth of Carlyle, the man who, when he learned that his friend Tennyson was studying ancient characters and scenes to get subject matter for new poems, exclaimed, “There sits Tennyson on a manure heap, surrounded by innumerable dead dogs.” He was not the man to

spare the youthful minister. This in evidence that we had some life, boy—life, of course, in ye olden times.

Furthermore, lecturers were engaged by the Lyceum. S. W. de Blois and the Rev. William Somerville were two who were heard with profit and pleasure. Then we reached out for something regarded at that day as stupendous—Joseph Howe was invited to come to Woltville and enlighten the Lyceum. He accepted. Up to this date the lectures had been given to good audiences in the old Baptist church. But so soon as it was known that Howe would be the next lecturer we were told plainly and firmly that Joe Howe should not lecture in the Baptist church. This did not surprise us; for we knew that although Howe had given a cold vote for Acadia's Charter in 1839, yet in 1843 he inspired the introduction into the Assembly of a measure to suppress all existing colleges, and unite them in a State College, to be located, as it was assumed, in Halifax—also that although the Baptists had stood valiantly in with him from 1828 to 1840, yet he attacked them at the latter date in the press for not paying him a debt due for printing the *Christian Messenger*—that when the Baptists rallied to save Acadia he had poured on them the best of his ridicule, sarcasm, and satire. Their mid winter Association at Nictaux to defend themselves and justify their editors, Howe had called the "Baptist back woods Sanhedrin," Dr. Crawley, honourable and honoured had been soundly abased and ridiculed. The tory Baptists were not therefore gushing with either love or admiration for Joe Howe at that day. But the boys belonged to a new generation and did not wish to perpetuate the quarrel. Moreover, they knew that J. W. Johnstone had come out of the Legislative Council, had run an election and had driven Howe to the wall in 1843 on the college question, and had kept him there until 1847—that Howe in 1857 fell into ill luck politically; and went to the wall again, and had Doctor Tupper, now Sir Charles, united with Johnstone against him.

It happened on this wise—Howe's government was building the rail-road from Halifax to Windsor when a row occurred among the Roman Catholic and Protestant navvies in a shanty called Gourley Shanty. This matter got into politics—great heat the result. With caustic words Howe offended his Roman Catholic political friends. Immediately following this event Howe went to New York ostensibly to get workmen for his railroad, but really to enlist soldiers for the

Crimean war. The secret was divulged by a Roman Catholic writer of Halifax sending a communication to the New York press. Officers of the law were soon after Howe for violating international law but he escaped out of a window and got safely to Halifax. Then the row broke out afresh with the Catholics. The House came together in 1857. J. W. Johnstone was ready with a resolution for a vote of want of confidence. There were giants in those days and they had plenty of time to fight and they used it with much heartiness. When the house was divided, every Roman Catholic and some Protestants who represented Roman Catholic constituencies scampered across the floor of the House to Johnstone's and Tupper's side; consequently Howe had leisure on his hand, and the students in the generosity of their natures endeavored to give him something to do. This was the state of things when Howe was invited to lecture before the Lyceum. The students knew that at times Howe was too frivolous and too indelicate in his public utterances for a church building and so they were not surprised when they were told that the Church on this occasion was not open for them. Then they looked to Academy Hall under the roof of the old College building. At this point they came into collision with the governing Board. We canvassed like politicians. Mr. John W. Barss took our side moderately. A meeting of the Board was held and by a majority of one the Academy Hall was denied us.

What next? A Mr. Blackaddar had a large furniture store not far east of the post office and on the same side of the road. We went to him, he saw his chance. £20—\$80.00 was the price for the evening. The bargain was closed. But the store was full of furniture and we were bound to carry this furniture up stairs. We did this. We got permission to use a pile of deal planks lying some distance west of the Hall. Hence in the poem, the carrying of planks by the boys. The planks were wet and here the dry bags came in.

The whole affair flew on the wings of the wind. The night came. Howe, wife and little boys arrived wallowing through the mud in their carriage from Windsor—the end of the railroad. Mr. and Mrs. William DeWolfe and daughters, put their spacious house—the same one in which Professor D. F. Higgins afterwards lived—at our disposal with the full assurance of their services and lavish hospitality. But another trouble faced us. The Insurance Company would not carry the risk for such an unusual use of Furniture Hall. But we had

friends. John Brown, then living where Dr. DeWitt does now, came to our rescue to the extent of £500—\$2,000.00 for the night. Not Gaspereau Valley alone, but deep as the mud was, Gaspereaux mountains as well, emptied themselves into that furniture Hall. So did Lower Horton and Cornwallis. Yes a man on the streets of Halifax—B. W. Chipman—a few days ago told me he drove thirty-five miles through mud half way to the hubs of his carriage to get to that memorable lecture. He lived at Upper Aylesford at the time.

Admission fees were then unknown; but we had our wits about us. We saw the heather was on fire, so we fixed on seven pence—12½ cents—admission. These small bits gave us £17—\$68.00. Friends came to our help, and we came out perfectly sound financially. We had consulted Mr. J. W. Barss about offering Mr. Howe pay. He advised us to offer him his travelling expenses. This, of course, the great Howe would not take. The DeWolfe's invited in the President and Secretary of the Lyceum and other students to enjoy social life with Howe, wife and boy. Howe was then forty-eight years old; but he was a great laughing boy, brimming with humour and fun. He delighted the little flock of girls in the House, the student boys and the old folk. He was carried over to Cornwallis and a few evenings after this lectured in a Presbyterian Church. In referring to J. W. Johnston—a courtly genial gentleman of the old aristocratic school, I remember Howe said, using a nickname he had given Johnstone, whom, by the way, he always held in the highest esteem,—“we will make old black stockings stand round next winter when the House meets.”

Now this is the light in which to see the poem that I and my room mate were waked up at midnight to hear, and also the reason why we pronounced it of the best kind—worthy of Rogers or Tennyson.

Another word! What about the Faculty? Well, Dr. Cramp was at the head of the College. The row with Howe had taken place before he came to Nova Scotia. Professor Sawyer and Professor Stuart had lately come from the United States, and had no share in the prejudice against Howe. Indeed, I think the students in this tussle inspired confidence in the minds of the American Professors that their Yankee Bluenoses might some day amount to something. My memory tells me that the two Professors attended the lecture, but that Dr. Cramp prudently stayed at home.

T. H. Rand was Secretary of the Lyceum at the time and the writer was president.

Some time after this the Faculty ordained that in future the names of lecturers to be engaged, should first be submitted to them for approval—sound legislation. The reply to this was the disbanding of the Lyceum and the sale of its property—a small amount. I remember seeing, years after this event, a large office chair in the college building with *Lyceum* in gilt letters on the back, much worn. The death of the Lyceum made room for the creation of the Athenaeum Society which has had a longer and more useful life. May it live forever.

E. M. Saunders, '58.



Valedictory.

Mr. President, Fellow-Students, Friends:—

Time in its swift, relentless course has at length brought us to these closing hours of our college career—hours fraught with joy at the realization of completed tasks, but tinged with sadness at the recollection of what it means to bid a last farewell to our *Alma Mater* and the associations and companionships of this place. Four years of tarrying here have served to endear these familiar scenes to our hearts and to impress indelibly upon the tablets of our memories, the varied experiences through which we have passed. It is not easy then to depart, knowing that these shall return no more.

As we anticipated this day at the beginning of our course, the way toward it seemed difficult, and well-nigh interminable. But what then appeared tediously long has since proved all too short, and of late the "noiseless foot of Time" seems to have overtaken us with surprising rapidity. Tomorrow we go forth from our peaceful retirement to mingle with the world of men, and to assume the weightier responsibilities of life. We believe that our years of study here have, almost unconsciously to ourselves, better fitted us to cope with life's stern realities; and we would pause for a moment to reflect upon those phases in our discipline which have helped toward this end. In a measure, it is true, we have been living in an ideal world,—a world of ideas, of theories

and abstractions; and perhaps our first encounter with the actual problems of life may rudely shock and bewilder us: yet we feel that the training received will, if rightly interpreted and utilized, aid us materially to wrestle with and conquer the difficulties that must confront us.

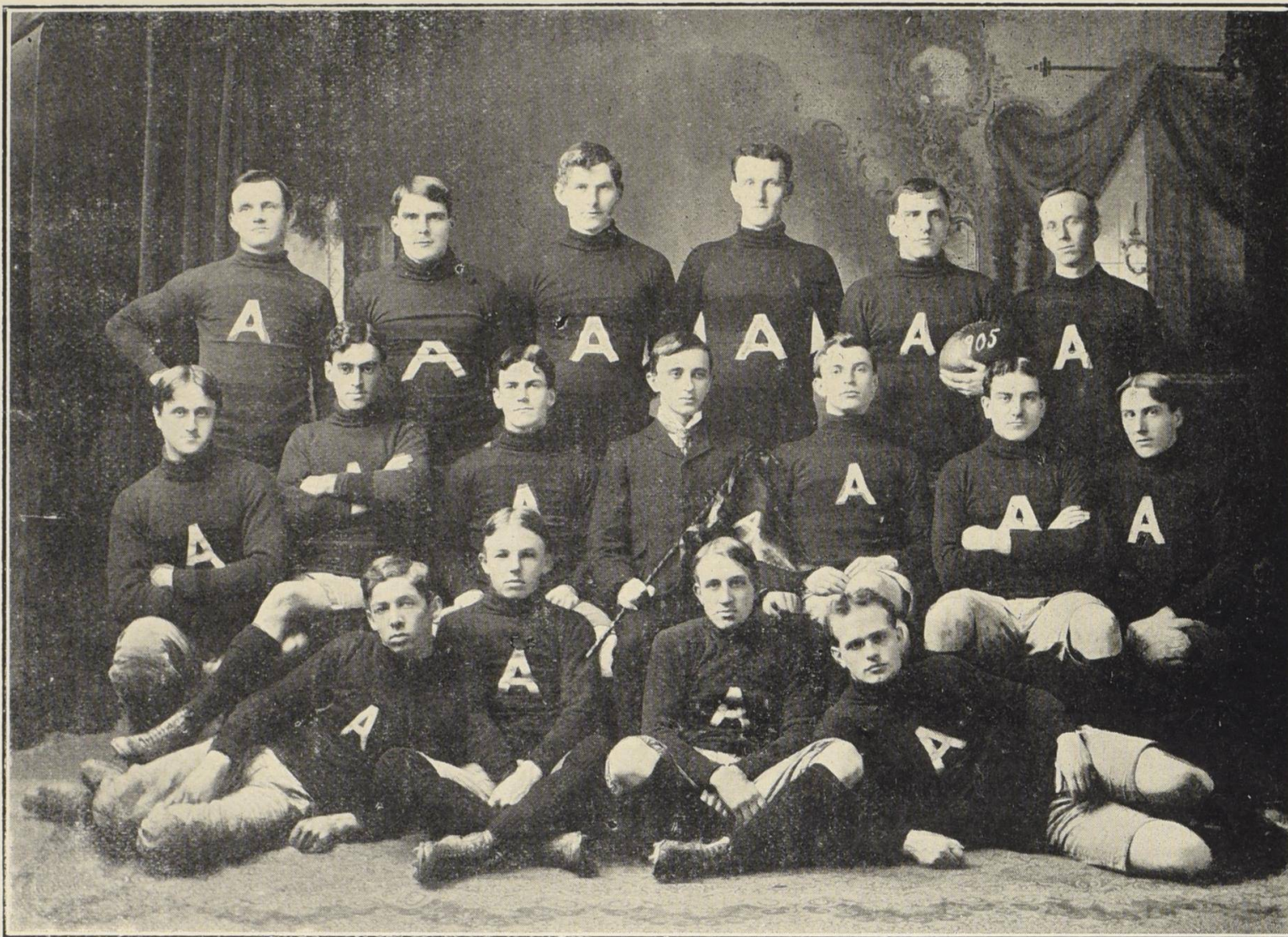
The various relations of life may be classified as social, political, intellectual, and spiritual; and to be adequately prepared for the duties of citizenship, one must have been trained *for* these relations. Have there been such diversified elements in our academic training? We believe there have. Our course here has constituted a little life in itself, a microcosm, representing in miniature the various phases and relations of life. By our community life and intimate contact with one another, the social side of our nature has been disciplined. In our college Societies by means of debate and parliamentary practice, we have had a little insight into political matters. The classroom and our studies have furnished the training for the intellect. And spiritual culture has come from our environment, in manifold ways.

Thus, with what we have attained, we venture forth, assured that in all the exigencies of time we shall somehow feel the potent influences of these golden, gleaned days.

And now, to you, first of all, citizens of Wolfville, we bid adieu. We shall not forget your oft-repeated kindnesses in providing pleasant diversions for us in your homes to relieve the monotonous hours of study.

To you, Mr. President, whose departure from Acadia is coincident with our own, and to you Gentlemen of the Faculty, we also say 'fare well'. You have been our intellectual guides through these years, ever inspiring us with lofty ideals. Above all, you have helped to awaken in us a love of study for its own sake. The few stray facts of history, science, or philosophy which may have been gathered by us on our way will prove of little value to us unless in the process of learning those facts we have acquired the habit and love of study. This habit, once formed, will constantly cling to us, serving as a protection against the vanities of life in the days of our youth, affording inspiration and discipline in the days of our maturer manhood, and becoming a perennial source of consolation in the evening time of life. With gratefulness, therefore, we acknowledge your efforts in aiding us to cultivate this veritable love of study.

Fellow-students, from you also we must now be separated. We commit to your care whatever trusts have been reposed in us. In the



ACADIA FOOT BALL TEAM, 1905-'06.

Photo by Robson Studio, Wolfville.

years we have spent together, ties of friendship have been forged which, we believe, will endure long after we leave these classic halls. We shall hope to meet many of you again in the busy marts of life where, shoulder to shoulder it may be, we shall pursue our appointed tasks, true to the ideals of our *Alma Mater*.

And now my class-mates, must we also be severed and take our final leave of one another? Affection answers, No; duty whispers, Yes. From outside, the noise of a needy world is sounding in our ears. The cries of the oppressed, the mute appeals of the hungry summon us forth, asking, What do ye here in "studious cloisters' pale," while the teeming multitudes wait without? Shall we not hearken and urge forward our way to ardent service? Error is rife in the world. It is for us to learn and love the truth. Iniquity prevails in high places and in low, in political and social spheres. How urgent, then, is the need for men of high purpose, steadfast in times of stress, retaining their equipoise amidst innumerable conflicts of opinion, men

"Who never sell the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life is work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life." !

Thus, by the moral symmetry of character and conduct, we should utter a strong indictment against these crying evils that surround us on every side. The church also is sounding a clarion call to men to join in the crusade against the infidelity and material tendencies of our modern life. Let not the glamor of philosophical speculation obscure the truth to our minds or subtly devitalize it in our hearts. Let not the vision of the ideal and infinite distort our vision of the actual and finite.

The conflict is on. Duty beckons us forward to the scene of strife. Let us all, conscious of a mission, set forth upon the path of Duty, assured that

"He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun."
Comrades, farewell! Beloved teachers, farewell! Friends, adieu!

Frederick Porter, '06.

The Golden Days.

(Supposed of any graduate returned at Commencement Time)

Dearest, what days were ours
Within this Land of Flowers,
Ere we the world of men had need to know!
Careless we lived and dreamed,
Perfect the Vision seemed,
Love bravely shone, and threw o'er life a Promise Bow.

The splendor of those days
When autumn's golden haze
Lay sleeping o'er the streams in Gaspereau!
Then elfin trumpet-calls
From reddening woodland walls
Rang clear for us, whose gypsy feet were fain to go.

Snow-laden boughs of pine
Above your head and mine,
Long winter walks that made your cheeks to glow:
Oft flew our steel-winged feet—
But slow return and sweet
When long moon-shadows lay mysterious on the snow.

Some early morn in spring,
With birds all on the wing,
We sought the dew-bright uplands, turned, and lo!—
Earth-fallen in the night,
Lay heaven's long pathway, white—
A thousand orchards stretched, one milky way, below.

Rose-breathing nights in June,
What time the fairies tune
Their silvry harps to music soft and slow—
The poet-moon above,
We wandered in our love
Silent upon the hills, and the river sang below.

Now, others, year by year,
Still love and linger here—
E'en in our very steps may come and go,
May love as well as we,
More wisely, possibly,
But can't be quite so happy, dearest, think you so?

Roy Elliott Bates, '04.



Etchings.

Foregleams.

IT was dawn. All was still save the chirping of birds, and the murmur of the streamlet slipping down the hill. Nature awaited in hushed expectance the coming of a new day. On the heights stood a young man, looking out o'er fair scenes he soon must leave, for this was his graduation morn. A breeze stirred the trees, thrilled each leaf, flung abroad the fragrance of apple blossoms. A gleam of brightness touched meadow and mountain, blue waters and distant hills. The youth turned his face toward the morning light. In his heart was joy, and the strength of a noble ideal.

Afternoon shadows are lengthening. One sits on the hill-side. Many years have passed since that graduation morn—years of conflict and struggle, of labor and care, of mingled joy and sorrow—the ideal still unrealized. Pensively he muses. A cloud passes over the sun, shadowing the landscape, the wind sighs through the trees, and showers the apple blossoms on the ground. Suddenly a burst of sunshine, flooding the meadows with glory, and bathing the hills in dreamy splendor. "Over all broods the Eternal Love," he murmurs. And lo, life shines transfigured, one Divine purpose illumining all; the near and far are blended in one; and the unfulfilled ideal, time-straightened, finds realization in the infinite beyond.

He turns again to life, in his heart, joy; on his brow, the impress of Eternal Youth.

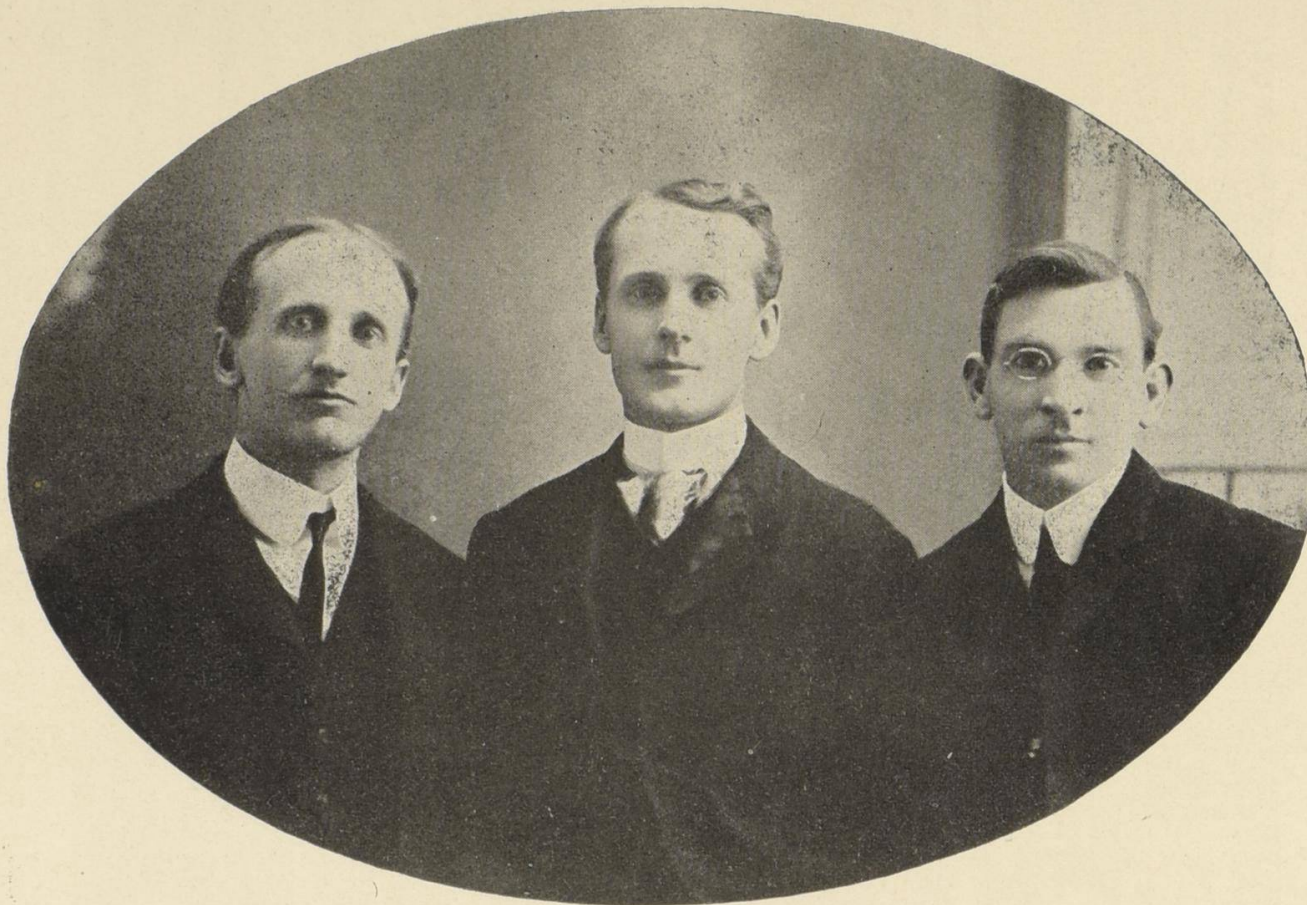
E.



Just a Rose.

Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Yah ! Yah ! Yah !
Hoo-rah ! Hoo-rah ! Ar-ma-da !

Louder and louder, hoarser and hoarser, rang out the yell from the throats of hundreds of collegians, as the train came into view. One, Two, Three, and a Senior shot into the air, thin from the final xams, seemingly all arms and legs.



Harris, '07

Balcom, '07

Knott, '07

JUNIOR DEBATING TEAM

(Winners of the Inter-class Debating League)

Photo by M. B. Harris, Wolfville.

A bevy of laughing and chattering college girls swirled past him, their shrill feminine laughter echoing back. She was the gayest amongst them, more beautiful than ever in her summer dress and flowers.

So it had been all the year. Others could be near her, have her, but he must only watch and wait, and be glad when he realized he was noticed. Sometimes he had thought she liked him, and one night he had—but no, he dared not hope that, and now the year was gone, the train was moving, and,—there she was in the car window.

He must say goodbye. He sprang forward. One glimpse of a vanishing face, framed in its fluffy scarf, and the train had gone. And he was standing on the platform,—a red rose in his hand, and a hope in his heart.

I. May Crandall, '07.



The Call,

It was sunset and he sat on the stile at Gaspereau. He was a Freshman and Spring was here. He had longed for the best of life and had found it, he was *almost* sure. As he lived the year again he felt once more the thrill of victory on the campus, the warm joy of comradeship, the new thoughts and widened insight which come from intercourse with greater minds. The blood in his veins tingled and his heart sang with the very joy of living. The silvery mist floating above the river was the incense rising from his altar. His prayers were heard and the best of life, already half felt, half realized, was his. How could he ever have doubted that this was all? Of course it was all. "What else could there be?"—he asked himself, and smiled. He heard the singing of frogs in the valley, and one by one the lights shone out in Gaspereau.

.

It was sunset and he sat on the stile at Gaspereau. He was a Senior now and Spring was here. He had always longed for the best of life, but had he found it? In his inmost soul he knew that he had

failed. His heart was hungry for the something he had missed—the something which was the very crown of life.

It came to him there in the twilight—the call of a world of sorrows. He looked at the stars as he answered, “here am I, oh world, take me.”

There was peace in his soul as he heard the singing of frogs in the valley. And one by one the lights shone out in Gaspereau.

H. S., '08.



The Twilight Hour.

*“Sunset and evening star
And after that the dark.”*

Cooled and refreshed by the evening breeze, we paddled on and on, through a sea of sapphire into the “Lotos Land” of ease, of sweet languor, our canoe glistening in the sunlight, and casting its reflection in the water. Silently we steal along the banks of green, with intertwining wreaths of reddest vine leaves, o’er shadowed by golden brown maples, pines dark and somber, birches wan and listless, while ever and anon, the plaintive call of the whip-poor-will comes from some hidden cove. The nearer sides of the hills take on a sable tinge. Star pierced, the waters deepen to inky black, and the skies to purple. Dim knolls, and tree clumps stand out like towers, and in answer to the mystical night voices, whose undertone is the rythmical beat of the waves, we glide along, until night overtakes us, and enfolds us in her embrace.

'07.



Class History.

Mr. President, Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen :

One, two, three, tomorrow it will be four, and then we shall have numbered our college years. We pause today to recall the story of the terms which have been filled to the full with "the wild joys of living."

I know it is with a great deal of expectancy you await what shall be said. Your curiosity, your love of idle talk, perhaps even your desire for real knowledge all tend to make you alert. Let me assure you that we could a tale unfold whose lightest word would seal thy gossip-hungry mouths. We, however, forbear, because our story is stranger than fiction and few may know it all. Only the one learned in the interpreting of numbers can read to its depths the statement, that out of twenty-six eager-eyed Freshmen, who now four winters since, buoyantly set out for

"That untravell'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when we move,"

only nine have weathered the fearful storms of circumstance, and this morning found their way to this our last class-meeting.

Simply because it is the custom, one of those survivors has been elected to tell of the perils, toil, and pain, not to mention the joys, of that four stage journey. He is called class historian. What a work is his ! to lift the stone from off the buried past, and even if he does not dig deeply, to expose to your gaze the unsightly forms of his comrades' unremembered deeds. I have read somewhere that he has a hard time, and I begin to believe it now. First, because of long established custom he must tell the truth. Ah ! what difficulties there ! I now in my imagination see his classmates squirming in their fearful expectancy. Because truth and falsehood wage eternal war, I tremble for his safety. Again he has a hard time because he is called to follow a hard and beaten path, from which long since every vestige of fresh herbage has been plucked, and if at times he does not leave it to

wander in more pleasant by-paths, he is likely to blister his reputation and cripple the confidence of his classmates.

Such is the position I find myself in this morning, but from my task I will not shrink. In preparation thereof I have given the subject of history some thought and enquiry. I find it is no new form of composition. Indeed, if we may ignore the higher critics, we may think of Moses as among the first historians. As his work has withstood the ravages of time, and still stands at the head of all historical literature, we feel safe in taking him as our model and starting our story "In the beginning." But the question at once arises, where is the beginning? Where in place and time shall we begin to gather up and weave together the many threads that make up the history of THE CLASS OF 1906?

To answer the question I went to no small trouble. Works on history, philosophy, religion, on biology and necrology, on anthropology and zoology, I consulted to no purpose. Was I searching for that which did not exist? Although I recognized certain marks of divinity about the class, I nevertheless had the instinctive feeling that it was not from everlasting to everlasting, and that at some point in that mysterious thing called time, there glowed the first spark of that spirit, the appearance of which marks the real beginning of every class. Knowing not where to turn for guidance in my search, there suddenly fell upon me a strange spirit. Immediately my vision cleared and the spirit bade me behold. In the Capital of New Brunswick, within the office of a bank, I saw a slender dark eyed boy. His counting for the day was done. I beheld him with earnest looks bending over a *grey covered pamphlet*, and in my mind could hear him whispering to himself, "Acadia, nineteen hundred six." Again I looked and in a thriving town of that same province, seated by the hearth of her childhood home, I marked a maiden filled with dreams. In the dying embers she pictured to herself a line of grave professors one of whom was holding out to her a roll of parchment. The shadows of the room combined to make the room *purple and white*, and over the vision was written "*Finis Opus Coronat.*" A third time I was made to behold. Far down the south coast of Nova Scotia, amid the wild bushwood and barren rocks of the wilderness, I saw a dark youth with raven locks chasing the fox and hare. As leaping from rock to rock in his mad course he stopped to wipe his brow, he thought of the Acadia Campus,



Eaton
Estey (Capt.)

Bates

McAskill

Lewis

Lewis

DeWitt

Rising

THE ACADIA HOCKEY TEAM—1906.

Photo by Robson Studio, Wolfville.

a leap that would rival that of the hare, and honor for the class of Noughty Six. Once more the spirit bade me look ; and in the vale of the Cornwallis neath the shadow of old Blomidon, a gentle maiden roamed the meadows. She was gathering violets,—purple and white. As she raised her eyes and saw in the distance the white towers of Acadia she pressed the flowers in her hand more closely and whispered, “Another year.” Pausing for a moment she counted four, then exultingly exclaimed, “Nineteen Six.”

Such are samples as the spirit revealed them to me, of the earliest beginnings of our class history. You will understand how that history began at different places and at different times ; how the tiny sparks of class spirit kept growing and growing till there came that decided change. And here we depart from the ideal and mystical.

The old trunk that had been taken from the attic, or in some cases a new one bought for the occasion, was packed to the lid with everything that was needed, and some things that were not. Our old high school and Academy essays, found a place near the bottom. We thought they would be valuable for reference, also that if an opportunity offered itself we would try them on our English professor and get his opinion about certain passages we thought especially fine. Then before leaving home we took a long last survey of everything familiar, from the old swimming hole in the river to the cellar and attic of the house. We watched the men and women passing on the street and wondered to ourselves if they knew we were going to college. It was with especial pity that we thought of the boy in the next house who had to spend another year in the dingy old school-house at the top of the hill. That last evening at home, we watched with sentimental looks the sun go down behind the western hills. To us he almost seemed to linger as if saying ‘farewell.’ What took place after the moon rose is among those things I cannot make known.

At last the long looked for day arrived, the day we were to start for Wolfville. We came by every means of travelling known to man. Some came in a car, others in a boat ; some in a carriage, others in a cart ; some in a home-sick mood, and others in a new suit of clothes, not to mention the numerons other ways.

Strange to say the air of dignity and ease we had so confidently expected to wear as under-graduates seemed to be wanting. Not even our careless tones, the classical trim on our hair, the sporty hat

we had bought for the occasion and our latest style of trousers, could combine to divest us of that look so peculiar to a Freshman. People would look at us and we would stare back at them. The way some of us stared, especially the first Sunday we sat in the Freshmen gallery in the Baptist Church, threatened to injure our eye sight and deform our necks. Several Sophs were kind enough to warn us against such excesses, but by hard training we soon got used to it ; we simply found we had to or be out of the style. Although upon our arrival we made the mistake to ask if the Seminary were Chipman Hall, we all, without serious difficulty found our respective lodgings, which varied in their location from the top loft of Chip Hall to the confines of *Sodom*. The following morning we registered at the office, each in his turn. As we stood around the four walls of that august chamber, we lost ourselves in the contemplation of each other. We thought what a star on the forward line that broad shouldered fellow would make ; whether the man with the high forehead and the pale thin face was as intellectual as he appeared ; and how we would terribly hate to get into a scrap with that auburn haired chap who wore the heavy scowl. In the afternoon we felt highly complimented, when in chapel the President seemed to address all his remarks to us. This chapel service was our first opportunity of getting a survey of the college girls, (we did not then understand the term co-ed.) They seemed to many of us to occupy seats arranged for the express purpose of letting us look at them. The way some looked in their direction instead of paying attention to the words of Dr. Trotter, at once betrayed their weakness ; and we have not been surprised to see them since succumb to the subtle attractions of a maiden's eyes.

On October 2nd, 1902, we met for our first class meeting. Our class organization was no process of evolution, no absolute creation, no example of the survival of the fittest, but the work of chance. Those yet separate sparks of class spirit strained towards each other to make a mighty flame, but each seemed fettered. In those solemn moments of extreme tension the first man who dared to speak was made President. That man was Ralph Percy Simonson, now known as the Drummond of Nova Scotia. Little wonder he achieved such fame after so bright a beginning. The strain relieved, we found ourselves a class with interests and desires one. Committees to choose a motto, select colors, and compose a yell were appointed, and our work



Howe, '06 C. Ipitts, '06
 Webster, '06 Bower, '06 (Capt.) Gardner, '06
 SENIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM
 (Winners of the Inter-class Basket-ball League)

Photo by M. B. Harris, Wolfville

moved on. Thus we found ourselves launched upon a career, the like of which has not been recorded in the annals of history till today.

Among the first impressions of our surroundings were that all upper classmen had been siezed by the modern craze for wealth. At every turn one of them would be asking us for money. Why, we could not understand. We might have appeared wealthy but we were far from feeling it. We thought the Seniors proud, but the foolish Sophomores we were inclined to pity. With the exception of those in our own class we were extremely shy of the college girls. Often as we beheld their serious faces as they filed into Chapel we would wonder to ourselves how many of them had had their gentle natures seared by teaching public school. With respect to the Seminary ladies, many expressed themselves in rather a vulgar way by saying that they were a homely lot. This impression, however, soon died away ; and I have reason to believe that ever since the earliest weeks of our Freshman year some have slept with their windows open towards their enchanted dwelling place.

Our first public appearance as a class was when at the Academy-Freshman foot-ball game we lined up against what tradition taught would be certain defeat. Tradition proved true, but

O the wild charge we made ;
There was not a man dismayed,
While all the rooters brayed
Down with the Cads.

Needless to say we did great team work. This was chiefly due to our unique idea of applying to foot-ball the economic principle of the division of labor. I wonder now how we thought of it, not having studied Political Economy. I only remember a few of the divisions made, and their respective assignments. Some of those to whom they were assigned have long since left us. Mr. Brehaut was to do the pushing, Mr. Coleman the pulling and Mr. Bower the kicking ; Messrs Burgess and Ells were to supply the passes, and Mr. Simonson was to furnish wind for the entire team.

The next noteworthy event in our history was our debate with the Sophomores. The resolution we found ourselves forced to oppose was,—“Resolved that imperial federation would benefit Canada.” When I tell you that two members of our team were self elected you

will at once see that something was wrong and begin to anticipate results. One of the self-elected men, Mr. Horwood by name, inspired the confidence of his colleagues by declaring that he had been before the public for ten years ; consequently he was made leader. Ah ! well do I remember that fearful debate, especially our leader's speeches. So faultless in their logic, so lofty in their thought, so impassioned in their utterance were his sounding periods, that his staid audience of Acadia under-graduates were stirred—did I say stirred ?—were tickled to the soles of their feet. As the speaker's time was limited he would repeatedly turn to the chair and demand, "Two minutes for laughter," which privilege the audience would immediately take. As you have already anticipated we lost the debate. We, however, were strewing ruins on which we were to rise.

We were now well accustomed to our new manner of life, and for the remainder of the year things moved quietly, save for those little periods of self discovery called *Mid-year* and *Final*. Those were interesting times. I have called them times of self-discovery, but they were more ; they were times when by the means of the Science of Chemistry fearful dissolutions were made.

When we returned as Sophomores we were joined by three young gentlemen, one lady, and two graduates of Acadia Seminary. The year brought many other changes. One that it would be unkind to call a blessing, that it would be false to say was a loss, except in numbers, was that out of those who constituted our class in the Freshman year, the weak had become weary, the irresolute dissatisfied, and consequently did not return. Another change was that we found Chip Hall practically a new building with a new name, which, however, is only applied to it in polite society. It was with difficulty that we became accustomed to our new quarters. Only after each one had robbed several tables of a portion of their varnish did we become content to sit on chairs. The old stoves had disappeared like witch hazels, and iron bedsteads stood in the place of the old and wooden veterans. They were, however, a little tardy taking their stand and for several weeks sleep was only to be obtained by the close conjunction of floor and body.

Amid all the changes we did not forget that we were Sophomores, and that there was a Freshman class. For a few days we said very little but were thinking quite a lot ; among the things we thought

were that the Freshman needed to know where they were, what they were, and whither they were going. Therefore in order for them to get their bearings, we very kindly made preparation for an examination which would reveal to the new comers the knowledge they so much needed. It was to be held in the College Chapel at the close of the opening meeting of the Athenæum. Consequently all the Freshmen received a very pressing invitation to be present at that meeting. Much personal work was done to insure a good attendance. As we wended our way to that first Athenæum meeting of our Sophomore year, life was joyous. The man in the moon looked happier than ever before, and all the stars seemed to twinkle with merriment. When the Athenæum meeting was over we all remained seated; the lights went out, and a guard held the door. The dark interval was filled with dolorous songs, supplemented now and then by the groan of a Freshman as he sighed for home. When the light returned it revealed Mr. Bates robed in the fearful costume of a judge. At his left sat a silent scribe; near his right hand was a stand draped in black, which the unhappy Freshmen were to mount. Our victims proved very meek and like little men took their places on the stand. Even such men as now compose the Junior debating team and whose photos may be had by applying at Miss Harris' studio, submissively met our demands and gave us an exhibition of their powers of oratory and song.

The next time we met our Freshman friends, save when they called to leave us some apples as a token of their respect, was on the debating platform. Needless to say we did better than we did the former year; and although we were defeated, our debate with the Freshmen marked the dawn of the present era of debating at Acadia, in which have been won in succession three intercollegiate contests. A few weeks later we met the Seniors in debate and before our reason and eloquence they went down like weeds before a mower's scythe. Upon this occasion Mr. Porter made such a reputation for himself that he was elected that year to the college debating team.

After our debate with the Sophs nothing of importance occurred till Dec. 15, 1903. That was the date of the last Junior Rhetorical Exhibition at Acadia. All day long the sun refused to shine and a heavy cloud rested upon Blomidon's brow. Speak to Mr. Oliver when and where you would, he would respond in prophetic tones saying "This is goin' to be the last Junior Exhibltion." The hours of the

day passed slowly till evening came. At twenty minutes to eight the bell with sepulchral tones rang out its last summons to a Junior exhibition. Eight o'clock arrived, and this hall was filled with an expectant throng; the balcony in front of me was occupied by happy companies of two; on this platform were a line of grave professors, and on either side of them were seated the proud Juniors. Everything ready, the first speaker came forward, made his bow and began. Amid light and darkness, amid a perturbed faculty at his rear and the wondering faces (when he could see them) of those before him, his eloquence ceased not to flow. The speaker takes his seat; two professors leave the platform; a rumbling noise is heard overhead and all is over—for some. Noughty six had lost three of its best men. Thus began sorrow and the period of the exile.

When the Christmas vacation was gone to help banish our gloom, Mt. Allison made us a donation in the person of Mr. Copp, a kindness we were not able to reciprocate till our Senior year. Mr. Copp by his large words and larger imagination, by his deep seated convictions and earnestness of speech would at times draw about him wondering crowds, and thus did much to dispel our sadness.

Simultaneous with our loss in numbers was a lessening of class-spirit. Our athletic teams which were beginning to rival those of the upper classes were seriously weakened, and although we continued to keep a team in the different inter-class leagues, they for a time received very little real support. Spring soon came and we were again at home.

In the fall of 1904 we returned as Juniors. Several who had shared the joys and sorrows of our Sophomore year failed to come back, for which our only compensation was the arrival of Clayton E. Gardner.

As Juniors should, we attended strictly to business. Dr. Keirstead whom we remember with so much pleasure, would often compliment us upon our habit of regularly attending class, a habit which is very rare at Acadia. By reason of our good work and a practical use of our logic we had a narrow escape from winning the debating league. By the consent of all we proved ourselves superior to the Seniors and Freshmen and both classes had good teams. Although three judges chosen from the students gave the decision against us in our debate with the Sophomores, such men as Rev. H. H. Hall and Dr. E. M. Keirstead, who listened to the discussion, and you will hardly question

their judgment on such things, frankly expressed the opinion that we won the debate.

I have now the pleasure of speaking with respect to the most unique class function ever held at Acadia, namely, *our* Junior Exhibition, for such was the epithet we applied to it. It was held in the College Chapel on the evening prior to leaving for our Christmas holidays. We had no printed programs, no decorations, no guests save the faculty. We thought it would be casting pearls before swine to have as in former years the vulgar crowd. As our only audience was our revered teachers we decided to do everything to please them. Accordingly they arranged our program. They flattered us by asking all to speak; and in order to injure no ones feelings by making one more prominent than the other, they listened to us in alphabetical order. The brightness of our genius caused the lights in the room to appear dim, while we learnedly discussed every topic from the mysteries of the unknown to the practical problems of family life. The latter were becoming live subjects with many in our class. I had almost forgotten to mention that Mr. Webster furnished the music for the occasion by sitting on a squeaky chair.

The Christmas vacation over, time soon brought us to the glorious days of spring. We had completed three of our college years.

The summer passed like a dream, and ere we could realize it, we were listening to the Professors calling us Seniors. Partly the result of sound common sense, partly the result of early discipline we have always been modest as becometh a class. Consequently it was with blushing modesty that we for the first time took our seats in the senior gallery of the Wolfville Baptist Church and tried to look at the preacher. It was also with trembling hands that we took the helm and assumed the direction of the different organizations connected with our college life. What has been accomplished, however, tells how we succeeded.

The Athenæum Society under the leadership of Messrs. Havey, Copp and Bancroft respectively, has had a most successful year. The literary entertainments have been of an excellent quality, while never before in our time has there been such an interest in debating. Athletics have received their due attention. With Mr. Bower, as President of the Association things have moved very satisfactorily. The financial problem which is the serious one in athletics is less complicated than

for some time. The foot-ball team captained by Mr. Harry Bates was the best trained Acadia foot-ball team we have been privileged to see play. It did excellent work of which all the professors and students are proud. The Y. M. C. A. has had a good year and accomplished much work. Under the wise and able editorship of Mr. Porter "The ACADIA ATHENÆUM" has approached very near the ideal of a college paper. In a few days the June issue will appear. If you are wise enough to purchase a copy you will find it to be a feast to the intellect and a delight to the eyes. If what we have been privileged to see and hear prove anything, the affairs under the control of our lady class-mates have also prospered. And now what shall we say? Although the class of '05 went out from us with an air that seemed to say, Acadia was suffering a loss from which she could never recover, although the attitude of the lower classes indicated a lack of confidence in our ability, although we know the year has been marred with many mistakes, we pass over the authority which tradition and custom combine to vest in the senior class to those who shall take our places, justly feeling that we have wrought well.

Apart from the strenuous duties of the year there has been much in our experience to give color and tone to the weeks and months as they have passed by. These experiences have been social and otherwise. Though some have narrowed their sphere of social activity to the highways and lanes leading to Gaspereau and Willow Hollow, their enjoyment seems to vary inversely to their breadth of interest. A thing which has given us both pleasure and pain and has also evoked much discussion is the habit of going without breakfast. Some argue for it on the principles of health, others on the basis that sleep is more beneficial to man than food, while one of our number expatiating on the evils of such a practice, earnestly exclaimed that it was "very injurious to take a violent meal on a full stomach." I need not speak of parties, receptions, drives, our athletic triumphs, the class-room and our examinations. They all have had their influence on our lives, increasing our pleasure or lightening our fears, making us either hopeful or despondent. There is much more I could relate; but some of it, as I said in beginning, is not meant for gossiping tongues to roll about as a sweet morsel; there are other things which it would be quite legitimate for you to hear had I not in an hour of weakness sold

myself for an ice cream and promised to keep silence. Let the record remain as it is.

Amid the varying experiences of time we have lived our four years of Academic life and wrought our work. From the low and verdant plains of freshman life we've risen step by step, stage by stage till our world has enlarged and we have been able to catch a glimpse of the possibilities of life. Through four years there have played about our lives the uplifting influences of nature and of contact with noble consecrated men; through four years there have come to us sorrows and losses, which cause the brightness of life to vanish for a season, and turn our laughter to tears. Silently but surely into the inmost recesses of some of our lives have penetrated those divine forces which shall bind us eternally to God.

But all is past now. No more for us shall nature clothe the surrounding hills and vales in garments of red and gold to welcome our return; no more for us shall the trees and meadows spread themselves o'er with mantles of living green, or the orchards put on their beautiful garments to bid us farewell; no more for us shall the great tides ebb and flow, or Blomidon raise himself from his watery base for-telling storm; no more for us shall the low descending sun with delicate touch paint the distant hills with *purple*, while above them glimmers the first *white* star of evening; no more for us shall sound from its turret the bell summoning us to work; we must be giving ear to a needy world. No more for us shall swell the chorus of praise or from the chapel alter ascend the voice of prayer. Amid the dust and din of the great world battles we must be striving to solve "the riddle of the painful earth," that in the record of the onward march of the wide world's history our names may be inscribed, and after them written—well done.

Farrar Stewart Kinley, '06



The Class Prophecy.

Mr. President, Ladies, Gentlemen and Remnants of the class of 1906 :

Thirty years ago,—how the time flies! It seems but yesterday that I graduated. How well do I remember that June morning so many years ago, so many I scarcely care to think of them. I had seen four classes pass from out the portals, yet it seemed to me as if that morning was different from the others. It seemed as if the apple blossoms never bloomed so sweetly, the birds never sang so gayly. The world seemed young and spotless then and all nature appeared gay. Many June mornings have come and gone and other classes have passed out to join the busy throng and enter into the bustle and turmoil of life. The world seems brown and lifeless now and here and there are dark spots where the sun never shines. The flowers are beautiful today yet there bloom seems artificial. One used then to see fairy castles and applauding throngs eager to grasp the hand ; now beautiful flowers, nothing more. The birds still sing but their song seems lifeless. They used to sing of joy and hope. Now, it seems as if they sing of failure and despair. Sometimes, as if forgetting themselves they sing with the old melody and for a few moments the world looks young again, as fresh as it did that June morning.—Perhaps the flowers bloom and the birds sing today as formerly. Perhaps we looked upon the world with different eyes then. Perhaps the flowers but pictured the dreams of our youthful ambition. Perhaps the birds but sang the joy and hope which was in our own hearts.

And yet things do seem different now. Even our Alma Mater has changed. Sometime ago, after an absence of over twenty years, I revisited Acadia. I was shocked at the change and yet I could not but confess that the change was for the better. I was shocked because I could with difficulty find anything to recall my college days. Chipman Hall had been torn down to give way to a handsome stone residence—Blood Alley was no more. The "Andrew Carnegie" Science Hall completely overshadowed the old college which was looking rathre

the worse for wear. Indeed I have since learned that it too has been replaced. The Seminary was unrecognizable. Even Stew Kinley who was with me could not find the window from which he used to receive so many sweet signals.

I had rather feared that I would not find much to remind me of the old days. And when on my way from the station I perceived that even the old Baptist Church had vanished I knew my forebodings were correct. I knew that if the Baptist Church had been rebuilt there surely would not be any of the old college buildings left.

I met a number of noughty six men who happened to be in Wolfville at the time. All expressed their sorrow at the change. Next evening I went to church with Gordon Barss who was among the number. The new building was very different from the old. I noticed one feature which pleased me, namely, that the boys listened to the sermon instead of gazing at the Sems as they used to do. I learned afterwards however that the seats were so arranged in the new building that the Sems could not be seen by the college boys. I could not decide then nor have I decided since whether this arrangement was better than the old. I could not help whispering to Gordon that the present system would hardly have suited Bower and Bancroft of our class.

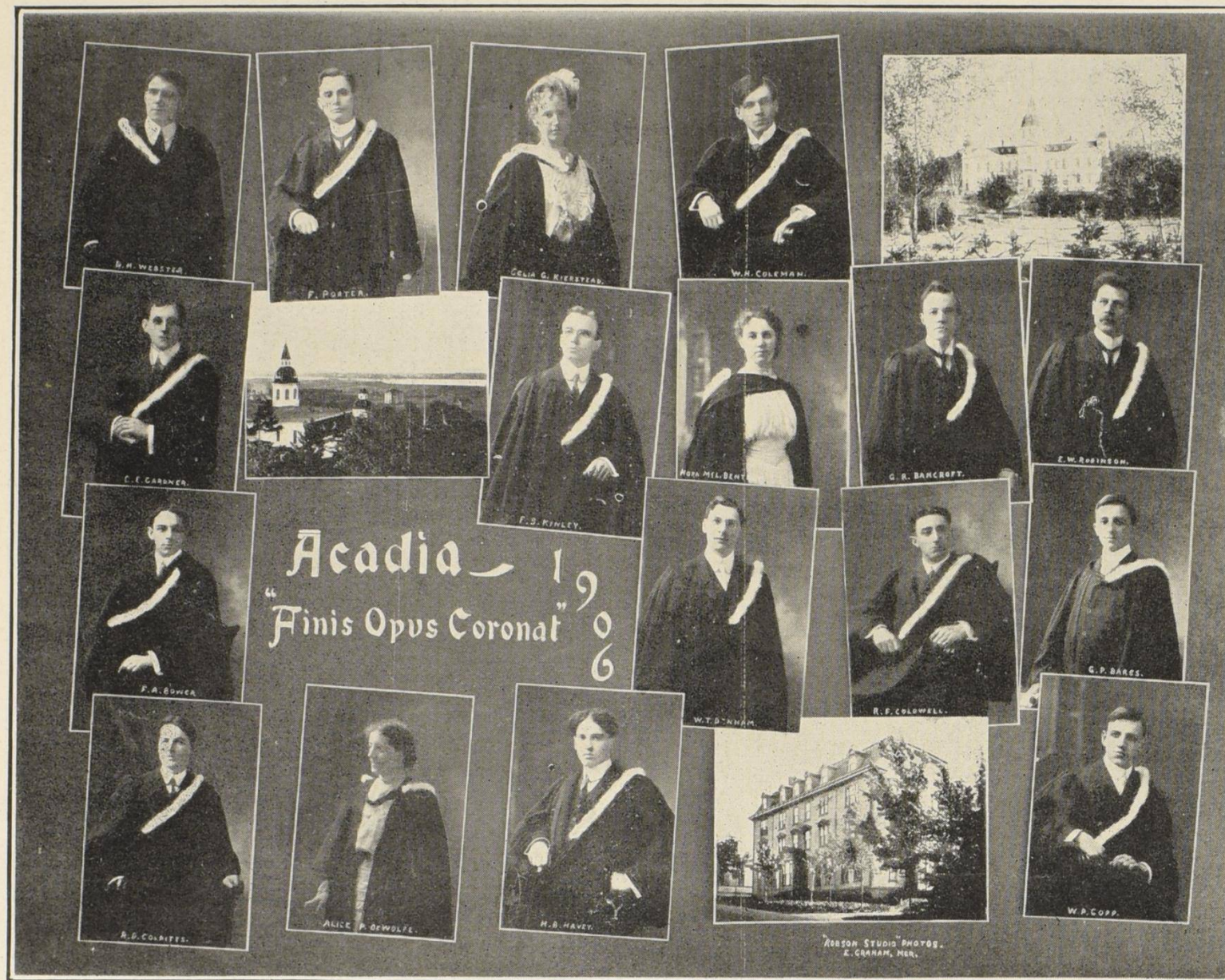
Upon emerging from the church Gordon, from force of habit I suppose, took up a position beside the church door. Taking him gently by the hand I led him away. Sadly shaking his head he followed, overcome no doubt by the thoughts of days now past and gone.

I fear I am in a reminiscent mood this morning. Yesterday I prepared my Sunday sermon, made some sick calls, attended the meeting of the ladies auxilliary guild for the propagation of good literature among the Chinese, addressed a mothers' meeting, helped to open the mite boxes in the interests of the famine-stricken orphans of India, acted as chairman of three committees and consulted with my deacons and assistant pastor upon church matters of importance. Now this morning I feel I have honestly earned a rest. I seated myself comfortably before the open grate in my study, and picking up my evening mail, which I had not had time to look over the previous evening, hastily ran through it. There was only one letter of importance to me. It was from my nephew who is a senior at Acadia. He wrote in a very jubilant strain. It seems that he has been chosen to write the class prophecy for this year, and judging from his letter the

prospect rather pleased him. Poor boy, I pity him. His letter recalls to me former days, and consequently my train of thought has wandered back through the vista of the years. I remember that I was chosen to write the class prophecy of noughty six. If I remember rightly I searched ancient books, consulted almanacs and mind readers to no purpose. At last in despair I was forced to rely upon my own imagination. I do not know how I succeeded. I can only repeat the words of one of the class. Speaking of the prophecy he said that for a pure work of imagination he never had heard, nor did he expect to hear, the equal of it. Further he said that great liars like great men are the product of a century and for that reason he did not expect to hear the like again.

As I said, I pity my nephew. I know, however, it would be useless to advise him not under any consideration to consent. If he only knew what his uncle suffered perhaps he might be induced to give up the idea. I know, however, it is useless to advise him. I know his life will in all probability be wrecked as mine has been if he writes the prophecy in the same imaginative vein as I did. I must write immediately and advise him that if he writes the prophecy to get his information from more reliable sources than did his uncle.

How I have suffered from that prophecy! When William T. Denham intimated to me that he would, under no consideration, exchange portraits with me until after class day, I just got an inkling of what was to follow. After class day my companions of four years were my open enemies. They have not forgotten nor have they forgiven. It always seemed to me that when I desired some particular favour a noughty six class man always drowned my hopes and aspirations. Well do I remember some years after graduation I wished to secure a position as a teacher in one of our large schools. I did not know at the time that Elton Lewis was one of the trustees. I heard afterwards that most of the trustees were in my favour until Lewis rose to his feet and told them that he would just as soon engage me as any other applicant. He taught his own children always to speak the truth. He had no fear that my influence would harm them, but as for the other children he felt that "these tender flowers" these "forget-me-nots" of the angels should never be placed in an atmosphere tainted by my pernicious presence, lest their baby lips should learn to lisp words repugnant to the immortal "George." Thus.



ACADIA GRADUATING CLASS—1906

Photo by Robson Studio

have I suffered as the result of that day. Perhaps the prophecy, as I wrote it, *was* highly coloured but I meant no harm.

I remember distinctly how each individual member of the class came to me and asked that I would deal lightly with him, avoid all personalities or allusions to the ladies when holding up his future life to the searching glance of the public eye. As far as the remaining members of the class were concerned each one agreed that their futures should be rigorously exhibited to an admiring and criticising public. I realised the responsibility of my position. I realised did I reveal the things the Muses whispered in my ears while searching eagerly the well worn pages of Havey's interlinear aid to the searchers at the fount of knowledge, fond relatives might find that their dear Victoria Jane or John Edward were but things of clay. Realising all this, if I am not mistaken, I heeded their simple demands and fulfilled them to the best of my ability. I am certain were I writing the prophecy now after the lapse of all these years no such objections would be raised, since most of the class have been married so many years now, that they are not as easily frightened by publicity as they once were.

As I look back I wonder how it was that I could have passed four years with the class of noughty six without being impressed. They seemed to me then to be only ordinary individuals, and yet all, or nearly all, have achieved fame in various walks of life. Some of them have occupied high positions in the public eye. Some are married, some would like to be. And yet they were not ordinary individuals. They all possessed idiosyncracies which separated them from the common herd. There was Miss Bentley, the social butterfly. There was Frederick Bower, whose sole philosophical doctrine was that no one could say he knew anything. He has written a book expounding this doctrine. Critics of the book all agree that he proved his point admirably. There was William Denham, a linguist of no mean order. Whenever we noticed a member of the faculty with a puzzled air, searching a dictionary we knew that Bill must have been conversing with him. There was Stewart Kinley, a profound student of human nature, who, in his search after truth and first hand information, counted no sacrifice too great. There was Ernest Robinson, whom even the faculty consulted during times of stress and worry, when delicate problems were to be solved. Time would fail to tell of William Harold Coleman, who since graduation has so ably demonstrated the psychological aspect of the mental

equilibrium, of Harry Bernard Havey who burned the midnight oil especially during examinations, of Gordon P. Barss who even in his sleep talked of St. John, the winter port of Canada, and of others all of whom exhibited traits which should have marked them out as doomed to occupy high positions in the parliaments and penitentiaries of our land, had we been able to read these traits of character aright.

Idly picturing past scenes of my college days the careers of the men after graduation rise before my mind. Perhaps their careers might interest you? You would like to hear them? Well please excuse me if my remarks are somewhat disconnected. I will relate them as they arise before me. You understand it is a good many years since some of the events happened and my memory is not as good as it once was. Besides, many of the events did not come under my personal attention but were related to me by different members of the class whom now and then I was fortunate enough to meet. Here and there I shall endeavour to make explanatory notes on some things which otherwise might not be of interest to you.

Clayton E. Gardner, after graduation entered the employ of McKenzie & Mann as a surveyor. In this capacity he wandered back and forth through the wilds of Nova Scotia locating a new line of railway. After a few years, deciding it was not good for man to be alone, he returned to his native town and married. In the hurry and bustle of life I lost sight of Gardner. Five or six years ago while passing through St. John I happened to meet at the depot Raymond D. Colpitts who was taking a vacation which he sorely needed. During our conversation I asked if he knew anything of Gardner. He told me that Gardner's married life had not proved an unqualified success by any means. Indeed gossip said that that largely explained his baldness. I was surprised to learn that Gardner was now professor of chemistry in a large western university. It appears that after his marriage Gardner decided to take a course in chemistry at Harvard. I remembered well his liking for that subject while at Acadia where he succeeded in taking the course in one term. Indeed his fondness for that subject was only excelled by his business capacity. Once when asked how he explained his success in business he replied that he attributed it solely to his rigorous use of banking institutions, a rule he always followed. In conclusion he advised all young men to



OFFICERS OF THE PROPYLÆUM SOCIETY AND Y. M. C. A.—1905-'06

Photo by M. B. Harris, Wolfville.

use the banks in their business transactions even though the transactions did not involve an outlay of more than twenty-five cents.

Colpitts told me that after leaving Acadia he had spent some years at Harvard. At present he is professor of political economy in the University of Chicago. I asked him if he had as yet yielded to the charms of the fair sex. Jokingly he told me that he was still a free Canadian citizen. A few years before this while talking with a lady of uncertain age upon mental telepathy he asked her for her hand, meaning of course, to make a practical application of the subject. With an "oh my, this is so sudden!" she accepted him upon the spot. Telling me about it he said, "My, I never was so excited in all my life." He escaped, however, with nothing more serious than a breach of promise case. Taking all things into consideration he felt he had been very lucky indeed to escape so easily. He told me that, being a man not much given to excitement, he preferred a single life. As far as I know he has adhered to this resolution.

A few years ago, while upon a lecture tour, the train in which I was travelling, as it feared Montreal, jumped the track, going over an embankment some hundred feet more or less in height. Three or four times during the descent I decided to ride on the roof, but hastily changing my mind I seated myself with a dignified firmness in the aisle. I was taken to the Royal Victoria Hospital. When I came to myself I heard someone saying with a laugh, "He will soon be all right. If he comes to himself give him some laudanum. That will keep him quiet until I return from the football game. Then I will have time to attend to his case." The voice sounded strangely familiar. As I opened my eyes I recognized the Doctor as David H. Webster. Upon enquiry I found that David was one of the head doctors of the hospital. His cheeffer manner and disposition cured more diseases than his medicines. Of course he was married, anyone would know that. As he himself said later, "What was Acadia Seminary for anyway?" After he recognized me he remained by my cot until I was set to rights, a process which under his skillful hands required but a few moments. I must confess, however, that the seemingly careless manner in which he handled my scattered remnants rather alarmed me. After having examined myself carefully and made a mental enumeration to assure myself that no part of my anatomy was missing or misplaced, I went to the football match with

David. On the way our conversation centred principally upon athletics. One thing I heard surprised me greatly. It seems that Joe Howe had discovered a preparation which was of great value for athletes. Inspired to greater efforts by the success of this preparation, he experimented further. In some manner he accidentally mixed certain explosive ingredients. Poor Joe! The building which he used as a laboratory could not stand the shock. There is a gaping hole in the ground where the building once stood. People in the vicinity often shake their heads and wonder where Joe is. Some believe that he went upward, if so he has established a record in the high jump which will not soon be beaten.

From Webster I learned that Gordon Barss was pastor of one of the city churches. After graduation he had entered a theological seminary where he clarified his views somewhat on higher criticism and other isms. Having definitely satisfied himself that the world was made in six days, that the Jewish Sabbath came on Sunday, that is, that Sunday is Sunday and not Saturday, and that the Bible contained truths which were of value, he endeavored to impart these truths with a vigor and a warmth that was inspiring. He was most successful in managing the financial affairs of the church. No one could resist his earnest appeals. Even confirmed misers, after listening to his eloquent pleas with tears streaming down their cheeks often dropped a copper on the collection plate. While still a young man Gordon followed the example of most Baptist ministers and married. I determined to call upon Gordon. Seemingly he was delighted to see me. During our conversation I learned that William Harold Coleman was a professor in psychology having studied in the best American and German Universities. He has written a book, displaying much thought and labor on his part, entitled "My impressions of England and her social problems" the material for which he gained during a few months tour among her masses in the vacation of his Junior year. He is unmarried since he could never make up his mind. Gordon said that once Coleman told him he wished someone would make up his mind for him. He had never met anyone who would assume the heavy responsibility. He vowed unless someone would soon do so, he would go to Salt Lake City. Sad to tell I was not able to find out whether he has carried out this resolve or not. Upon bidding farewell to Gordon I presented him with a family ticket to my

lecture. By his manner he did not seem to be greatly complimented. Doubtless he remembered the torture he endured at college listening to my patriotic and inspiring orations which, as my room-mate, he was compelled to do.

William T. Denham was a man who exhibited remarkable talents along certain lines while at College. At the present time he is professor of Greek and Latin in a New England University. In order that he may have sufficient time for repose all his classes are held in the afternoon. Once I had the pleasure of attending one of his classes as a visitor of course. The class had just begun. A member being called upon rose to his feet and attempted the translation. After a few sentences had been translated Dr. Denham said, "that is a genteel sufficiency. Before another takes his unenviable position I will translate the passage myself. The translation I desire to be used is as follows": Denham then translated Virgil in a manner that simply astounded me. The words he used were so long that, as they emerged from his classic features, one could almost feel his brain expanding to make room for their safe storage. My brain at that time weakened by too great exertions could not stand the strain and I fainted. The doctor hastily summoned, having examined my condition, ordered a complete change of scene and forbade me to make any mental exertion for sometime. Unless I complied with his advice he would not answer for the consequences. In compliance with it I visited Boston.

While in Boston I went to Tremont Temple in order to hear Dr. Frederick Porter, who had been preaching there a number of years. His course had been ever upward until now this splendid position had been reached. Many years ago he chose a life partner, or rather sealed the choice which had long been made. His convictions and beliefs along this line, like all his other convictions, were early made and deep-seated. During the sermon, fearing he had forgotten me, I debated long whether I should speak to the great man. An incident during the service hastily decided me to do so. While drawing his sermon to a close with a flight of oratory that simply electrified and held spell bound the vast audience, his eye happened to catch mine. With a joyful look of recognition, to the astonishment of the great assembly, he stopped abruptly in the middle of a sentence and shouted, "Copp old man pass the molasses."

Noughty six certainly had one great honor thrust upon her, ac-

cidently perhaps. It was that year that Acadia conferred the B. Sc. degree for the first time. Two men R. K. Strong and Ross F. Coldwell obtained the degree in that year both of whom have become famous in the professions which they afterwards adopted. Strong entered the department of chemistry in one of our large universities. His discoveries since then have made him famous and added materially to the welfare of the human race. Well do I remember the thrill of excitement which passed over the feminine world, when it was announced that Strong had discovered that certain ingredients rightly mixed made a complexion powder or rather a complexion that would wash. His latest preparation is for bald headed men. He has many testimonials to its merits. One man writes :

Dr. Strong,

Dear Sir :—

I was troubled with baldness. A friend told me of your wonderful preparation. Almost in despair I determined to give it a trial. I used but one application. Since then I have been forced to engage fifteen barbers, who, working night and day, can with difficulty keep my hair trimmed in a suitable manner. Sir you have wrought a work of incalculable benefit to mankind. You may use this testimonia every word of which is true, as you see fit. May Heaven bless you and your noble work

Yours very truly,

CLAYTON E. GARDNER.

Ross F. Coldwell, our other B. Sc. man, became a celebrated engineer. His marked ability along this line was so evident that he forged rapidly to the front. His name will doubtless be long remembered in connection with the Panama canal. After many difficulties which were successfully overcome he brought this work triumphantly to a close. The United States government would have heaped numberless honors upon his head had he lived. The deadly climate, the worry and vexation, incident to such a task, were too much for him. A few months before the completion of the work he was stricken with fever. Even then he did not give up but continued at his post. After the completion of the canal he sank rapidly. His friends placed him on a vessel bound for New York in the vain hope that the sea air might be beneficial. A few days after the vessel's departure he died

and was buried at sea. The United States government erected a monument to his memory, on which these words were inscribed :

Here lies the body of the man from Gaspereau, Ross F. Coldwell,
who died in the year 1930 having successfully completed
that great work, the Panama canal.

Farrar Stewart Kinley in August, 1906 turned his face westward where he preached a number of years with good success. It was during this period of his life that his famous book, "Heart to heart talks with girls or memories of a college life" was written. There is a good story that the people tell of Stew during his stay there. It appears that one of our class girls,—I never found exactly which one,—went to the same locality as Stew where she endeavoured to teach the young ideas how to shoot. It seems that she was greatly troubled by her scholars arriving late so that often the morning exercises were interrupted considerably by these tardy ones. She was quite puzzled indeed as to how she might manage to overcome this. One day a brilliant thought,—it must have been inspiration,—struck her. She announced that next day she would kiss the pupil arriving first to the school-house. Next morning, so the story goes, at six o'clock Stew Kinley who was a trustee, and two of the older boys were sitting on the steps waiting for the teacher.

Stew was not altogether satisfied with the west. It seems that he could not exercise his Sherlock Holmes' talents to good advantage there, so he turned his face eastward once more. Happening one Sunday to be in the town in which he preached I went to hear him. While the collection was being taken, I noticed him peering at the congregation with an eagle eye. Nothing escaped his attention. As I dropped a penny on the collection plate I visibly paled before those eyes focussed upon me. After the sermon which was a particularly able one on the text, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth', I went forward and shook hands with him. He was the same old Stew. The years had changed his outward features but had not changed him otherwise. I asked him who the lady who played the organ was. "Oh," said he smiling, "she is my better half, a graduate of the Seminary." That reminded me of the old Stew. In the old days he never preached without, as he always used to tell us, having a graduate of the Seminary as organist. While out West he missed

them terribly. However by securing one permanently he solved the difficulty in the only manner possible. Indeed there was no change in Stew and I fear there never will be. That same keenness of preception, that straightforwardness of speech which in the old days caused Havey and Barss visibly to quail before its pointed sarcasm was still noticeable. Indeed as I talked I felt the truth of the old adage, the boy is father to the man. Stew told me that for a number of years he had in mind the establishment of an information bureau. As I had heard nothing of the class girls for some time, I felt that here was a good opportunity of testing the bureau, unofficially as it were. The bureau was not found wanting on this occasion however. Turning solemnly, as befitted the occasion, he told me the following :

Miss DeWolfe for a number of years held a position in the English branch of a ladies college in the New England States. Her marked ability along this line was apparant to all who knew her. At present she is lady principal of the same school. She was not much given to the butterfly existence of a society women even while at Acadia, so I was not surprised to hear that the strain of attending receptions was wearing on her health. At this point Stew's poetic soul could not be restrained and he quoted the following :

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Miss Bentley became an ardent exponent of woman's rights. Stew had once attended a lecture—for women only,—at which she was one of the speakers. As Stew remembered it her address was somewhat as follows :

“Ladies, let us no longer endure the ignominy which that brazen creature, tyrant man has heaped upon us. Let us rise in our indignation and demand our rights. Let us no longer sweep, cook and sew for him or black his boots. Let us no longer split kindling, build the fires, set up stove pipes, hang out clothes lines. Ladies, we must be allowed the privilege of voting so that once a year at least we may have the opportunity of obtaining five or ten dollars honestly without having to get down on our knees before that miserly tyrant whom we have all vowed to love, cherish and obey.”

Speaking of Miss Kierstead, Stew remarked that she had consistently followed her belief that man was made to serve. She is a noted club woman belonging to some fourteen of these enemies to man's happiness. A number of years ago becoming dissatisfied with her former name she had it changed by legal means. Since then her life has been a happy one marred by few sorrows or troubles.

Having learned all I could unofficially from the bureau of information I bade him good day.

Frederick A. Bower became a missionary to India. His work there was carried on with the aid of a life partner who ably seconded his noble efforts. Not content with pointing out the path to the poor heathen he compelled them by his active and unceasing energy to accept the path he pointed out. His spare time is taken up in coaching a basket-ball team which he has organized. Three times his death has been reported, but each time the report was found to be incorrect. Three times his eyes have seemingly closed for the last time, but each time he has made a sensational recovery.

In the town in which I live life flows on calmly from day to day. When glaring posters one morning some years ago announced the future advent of a celebrated magician quite a sensation passed through the community. Although such amusements are rather frowned upon by members of the cloth I could not resist the temptation to attend.

There was something familiar in the person of the magician as he came upon the stage. Advancing to the footlights he announced that he had with him a famous medium, who was prepared to answer any questions which were addressed to the spirit world. By this time I had recognized that this famous wizard was known by me in humbler days as Ernest Robinson, one who never had time to do anything but tell funny stories, the accuracy of which was never questioned.

The lights having been extinguished in order, as Robinson cleverly explained, to render any chance of fraud impossible, all were invited to ask questions. Responding to the invitation I asked the medium if he could search out and bring to me the spirit of Harry Bernard Havey. After some minutes, during which time the medium doubtless was earnestly seeking Havey, I was informed that the spirit, for which I sought, was taking his usual evening exercise. When last seen the spirit had just left Kentville and without doubt would

soon arrive. True enough a few minutes later the rattle of snow-shoes announced his presence. Through the medium I asked for an account of his life since graduation. The following was elicited :

For some time before graduation he had debated earnestly whether he would become a lawyer or a doctor. Banking interested him until he learned that a man must have a thousand dollar salary before he could enter into the bonds of matrimony. Finally he decided that Western Canada was a good field for an ambitious young man. There he became interested in business. His honesty and fair dealing brought him before the public. He became a member of Parliament. In this position he proved himself to be a man of noble sentiments and aims. I remember years ago he once said to me, "I would prefer a little log cabin with a forty acre lot and a path leading down to the spring with the girl I love best, than the best office under the best government under the sun." With such noble sentiments as this can we wonder, that at his death he enjoyed the confidence of all and occupied a foremost position in the public life of Western Canada?

Robinson now announced that anyone might stick a pin in the medium in order to prove that he had lost all sense of feeling. At once an anxious voice was heard saying "Hold on there son." An animated conversation now took place between Robinson and the medium which resulted in the invitation being withdrawn. After the performance was over I went forward. To my astonishment I found that the medium was Elton Lewis. He told me that he had only one objection to the business. When the spirits desired to signify yes to a question he raised one hand, when the answer was no he raised both. This exertion was too much for him. He desired a profession in which less strenuous activities were required. Before bidding him adieu I advised him to become a minister. He replied that he would seriously consider this advice.

After having shaken hands with Lewis, Robinson beckoned me to his side. Having button-holed and backed me up in a corner he said, "Old man I have a story I want to tell you. Now this is a gospel truth. I obtained it from a man who told me that his wife's mother's brother had heard it from a gentleman who claimed that he saw the man to whom it happened." Just then I remembered that I had a pressing engagement to which I must attend, so regretfully I

was forced to say good day, leaving the sleeve of my clerical coat, which Robinson had firmly grasped, in his hands.

How true it is that one can often foretell a person's future correctly. For an instance in point take the case of George R. Bancroft, of whom any could certainly have foretold the future at least approximately. Since he exhibited a special aptitude for geology any one would have said that eventually he would become famous along this line and been correct, for he certainly has made many valuable discoveries along this his chosen line of work. Numerous fossils have been unearthed by him, which are unlike any yet discovered. He has discovered a fossil animal which from all indications, represents an animal which was very slow in its movements. Bancroft believes it to have been the ancestor of man. In an ably written article he maintains that there are today people who exhibit just such traits as the fossil he described.

Yes, the class of nineteen hundred and six was a wonderful class. Who could have foretold the future of the men in the year of their graduation? Who would have foretold the wonderful expansion of Canada during one generation or the high places these men were destined to occupy? We are all old men now. Some of us cannot live many years longer, some of us have already gone to

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Each one of us feels proud of the old class. Perhaps it is egotism but I believe there is no member of the old class now living who would not say, that if Acadia University had graduated but one class and that the class of nineteen hundred and six then indeed it would not have been founded in vain. Indeed it would have been a sufficient reward for all the sacrifice and worry which have been expended in order that this University might make men.

I have told you of the career of these men in a series of more or less disconnected reminiscences. I love to tell of them, for with Longfellow I believe

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time."

Walter P. Copp, '06.

The Naming of Acadie.

At last in some unwritten century,
Perhaps when Basque and Breton seamen came,
In a soft tongue around the lodge's flame,
Men caught the word, and bore it back o'er sea,
From lip to lip, out of obscurity,
It grew, from sound unmeaning to a name;
From legend unto history and fame,
The Souriquoi's unchartered Acadie.
Albeit named across the Western sea,
How often shall new peoples fail who come
To break the solitude, and lift the veil
Shrouding the forest silence; where abide
The roof-trees yet unhewn for hearth and home,
Some day to rise beside an ancient trail.

John Frederic Herbin, '90.

Charles Lamb as Essayist.

IN the August number of the 'London Magazine' for the year 1820, there appeared an article from the pen of the unknown Elia entitled 'South Sea House.' Its quaint style so delighted the readers of this periodical that the editors urgently requested their new correspondent to continue his contributions from month to month. Thus it was that these Elia essays were first given to the public. Subsequently they were collected and published in two separate volumes. The first of these, bearing the title "*The Essays of Elia*" was published in 1823; the second known as *The Last Essays* in 1833.

The author of these monthly contributions was soon identified as Charles Lamb, then in the forty-sixth year of his age. In early life Lamb had aspired to the position of poet, and, under the inspiration of such friends as Coleridge, had therein attained some reputation. Life was rapidly becoming more and more promising to this unassuming yet ambitious young writer, when at the verge of manhood there occurred that tragic event which changed entirely the current of his life, --the stabbing of his mother by his sister Mary when temporarily insane. The effect of such a calamity upon one so sensitive as Charles Lamb may be but faintly determined from his letter to Coleridge, written shortly afterwards. Henceforth he felt it his imperative duty to renounce all literary ambition and care for this invalid sister, who in his younger years, had so carefully watched over him. For the remainder of his life we find him most affectionately devoted to her. We cannot but admire the cheerfulness with which he made this destiny his choice.

Yet this sacrifice was by no means destitute of reward. His sister in her often quite prolonged periods of sanity was of invaluable assistance to him. She is the Cousin Bridget so excellently pictured in his essay entitled "Mackery End in Hertfordshire," --the cousin to whom he acknowledges so many obligations. This was the one, who "in seasons of distress proved the truest comforter" to him; for Charles himself was subject to occasional attacks of melancholy. The

mutual sympathy of this brother and sister for each other suggests but one parallel, found in the sad history of that Brontë family whom sorrow united by the closest of sympathetic bonds. Cousin Bridget it was who had "browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage" found in that "spacious closet of good old English reading"—the library of the Inner Temple. With this education, which in the mind of her brother approached the ideal, together with her innate literary ability, Mary proved quite equal to her position of literary confidante of her brother. Her suggestions and criticisms were often exceedingly helpful to him. More than once she assumed the position of co-laborer and English literature to-day honors these conjoint contributions of Charles and Mary Lamb.

As Lamb's disposition and social environment find so large a place both in the subject matter and in the general character of his essays, to present them we have designedly delayed our approach to the more immediate subject under consideration. Whatever else these essays of Elia may contain, they most certainly reflect the entire personality of the author. But this is anticipating.

One of the most conspicuous features of Lamb's essays is the occasional, accidental, even commonplace character of his subjects. Yet we must remember that their common-placeness is entirely objective, for with Lamb himself there was nothing to be called common,—not even a *chimney-sweeper*. With some such ordinary subject to furnish a starting point for his essay, the author proceeded to develop the ideas, both relevant and irrelevant, suggested by his peculiarly resourceful mind. This was invariably done in a manner not only attractive by its quaintness and humor, but also intensely interesting by its often incoherent suggestiveness—a suggestiveness that manifested the author's individuality, revealed his entire philosophy. Thus it is that so common—so vulgar almost—a topic as "Roast Pig" with Lamb becomes the subject of a dissertation universally recognized as a masterpiece of literary art. We notice also that this commonplace, with which Lamb so loves to deal, is usually a commonplace vitally connected with ordinary life, a commonplace intensely real, intensely suggestive. Speaking of this seemingly trivial character of Lamb's subjects, Walter Pates goes on to say that "he (Lamb) is in immediate contact with what is real, especially in its caressing littleness, that littleness in which there is so much of the whole woeful heart of

things." Two other prominent illustrations of this dealing with the *occasional* suggest themselves to our minds,—“The Citizen of the World” of Goldsmith and “The Autocrat” of Oliver Wendell Holmes. These last two, however, differ from Lamb in that they use the opportunity thus afforded to sermonize or moralize. In all these examples we have the *occasional* made *classic*.

In selecting those occasional topics so closely connected with life Lamb unhesitatingly shows a preference for those which have their origin in the past, or are vitally connected with it. That peculiar element of quaintness in the character of the author quite vigorously asserts itself in this preference for the antique in the choice of his subjects. Yet it is the living past, or, may we not say, the antique that is felt in the present which Lamb so delights to discuss. Some of his most interesting characters, those which have made the most vivid impression upon his receptive mind, are present with him only in spirit. Both the immortal Sarah Battle and dear old Samuel Salt, he tells us, are “now with God.” Again “Christ’s Hospital” and “The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple” recall localities and incidents that have their interest in an earlier day. In this dissertation upon the past we are reminded of “The Sketch Book” of Irving and “Castilian Days” of John Hay. Lamb, in common with these American essayists, has shown that mastery of dramatic picturesqueness, that art which enables the reader to see the thing as the writer has seen it. All three of these have made the past to live again in the present.

To explain how Lamb so successfully effected this graphic representation of the past it is necessary to reflect upon his method or manner of treating these commonplace subjects. Remembering that these subjects were unusually concrete we do not look for an expository treatment of them. Such a prescribed form to one of Lamb’s disposition would certainly have proved irksome. He is not endeavoring to establish a theory, but to give a suggestive picture, hence his method is more of the button-hole or conversational type. Endeavoring to amuse rather than instruct his readers, in the one essay he comments upon a range of topics, each of which is quite perceptibly or sometimes only vaguely suggested by the preceding one. This it is that gives his essays that peculiarity of form so closely akin to the colloquial. Although logical continuity is entirely lacking, yet there is a synthetic suggestiveness in his rambling that gives a unity to the whole picture.

To get this completed picture, without tiring the reader by the dragging in of numerous details, requires strong inventive even creative genius, and here Lamb was a genius *par excellence*. With a few masterly touches, much in the manner of the modern cartoonist, Lamb gives his readers the perfect sketch, in a manner and with a vividness rivalling the skill of Dickens. As an illustration of his skill in this selection of details notice his portrayal of Sarah Battle or Cousin James. Lamb's style throughout this entire series of essays is characterized by a consummate skill in dealing with particulars. A style which, despite its rambling, admirably succeeds in giving the intended picture.

Yet Lamb's originality is not limited to his style or manner of treatment. The matter of these Elia essays reveals a number of quite noticeable characteristics, themselves quite original. Perhaps nowhere is this originality better attested than in that quality of humor which finds so prominent a place in these two volumes of essays, and gives such an insight into the genial, sunny nature of their author. This humor, so natural in its origin, and so spontaneous in its appearance, is never vulgar nor obtrusive but always gentle and subdued. It is never ridiculous, never embittered nor satiric, but always of that delicate type which cannot but make the whole world smile with its author, smile without any feeling of intended pain. It reminds us of the humor of Goldsmith or Jerome K. Jerome, with this prominent difference from the last-mentioned, however, — that beneath its gentle ripples of the surface, there is an undercurrent of deep sorrow, carefully restrained 'tis true, but yet manifesting itself even to the superficial reader. Such a pathetic coloring brings this humor so much the closer to real life, where neither joy nor sorrow is ever unalloyed. Thus this undertone of sorrow — an undertone pervading the humor of Shakespeare's romantic comedies — makes the delicate humor of Lamb all the more delightful and touching. Instances *ad infinitum* might be cited in support of this statement. We shall mention only one. Lovel, the devoted servant and zealous friend of Samuel Salt of "Old Benchers" fame, has been quite humorously portrayed by the essayist, who with his generous consideration for the sufferings of others, and especially for the trials of this his own father, concludes his sketch with these words, "This excitement subsiding he would, we p.till I have wished that sad second childhood might have a mother still to lay its

head upon her lap. But the common mother of us all in no long time after received him gently into hers." Ever co-existent with his humor we find these expressions of genuine sympathy for those who suffer. This it is that renders impossible any attempt at ridicule or satire on the part of this writer. Lamb too had had his Gethsamene of suffering and felt too keenly its pressure to attempt holding up for scorn the peculiarities or follies of others.

This intense suffering through which he had passed gave a sad, almost melancholy tinge to his mind and a somewhat sombre and reflective coloring to his musings. Thus it is that, in accompaniment with these gentle intrusions of his humor, we find other expressions savoring of a deeper, more philosophic reflection. This latter quality is quite characteristic of the whole series of essays yet is more particularly noticeable in his reminiscences. Perhaps it is only a fountain or a sun-dial, now no longer employed, that has attracted his attention, and has given rise to a chain of reflections upon the complexity of the present age in contrast with the simplicity of a former one; or has evoked from him the regret that the world is becoming *mannish* and that no longer "can he see gods as men walking upon the earth." Something there is in these reflections that quite involuntarily turns our eyes toward Edgewood. In a number of respects Lamb's essays suggest Ik Marvel, but perhaps nowhere more than in this quality of retrospection or philosophic reflection. Yet the author of "*Dream Life*" continues uninterruptedly in these deeper moods while with Lamb they occur but occasionally.

And yet this resemblance is noticeable in another striking particular, viz., in the moral intent or didactic purpose of their writings. In his preface to *Dream Life* Ik Marvel informs Aunt Tabithy of his true position in beginning another book on dreams. He says "I shall lay no claim to the title of moralist, teacher, or romanticist. My thoughts start pleasant pictures to my mind, and in a quarrelsome humor I put my finger in the button-hole of my indulgent friend, and tell him some of them,—giving him leave to quit me whenever he choose." This, so far as we can determine, was exactly the attitude of Charles Lamb. He also did not wish to teach nor preach, but rather to reveal himself to those who might care to listen. Although Lamb did not have an avowed moral purpose in writing, yet in his essays as in those of Ik Marvel, there is a strong moral sentiment prevailing the whole, a senti-

ment not hammered down to one point, and driven home in the final paragraph, as with Hawthorne, yet withal such a sentiment as "finds its way to every corner and crevice giving a color and taste to the whole mass."

With this conception of the innocent sparkling humor embedded in that deeper sorrow, with this observation of that deeper reflection clothed in fanciful and often antique coloring; with this perception of a moral sentiment infused throughout the entire series of essays, we naturally wonder what was the author's real purpose in writing them. If not to satirize society, nor yet to teach nor preach, must we then conclude that his sole object was merely to amuse his indulgent reader? Yet deeper than any of these objective purposes we find a more important, a more personal and subjective one. Compelled by an unrelenting destiny to pass his life in what to ordinary mortals would have proved a dispiriting retirement, Lamb began writing these essays to break the ever-increasing monotony of this life. But after all, his prime purpose was to give the world a complete portrayal, an entire picture of himself. Such a purpose, however, cannot be characterized as egotistical. Although the reader of Elia gradually comes to have a clear and more complete knowledge of the author, yet in no instance is the latter's personality found to be obtrusive. As a matter of fact, this personality of the writer is so designedly restrained or obscured that the reader's discovery of it in its entirety is attained only by an extensive and intensive reading of these two volumes of essays. In this way alone may we come to know the manysidedness of this author so unique in his methods. Notwithstanding the objective incidents that Lamb chooses as his subjects, he is most decidedly subjective in his writings. Here in a manner never intricate nor abstract, in a selection of incidents so intensely real and interesting, in a language so imaginative and musical, we have the completed picture sketched by the accomplished literary artist,

Milton Simpson, '05.

The Year in the Societies.

THERE are many components which go to make up the life of a modern college; and in the absence of a single component the life is incomplete, is neglected in one of its many phases. No man would be so narrow-minded, or so short-sighted as to say that in the mere "book learning" lies the chief aim of college life. Of what practical use, except to a man in applied science, is mathematics to be in future life? Where is the actual value of Psychology or Metaphysics? No, it cannot be the knowledge alone, it must be something broader that is the real object of college training. Experience has shown that the greatest good a thoughtful man can gain from such a course lies in the mental training and, perhaps in a greater degree in the general culture, which is derived from participation in *all* the phases of the college world. Moreover, no small part of this culture may be obtained directly from the societies, the miniature legislatures of the college republic. Through them is obtained a knowledge of the forms of Parliamentary procedure; through the carrying on of business, and through the work of committees an insight into business methods is afforded, which, however small, is of value to any man.

The individual societies, too, offer many advantages. The forces of the Y. M. C. A. working silently on the inner side of the life subdues and calms its more violent spirit. Indeed to the Y. M. C. A. belongs the credit of keeping in a large measure the moral atmosphere of a college healthy. The Athenæum's main object, in fact the very cause of its existence, is the training along the line of literary and debating activity. If one is looking for practical value, let him consider the advantages this society if properly handled, can afford him. No art is so necessary as that of public speaking, an art which is demanded of a man in every degree of life. The fundamental principle of the Athletic is that on which the Athenæum is based. The training of the body is an essential of general culture. Even the games contribute their share. There is no realm in the world, except that of real war, which is so adapted to make one think and act quickly. A single society offers many advantages, the three in combination afford an education in themselves.

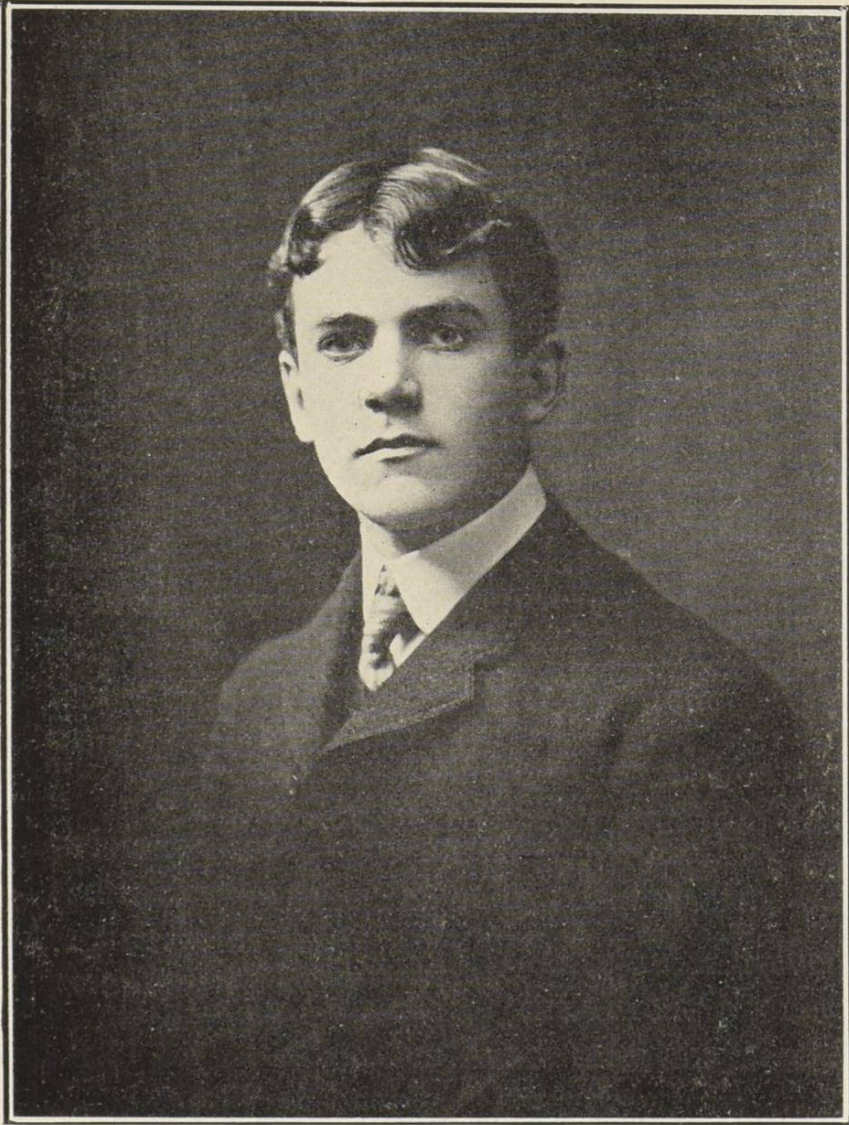
In the Y. M. C. A. two features of its work for the year are worthy of notice. Last October was held here under the auspices of our association, the annual conference of the four Maritime colleges. During four beautiful autumn days the meetings continued. The work of each society was reported, and suggestions offered by individual members. During the session the conference was addressed by the Y. M. C. A. travelling secretary, Mr. Tinker, whose words were strong, practical and inspiring.

About the first of March our society was represented at the great Y. M. C. A. convention at Nashville. The reports of Messrs Elliot and Tibert reflected the inspiration and uplift of that great conference and were enjoyed not only by the Y. M. C. A. here, but also by the college and town in general. Each month during the year, the Missionary society has carried on its service in the Baptist Church, the meeting being in the charge of the president and the music in the hands of the college choir. We are indebted to the Missionary committee for these instructive and interesting services.

"Generally successful" may be applied to the work of the Athenaeum society this year. Its main features, outside of the ordinary routine of business, which was carried on in a strictly practical and orderly manner have been the intercollegiate debate, March 26, the inter-class debates, the lectures under the auspices of the society, and the class entertainments.

The intercollegiate debate needs no comment. It was a glorious victory and of the men who won it we are justly proud. On their return a regular Roman triumph was given them, with a genuine spirit, which showed how Acadia could welcome her teams. We would advise the Athenaeum, however, next time to choose a less dangerous subject, for the Frederictonians, generally, looked upon our debaters as men, who were not merely unpatriotic, but even heretical and treasonable. Had they been in Russia, Siberia would have been their fate. Imagine Balcom working in a stone quarry!

The class debates were remarkably interesting and very well contested. Still more they were highly profitable. Indeed the profits will be even more appreciated in times to come; for by this method there can be no lack of men for a college team. But we would like to offer a suggestion in behalf of those men who are not on any class team. The Athenaeum should not be partial in its advantages: all



J. A. ESSEY, '07
(Hockey and Football Captain—1906)
Photo by Robson Studio.

men should be given a chance. Were these teams slightly changed for each debate, men, who perhaps have been hiding their light under a bushel, or rather whose light has been hid for them, might be brought out, and be the makings of good strong speakers. We don't want a monopoly of debating. The intercollegiate or inter-class debates were not designed for that.

The lecture committee have given us the pleasure of hearing several most interesting speakers. Prof. Andrews on Evolution, Rev. Mr. Batty on Mormonism and Governor Fraser on the College Man and the State gave evenings of rare enjoyment.

A novel feature of the year and one which certainly called forth much unexpected talent, was the introduction of the class entertainments. That of the Seniors though having the disadvantage of first place, where there is no opportunity to plagiarize the forerunner's jokes, came out very creditably. A rather original and wierdly comical invention called "Shadows" and a hideous dream of Denham's in which the Pope and Frank Adams figured prominently were the principal numbers.

The Sophomores came out like a whirl-wind with a wild and woolly minstrel show, distinguished for its classical songs and the light and airy costume of the performers.

To 'og fell the lot of the usual Freshman *Athenaeum*, a number edited exclusively by the Freshmen and for the society. It was quite good.

The star performance was that of the Juniors. I know that, because I was in it myself. The program was of two parts, an evening with the classics (in music) and a little amateur theatrical. Leaving out the second edition of the Witch of Endor put on by the Propylaeum, which is not in our class, I may say without boasting that there has been but one performance in town or college this year, to which the Junior tragedy was inferior. That one exception was the presentation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in the Wolfville Opera House, that favorite haunt of collegians.

A word of comment seems necessary. The executive, no doubt, have had sincerely at heart the good of the society in the introduction of these entertainments. But have they not failed in their object? Granted that these entertainments give opportunity for those to take part, who otherwise stand aloof from any program at all, unless

they are differently managed, they are not aiming right. The object of the Athenaeum is distinctly to train one's literary and debating powers, and yet these programmes consist of numbers planned only to amuse. Surely that is the wrong spirit. Let these entertainments go on, but let them be of a more literary character.

The year in athletics has been rather eventful. The football team hampered by a field, on which it would have been hard for the best team, to play, worked hard against U. N. B. but failed to score, worked still harder against Mt Allison, but were most disappointingly beaten. About the hardest work after that was to cheer up. As usual our forwards were good, our halves poor. When we depend on the scrimmage to score we lose, and always will lose, until we get a fairly good half line. May the gods send us one next year! To the defeated and disheartened team the college men gave a grand welcome, a welcome which went to the hearts of the players. People outside wonder at this, they are astonished at our enthusiasm over losing teams. But we do not wonder. It is the Acadia spirit!

Despite the boom promised by the new rink, but two games of hockey materialized, when Kings was defeated by Acadia. On account of the lateness of the season, arrangements with St. F. X. fell through. This was rather unfortunate, for the team had had no chance to show their mettle. In the games played, considering the practise they had, the men did well. The Association at the beginning of the season, wisely decided not to enter the intercollegiate league. Later events proved the wisdom of their course. Witness the financial difficulties at U. N. B. With our exams. at mid-year, to make much of the hockey season is almost impossible. Hockey is a game worth playing, and playing hard, but with the present system of term division it seems destined to a secondary place.

From the dim horizon obscurity of last year the star of basket-ball made a spurt to a position of wonderful ascendancy in this winter's athletic heavens. The class league, organized principally for the sake of keeping the game alive, became the most interesting contest of the year. '06 for the first and last time in its career won a league. Could the gymnasium be kept so that just a small bit of pure air could get in about once a week, basket-ball would be a most healthy and beneficial sport. It is game worthy of cultivation.

Baseball, though restricted to the small bit of unploughed land near the Academy, is flourishing about as well as it generally does, that is, we have a practice about twice in three weeks. The near approach of the final examinations makes base-ball business rather poor.

When the campus was ploughed up we all had visions of four or five beautiful level tennis courts, a little bit better than those at Newport, and we inwardly resolved to have a little tent pitched near so we could be handy. But alas! What poor things dreams and visions are! Now the ingenuity of the youthful tennis fiend is taxed to the utmost, to overcome the stupid habit the ball has of settling wherever it strikes. However the interest is not in the least lessened, the entries for the tournament are very many, and there are no evidences of any great despair in the tennis line.

Track sports have yet to show their results. The men have been training from Christmas and are now sufficiently gaunt and ghastly to enter the lists wherever that may be. When this number comes from the press, people will be weary of hearing of our wonderful victory, so any reference to it on my part would show bad taste.

And now that we have come to the end of another year, and are on the eve of another Commencement, how many of us can look back and say, "I have profited by all the advantages of the societies?" But few I am afraid. Yet in failing there, we fail as signally as if we made 44 in our marks. Surely we cannot afford to let this opportunity slip by, this opportunity, which may never again present itself, which means so much to us if grasped now. So men, be loyal to the societies, and in being loyal to them, you will be loyal to the college; and, what is much more important, you will be loyal to yourself, and will add infinitely to the benefits received from your college course.

James Arthur Estey, 07.

Veritas.

How often, sweet enchantress, hath thy way
Seemed endless, dark, yet ever must thou be
My earliest dawn beyond the world's last day—
Thy straightened gate the holiest for me!

For who hath stood within thy portals dim,
Or fulness of thy glory sought to see—
The lustrous light that in thine eye doth swim
The purple splendor of eternity?

Perchance thy shattered marble evermore
Lies strewn far o'er earth's thronging battlefield,
That man again through travail may restore
The remnants that the centuries must yield.

And though, perchance, the winter-sleep of time
Shall come upon my soul too tired for dream,
Beyond oblivion and withering rime,
The gladdening presence of thy joy supreme

Waits for the bell-stroke of that perfect hour,
When all life's earnest, mystery and love
Shall rise up from the past, reborn to power,
And I shall grasp thee—dawn for which I strove.

Inglis Morse, 97.



EDITORIAL STAFF, ACADIA ATHENÆUM, 1905-'06.

Photo by Robson Studio, Wolfville.

The Acadia Athenæum.

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No. 8.


FREDERICK PORTER, '06, *Editor-in-Chief*.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS :

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BRICE DAVID KNOTT, '07	LIBBIE ELTA BROWN, '07
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CLARANCE MANNING HARRIS, '07, *Business Manager*.

Editorials.


 NCE more the time has come for another editorial staff to lay down the responsibilities of office and give place to worthier aspirants. Our term of administration has, at least, been beneficial to ourselves, and has served to deepen our interest in the ATHENÆUM. Long shall we cherish the memories connected with our year of service for the paper, and fervently shall we wish it prolonged success. Under the new control we are assured that the best interests of the paper will be conserved and that the coming year will be one of prosperity and progress.

During our term of office we trust that there has not been retrogression, and that the high standards set by our predecessors have, in some degree, been sustained. The introduction of the new columns devoted to the Seminary and Academy was somewhat of an experiment and adopted in the hope that a new interest would be created in the ATHENÆUM, that its constituency would be enlarged, and that a unifying factor would be formed among the Institutions. We feel that the results have justified the innovation; but whether these columns will remain as permanent features of the paper, it is not for us to say. In our endeavor to procure undergraduate work we were often encouraged, and we take this opportunity of thanking both students.

and alumni who have so readily responded to our solicitations. We bespeak for the next year's staff the same hearty co-operation.

Now, our little volume is complete.

"And what is writ, is writ
Would it were worthier."



Our cover design, which is used for the first time to beautify the paper, is the result of the combined efforts of Miss Emma Murray and Miss Pearl Price of the Seminary Art Department, the front design of the cover being the work of Miss Murray. Our thanks are due to these Art pupils who have so kindly assisted us in making the outward appearance of the paper more attractive. We are also indebted to Mr. Sutherland of the Manual Training Department for the lettering of the cover.



Anniversary Week.

College Functions.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY, JUNE 3.

Pouring rain and a thunder storm characterized the morning of Baccalaureate Sunday. Despite this drawback College Hall was crowded for this exercise. The President and speaker followed by the members of the graduating class marched to their seats. When they sat down there was an expectant hush broken by the strains of the doxology; the invocation followed. The audience rose and sang a hymn and the scriptures were read by Dr. McLeod. A vocal solo, "Fear not ye Israel" was sweetly sung by Miss Archer. Rev. W. C. Goucher of St. Stephen then offered prayer. A violin quartette "Traumeri," was beautifully rendered. Rev L. D. Morse made the announcements. The choir sang an anthem, "Holy Art Thou" after which the preacher of the Baccalaureate sermon was introduced—Rev.

Joseph McLeod, D. D., of Fredericton, N. B. He took for his text Luke 22 : 27. His subject was "Service." The preacher was successful in his effort. He dealt with the various phases of service. His language was simple and his eloquence enriched by the ring of personal conviction behind it. It was an earnest appeal to the graduates, to all, to make their life a life of service, to aim not at reward; but to do service for its own sake, that like the God man, Jesus Christ, their biography might be summed up in the words, "He went about doing good."

In the evening the service was under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The speaker on this occasion was Rev. Frederic S. Bamford of St. John West, N. B. He took as his subject, 'The Bible Standard of Character.' Mr. Bamford gave a stirring address full of life and pathos. He based his discourse upon Jacob's life and showed how God measured to him as he had measured to others both the evil and the good. Men pass over the evil and applaud the good, but with God the evil cannot be passed over until full repentance comes. All wrong has its serious effects upon character. He closed an eloquent address with a plea for christian evidences. During the service there was an anthem by the choir, a violin quartette and a solo by Miss Morse.

INTERCLASS FIELD MEET JUNE 4.

The interclass meet proved to be a very successful one. A large number of contestants were entered especially from the Academy and the Sophomore class. Howe, took part in only two events. Three College records were broken. Howe won the half mile in 2 min. 8 3-5 sec., thus lowering the record by 4 2-5 sec. He also won the hurdles in 16 4-5 sec. lowering his old and the College record 1 1-5 sec. Lewis vaulted 9 ft. 8 in., raising the record 1 inch. He also equalled the College record in the 220 yard dash. One feature of the meet was the good vaulting done by the Academy men. Good broad jumps were also made. The Academy certainly have some good men who will doubtless be of good service to Acadia next year. The meet was made decidedly exciting because of the keen competition between the Seniors and the Academy for first place. The Seniors finally won out with seven firsts, a total of 35 points. The Academy came second with 2 firsts, 5 seconds and 8 thirds, a total of 33 points, while the Sophomores

came third, with 2 firsts, 3 seconds and 3 thirds, a total of 22 points. The Juniors and Freshmen did not succeed in making large scores. The Seniors have thus won the interclass trophy for the first time.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The interest manifested in Tennis this year was not as great as it has been in times past. Too much credit, however, can hardly be given Mr. Fred B. Eaton, the Tennis captain for the energetic manner in which he sought to promote a lively interest in the sport.

Following is the record of the Singles Championship Tournament :

SINGLES-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

2ND ROUND	3RD ROUND	4TH ROUND	5TH ROUND	FINAL
Webster G. Barss	} Webster 6-2 6-4	Webster	}	}
DeBow Huntington	} Huntington 6-3 6-3	}		
DeWitt Johnston	} DeWitt (default)		DeWitt 6-2 1-6 6-2	
McKinnon Jost	} Jost 6-1 6-2	}	}	Estey 4-6 6-4 6-2
Elliott Peppard	} Peppard 6-3 6-1			
E. Barss Estey	} Estey 6-3 5-7 6-0	}	Estey default	}
Balcom Skinner	} Balcom 6-3 4-6 6-3			
Hopkins Robinson	} Hopkins 6-3 6-2	}	}	Estey 6-3 6-0 Singles Champion 1906
Denton Crawley	} Crawley 6-1 6-2			
F. Eaton F. Lewis	} F. Eaton 1-6 6-1 7-5	}	F. Eaton default	}
McAskill Thurrot	} Thurrot 6-3 6-3			
Lounsbury Messenger	} Lounsbury 6-4 7-5	}	}	E. Eaton 6-3 6-4
E. Eaton E. Lewis	} E. Eaton 6-2 6-3			
Daniels S. Crawley	} Crawley 6-2 6-4	}	F. Eaton 6-0 6-2	}
Hughes Waterbury	} Waterbury 6-4 6-2			

CLASS DAY, TUESDAY JUNE 5.

An expectant throng assembled in College Hall to hear the exercises of class day. From the flagstaff outside floated the 1906 colors. Within, the platform was neatly arranged, a prominent feature being the silver cup which '06 had won in the interclass meet. Fond parents, brothers and sisters, sweethearts and friends occupied the privileged places. There they sat excited, eager and with faces aglow, chatting merrily to pass the time until the exercise commenced. The faces of the large audience were a study, some were sad, others were glad, according to the way the exercises appealed to them. Friend was about to part with friend. Familiar faces were to pass beyond the portals of dear old "Alma Mater" and strike out into new experience having only the memory of the happy times left. Amid the clattering of tongues and rustling of dresses two silent forms clad in white took their places at the piano and now with measured step the class of '06 led by President Havey marched to their last class meeting as undergraduates. President Havey explained the function of the class meeting in a neat speech.

The roll call was a surprise to most. Only twenty-one answered "present," and of that twenty one only nine were members of the original class. The names of those who for various reasons had dropped out were responded to by members present.

The present class officers were then unanimously elected for life. A vocal solo "On Berron Sands" was then sung by Frank Adams who was in good form. A feature of class day is the Class History. This was in the hands of F. Stewart Kinley. His production was pleasing. It was a faithful representation of the doings of '06 from the time they contemplated a college course until the time they had completed it. It was full of wit and humor, as it unfolded the green bud and disclosed at the last the ripened fruit. The audience was fully appreciative and on every side was heard "that was one of the best Class Histories I have heard." Mr. Kinley did well, a violin solo by Miss Boynton of Acadia Seminary was next rendered. This number was loudly applauded.

The Class Prophecy was a pleasant surprise. We wondered what new thing in the line of prophecy could be brought to us. But Walter P. Copp, was equal to the emergency. He was original and en

tertaining. Mr. Copp's prophecy was well delivered and is among the best prophecies delivered on such occasions.

Vocal solo, 'Bedouin Love Song' by Mr. Claude Balcom came next.

Mr. Porter is a man who has never disappointed his audience. The Valedictory was safe in his hands. Filled with sound common sense, clothed in the best of English and delivered with oratorical excellence that left nothing to be desired, it was a fitting climax of the class day exercises. Mr. Porter was at his best and left a splendid impression behind him by his valedictory effort.

The Class of '06 have passed beyond our association in College life, but they have left us many noble examples which we would do well to follow. We leave them to the mercy of the world. Soon we shall follow in their steps and fade away into the dim vistas of the future. We wish them every success in their changed relations.



BASEBALL, TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 5.

This year the baseball committee decided on a somewhat different plan for the Anniversary game from that pursued during the last few years. Instead of securing a second class team, it was decided to try to get a first class team to play here during Anniversary week. Accordingly a game was arranged with the Middleton Baseball Club, one of the fastest teams in the Maritime Provinces. The game was played Tuesday, June 5th, the Acadia team lining up as follows: catcher, Balcom, H. C. A., pitcher, F. Lewis, '09; 1st. base, J. Bates '08; 2nd. base, McIntyre, '05; s. s. Estey, '07; 3rd. base, Eaton, H. C. A.; r. f. Lounsbury, H. C. A.; c. f. G. Lewis, '08; l. f. Hutchinson, '07. For the first seven innings the play was very close and interesting. Both pitchers did splendid work, and received almost errorless support. In the eighth, however, a few clean hits by the Middleton boys, coupled with several errors by Acadia, resulted in five of the Middleton fellows crossing the plate. The game ended with the score 9-2 in favour of the visitors.

The above was a return match for a game played by Acadia at Middleton, May 24th. The game at Middleton was fast and clean, and was much enjoyed by all, although we were beaten, 4-1. Altogether, the year's work in base-ball must be regarded as fairly satisfactory if

not successful. As all the team will be back next year, the prospect is bright for a strong team for the season of nineteen-seven.



ALUMNI BANQUET.

The Alumni Banquet was held in the Dining Room of Chipman Hall immediately after the Class Day exercises. In the absence of the president, Rev. C. H. Day, the chair was taken by Mr. O. P. Goucher who, after ample justice had been done to the feast of good things provided by host Hanley, announced the various toasts. Several distinguished visitors were present and speeches were made until late in the afternoon. The whole affair passed off most pleasantly.



COMMENCEMENT DAY, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 6

The 68th Anniversary of old Acadia dawned bright and clear, to the satisfaction of friends of the graduating class and university who thronged the hall long before the hour appointed for the exercises to commence. At ten o'clock the Faculty, Board of Governors, Alumni and the graduating class formed in procession and marched to their places, the Faculty on the platform, Governors and Alumni on either side and the graduating class in front. The exercises were begun with prayer by Rev. R. D. Porter. Addresses were given by four of the graduates. F. Stewart Kinley, of Port Lorne, N. S., impressed his audience with a strong oration on "Canada for the Canadians." Miss Alice P. DeWolf of Bedford, N. S., presented a good address on the subject, "Have We Still Need of Poetry?" A vocal solo, "The Bells of St. Mary's", by F. Adams, Wolfville, N. S., was enjoyed by all. George R. Bancroft and Raymond D. Colpitts in their respective subjects, "Friends in Field and Forest" and "The True Basis of Social Progress," showed careful preparation. Their addresses were well received. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred on 19 graduates, namely:—

Gordon P. Barss, Dartmouth, N. S.; Nora McL. Bentley, Wolfville, N. S.; George R. Bancroft, Barton, N. S.; Frederick A. Bower, Shellbrook, N. S.; William H. Coleman, Moncton, N. B.; Raymond

D. Colpitts, Forest Glen, N. B. ; Walter P. Copp, Sackville, N. B. ; Alice P. DeWolf ; Bedford, N. S. ; William T. Denham, St. John, N. B. ; Clayton E. Gardner, Brooklyn, N. S. ; Harry B. Havey, Bridgetown, N. S. ; Joseph E. Howe, Hillsdale, N. B. ; F. Stewart Kinley, Port Lorne, N. S. ; Celia G. Keirstead, St. Stephen, N. B. ; C. Elton Lewis, Westbrook, N. S. ; Frederick S. Porter, Fredericton, N. B. ; Ernest S. Robinson, Kentville, N. S. ; Madeline J. M. Champier, Rossway, N. S. ; David H. Webster, Cambridge, N. S.

The degree of Bachelor of Science, the first conferred by Acadia, was given to two graduates, namely ;—

Ralph K. Strong, B. A., Kentville, N. S. and Ross F. Coldwell, Gaspereau, N. S.

Abbreviated Science Certificates, also the first of their kind, were granted to Walter P. Copp, Sackville, N. B. and Walter E. Bradshaw, Moncton, N. B.

The following, having maintained a first class standing throughout their four years' course were graduated with honors ;—

Raymond D. Colpitts, in History and Political Economy ; Joseph E. Howe, in History and Political Economy ; Frederick S. Porter, in English Literature.

The degree of M. A. in course was conferred upon Mabel E. Archibald, B. A., Wolfville, N. S., History ; Victor L. O. Chittick, B. A., Windsor, N. S., English Literature ; and C. DeBlois Denton, B. A., Wolfville, N. S., Mathematics and Political Economy.

Two Honorary Degrees were announced by the President :

The degree of D. D. to Rev. Geo. Sayles, M. A., Atlanta, Georgia and the degree of M. A. to Rev. B. N. Nobles, Sackville, N. B.

The several prizes were then awarded as follows :—

The Gold Medal presented by Nothard & Lowe, London, Eng., was awarded to Frederick S. Porter for the highest average in the work of the Sophomore, Junior and Senior years combined. The Governor-General's Silver Medal for the second highest average was given to Raymond D. Colpitts. The Kerr Boyce Tupper Medal for excellence in oratory was awarded to William H. Coleman. The scholarship of \$60 00 presented by the class of '01 for the highest average made during the freshman year was announced to have been awarded to John S. Bates, Amherst, N. S. The prize of books for

excellence in English, presented by Mrs. C. T. White, Sussex, N. B., was awarded to Mary I. Currie, '07.

The graduating class then presented the Board of Governors with a portrait in oils of Dr. Trotter.

This brought the anniversary exercises proper, to a close. But there was to follow that which marred the otherwise happy and inspiring exercises, namely, the public announcement of the retirement of Dr. Trotter from the presidency. Friends of Dr. Trotter deemed this a fitting occasion to show their appreciation of the great work that has been accomplished for Acadia, through his instrumentality. This exercise took the form of an address and presentation of a cheque accompanied by expressions of gratitude and good will. The address on behalf of the Governors and friends was given by Mr. I. B. Oakes, Wolfville, N. S. A special address on behalf of the Faculty was read by Dr. R. V. Jones. Dr. Trotter replied to these tokens of esteem in words which, more than ever before, revealed the sterling character of the man whose departure means a loss that Acadia has not begun to realize and whose place will be exceedingly difficult to fill.

Thus the 68th Anniversary has been a memorable occasion and one not easily to be forgotten by those present.



THE ABLANI CONCERT, June 6.

The two thoughts most clearly defined in the minds of those privileged to attend the Albani Concert were: First, that it was a very befitting climax to a Commencement of unusual excellence and interest; and Second, that it marked a period of noticeable progress in the musical history of the Institutions. Referring more particularly to the period beginning with the advent of Prof. Maxim, the musical life of Acadia has been marked by a rapid advance in technique and expression, and a rare appreciation of that spirit of music, which must continue to make the awakened life quick to discern, and keen to appreciate, musical values.

Madame Albani was supported by a finely balanced company, each member being an artist by spirit, training and experience. Aside from the rendition of the numbers, the stage presence and conduct of the company had a charming educational value which quickly awakened

appreciation. In expression there was a captivating vivacity which added greatly to the mere technical interpretation of the numbers.

The instrumental features were perhaps as keenly enjoyed as any part of the programme. Miss Adela Perne is doubtless the most accomplished lady pianist ever heard in Wolfville. The rendition of Liszt's "Rhapsodie No. 2" marked an era in piano revelation to many present. Her exhibition of legato playing was of the finest finish. Mr. Haydn Wood's "Traumerei" of Schumann in response to an encore, was a rare treat.

The vocal numbers given by Mlle. Eva Gauthier and Mr. Albert Archdeacon revealed voices pure to their parts and of most gratifying volume and expression. Mr. Archdeacon had been heard before by a Wolfville audience, and was a prime favorite. His selections giving that spice and variety to the evening, revealed the art of program balance.

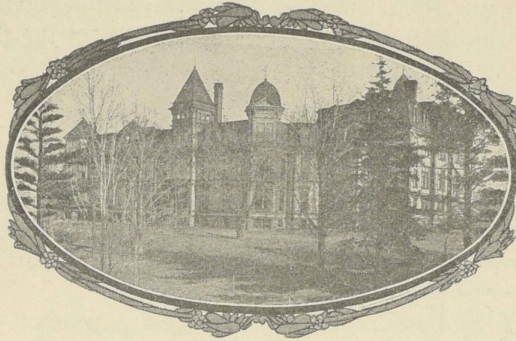
Madame Albani naturally was the chief attraction. She easily exceeded expectations. Her accomplishments are so well known that words here are unnecessary. The first note of her marvellous voice settled the question of her position in the musical world. The only regret was that the finest flower of the Canadian vocalists has no apparent successor.

Too much credit cannot be given for the sympathetic and delightful finish to the playing of Mr. Frank Watters the accompanist.

The student body is to be congratulated on the forethought and enterprise of Dr. Trotter which enabled them to thus crown the close of the commencement exercises.



The Pierian



(of Acadia Seminary.)

EDITORS :—EFFIE M. SIPPPELL, '06, IVA STEVENS. '07.

Editorial Notes

The twenty sixth year of Acadia Seminary is completed. The girls are gone; the corridors are deserted and one of the best years of Acadia has passed into history.

It has been a good year in many ways. The teaching staff has been a strong and faithful staff. Perhaps there has never been a stronger or a more faithful. It is matter for keen regret that many of them are not to return. But we wish them success in their newer and larger spheres of service. What the girls owe to them in ways innumerable cannot be here recounted.

The student body has been a fine household of girls. Many of them leave us to return no more. Those who return will miss familiar faces. But whether here or elsewhere, we shall never be able to forget the pleasant and helpful associations. Harmony has been the dominant note running through the variations of school life. Honestly of purpose, seriousness in work, and love in the many little things have characterized the relations of the different members of the stu-



GRADUATING CLASS OF ACADIA SEMINARY—1906

Photo by Robson Studio Wolfville,

dent body. We bid the old girls adieu. We wonder who the new girls are.

It has been a *prosperous* year in every way, a year characterized by growth. There have been improvements in material equipments and domestic comfort, addition of new courses and advancement in many lines. These need not be referred to at length here since reference has been made to them in earlier numbers of the *Athenæum*.

It has, taken altogether, been a most successful year, from whatever the standpoint regarded, attendance, work, growth, health, moral and spiritual, enthusiasm and *esprit de corps*. We say good-bye to 1905-1906, we greet a better year, 1906-1907.

CATALOGUE

The 1906-1907 catalogue is just issued. It is published this year with only one illustration. The exceedingly attractive booklet, 'Acadia Seminary, a First Class School for Girls' beautifully printed and illustrated, is meant to supplement the information contained in the catalogue. Many words of commendation have appeared in the Press. The following taken from the Truro News expresses the general thought :

A HANDSOME BOOKLET FOR ACADIA SEMINARY.

"Acadia Ladies' Seminary" is a handsome booklet just issued by the authorities of that well known educational institution at Wolfville. In the highest style of the printer's art, and with most beautiful illustrations this little brochure is given to the public. The motto of the advanced educational authorities at Acadia seems to be, if anything is worth doing it is worth doing well. All the printing in connection with College, Collegiate School, and Ladies' Seminary is of the highest class, and invariably attracts much attention—an index doubtless to the thoughtful reader of the good work done within the walls of these Institutions, that the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces are so proud of.

The booklet before us states that Acadia Seminary is a "First Class School for Girls and Young Women," and under the divisions of

The Finished Building,
The Plan,
The Tools,
The Hands and the Head,
The Motive Force,

Principal H. T. DeWolfe points out in a very unique manner, the advantages that Acadia Seminary offers for the education of the young ladies of these Provinces.

Principal DeWolfe will forward this booklet to anyone wishing to see the scope of the work covered by the students at Acadia Seminary, or any young lady who has decided upon taking up the exceedingly liberal and up-to-date curriculum of this well known Institution.

REGISTRATION

From the catalogue we reprint the following summary of Registration for 1905-1906 :

Pupils in Regular Courses	100	
Pupils in Special Courses	111	
Teachers taking studies	11	
	<hr/>	
	222	
Pupils registered in two Courses	6	
	<hr/>	
Total Registration		216
Resident Pupils	102	
Non-Resident	114	

SCHOOL OF MUSIC :

Pupils in Pianoforte	107	
Pupils in Voice	48	
Pupils in Violin	16	
Pupils in Pipe Organ	9	
	<hr/>	
Total of pupils in Music		180
Pupils in Harmony	39	
Pupils in Theory of Music	12	
Pupils in History of Music	14	
Pupils in Ear Training	14	
	<hr/>	
Total registration in Theoretical Branches		79

DEPARTMENT OF ART :

Pupils in Freehand Drawing	34
Pupils in Cast Drawing	12

Pupils in Tooled Leather Work	12	
Pupils in Special Saturday Class	4	
Pupils in Oil Painting	9	
Pupils in Water Colors	6	
Pupils in China Painting	11	
Pupils in Composition and Design	15	
Pupils in History of Art	25	
Pupils in Stencilling, Block Cutting and Textile Printing	11	
Total Registration in Art Department		139

DEPARTMENT OF ELOCUTION :

Pupils in General Elocution	20	
Pupils in Special Elocution	3	
Pupils in Private Elocution	38	
Total Registration in Elocution		61

DEPARTMENT OF MODERN LANGUAGES :

Pupils in French	67	
Pupils in German	29	
Total registration in Modern Languages		96

DEPARTMENTS OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE, STENOGRAPHY AND
TYPEWRITING :

*Pupils in Domestic Science	27	
Pupils in Stenography	17	
Pupils in Typewriting	19	

*This number does not include the pupils registered in Domestic Science from the Public Schools of Wolfville.

Pupils were received from New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince-Edward Island, Quebec, Newfoundland, Massachusetts, New York and Maine.

We note one error in the Catalogue, the omission of Ethel Blenkhorn's name, of Maccan, N. S.

NOTES

We are pleased to note that Mr. Maxim's setting of the twenty--

third Psalm for Chorus and Bass has been accepted for publication by the Boston Music Company. Mr. and Mrs. Maxim will sail during the first week in September for Belgium and will spend a year in Europe in study and travel, visiting Berlin, Holland, spending most of the time in Paris. They will be accompanied by Miss Annie H. Murray of the class of 1902 and Miss May Woodman of the class of 1905. We them all success.

PRESENTATION

A pleasant feature of Anniversary week took place on Monday Ev'g. June 4, in the Director's Pianoforte Studio, when the men of the Choral Club met and presented Mr. Maxim with a handsome gold-headed cane in recognition of his service in the Acadia Choral Club. The presentation was made by Principal DeWolfe who in a few words referred to Mr. Maxim's interest in and untiring labor for the organization and development of the Club. Mr. Maxim, taken by surprise replied most happily. It was a fitting recognition of a splendid service.

BARCAROLLE

The composition, Barcarolle by Eunice W. Haines, Acadia Seminary 1906, has been adjudged by Dr. Percy Goetscluns, now of New York to be the best of twelve exercises which were submitted to him for examination. These exercises represent the regular work of the Senior Class in Harmony.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

We copy the following from a notice which has recently appeared in the papers of the Maritime Provinces, relative to the School of Music :

DISTINGUISHED MUSICIAN FOR ACADIA SEMINARY.

Mr. Moritz Hauptmann Emery, Director of the Emma Willard Conservatory of Music, Troy, N. Y., has accepted the position of Director of the Acadia Seminary School of Music.

The acceptance by so prominent a musician as Mr. Moritz Hauptmann Emery of the position of Director of the Acadia Seminary School of Music, is an event of importance for the musical circles and educational life of the Maritime Provinces. Lovers of music who watch with interest all efforts which have for their end the development of a true appreciation and love of good music will be interested in the following sketch of Mr. Emery's career as a musician.

BARCAROLLE.

EUNICE HAINES.

Andante con moto.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature, starting with a whole rest followed by a series of chords and eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature, beginning with a piano (*p*) dynamic and featuring a melodic line with eighth notes and some chords.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff has a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The lower staff includes tempo markings: *rit.* (ritardando) and *a tempo.* (return to tempo). The notation includes various chords and melodic fragments across both staves.

The third system of musical notation shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff features chords and eighth-note patterns, while the lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes and chords.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The upper staff has a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. Both staves feature complex chordal textures and melodic lines, ending with a final chord in the upper staff and a sustained bass line in the lower staff.

BARCAROLLE. Concluded.



Mr. Emery's Musical Education began with the instruction he received from his father, the late Stephen A. Emery, whose work as a teacher, composer and author is so well known. Later he studied under Junius W. Hill until he entered the N. E. Conservatory, Boston, from which he was graduated in 1894. After his graduation he continued the study of Composition and Counterpoint under George W. Chadwick until he went to Europe in 1898. In Berlin Mr. Emery studied pianoforte with Edouard Schirner and composition and counterpoint under Wilhem Berger, the famous composer. During nearly four years' residence in Europe, Mr. Emery did much teaching and made a concert tour in England, introducing with great success some of his old compositions.

Upon his return to America, Mr. Emery opened private studies in Boston and Fitchburg; conducted the Concord Choral Association, played frequently in concerts, and at the same time he held the position of organist of the First Baptist Church, Newton Centre. For the last two years, Mr. Emery has been the Director of the Emma Willard Conservatory, Troy, N. Y., achieving most satisfactory results in all the executive, teaching and choral work of this important School of Music, and securing most generous recognition of his work.

Mr. Emery is recognized as a pianist and organist of fine attainments, as a composer of "unusual breadth and mentality." Such compositions as his "Song of Singing" (voice) and his "Gavotte Brillante" (pianoforte) as frequently found upon programmes are among the best specimens of the work of the younger American composers. As a conductor he has already attained prominence, and the future of the Acadia May Festivals, which have under Mr. Maxim's direction become so deservedly popular, will be assured.

All musicians and all interested in the development of a true musical taste in the Maritime Provinces will congratulate Acadia Seminary and its patrons that there has been secured as the Director of her Musical Courses so accomplished an artist, so successful a teacher, a conductor of high reputation,—in fine, a musician of recognized international standing and great ability.

To assist Mr. Emery a strong staff of teachers is assured. We append a notice concerning Miss E. D. Merson who takes the place of Miss Archer whose work in the Vocal Department has met with such well deserved recognition.

Miss Elizabeth D. Merson, who has accepted the position of Director of the Vocal Department in Acadia Seminary, is a Graduate and Medallist of the Royal Academy of Music, London, England, where she studied singing under the late Mr. William Nicholl and Mr. Arthur Thompson, pupils of the famous teacher, Manuel Garcia. After her graduation in 1904 she came to New York where she has since studied and taught. Her study was carried on with Mr. Hermann Klein, a teacher of the highest standing, who was closely identified with Manuel Garcia in the compilation of the latter's comparatively recent *Treatise on the Art of Singing*. Mr. Klein is also an author of other musical works.

From many testimonials and letters the following are selected to show that Miss Merson is in every way qualified for the important position which she assumes. Professor Klein says, "Miss Merson is a good musician. She has a fine, well-trained voice, excellent technique, having received complete training in the art of producing the voice, as well as in enunciation, phrasing and expression. She is also a pleasing and capable singer."

Rev. A. Lincoln Moore, D. D., Pastor of the Riverside Baptist Church, New York City, says, "I take pleasure in commending Miss Merson. She has been singing in my church much to the delight of our people. She has a sweet, resonant voice of wonderful power."

The following sentences, culled from various sources, letters, testimonials now in hand, speak of her personality, her ability as a teacher, her musical gifts, talents and training. "She is eminently qualified as to character and personal graces to give complete satisfaction." "She is musical, intelligent and refined."

Announcements as to other appointments will be made from time to time.

AIDS.

J. C. Jordan, Esq., River Glade, N. B., has engaged to give a contribution of \$150.00 a year to be used for the benefit of needy and deserving young women, in the form of Three Scholarships of \$50.00 each. The recipients will be nominated by the Principal and endorsed by Mr. Jordan. Application for the use these scholarships should be made to the Principal not later than August the 15th, of each year.



Miss Cunningham

Miss Sipprell

Miss Stevens

Miss Spurr

Miss McElman

Miss Elderkin

SEMINARY EDITORS AND OFFICERS—1905-'06

Photo by Robson Studio

It is hoped that the generous gift by Mr. Jordan, who also contributes a like sum for the aid of the College young women, will be but the earnest of similar gifts from others who recognize the opportunity for helping deserving girls to secure the general culture which a course of study at Acadia will bestow.

We are pleased to announce that in response to an appeal from the Principal, Mr. J. W. Churchill, Hantsport, N. S. has generously placed at the disposal of the Seminary \$100 to aid in the direction indicated above. We expect that this gift is but the precursor of others. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Jordan have our hearty thanks.

GIFTS.

The gift of the Graduating Class of 1906 to the Seminary was a handsome electrolier. It was formally presented on the night of the closing day by Minnie McElmon, the class president, and accepted by the Principal in behalf of the Board of Governors. It has been placed in the Reception Room. It forms a fitting illustration of the spirit of the class, and its motto,

"Esse quam Videri."

It was announced by the Principal at the request of a few members of the Alumnae that Mrs. Trotter who for so many years has been a valued member of the Executive Committee and whose service has been so interested and unstinted, would be made a life member of the Association. This comes at a fitting time and will undoubtedly meet with a hearty response from the members.



The May Festival.

The music festival of 1906 was in every respect a most pronounced success. As in former years there were three performances, two evening and one afternoon. The principal works performed were Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Bruch's "Fair Ellen" and excerpts from Wagner's operas, "Lohengrin", "Tannhauser" and "Flying Dutchman."

All of the soloists performed their allotted parts satisfactorily and in many instances with distinction. Most worthy of praise was Miss White's interpretation of "Il Bacio" by Arditì. Mr. Rattigan in

Stainers, "My Hope is in the Everlasting" and in the tenor parts in the "Hymn of Praise" was superb. His voice in quality, range and volume gives him high rank among the leading tenors of today. All of his solos were given artistically and were of the highest merit.

Mr. Flint has a rich, deep voice which showed to advantage in "Fair Ellen" and especially in "Why do the Nations" from the "Messiah."

Miss Archer, Miss Morse and Mr. Adams added much to the success of the festival by their assistance in the ensemble numbers.

Mr. Eaton's violin playing was exceedingly brilliant and effective. Mr. Staat's clarinet solos were also enjoyable.

The Choral Club, in the language of the "Sun" reporter, "has grown into a splendid instrument of musical expression, exhibiting in its performance a reserve power, a rich volume of sound and a harmonious blending of tone that should satisfy the most exacting."

The Club took a leading part in this Festival, and its work was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

The burden of the work of course fell upon the Director, Mr. Maxim, but in all places he was equal to the occasion. The chorus was well in hand, responded to his will and showed the fine training which he had given it. With regret the Acadia Choral Club says, Good Bye to the Originator and Director of the Festival through three years. It bids him and Mrs. Maxim God speed.



Senior Closing Recitals.

The Recitals given by members of the Class of '06, whose names together with the programmes presented, appear below were in every way satisfactory. The rendition reflected credit both upon the pupils and the teachers. A high average of excellence was maintained, and while close criticism would reveal some minor defects, and larger attainment in some than in others, to judge relatively to the age, experience and the standard of similar schools 'Acadia' has reason to congratulate herself upon the results achieved. Unfortunately we are unable to present Miss Mitchell's programme Wednesday May 30 in full. It was a rendition of 'Enoch Arden' to the accompaniment of the musical setting by Strauss played by Miss Iredale of the Seminary staff.

It was an ambitious attempt and was well executed. The 'Athenaeum' and the 'Pierian' congratulate all the performers upon the completion in so satisfactory a way of long and severe courses.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 25.

EUNICE WINIFRED HAINES - - - - - Pianist, Freeport, N. S.
Completing Artist's Course in Pianoforte for Certificate.
MRS. O. D. HARRIS - - - - - Soprano, Wolfville, N. S.
Completing Studies in Voice for Certificate of Proficiency.

PROGRAMME.

Theme and Variations, B. flat Major, Op. 12 - - - - - *Chopin*
Miss Haines.
Recitative and Cavatina, "Che faro senza Eurdice." ("Orpheus") *Gluck*
Mrs. Harris.
Papillons, Op. 2, - - - - - *Schumann*
Introduzione, D Major : Moderato, D Major : Allegro energico,
F sharp Minor : Presto, A Major : Andante espressivo,
B flat Major : Semplice, F Minor : Vivo, C Major.
Miss Haines.
1. Recitative, "O Grant it Heav'n," }
2. Air. "So shall the Lute and Harp Awake" } 'Judas Maccabaeus'
Mrs. Harris *Handel*
To the Night, C sharp Minor, Op. 21 - - - - - *Huss*
Introduction and Valse Lente, D Major, Op. 10 - - - - - *Sievking*
Love's Dream, A flat Major - - - - - *Liszt*
Miss Haines.
A Night in Spring - - - - - *Bohm*
He whom Heav'n and Earth is keeping - - - - - *Raff*
Eclogue - - - - - *Delibes*
Mrs. Harris.
Rigoletto Paraphrase, D flat Major - - - - - *Liszt*
Miss Haines.
Bid Me Discourse - - - - - *Bishop*
Mrs. Harris

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 28.

ALENA GRACE BURGESS - - - - - Soprano, Hantsport, N. S.
Completing Studies in Voice for Certificate of Proficiency
MINNIE EUREMA MCELMON - - - - - Pianist, Oxford, N. S.
Completing Course in Pianoforte for Certificate of Proficiency.

PROGRAMME.

Die Junge Nonne	- - - - -	<i>Schuber</i>
In Arcadie, Op. 16	Miss Burgess.	<i>Nevin</i>
A Shepherd's Tale, E flat Major : Shephards All and Maidens Fair		
G flat Major : Lullaby, G Major : Tournament, A Major.		
	Miss McElmon	
"Let the Bright Seraphim," ('Samson')	- - - - -	<i>Hander</i>
	Miss Burgess.	
Nocturne, G Major, Op. 37, No. 2	- - - - -	<i>Chopin</i>
	Miss McElmon.	
May Dew	- - - - -	<i>Sterndale Bennett</i>
The First Violet	- - - - -	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
	Miss Burgess.	
Scenes from Childhood, Op. 15	- - - - -	<i>Schumann</i>
Bittendes Kind, D Major : Gluckes Genug, D Major: Wichtige Be-		
ebenheit, A Major : Fast zu Ernst, G sharp Minor : Kind im		
Einschlummern, E Minor : Der Dichter spricht, G Major.		
	Miss McElmon.	
Recitative and Aria, "Ah! fors e lui ('La Traviata')"	- - - - -	<i>Verd</i>
	Miss Burgess.	
Concerto, G Minor, Op. 25, Last Movement,	- - - - -	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
	Miss McElmon.	
Orchestral Part on Second Pianoforte.		
	Mr. Maxim.	

Friday Evening June 1

LAVINIA ADORA LEWIS - - - - - Pianist, Hillsboro, N. B.
Completing Artists Course in Pianoforte for Diploma.

PROGRAMME.

Introduction and Rondo, C Major, from Op. 53	- - - - -	<i>Beethoven</i>
Rhapsody, B Minor, Op. 79, No. 1	- - - - -	<i>Brahms</i>
Etude, F sharp Major, Op. 2, No 6	- - - - -	<i>Henselt</i>
"Si oiseau j'etais A toi je volerais"		
"Ich Liebe Dich," Transcription, C Major	- - - - -	<i>Grieg</i>
Moment Musical, C sharp Minor, Op. 7. No. 2	- - - - -	<i>Moszkowski</i>
Gondoliera, F sharp Major	- - - - -	<i>Liszt</i>
Valse from Gounod's "Faust," Transcription, A Major	- - - - -	<i>Liszt</i>



Senior Class Day.

An interesting feature of the closing exercises is senior class day at Acadia Seminary which was held on Monday afternoon in the gymnasium. Admission was by invitation from the class of '06 and the Alumnae Association, and took the form of dainty programmes in



VIEW OF THE COLLEGE AND CORNWALLIS RIVER FROM THE SEMINARY

cream and brown, class colors. The room, festooned with bunting and trimmed with apple blossoms was filled to its utmost capacity, and at 2.30 the Senior class, 26 fair maidens in dainty white gowns, made its appearance. The president, Miss Minnie McElmon, presided with grace and dignity, and welcomed the visitors in a few appropriate words. Miss Lavinia Lewis is vice-president.

The class history was given by Miss Nellie Elderkin, in which she took the audience step by step, through the career of the class of '06 until she brought them triumphantly to graduation day. She successfully proved that seminary girls in their nun-like existence experience many thrilling episodes. After a piano solo well rendered by Miss Minnie McElmon and a vocal solo by Mrs. O. D. Harris which captured her hearer's. Miss Treva Mitchell, gave a humorous reading, Cousin Agatha's Baby in a charming manner. Leaving the past, the class prophecy took the audience into the future. The fair prophet, Miss Alice Jones, united all her classmates and disclosed to the expectant audience many amusing situations and unusual avocations of her classmates. This paper abounded in witty allusions and provided frequent applause. Miss Nettie Cohoon sobered the audience in her valedictory by reference to the parting of school friends and classmates.

An original feature of the programme, founded on the idiosyncrasies of the different members of the class, was a presentation of gifts, each one receiving a very tangible hit on some prominent peculiarity some being a bottle of Worcester sauce, a mirror, a fog horn, a trumpet, etc. At the close of the festive occasion, Miss Mary Johnson, St. George, N. B., came to the platform and in behalf of the junior class presented each young lady with a plum from a pie which proved to be a pretty brooch with Acadia '06-'07 engraved.

Principal DeWolfe in a few farewell words, presented each graduate with two dainty booklets; the song of our Syrian Guest.

The president of the Alumnae Association, Mrs. Horace Estabrook, Springhill, (nee Miss Alice Rich, class of '91) was then introduced and gave an excellent and instructive address. In behalf of the society she welcomed the class of '06 and bade them accept not only the pleasures and benefits of the association, but also the burdens and

cares. In closing, the class arose and sang the class yell to the time Jingle Bells:

Gitchee Gumee, Yena Dizzie
 Discancoche O
 Wahwahnassa Anemeekee
 Gitchee Manito
 Paupawkewis Mudjekewis
 Mishemoochwa Em
 We're the close of '06
 Of Old Acadia Sem.

The Alumnae Reception was then held on the Seminary Lawn. The guests were received by the President, Mrs. H. G. Estabrook and Mrs. C. W. Rose of Yarmouth (Miss Kezzie Banks '96.) Refreshments were served and a pleasant social hour enjoyed by the many friends and visitors.

A pleasing feature of the occasion was the presence of the first principal of the old Grand Pre seminary 44 years ago, Miss Alice Shaw now Mrs. Alfred Chipman, who expressed herself as much pleased at the progress which the school had made since that time. It was a most enjoyable afternoon.

CLASS DAY PROGRAMME.

1	WORDS OF WELCOME	President
2	ROLL CALL	Secretary
3	CLASS HISTORY	Nellie Elderkin
4	VOCAL SOLO	Mrs. O. D. Harris
5	READING—"Cousin Agatha's Baby"	Treva Mitchell
6	CLASS PROPHECY	Alice Jones
7	PIANO SOLO—Tournament op.16, No.4 by Nevin	Minnie McElmon
8	VALEDICTORY	Nettie Cohoon
9	PRESENTATION OF GIFTS	
10	ALUMNAE ADDRESS	Mrs. Estabrook
	ALUMNAE RECEPTION.	



Seminary Closing.

The graduating exercises of the seminary took place on Tuesday evening in Assembly Hall, which was crowded to the doors, as this most popular affair of commencement week always attracts throngs of visitors. The hall was artistically decorated with class colors and potted plants. At the sweet strains of the processional march, played by Miss Lena Anderson and Luttie Nicholson, the long procession of white robed maidens entered the hall, followed by the principal and faculty and took their places upon the platform. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Rose of Yarmouth Mrs. O. D. Harris, Wolfville, N. S., who graduates in voice, sang most delightfully. "Bid Me Discourse." Mrs. Harris has a clear soprano voice of great sweetness, purity of tone and range of vocalization, and showed evidence of careful attention to detail. The young ladies chose, to represent the class an speakers were Miss Nettie Cohoon, Wolfville, N. S., youngest daughter of Dr. Atwood Cohoon, treasurer of the college. Her essay, Acadia Legends was well thought out and most interesting in matter, and was listened to with strict attention. Miss Eunice Haines, Freeport, N. S., in her piano solo, Scherzo in B flat minor, Chopin, showed delicacy of touch and great technical skill. The Story of a Vase, by Nellie Elderkin, Advocate, N. S., was unique in matter and style and most carefully written and well delivered.

Miss Lavinia Lewis of Hillsboro gave a piano solo, Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody, in a most finished style. Miss Lewis is considered the best pupil of Prof. Maxin, and a successful musical career is predicted for this accomplished young musician.

Miss Grace Burgess of Hansport gave a vocal solo, Recitative and Aria, in a sweet, clear, well-trained voice.

The last essay was by Mildred Welton, Kingston, N. S. "The Social Condition of France before the Revolution," and was a very thoughtful and clear exposition of the condition of political and civil affairs of that land.

After the presentation of diplomas, the prizes were awarded.

The first Payzant prize for English work was awarded to Marjorie Bates of Wolfville.

Second Payzant prize, for piano, Lavinia Lewis, Hillsboro, Miss Lavinia A. Lewis captured this prize also in her junior year.

French prize Payzant—Miss Emily K. Emerson, Dorchester.

St. Clair Paint prize, for general scholarship—Iva Grace Prisk, West Gore.

The Governor General's medal for English essay work—Nettie E. Cohoon, Wolfville.

Miss Carrie Small, the popular vice principal, delivered the closing address to the outgoing class on the subject of *The Larger Life*. Miss Small has read widely and given careful thought to ethical development and in this masterly address she traced the evolution of mind and character through the different schools of thought to the present.

Morality and religion may develop separately, but they have their union and higher fruitage in Christianity. The family, the state, the church and the school, have undergone a series of upheavals to attain their present positions. Morality does not reach perfection in any one form, at any one time, in every place, but it is an evolution from custom to law, from impulse to reason, from the external act to the inner nature of character. It grows from a practical good in one tribe or nation to its recognition for civilized man.

In the words of Miss Small to the class, she urged them to be sincere, yet courteous; cultivate good manners, the perfect flower of noble character. Be veracious in thought as well as in speech. We advance through culture to the ideal—Truth—unto Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

We are disappointed in not having the address for publication in full. It was well received and greatly appreciated and would repay careful reading.

The following programme was rendered in full. Mention should be made in addition to the splendid work of the graduates of the especially fine performance of M. Evelyn Starr upon the violin, rendering the *Adagio* and *Rondo* of Rode's 7th. Concerto.

Processional March

Schubert-Tausig

MISSSES LENA ANDERSON AND LUTTIE NICHOLSON

PRAYER.

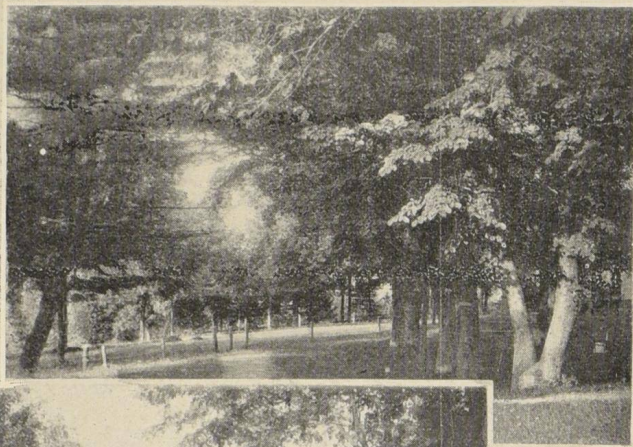
Vocal Solo—Bid Me Discourse

Bishop

Mrs. O. D. Harris, Wolfville N. S.

Essay Acadian Legends

Nettie Ernestine Cohoon, Wolfville, N. S.



VIEWS ON THE GROUNDS

- Pianoforte Solo—Scherzo in B. flat Minor *Chopin*
 Eunice Winifred Haines Freeport, N. S.
- Essay—The Story of a Vase
 Nellie Cleveland Elderkin, Advocate Harbor N. S.
- Violin Solo—Adagio et Rondo, 7th Concerto *Rode*
 Muriel Evelyn Starr, Wolfville, N. S.
- Pianoforte Solo—Twelfth Rhapsody *Liszt*
 Lavinia Adora Lewis, Hillsboro N. B.
- Essay—The Social condition of France before the Revolution
 Mildred Welton, Kingston, N. S.
- Vocal Solo—Recitative and Aria,
 "Ah! fors e lui" (La Traviata) *Verdi*
 Alena Grace Burgess, Hantsport, N. S.

Address

Miss Carrie E. Small A. M. Vice Principal
 of Acadia Seminary.
 Presentation of Diplomas.
 Award of Prizes.
 God Save The King.

After Miss Small's address Diplomas were presented to the following successful candidates.

COLLEGIATE COURSE

Louise Elizabeth Blair	Wolfville, N. S.
Grace Inez Bowes	Dorchester, N. B.
Edith Constance Burditt	Saint John N. B.
Nettie Ernestine Cohoon	Wolfville, N. S.
Ada Louise Cunningham	Guysboro, N. S.
Nellie Cleveland Elderkin	Advocate Harbor, N. S.
Emily Keillor Emmerson	Dorchester N. B.
Iva Grace Prisk	West Gore, N. S.
Elsie Janet Rogers	Springhill, N. S.
Effie Mary Sipprell	Saint John, N. B.
Hortense Violet Bessie Spurr	Melvorn Square, N. S.

SOPHOMORE MATRICULATION COURSE.

Marguerite Iva Gray	Cambellton N. B.
Pearl Evangeline Morse	Lawrencetown N. S.
Mildred Welton	Kingston, N. S.

PIANOFORTE COURSES.

Ada Louise Cunningham (1)	Guysboro N. S.
Eunice Winifred Haines (2)	Freeport N. S.
Alice Maud Jones (1)	River Glade, N. B.
Lavinia Adora Lewis (3)	Hillsboro N. B.
Minnie Eurema McElmon (2)	Oxford N. S.
Ruth Gladys O'Brien (4)	Hebron, N. S.

ELOCUTION COURSE.

Treva Marsters Mitchell	Wolfville, N. S.
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DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSE.

Julia Alberta McIntyre	Springfield, N. B.
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- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Teacher's Course for Diploma | 2. Artist's Course for Certificate |
| 3. Artist's Course for Diploma | 4. Teacher's Course for Certificate |

In addition, certificates for the completion of the course in Stenography and typewriting were awarded to

Gussie Anderson	Sackville N. B.
Elsie Armstrong	St. Andrews N. B.
Ethel Blenkhorn	Maccan, N. S.

In Stenography alone

Sadie McPherson	N. E. Margaree, C. B.
Flora Flemming	Truro N. S.
Ruth Crosby	Pownal P. E. I.

To Mrs. O. D. Harris, Wolfville N. S., and A. Grace Burgess, Hantsport N. S. were awarded certificates of Proficiency in vocal music, to Hortense Spurr Melvern Sq., Margaret Green, Hantsport, and Gladys Harris Wolfville, were awarded certificates in recognition of work done in the Pianoforte Teacher's Course; to Muriel Kierstead St. Stephen N. B. and to Annie Eaton, Granville Centre, certificates recognizing work done in the collegiate and Sophomore Matriculation Courses respectively.

After the presentation of the prizes as above announced the Principal announced that the Class of 1896 who had been holding a reunion during the anniversary week had given the sum of Fifty Dollars to the Seminary in memory of Constance Hill Eagar, a class mate deceased. This gift was acknowledged by Mr. DeWolfe who stated that it would be employed in the improvement of the apparatus in the Physical Laboratory. It is a timely gift and will be greatly appreci-

ated. Among the members of the class present in Wolfville were:—

Mrs. C. W. Rose (Lizzie B. Banks,) Yarmouth N. S.

Flora B. Patriquin Wolfville N. S.

Alice K. Chipman Kentville N. S.

Bessie N. Jost Guysboro N. S.

Grace H. Patriquin, (Mrs.Emmerson Bigelow) Canning.

Amelia E. King (Mrs. W. H. Grant) Bridgewater N. S.

In this connection it is a pleasure to note the presence of so many of the Alumnae and former students at the Anniversary. Fully fifty occupied the seats reserved for them on closing night. This is as it should be. We depend upon the Alumnae and are assured of their support.



Art Exhibition, June 6.

The walls of Alumnae Hall were hung with burlap forming a harmonious background for the exhibit. A wide range of work, much of it excellent in quality, indicated large interest on the part of art students.

The Academic side of studio work was well represented while broad general artistic training was shown in life sketches, composition and design stenciling, block cutting, textile printing and leather tooling.

The cast drawing was strong. Work by Miss Emma Murray, Wolfville, deserves special mention. It was characterized by strength, straightforward treatment and good feeling. Artistic appreciation was shown in the work of Mrs. Mersereau, Wolfville. Elementary cast drawings by Miss Kaye, New York, Miss Blair, Wolfville, Miss Nassan, St. John and Miss Colpitts merit mention.

The paintings from still-life and nature in water colors were characterized by purity of coloring and directness of handling. They were more than usually attractive. Again Miss Murray's work leads, but charming studies were shown also by Miss Pearl Price, Sussex, N. B., Mrs. Beals, Canard, N.S. and Miss Nellie Illesley, Berwick.

The class in China painting had evidently worked with enthusiasm, the display of dainty and artistic pieces being the largest in the history of the school. The decoration was for the most part conventional in style, though some naturalistic monts were shown.

Of the single pieces most admired were a toast cup (grape decoration in purple and gold) by Miss Pride, Boston, a salad bowl in brown and gold by Miss Harding, Middleton ; a platter (peacock motif) by Lynds, Hopewell Cape, N. B.; a jardiniere (jonquils) by Miss Dexter, Wolfville ; a cracker jar by Miss Sproule, Digby ; a nasturtium jardiniere by Mrs. Wheaton, Wolfville ; a marmalade jar and plate in red and gold by Miss Elsie Dimmock, Windsor.

Some of the most attractive collections were tea sets in orange brown and gold by Miss Bool, Truro, and Miss Sproule, a tea set in blue, green and gold from lotus motif, by Miss Iredale, England; one in pink roses (enamel) by Mrs. Wheaton, also one in dresden roses by Miss Dexter ; and cups and saucers in green and grey (wild carrot) by Miss Sterling, Kentville.

Excellent work in design had evidently been done throughout the year and in this branch Miss Price is easily first. Designs for tiles, pottery, book cover, wall paper and rugs were among things exhibited. Practical application of the work was shown to advantage in the various textiles hand-printed from original designs by block and stencil. The method of work is extremely interesting being that used by primitive peoples and only recently becoming a factor in the art school training.

Another delightful phase of work was shown in the coloring of charcoal sketches from nature after Japanese color schemes. Two cut sketches taken from "The Hill" by Miss Price and Miss Murray were especially pleasing in tone and texture.

There was a good exhibit of tooled leather, the work of Miss Gertrude Chute, Berwick, deserving special mention.





IN THE SEMINARY ART STUDIO

Legend of the Class of '06.

Closing week had arrived in all its glory of apple blossoms, sunshine and visitors. The second eventful day was drawing to a close and the crowds were wending their way to College Hall to enjoy the Academy Closing. From the Seminary the fair damsels with stately step and solemn mien had joined the throng. In fact all Wolfville was there with a single exception,—the Seminary Seniors.

These were gathered together in Alumnae Hall; it was a 'last meeting' at which they were writing a Letter of Condolence to Acadia Seminary as a Slight Compensation for the loss of Her most Illustrious Class '06.

The Academy Closing proceeded as it is wont to proceed. A careful observer might have noticed the heads of the Seminary, casting wary glances door-ward at each movement; but otherwise all proceeded in due order. After 'twas over the Principal hurried to the Seminary to learn that the Seniors had been "detained by a business meeting of unusual length and importance."

But concerning what really took place in these two hours, who can say? The business was nearly over, the Class President had written the letter and reading, reached,—“We the undersigned do hereby—” when a sudden giddy feeling descended on each worthy Senior. In fact their brains seemed to be acting as balloons whirling Seniors, Chapel, and as far as they could judge, the entire Seminary upward through space. It was a weird and awesome moment.

Then with a gently undulating motion the edifice appeared to take root and the victims breathed again. Silence reigned; the tongues of the mighty Seniors seemed to cleave to the roof of their mouths and their brains were stunned. But with a calmness which does honor to the Seminary, they recovered from the shock. Miss Sp-u-r was the first to break the silence, “G—girls, this is a dispensation of Providence and I think we ought to be—” “Oh, murmured Miss Cu—gh,—“I must get back to Wolfville somehow or other, no matter *what* happens, to get *one* of my diplomas anyway tomorrow night.” At this the Pierian President revived, mounted a chair, called for “Order Please” and in

stentorian tones declared,—“Girls, we *are* in a terrible position, but we must make the best of things. You know Miss Sm—l has always told us she wished the Seniors to be calm and ready for the emergencies of life. This is an emergency and we must somehow or other get back to Wolfville before tomorrow night. Let us each one do all in our power. If our principal were here he would say ‘a word to the wise is sufficient’, and in this case I am sure it will be.”

Miss McIn—yre: “Well, if we are going anywhere, we’d better be quick about it. It will soon be breakfast time. Where are we anyhow?”

Pres. Pierian: “Let us appoint committees to see where we are and what has happened to us. Will the chairman of the executive committee appoint two committees of three. Miss B—w—s: “Madame President”!

Pres. Pierian: Miss B—w—s?”

Miss B—w—s: “I beg to submit the following nominations for exterior explorations, I appoint Miss McIn—yre. Miss L—w—sand Miss Spu—r; for interior research Miss Sipp—l, Miss H—n— and Miss O’—en.”

Pres. Pierian: “Though this takes time we must be business like Are there any objections to these nominations? If not they stand approved. Will the parties please start at once?” Exit committees.

Class President: “If there were only some way of letting the people in Wolfville know where we were they could postpone the exercises and order fresh flowers for us and everything would be all right” Miss R-g- -s: “Couldn’t we arrange some sort of a wireless connection——”

Pres. Pierian: “Oh, that’s a fine idea, will the chairman of——”

Miss Pr- -k: “I don’t think we could unless the battery and dynamo were——” Enter Interior explorers.

Miss Sipp- -l (with a huge pile of musical manuscript under one arm, a megaphone under the other): “The Seminary is all right. Nothing has been disturbed inside at all. Everyone else has deserted though, even Percy——”

Miss O’- -en (with a huge box of chocolates): “Oh say girls! Here’s this box of chocolates I ordered. I’m so glad they sent them right up. Everybody have some——”

President Pierian sternly: “Order! At Once.” Miss H- -n- -

(with class bank in her hand) : "I guess——"

Enter Exterior Explorers.

Miss McIn-yre : "We seem to be on an Island floating around in a sea somewhere and there's a monst'r of a whale floating around there too and——"

Miss Morse : "Couldn't we make that whale take us back to Wolfville?"

Class Pres. and Chorus : "That's it. How can we?"

Miss B-rd- -t : "I think if we would attract his attention somehow, we could make signs so he would understand and——"

Miss McI- -ry : "Oh ! I know. Let's get D-ll to play. She'll be a siren but how on earth can we get that piano out doors?"

Miss W- -ton : "If our wills were only strong enough we would will this piano out on the beach——"

Prerian President:—"That's it! Miss B-w-s will you appoint a "Willing Committee? Miss B-w-s: "Madam President I appoint Miss W-ton, Miss Sipp——l and Miss Spu'r. The "Willing Committee" open the end doors, seat themselves in a row and gaze fixedly at the Grand. One minute! two! th— the piano moves! "Oh mercy" wails Miss O'———en I feel as if we were all ghosts and things—"Order please," in spectral tones from Class President. Slowly the piano glides over the platform, sails off in a graceful curve and is majestically willed out the doors, while these who are achieving this marvellous result follow with noiseless step and rapt gaze, Miss B-w-s following with the lunch. Soon the piano was established on the beach and Miss L-w-s began to play. All eyes were fixed upon the monster. No movement; but presently the water ripples on the shore, the monster turns his head and gazes, all spell-bound. Slowly he moves toward the island and when within twenty feet pauses and listens. The Seniors look each on the other. Miss E-t—n: "Do you suppose he could understand any language?"

Miss Cu——gh—— "I've read something somewhere or other of a Grecian gladiator who was impersonated in a whale and——"

Miss B—rd——t: "Couldn't Miss Gr—y try Greek on him?"

Chorus "That's it! That's it!

Miss Gr—y steps forward and quoth she : *Agathe sunerge epiotes.* the whale's whole body took an animated expression. He gave his tail an emphatic flourish and roared back *O kate gune!* and Miss

Gr—y and the whale conversed at length. Then she reported to the Seniors the joyful news, the whale sending one of his kindred on ahead with a message to the D. A. Ry., to carry the girls and their most cherished belongings to Yarmouth where a special train would be ready for them and by furious travelling they would reach Wolfville in time for the Closing Exercises. The girls at once flew to their rooms to collect their dresses, etc. Miss Lewis still played on and Miss Em—er——n reclining under a tree called to Miss Ki——t——d “I’ll just sit here and be calm in case the whale or sea should get excited; just bring down my things please.”

Soon all were collected and the obliging whale placing his tail upon a rock to serve in the capacity of gang-plank, received the load upon his back.

The girls were settled between suit cases and hat boxes, when Miss J-ne- arrived with a basket of crackers and a bottle of Worcester-shire sauce, “in case we need a lunch on the way.” Miss B-w-s comes down to the beach but suddenly remembering her History of Art notes and not wishing to lose her winter’s work rushes back after that. Again all are settled when Mis Em-er- -on exclaims, “Oh I must get that letter to mail to father from Yarmouth.” Then the Pierian President much out of breath, arrives, exclaims, “Just get that whale to move off a few feet till I get a snap-shot of our crowd. It will be so nice to have. Miss Gr-y communicated this desire to the whale who with charming good nature complies.

At last all are settled and the journey progresses smoothly. Naturally the Seniors feel proud of their resourcefulness and fall to pitying the poor town Seniors who were unable to share this crucial test with them, when Miss Ki- - -st- -d exclaims, “Oh Dear me! We are going right around in a circle!” and so it proved. They were again close by the island and seminary. Then the whale spoke this time in English pure and true, “Yes you need take no flying journey noble Seniors. You have won your rights to graduation wreaths and laurels and you shall have them enter yonder walls and the same minds shall, waft you back again to Acadia. ’Twas a breeze of Chance that blew you to this Isle of Events in the Sea of Destiny. I am the Prince of the tribe of Present Opportunities. You have used me boldly and well and have achieved your own salvation adieu!”

With thoughtful brows the Seniors entered the familiar walls and in a trice were back in Wolfville.

This is the secret each noble Senior of '06 has kept locked within her heart. And in view of this experience one can readily understand the air of self-control, energy and repressed triumph, which prevailed the class of '06.

J. '07.



Alumnae.

The annual business meeting of the Alumnae Association met on the afternoon of June 4th., President Mrs. H. G. Estabrook in the chair. Meeting opened by prayer. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. Reports of Treasurer and Executive Committee read and adopted. The treasurer's report showed a balance of \$76.00 on hand. It was voted that the funds of the Association accumulating during the year be paid into the Second Forward Movement fund. Arrangements regarding the form which the next Reunion should take were left in the hands of the Executive Committee.

The Sec'y was instructed to write letters of condolence on behalf of the Association to the families of Mrs. R. H. Phillips, (1863) Frederickton, and Mrs. Dr. Eager, (1896) Dartmouth—two valued members who have passed away during the past year.

Miss Small was introduced to the meeting, made an Honorary member of the Association, and gave an acceptable address to those present. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows :

President—Mrs. C. W. Rose, Yarmouth.
 1st Vice Pres.—Mrs. F. H. Beals, Canard.
 2nd Vice Pres.—Miss Annie Purdy, Springhill.
 Secretary—Mrs. Walter Mitchell, Wolfville.
 Treasurer—Miss Eva Andrews, Wolfville.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

(Chairman) Mrs. H. T. DeWolfe, Wolfville.
 Mrs. E. H. Johnson, Wolfville.
 Mrs. Ralph Eaton, Kentville.
 Mrs. I. W. Porter, Wolfville.

Mrs. R. W. Ford, Wolfville.
Mrs. C. M. Vaughn, Wolfville.
Miss M. Chipman, Wolfville.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

Miss M. Wortman, Wolfville.
Miss M. Jones, Wolfville.
Miss Belle Patriquin, Canning.



Academy Department.

EDITORS :—J. W. DEBOW, F. A. TABOR, T. S. ROY.

Survey of the Year.

Now that the school year of 1905-06 is closed, we one and all look back over the past happy days and linger fondly upon the experiences, which, woven together, have made for most of us one of the happiest years of our lives.

The life in the Academy has been of a better quality this year than ever before. The different societies have been well patronized, and athletics brought to a standard never before attained by the school. More important than all this, however, is the fact that with this growth along these lines, studies have not been neglected ; but on the contrary the work has been diligently followed by the majority of the students and the results show a marked improvement in this line as well as elsewhere.



Athletics.

In making a review of our sports during the past year the thoughts of many of us go back to the first day we met upon the campus to have our first football practice. That practice was a curious exhibition of football, if such it may be termed ; but from the way in which our coaches, Messrs Howe and Denton went to work with us, it is evident that they saw, beneath the array of many color-



F. A. Tabor



ACADEMY EDITORS—1906
J. W. DeBow



T. S. Roy
Photo by M. B. Harris, Wolfville.

ed sweaters, material which with proper training could be made into players worthy of Horton Academy ; and we feel proud that we have shown by the results of the team's work that opinion was not mistaken. After several weeks of hard and careful training the team under Capt Chipman was chosen and began work in real earnest in preparation for our first game.

The first game was with Windsor and played on their grounds. This ended in a hard fought victory for us and showed wherein we were weak. After this we got down to real hard work again which continued until the day before leaving for Halifax to play the Dalhousie 2nd team. We were not expecting anything easy when we should meet the Dalhousie boys and we were not at all disappointed in our expectations as we were forced to return and tell our friends, why we did not win and the many things we should have done but did not. However we had nothing to feel ashamed of in our defeat which was 3-0 and it was with feelings of appreciation of the manly way in which the Dalhousie boys used us and a determination to win the return match, that we left Halifax after our first and last defeat.

The return game with Windsor resulted in a very easy victory for our team, score 14-0 ; and it was with feelings of hopefulness that the boys lined up against Dalhousie to play the final and important game. From the first sound of the referee's whistle till the end of the game, it was a battle royal, but ended in a glorious victory for our team, score 3-0. This was the last game of the year and the season closed with a record for our school, never before equalled on the football field. It is very much to be regretted that the Freshmen for some unknown reason, would not play the annual game which is always one of the important events in the Academy football season. Much credit for our success is due to Messrs Denton and Howe who worked untiringly with the team, and we feel sure that without their valuable assistance we would not have been able to put nearly so strong a combination on the field. Captain Chipman filled his responsible position in a most satisfactory manner and made a worthy captain of the best football team Horton Academy has ever possessed. The captain for next year is Chas. W. Allen.

In hockey we have done equally as well as in football, our team winning the interclass league without a defeat. Captain Skinner guided the team through the season in a way which won for him much

admiration from all and it is hoped that next year as good a captain may be found to take his place. Two games with the Windsor Collegiate team, the first played in our own rink and the 2nd in Windsor resulted in victories for the Academy, scores 13-9 and 8-5. The inter-class league games were all victories for our team, the first being with '07, ending in a score 10-0, second with '08 ending 6-4 and the third with '09, score 6-3.

Our Basket Ball team under the able management of Capt. F. Tabor did things of which no one dreamed at the beginning of the year. With three of the players it was their first season, and while we did not win a high place in the league which was brought on somewhat earlier than we expected, and caught us in rather poor condition, still we have the satisfaction of knowing that the opinion at the close of the season was that we possessed a splendid team. The game with the Seniors was the most stirring one of the series and reflected much credit upon our team's work. We won from the Freshmen in a poorly contested game ; but were defeated in our first two, by the Juniors and Sophomores.

The Base-ball team under Capt. Balcom have played eleven games, and only two of these resulted in defeats for our team. This shows that the Academy is still able to put forth a strong combination on the diamond and that P. Balcom is doing his duty as captain ; in fact we cannot imagine "Paul" doing otherwise after the brilliant way in which he led last season's team through its successful career, and we all appreciate the splendid work he has done with this year's nine. It is to be regretted that the inter-class league did not materialize this year, but it was no fault of the Academy that such is the case. A series of three games was played between the College team and Academy, two of which resulted in victories for the Academy.

Y. M. C. A.

The past year has been a very successful one in our Y. M. C. A. work. On coming to Horton Academy last fall, we were warmly welcomed by the Association, and all through the year we have been greatly strengthened and blessed by the meetings. Especially helpful have we found the morning prayer meetings in the different rooms, where a few of us gathered together at the beginning of the day's

work, to ask for strength and guidance from Him who is always ready to help. As we separate at the close of this year may we feel that we have not only been blessed ourselves, but that we have been a blessing to others, and may we return next year stronger, and with a determination to carry on His work here with greater zeal. We regret that the mission study class was not re-organized this term; yet we have done a little in the missionary cause in the raising of some thirty-five dollars for the building of a native school in India. At a meeting held some time ago it was decided to collect subscriptions for the Japanese Famine Fund; and in a short time nearly \$14,00 was raised for the purpose. The officers elected for next year are:—Pres. Thos. S. Roy; Vice-Pres. Charles Britten; Sec'y. Edwin K. Barss.

Lyceum.

The last meeting of the Lyceum society was held May 11. We are sure that all the students have enjoyed the meetings of this society during the past year. It has certainly been one of the chief factors in making this year a profitable one to us. The debates, mock trials, mock parliament and mixed entertainments have all been well carried out, and we compliment the entertainment committee on the result of their efforts. We trust that those who return next year will strive to bring the meetings up to the high standard they should attain. The editors of the Academy Department of the ATHENÆUM elected for the ensuing year are Thomas S. Roy and Bernard F. Trotter.



Academy Cloisng

The evening of Monday June 4th., that evening so anxiously awaited by we Academy students and alas, by some so fearfully, proved fine and clear, a perfect sample of a beautiful Acadian evening. The crowd began arriving at College hall long before the time for the commencement of the exercises, and by seven thirty o'cl ck, the hour for opening, the hall was crowded with an expectant audience of relatives, friends and interested parties of the Academy boys.

The faculty and students marched into the hall to the strains of a march skillfully rendered by Miss Spurr and Miss Jones. The

Seniors headed by C. R. Chipman, president of the school and J. W. DeBrow president of class followed the faculty. After the Seniors came the Middle class followed by the Junior and Business classes. The exercises opened by a brief address by Principal Sawyer, who has piloted the school so successfully through the past year ; and by his untiring efforts expended for our own good, and by his own personal characteristics won our highest respect and esteem. An essay on volcanoes was the next on the programme and rendered with a decided display of ability by J. A. Green '06 of P. E. I.

The next number on the programme was a new feature in the Academy closing, namely a class prophecy. This is the first time a prophecy has been given by a matriculating class of this Academy ; but F. A. Tabor proved himself equal to the occasion, his prophecy being, as the speaker of the evening, Mr. McLean afterward said worthy of any college Senior. We regret the fact that space will not permit the giving of it here.

A piano solo by Miss Ruth O'Brien was thoroughly enjoyed by all, Miss O'Brien rendering it in a beautiful manner. After this came the valedictory rendered in a very scholarly way by John W. DeBow, president of the Senior class. This elicited much hearty and worthy, applause. Nothing need be said of the solo given by Miss Burgess. Those who have heard her know that she never fails to please her audience and this solo was no exception to the common rule, in fact it more than pleased.

The most important feature of the evening was an address given by Rev. Mr. McLean of Truro. He took for his subject "What is Life?" He very clearly pointed out, that true life is not merely a mad search for wealth or fame, but a series of acts of submission and service.

After the address the following diplomas and certificates were awarded :

In the collegiate course :—J. A. Green, P. E. I. ; Fred E. Mallory Jacksonville, N. B. ; C. F. King, Wolfville, N. S. ; Lewis Morton, Wolfville, N. S. ; F. A. Tabor, Fredericton, N. B. ; C. R. Chipman, Tupperville, N. S. ; John W. DeBow, Forest Glen, N. B. ; John J. Keswick, Moncton, N. B. ; Tilley Wetmore, St. John, N. B. ; W. H. Skinner, Calgary, Alb. ; Paul Balcom, Aylsford, N. S.

In the business course :—Clarence Colburn, Oxford, N. S. ; F. E.

Lewis, Canning, N. S. ; G. Foster, White Rock, N. S. ; Elsie Armstrong, St. Stephen, N. B. ; Gussie Anderson: Digby. N. S.

Diplomas for Manual Training were awarded to P. P. Balcom and C. R. Chipman. Beside these, several certificates were granted for work done in Book-keeping, Type-writing and Stenography.



Valedictory.

As another year in the history of Horton Academy closes, it brings with it the day when the graduating class must step out and, leaving behind the old scenes which have grown very dear to us, enter on new activities of life.

As we say good-bye to Horton Academy we feel that we have been under the influence of a school which is steadily and rapidly making its way to that high position which we believe it is destined to hold. This is largely due to the quality of the teaching staff, which is composed of teachers of high order. They have the interest of each student at heart, and so naturally no room is left for carelessness ; indeed extreme carefulness marks each teacher's work. Nor is it in the classroom alone that we are educated. In a school the government of which is marked by so much wisdom, so much kindness, and so much firmness, naturally there exists a discipline which every wise thinking person who is interested in the school, should be proud of. Certainly our institution has rules ; where would it be without them ? But while these rules may be strict they are not severe, and there is not a clause in them that any proper thinking young man could not, and should not conform to. It is not merely the wishes of the students that the Faculty must regard in governing the school ; they must consider the wishes of kind and thoughtful parents who send their boys here ; and thus it is that boys are often denied certain indulgences, because it is the wish not only of the Faculty, but of the parents as well.

The social life of the school is educative in a true sense of the word. The various social gatherings give a training which is not easily surpassed ; in fact when a young man enters Horton Academy,

he places himself in a school, which by its thoroughness in work, firm discipline, and social education, admirably qualifies him for the various activities of life.

We do not say good bye to the people of Wolfville, but we wish to thank them for the hospitality they have so often shown us. The loss of our own home comforts have on a great many pleasant occasions been largely compensated by the kindness shown to us by our friends in Wolfville, and we shall always look back on these times as among the most pleasant of our Academic course.

To you gentlemen of the Faculty we say farewell. We feel that we can never repay you for the untiring way in which you have instructed us, and for the part you have had in strengthening our characters. We wish also to thank you for the support you have given the captains of the various athletic teams; for to you largely is due the success which the teams have had. We are glad that you recognize that a man is truly educated only when he is developed in all his powers, body as well as mind and soul, and that your conception of education is such that you enter cheerfully into whatever tends to the all around development of your pupils.

And now we say goodbye to you our fellow students. In leaving you we only mount one step higher, to go forth into the "Glorious realm of the Freshman world" and while some of us would fain agree with him who said, "Better endure the evils that we have, than fly to others that we know not of," still we begin to realize

"That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Where to we climbers upward turn our face,
But once we have attained the topmost round,
May we ne'er turn our back upon the ladder
Look into the clouds, and scorn as base
The way by which we did ascend."

The days that we have spent with you have been pleasant ones. We have shared victory and defeat, rejoicing alike at both; at victory because it is natural, at defeat because it has been so rare with us. The Academy record in sports for the past year has been second to none of its kind in the Maritime Provinces, and we trust that with the exception of the defeats it may meet with next year at the hands of the Freshmen, it shall ever hold the position it has attained.



ACADEMY HOCKEY TEAM—1906
(Winners of the Inter-class Hockey League)

Photo by Robson Studio.

To you who will be Seniors next year we leave a legacy that was not left to us. Through the kindness of the faculty we have been granted senior privileges, these will be yours if you prove yourself worthy of them. In granting you these privileges, the Faculty place trust in you that you will not abuse them; keep this trust, and your last year in the Academy cannot fail to be profitable and enjoyable. Your conformity to the rules will in a large degree determine the conduct of the rest of the school, therefore with you as Seniors will rest the upholding of the Academy.

And now class-mates to each other we need not say good-bye. 'Tis true our Academy days are over with the good times they have brought to us. 'Tis true we shall never again be disturbed at class-meetings by troublesome middlers, but now that these things are past, let each one set his eyes towards the future and the possibilities it has for us, with the determination resolutely to meet whatever demands the varied activities of life may make upon us. And let all of us whether we return to Acadia or not ever be true to the principles we have had instilled into us, and no difference what position in life we may fill, may we ever reflect credit upon Horton Collegiate Academy.

J. W. DeBow.



Intercollegiate Track Meet.

THE fourth annual intercollegiate field and track meet took place on Friday June 1 on the Moncton Athletic grounds before a large and enthusiastic crowd. From the start the fight for first place was felt to lie between Acadia and Mount Allison, since U. N. B. was unfortunate enough to lose two of her best men almost at the last minute. Every event was keenly contested but it became quite evident during the early course of the meet that Acadia would win barring accidents. This she finally did with 5 firsts, 5 seconds, and 2 thirds, a total of 42 points. Mt. Allison took second place with 29 points while U. N. B. came last with 19 points. As Acadia's score continued to mount up, the enthusiasm of her supporters increased and their joy was unbounded when the winning of first place in the hurdles and in the pole vault put the result no longer in doubt. Every Acadia

man has reason to feel proud of the team which gained for us this glorious victory and brought back again the intercollegiate trophy.

Three intercollegiate records were broken. Black of Mt. Allison lowered Howe's old record of 23 3-5 sec. for the 220 yard dash to 23 1-5 sec. Atkinson of Mt. Allison lowered the record for a mile from 4 min. 57 sec. to 4 min. 56 sec. Howe lowered Marr's record of 18 1-5 sec. for the 120 yard hurdles to 16 3-5 sec. thereby breaking the Maritime Record. He also equalled Black's record of 10 2-5 sec. in the 100 yard dash. Lewis did very pretty work in the pole vault giving an exhibition vault of 9 ft. 9 in. Had not the rain interfered there is little doubt but that he would have beaten Marr's intercollegiate record of 9ft. 10 in. For the fourth time Howe made the highest individual score winning a total of 19 points. Black of Mt. Allison was second with 13 points and Webster was third with 8 points.

Acadia's team was as follows:— Webster '06, (Captain) Weights and Hurdles. Howe '06, Sprints Runs, Jumps and Hurdles. Lewis '06, Sprints and Pole, Vault Bower '06, Jumps, Eaton '07, High Jump and Pole Vault, Bagnall '08, Quarter Mile and Mile, Jost '08, Mile, Fitch '08 Weights, DeWitt '09 Sprints and Hurdles.

The finals of the 100 was particularly exciting. Howe got the lead from the start and kept it to the end beating out Black by a couple of yards. Howe was however obliged to give first place to Black in the 220. Howe was also unfortunate in the broad, but his star work in the hurdles evoked great applause. Acadia's men took all three places in the high jump, in fact they were just beginning to jump when the other contestants were compelled to drop out. The jumping of Acadia's men in this event and Lewis' vaulting were greatly admired by the spectators. Below is a summary of the Meet:—

FIRST HEAT 100 YARDS.

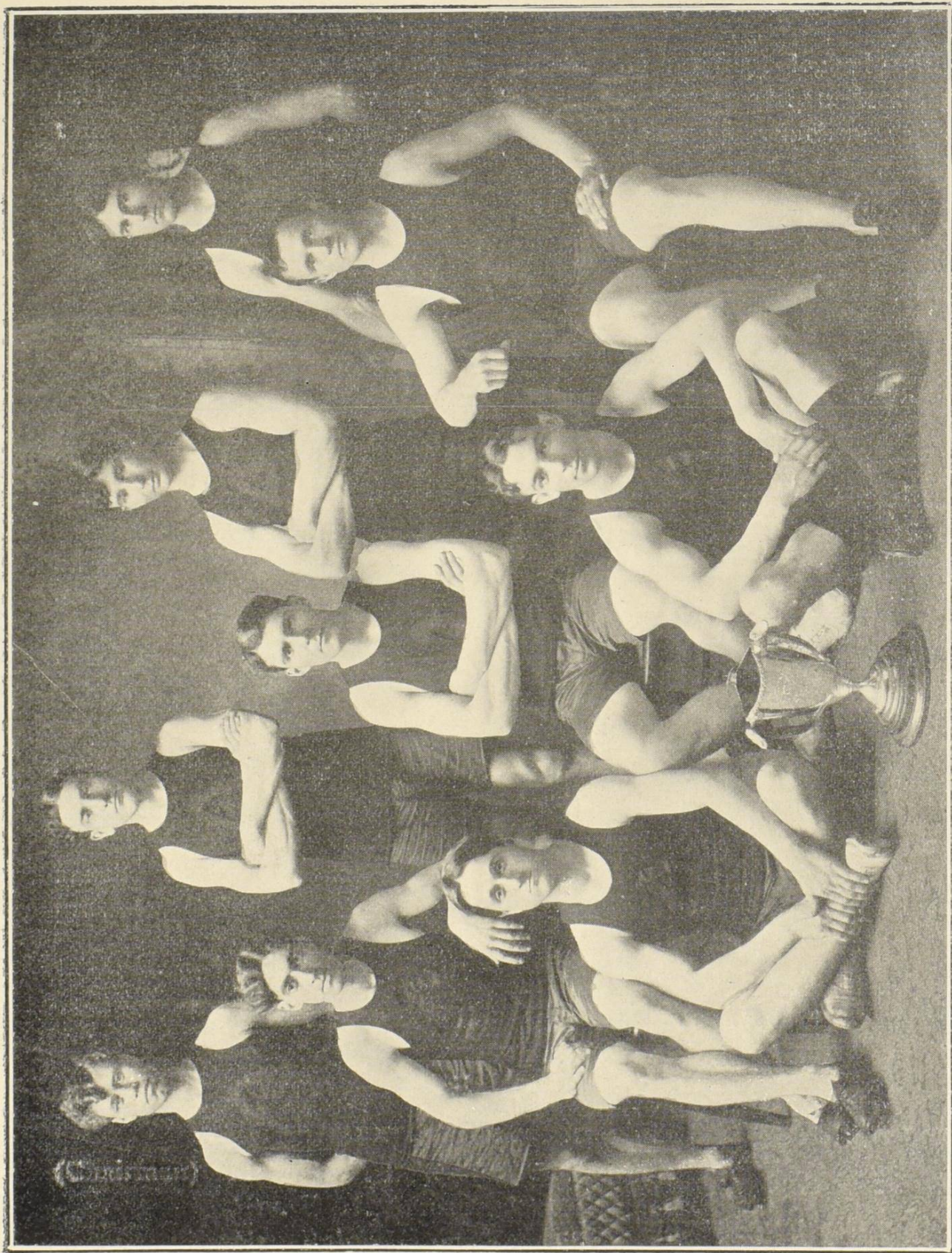
First—McBeth, U. N. B. *Second*—Howe, Acadia. *Third*—Lewis, Acadia. *Time*—10 3-5 sec.

SECOND HEAT.

First—Black, Mt. A. *Second*—Dever U. N. B. *Third*—DeWitt Acadia. *Time*—10 3-5 sec.

HIGH JUMP

First—Howe, Bower and Eaton of Acadia (tie) *Height*—5ft 3in.



ACADIA TRACK TEAM—1906
(Winners of the Intercollegiate Trophy)

Photo by Robson Studio

FINAL 100 YARDS.

First—Howe, Acadia *Second*—Black, Mt. A. *Third*—McBeth, U. N. B. *Time*, 10 2-5 sec.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

First—Baird, U. N. B. *Second*—Howe, Acadia *Third*—McBeth, U. N. B. *Distance*—20 ft. 8½ in.

220 YARDS.

First—Black Mt. A. *Second*—Howe, Acadia, *Third*—McBeth, U. N. B. *Time*, 23 1-5 sec.

HAMMER THROW.

First—Sutherland Mt. A. *Second*—Webster, Acadia *Third*—Steeves Mt. A. *Distance*, 96 ft.

QUARTER MILE.

First—Black, Mt. A. *Second*—Bridges, U. N. B. *Third*—Doe, Mt. A. *Time*—54 3-5 sec.

SHOT PUT.

First—Webster, Acadia. *Second*—Fitch, Acadia. *Third*—Baird, U. N. B. *Distance*—33 ft. 7½ in.

HURDLES—FIRST HEAT.

First—Wood, U. N. B. *Second*—Howe, Acadia. *Third*—DeWitt, Acadia. *Time*—17 sec.

SECOND HEAT.

First—McBeth, U. N. B. *Second*—Baird, U. N. B. *Third*—Doe, Mt. A. *Time*—18 2-5 sec.

POLE VAULT.

First—Lewis, Acadia. *Second*—Clindinning, Mt. A. *Third*—Patterson, Mt. A. *Height*—9 ft. 7 in.

FINAL HURDLES.

First—Howe, Acadia. *Second*—Wood, U. N. B. *Third*—Baird, U. N. B. *Time*—16 3-5 sec.

MILE RUN.

First—Atkinson, Mt. A. *Second*—Rutledge, U. N. B. *Third*—Jost, Acadia. *Time* 4 min. 56 sec.

The success of our team must be largely attributed to Captain Webster who was untiring in his efforts to secure the proper training of our men. Acadia will sustain a heavy loss when he leaves this year. We have every confidence however that next year's team will also have a good captain, and that Acadia will continue to be as ready to enter the field sports each year as she has been in the past whether her chances of winning are good or bad.

R. D. Colpitts, '06



Missionary Department of Y. M. C. A.

The Missionary Committee while not entirely satisfied with the work of the past year, feel very grateful for what has been accomplished in the different departments under their charge. In Mission study the total enrollment was thirty—the largest in our history, and for the interest shown in the lessons from week to week much credit is due Mr. Mersereau teacher at the Academy, who conducted them.

The Missionary meetings—four in all—held in the Church were well attended, and the addresses given by those who so kindly consented to speak were of a very high order, the topics presented being Japan, Pioneer Missionaries, Grand Ligne and The British Empire.

Acadia has also shared largely this year in the privilege of Missionary giving. The Contributions toward the Glendenning Fund for the support of Mr. Glendenning in India were the largest given for many years, in spite of the fact that there was a heavy expense in sending the delegates to Nashville.

The Volunteer Band organized sixteen years ago is still in existence with a membership of six. From this band nearly every year some have gone out in response to the Master's call, and many have done noble service for Him. The outlook this year is very bright. The earnest addresses by the Nashville delegates, backed by the rousing addresses of Bro. LaFlamme have led a number to gain the broader view of life-service.

The following are the amounts received for the Glendenning Fund:—

Seniors	\$12.00,	Juniors	\$15.00,	Sophomores	\$36.00,	Freshmen	
	\$28.00,	Collections in the Church	\$15.08,	Former Graduates	\$1.50—		
Total	\$107.58.						

Fred A. Bower, '06.

College Elections for the Ensuing Year.

The Athletic Association has elected the following officers for the year 1906-07 :—

President, Victor E. Peppard, '07 ; Vice-President, C. R. Chipman, '10 ; Treasurer, Kelsey C. Denton, '08 ; Secretary, Frank L. Lewis, '09 ; First Football Captain, J. Arthur Estey, '07 ; Second Football Captain, William G. Kierstead, '08 ; Business Manager Football Team, William J. Wright, '07 ; Track Captain, Leslie G. Jost, '08 ; Hockey Captain, J. Arthur Estey, '07 ; Baseball Captain, William H. Hutchinson, '07 ; Basket-ball Captain, Frank H. Eaton, '07 ; Tennis Captain, Rufus L. Davison '07.

The officers elected for the Athenaeum Society are as follows :—

President, William L. Rand, '07 ; Vice-President, J. Melbourne Shortliffe, '08 ; Treasurer, George Haverstock, '09 ; Corresponding, Secretary, Fred S. Goucher, '09.

The following staff for "The Acadia Athenaeum" has been elected :—

Editor-in-chief, Clarence M. Harris, '07 ; Associate Editors, W. R. Barss, '07 ; J. Arthur Estey, '07 ; Miss Mildred W. Daniels, '08 ; W. Bernard Foster, '08 ; Edward G. Daniels, '09 ; Miss Pauline Patterson, '09 ; Business Manager, Malcolm R. Elliott, '08 ; Assistant Business Manager, Frank E. Dickie, '09.

The Y. M. C. A. has elected the following officers :—

President, Brice D. Knott, '07 ; Vice-President, John H. Geldart, '08 ; Corresponding Secretary, Miles F. McCutcheon, '09, Treasurer, Gordon H. Gower, '07.

The Y. W. C. A. has elected for its President Miss Ida M. Crandall, '07.

The College "A" has been awarded during the year 1905-06 to the following :—

In Football—Bagnall, '08, Fitch, '08, Geldart, '08, McMillan, '08, Freeze, '09, Lewis, '09, McKinnon, '09.

In Hockey—Bates, '08, Eaton, '08, Lewis, '08, Lewis, '09, Rising, '09.

In Field and Track Events—Frank H. Eaton, '07.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

W. G. McFarlane, \$1.00; Ryland Archibald, \$3.00; W. P. Copp, \$1.00; N. S. Nursery, \$6.00; Fisk Teacher's Agency, \$2.50; Waterbury & Rising, \$2.00; T. O. Calhoun, \$1.00; E. H. McCurdy, \$1.00; Rev. J. W. Brown, \$1.00; Miss Verna Sexton, \$1.00; E. L. Franklin, \$1.00; J. E. Heales & Co., \$2.50; H. B. Fitch, \$1.00; A. P. Goudey, \$1.00; J. E. Eaton, .90; Stanley McMillan, \$1.00; Miss Nora Bentley, \$1.00; W. C. Margeson, \$4.00; W. A. Chipman, \$2.00; Dr. R. V. Jones, \$1.00; Prof. Haycock, \$1.00; Rev. J. A. Huntley, \$2.00; O. T. Daniels, \$1.00; E. H. Cameron, \$5.00; E. Gordon Bill, \$1.00; Rev. S. S. Poole, \$1.00; W. J. Balcom, \$1.75; Rev. H. T. DeWolfe, \$1.00; Dr. J. F. Tufts, \$1.00; Rev. H. P. Whidden, \$2.00; Rev. A. A. Shaw, \$1.00; G. K. Haverstock, \$1.00; B. F. Foster, \$1.00; S. G. Weaver, \$1.00; Newton Theo. Sem., \$3.40; Dr. C. C. Jones, \$1.00; G. H. Magner, \$1.00; E. B. Shaw, \$1.00; K. C. Denton, \$1.00; R. H. Nicholson, \$3.00; Miss Edith Clarke, \$1.00; Judge Longley, \$4.00; Dr. Fred Beckwith, \$2.00; H. Lounsbury, \$1.00; Rev. A. F. Newcombe, \$1.00; Athenæum Society, \$8.00; Acadian, \$1.00; Albani Concert adv. etc., \$3.04; Miss Alice P. DeWolfe, \$1.00; R. D. Colpitts, \$1.00; W. H. Coleman, \$3.00; Senior Class, \$7.50; R. G. Trotter, \$60; Miss Laura Peck, \$1.00; Rochester Theo. Sem., \$2.80; R. S. Wilbur, \$1.00; Wm. Regan, \$2.50; E. Robinson, \$1.00; Hutchinson Express, \$1.75; E. A. Crawley, \$1.00; Miss Lalia Cogswell, \$1.00; C. J. Mersereau, \$1.00; Mrs. J. E. Fowler, \$1.00; F. L. Lewis, \$1.00; Wallace I. Hurchinson, \$1.00; Mrs. Hutchinson, \$1.10; J. E. Hamilton, \$1.00; Prof. Haley, \$1.00; Miss Mary V. Richards, \$1.00; Miss Florence Eaton, \$1.00; Miss Bertha Day, \$1.00; Miss Florence Johnson, \$1.00; Miss Grace Prisk, \$1.00; Miss Lena Anderson, \$1.00; Miss Lavinia Lewis, \$1.00; Miss Pearl Price, \$1.00; Miss Gertrude Kitchen, \$1.00; Junior Class, \$5.00; Wolfville Laundry, \$2.00; Simpson Bros., \$2.50; J. D. Spiddell, \$1.00; W. L. Rand, \$1.00; Acadia Seminary, \$7.50; Dr. G. E. DeWitt, \$1.00; F. Foshay, \$1.00; Propylæum Society, \$3.00; H. Spurr, \$1.10; H. K. Bowes, \$2.00; L. H. Putnam, \$1.00; H. C. Academy, \$8.85; F. D. Parker, \$1.00; W. K. Tilbert, \$1.00; C. W. Skinner, \$1.00; E. D. King, \$2.00; F. B. Eaton, \$1.00; Acadia Villa Hotel, 2.50; J. C. Bishop, 2.00; Dr. Manning, 1.00; Joseph Howe, 1.00; Miss M. I. Currie, \$1.00; Miss Celia Keirstead, \$1.00; D. H. Webster, \$1.00; D. C. McKinnon, 1.00; W. H. Coleman, \$1.00; A. A. A. \$10.00; Mabel E. Wickwire, \$1.00.

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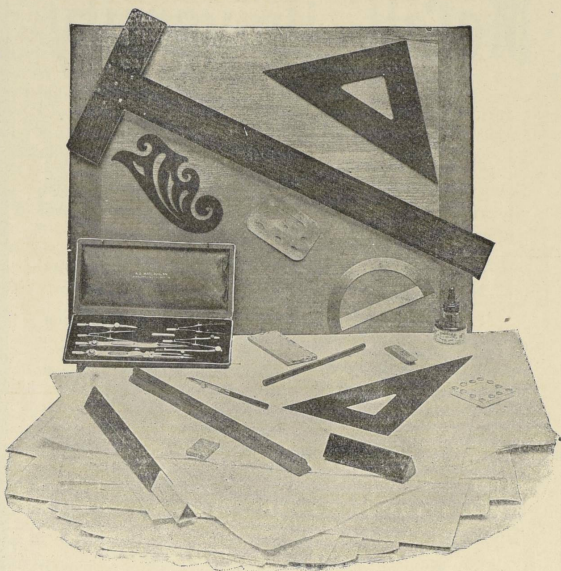
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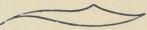
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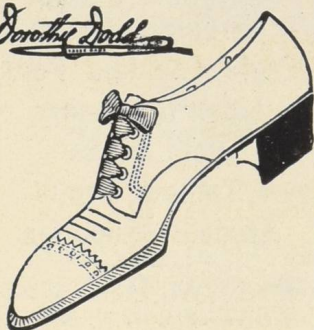
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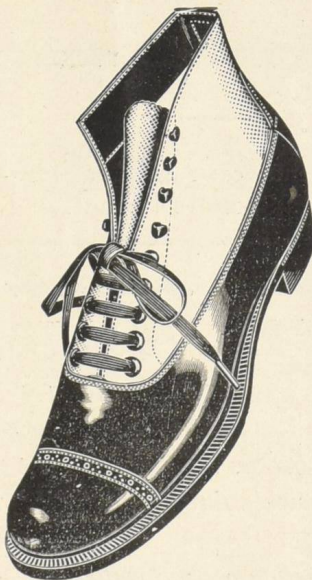
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