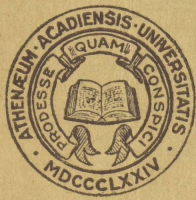


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VOLXXXV

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EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

*Graham-Bell*

# The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XXXV

JUNE, 1909

No. 8

## Of Beauty.



HE convoluted wave, God's first sea-shell,  
Upgathers now the deep's great harmonies  
From the far blue an Alp-like cloud doth well,  
Baring its azure peaks to the heavenlies,  
My spirit's outward bound, hath liberty!  
Earnest as rising flame its young love burns  
To catch the awesome gladness flowing free  
O'er earth and sky as Beauty's face upturns.

O naught is great without the effluence  
In curving billows culminating sweep  
In mountain height, the strength of grace is seen  
Essence divine, of God-like countenance,—  
Reposeful in the heart of things as sleep!  
Robed in the purple, sceptred, throned a queen.

*Theodore Harding Rand, '60.*

## Gipsies and Their Music.



CATTERED throughout Europe, America, Africa, and the remotest parts of Asia are the mysterious and interesting people known as Gipsies. Owing nowhere a foot of land, acknowledging no rulers, holding to no form of religion, they pitch their low black, tents beside the high-ways of every country, living a wild, strange life, as free as the birds of the air—the very children of nature. Too vain of their own sad race to mingle with others, betraying no memory of the past, expressing no hope for the future, they stand apart from all the world sharing neither its joys nor its sorrows. Ever living among others and yet ever strangers, they have preserved, unaltered for centuries, the same physiognomy, language, and customs, and neither persecution nor persuasion can turn them from their nomadic habits and questionable pursuits to accept the settled life of civilized nations. To many, their name is a synonym for vagabondage and picturesque outlawry, but the careful student of human-nature sees in the passionate love of freedom, the idealism of race and the genius manifested by this “enigmatical people,” much that is worthy of study and admiration.

Ethnology in its fascinating tracery of the ancestry and migrations of the different branches of the human family, has no subject of more interest than the dark-skinned Romany or Gipsy. For years their origin was wrapped in darkness, and they were in turn regarded as Egyptians, Persians and Hindus. With the latter, their language, physical appearance and customs appear to identify them completely. The name of Romany, which means wanderers from the Scuid or Indus, seems to prove conclusively that their early home was in India, “that cradle of many races.” But, among the many nomadic tribes inhabiting India at that time it is of course difficult to ascertain the exact one from which they may have sprung. Many scholars have worked on this problem

and a number of theories have been advanced, most of which agree in placing them in the lowest, or Soodra Caste, while all claim for them an admixture of higher castes, among whom were the "Nauts," or minstrels, and the Indo-Persian "Luri" or "musicians to the Poor."

Driven from their homes, probably by fear of the great Mongol invasions, their route has been traced through Persia, Asia Minor, Egypt, the Islands of the Levant, into Europe. But although ancient writers have mentioned a strange people, who undoubtedly were Gipsies as being present in the Balkan peninsula as early as the sixth century, and, in a paraphrase of Genesis made by a German monk in 1122, they are described under the name of Ishmaelites, we have no definite knowledge of their later movements until in 1417 a band of 300, headed by dukes and counts, all splendidly dressed and apparently very wealthy, appeared in Luneburg in Prussia. They called themselves "Secam" and claimed to be pilgrims condemned to wander fifty years in expiation of a penance imposed on them by their bishops of "Little Egypt." From this story they received the name of Gipsies and were long regarded as Egyptians; but, when Egypt became better known it was found that they were as much strangers there as in Europe and that precisely the same story had been told in every land, varied only to suit existing conditions. For seventeen years this first band roamed over Europe, evidently spying out "the land of promise," and so crafty and diplomatic were their leaders that, when in 1434, forty thousand Gipsies poured into the country, they were granted letters of safe-conduct and commendation from the Pope and the various rulers. At first, they were everywhere well received: the romance with which they surrounded themselves, their pretended pilgrimage and, above all, the pomp and wealth which they displayed secured their welcome from Italy to Norway. The Gipsy kings and dukes were granted full authority over the tribes and many favors were shown them. In a short time however the tide began to turn: they asked nothing from any nation, but they refused to do a stroke of work so, with the disappearance of their unexplained wealth, they were compelled to

revert once more to the "magic" and knavery which marked their race in the dawn of its history and which today make their name but a "badge of scorn." Popular favor once turned against them, the governments of Europe, with the reckless brutality characteristic of the Middle Ages, vied with each other in outlawing, banishing and slaying the "wicked Egyptians." Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary, in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, was the first to adopt any humane measures toward them. But, although she tried in many ways to improve their social conditions, her efforts, like those of later reformers in Europe and America, were, with rare exceptions, unavailing and they still continue to follow the miserable, nomadic ways of their ancestors. For centuries they have made their fires beside the streams, their walls have been the rocks, the pillared pines; their roof, the living sky that breathe with light." What wonder is it that the confined and settled ways of civilization seem to them as distasteful as the bars of a cage to some wild, strong-winged mountain eagle?

Widely scattered as are the different tribes of Gipsies, the only tie uniting them is a common language. "From the Nile to the Arctic Ocean, from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, they speak, with slight dialectic variations, one and the self-same speech," and though separated for centuries, the various bands are able to identify and communicate with each other by means of certain words and formulæ indelibly inscribed in the memory of the whole race. Their language, long regarded as a thieves' jargon, has proven to be of the greatest interest to philologists, who have discovered it to be closely connected with old Sanscrit and the seven New-Indian dialects. Originally the speech of a single Indian tribe it has, during the wanderings of the Gipsies, appropriated words from every country through which they have passed, so that their vocabulary reveals, positively and negatively, the route which they must have travelled in their long journey from the banks of the Indus to Europe. In spite of the admixture of foreign words, Hindu, Persian and Sanscrit constitute the main elements of the language; and the Gipsies, as if conscious of its great antiquity, exhibit a strange, fond pride in this, their only



heirloom. Romany, as it is called, is a beautiful, softly-flowing language which gives a sweeter sound to every foreign word adopted, and seems to echo in its music the songs of the birds, the rippling of the waters, and the murmuring of the forest.

Although the Gipsies have no written literature, no narrative of their past, their emotions and desires are expressed in many beautiful pathetic songs and their whole sad history is portrayed in their stories. Perhaps no other people are so rich in folk-lore for, in addition to that dealing only with their own race they have "alike in Wales and Turkey" a multitude of myths and legends which are indetical with those of the Greeks, Romans, and modern Europeans and which are undoubtedly the heritage of common ancestry being learned together, ages ago, around one common bygone hearth-stone.

In all countries, since our earliest records of them, the Gipsies have held to the same customs and followed the same pursuits. Everywhere the men are workers in metals, horse-dealers and musicians; and the women are peddlers, dancers or fortune-tellers. Centuries of practice have made them unexcelled in these "arts" but they have a remarkable aptness and versatility which enable them to perform successfully anything they may undertake. One of the most gifted as well as the most beautiful of all races they are rapidly dying out; they are indeed, as one writer has said, "the lost geniuses of the world."

It is commonly stated that they have no religion, that there are no words in their language for God, immortality or soul; but careful study has revealed traces of an ancient and peculiar form of pantheism, manifesting itself especially in their ideas of transmigration and in their dreary fatalism. Nominally, they follow the religion of the country they happen to be in, but George Borrow, who lived among them and knew their ways as did no other, says, their religion is belief in one another and distrust of every one else." George Eliot, in "the Spanish Gipsy" expresses the same idea in the words of Chief Zarca, "Our people's only faith is faithfulness; not the rote-learned belief that we are Heaven's

highest favorites, but the resolve that, being most forsaken among the sons of men, we must be true each to the other and our common lot."

At war with all mankind for centuries, "of a race so despised that it is not persecuted, only scorned," is it strange that the Gipsy should look with dislike upon the world and that his untrained nature should lead him ("all being fair in war") to plunder and cheat at every opportunity? His character which seems so black and dishonorable to the world is all that is fair and honest to his friends; among his own people he is frank, true and generous.

Degraded, primitive and untaught, they have nevertheless, an intense inner life of imagination and idealism which lifts them out of their squalor and misery into a world of loveliness. For them indeed has shone "the light that never was on sea or land" and in its enchanted radiance the Gipsy is no longer an outcast wanderer but a king in the great Father-land of Art. For to them, more than any other people, has Nature given the great gift of song, and the ability to voice their feelings in strong fascinating harmonies.

The longing for self-expression is instinct with mankind and the Gipsies' music is, "but the cry of a race struggling with that universal longing." Musicians since the infancy of their race, inspiration alone has taught the voice and the bow, without their seeking, "rhythm, modulations, cadences, songs, speech and discourse;" hence their music is indeed the language of their lives and strange surroundings now bright and sparkling, like sunshine on the ocean—now gloomy and sad as a storm at sea with its echo of hundreds of years of suffering.

Common to all the race is the gift of making concerted melody at will. Beside the glowing camp-fire the Gipsies sing, for the very joy of singing, wonderful part-songs which come like those of the troubadours of old, "fresh and pure from the soul." But not alone through the voice do they display this gift; they are able to perform on almost any instrument with remarkable ability, although the



DOROTHY DEAN MANNING, '09. *Graham-Wolfville*  
Winner of the Governor General's Medal.

violin is their favorite and it is through its quivering strings that the Gipsy's real self speaks, in utterances, now sad and tender, now wild and gay.

In England, and the Western parts of Europe the race has become degraded and their music, has suffered with them, but in Eastern Europe they are the national musicians and as such are justly celebrated. In Russia there are many who devoted to music alone and who are refined and cultivated although they are compelled to live in certain parts of the cities and are still regarded as outcasts. Leland, who visited them in their homes, says of their singing; "these artists have with wonderful tact and untaught skill succeeded in combining the mysterious and maddening charm of true Eastern music with that of regular and simple melody intelligible to every Western ear and the result is music so wild and sweet as to be indescribably thrilling in its effect."

In Hungary, Gipsy or Bohemian music may be said to have assumed its most definite and settled form, for the Hungarians, themselves passionate lovers of music, have given it the sympathy and protection, necessary for its development, which no other nation has accorded.

The character of this music is exceedingly varied and spirited, "it is as free as their lives; no intermediate modulations, no chords no transitions, it goes from one key to another. From ethereal heights they plunge into the lowest depths; from the plaint, barely heard, they pass brusquely to the warrior's song, which bursts grandly forth, passionate and tender, at once, burning and calm. "The effect of this impassioned music upon the listeners is extreme and as one hears the Gopies play the Radetsky or Racoksky (the national marches composed by them) it is easy to understand why for so long it was made treasonable to listen to their playing, so great was its effect in inciting the down-trodden Hungarians to revolt.

The form and sentiment of their art may perhaps best be studied in Liszt's unique and world-famed Hungarian Rhapsodies which, contrary to prevailing opinion, belong neither to the

Magyars nor the Hungarians but are of purely Gipsy origin. The "songs without words of the Gipsies," which were merely transcribed for the piano by Liszt, comprise sixteen numbers, constructed on the same general plan including in their interwoven melodies, the slow dreary "lassan," the bright and playful "frischka," and the soul-stirring, furious "czardas," intermingled with snatches of love-songs, "shy and sweet as the note of some timid night-bird," all combining to give a comprehensive picture of their life with its peculiar and ever-varying moods and phases.

Liszt, in his book, "The Bohemians and their music" says, "I consider these tone-pictures as the beginning of the Gypsies National Epic because they speak sentiments which are common to all the race, which form their inner nature, the physiognomy of their souls, the expression of their whole sentient being," It is through their music only that we learn what life really means to the Gypsies, and through it alone are we able to catch a glimpse of the strong feelings and deep motives underlying their seemingly aimless, unthinking existence.

"Nation of Pariahs" though they are, must we not recognize in their strength of purpose, which through succeeding centuries has maintained their peculiar identity, in their idealism of race and their passionate love of Nature, grander, nobler qualities than have yet been ascribed to the name of Gipsy?

*Viola B. Weaver, '09.*

*Acadia Seminary.*



## Edward MacDowell—an Appreciation.



HY, modest and very retiring, Edward MacDowell was a man often misunderstood by the outside world and even by his friends, for he was rough and blunt when he wanted most to be kind, gentle and sympathetic. A man of strong and upright character, he stood always firm in what he believed to be the right.

His stern and unflinching honesty brought him often into difficult places, but he was never known to compromise with his conscience. A keen sense of humor, however helped him to meet his troubles, and was a source of delight to his friends. Once someone told him that his "To a Wild Rose" had been played by a high school girl on a high school piano at a high school graduation festivity. "Well," he replied, "I suppose she pulled it out by the roots!"

His attitude toward his own works was marked by his lack of egotism. Although he always had a great love for them himself, he felt that they were not worth while being placed before the public, and if it had not been for the wise judgment of his wife, many a good composition might have been put into the wastebasket. His own opinion of his playing was equally modest. Yet he was a brilliant piano player, and could easily have distinguished himself on this score alone. The rapidity with which his fingers traversed the keys, the brilliancy and strength of his chords and octaves, and his delicate shading from the loudest fortissimos to the softest pianissimos always delighted his hearers.

Any appreciation of MacDowell's power as a composer is impossible without a comprehension of his truly Keltic temperament. Descended on his father's side from a long line of Keltic ancestors, he possessed in full measure the enthusiasm, the quick and sensitive fancy, and the intense love of beauty for its own sake that have always been the inheritance of the race.

The recent revival of interest in Keltic literature and mythology has restored to us a world of heroes, bards and warriors. In

the narration of their heroic deeds, their great adventures, MacDowell found scope for his creative imagination, his love of color and his freedom of expression; and it was their spirit that breathed through many of his best compositions. The Keltic Sonata, which is undoubtedly his masterpiece, deals with a Keltic subject—the story of Deirdre and Cuchullin. In this as in all his compositions of that style, MacDowell has not given merely a musical rendering of the story. He was entered into the very spirit of the Gaelic mythology and with a mighty power he portrays the soul of the great legend. To the sonata he has prefixed the verse—

“Who minds now Keltic tales of yore,  
 Dark Druid rhymes that thrall;  
 Deirdre’s song and wizard lore  
 Of great Cuchullin’s fall.”

With a breadth of style and a sweep of emotional power that is wonderful, he reveals the feelings of Cuchullin and of Deirdre and breathes life into the Gaelic bards and heroes. In this great composition—one mass of rich color as it is—MacDowell is at his best for he sings of the people whom he loves, and from whom he inherited the wild, free grace that gives his works their greatest charm.

MacDowell’s own description of the hero’s fall may serve, as he says, “to aid the understanding of the stimmung of the sonata, and they show us that the composer and pianist was also a worthy poet.

“Cuchullin fought and fought in vain,  
 ’Gainst faery folk and Druid thrall:  
 And as the queenly sun swept down,  
 In royal robes, red gold besown,  
 With one last lingering glance  
 He sate himself in lonely state  
 Against a giant monolith,  
 To wait Death’s wooing call.  
 None dared approach the silent shape  
 That froze to iron majesty,

Save the wan, mad daughters of old Night,  
Blind, wandering maidens of the mist,  
Whose creeping fingers, cold and white,  
Oft by the sluggard dead are kissed.  
And yet the monstrous Thing held sway,  
No living soul dared say it nay ;  
When lo ! upon its shoulder still,  
Unconscious of its potent will,  
There perched a preening birdling gray,  
A'weary of the dying day ;  
And all the watchers knew the lore :  
Cuchullin was no more."

MacDowell's own character was strongly revealed in his music. There we perceive the strength, the nobility of purpose of his Saxon mother ; the light and happy gaiety and sometimes sombre gloom of his Keltic father. His melodies are full of nymphs and dancing elves. He tells of the forests, the flowers, the birds, the sea, the stars and all that has to do with nature. Often his music is merely a suggestion of some thought, some emotion—the feelings that come at the twilight hour of a summer night, "the silence that is in the starry sky," the roar of the sea or the sad moaning of the waves as they beat on some lonely shore. These are what he described, for MacDowell loved the out-door world ; and the clear imagination, the bright, fresh manner of expression, the buoyancy and the grace that characterized his music, all reveal the strength and charm of his great nature.

In his sonatas are mingled majesty, boldness and strength, but the chief charm of MacDowell's style is found in the lighter efforts of his genius, such as the "Marionettes," the "New England Idylls" and the "Sea Pieces." Of these, perhaps the most exquisite gems are in the "Woodland Sketches."

It is in the second group of these of which "From an Indian Lodge," "To a Water Lily" and "Told at Sunset" are among the most important, that MacDowell excels himself. In his "To a Water-lily," for instance, one can imagine nothing more graceful.



more charming. There one feels the very swaying of the lilies and the stirring of the water by the soft breezes.

By his songs, MacDowell has lifted the song of America to a level equal to any in Europe. Characteristic of these songs are their freshness and originality, for they never sink to mediocrity of melody or harmony. In them America has a great legacy and she owes a debt of gratitude to the man who has achieved so much for the Art-song of the New World.

Although MacDowell has written few pieces for orchestra, the most important one—the “Indian Suite,” ranks high among such compositions. Lawrence Gilman in his book on Edward MacDowell says of it :—“In the suite as a whole he has caught and embodied the fundamental spirit of his theme : these are the sorrows and laments and rejoicings, not of our own day and people, but of the vanished life of an elemental and dying race ; here is the solitude of dark forests, of illimitable and lonely praries, and the sombreness and wildness of one knows not what grim tragedies and romances and festivities enacted in the shadow of a fading past.”

Speaking of the “Indian Suite” leads to the consideration of Mac Dowell’s influence on American music. There are to-day two theories on the building up of a national music. The chief supporters of the first theory take the songs of the North American Indians as a basis for the American school, while the upholders of the second theory favor the negro melodies. Since some of the latter songs were brought originally from Africa, and others were a combination of French, Hungarian and German airs, the negro melodies can hardly be used as the foundation of a national music. Of all the folk-songs, those of the Indians seem best suited to this purpose, and it was these if any, that MacDowell favored. But as he himself said “Why use a covering for our music at all? The vital element of any music is personality.” And until American musical composers represent her ideals, put into their music the progressiveness, the tenacity of the American nation, and their own individuality, she will never have a national music. And this is what MacDowell has done. Although he followed the Romantic school, yet his style is peculiarly his own. The rich-

ness of harmony, the mass of color belong to Edward MacDowell alone. He is undoubtedly the greatest tone poet America has ever produced, and he has raised the standards of American music to a height that they have never reached before. Not only through his ideals has he brought our music to a higher level. He was a man who never stooped to please the popular taste. He lived in and for his music, and his art came before everything else. We may indeed say that he has left us a national heritage, both in his music and in the memory of his noble life.

“Rejoice! rejoice!

The New World hath a voice—  
A voice of tragedy and mirth,  
Sounding clear through all the earth;  
A voice of music, tender and sublime,  
Kin to the master-music of all time.”

*Charlotte Layton, '09.*  
*Acadia Seminary.*



### The Hills of Dream.

My thoughts are like a flock of sheep  
That roam the hills of dream,  
I lead them through the fields of Sleep,  
And by her mystic stream;  
They wander where the night is deep,  
And stars of Faery gleam.

I feed them on the rainbow flowers,  
And on the secret dews;  
They stray beneath the haunted towers  
That, woven of sunset hues,  
Have chambers of enchanted hours  
For wandering dreams to use.

When I bring home my flock of sheep,  
Their fleeces are of gold,  
All hung about with pearls of sleep  
And fair enchantments old,  
Strange things of Beauty that I keep  
In my heart's inner fold.

*C. E. C.*

## The Burden of an Old, Old Song.



UPON a time Love came to me  
 And made my home his resting-place :  
 My mistress, Oh how fair was she  
 And full of joy!--No lavrock free  
 Above its new-made nesting-place  
 E'er sang so merrily.

A little while our hearth beside  
 Love tarried, fond and fairy-wise :  
 He led us where the stars abide,  
 And taught us in this world so wide  
 The path to enter Paradise—  
 But soon, so soon, he died.

What time he passed we heard no moan,  
 Nor knew what word had stricken him :  
 The altered glance proclaimed him flown,  
 And changed smile—we sat alone—  
 Nor tears again might quicken him  
 By the cold hearth stone.

Now is no song—the joy is fled ;  
 The white moon waneth wearily :  
 The halo has slipped from a golden head ;  
 Life seemeth bitter, and dark, and dead :  
 And the cold rain falleth drearily  
 Where Love lies buried.

## And the Promise of the June.

---

**B**UT leaf out of leaf is the way of the Spring  
 (Ah silently, so silently)  
 And day out of darkness an hour shall bring,  
 And two, a song out of sorrowing;  
 And an ebbing sea sends back to thee  
 The flood, ere evening.

Yea, life out of death is the Earth's refrain:  
 (A mirthful mother, our mother Earth)  
 And the good south wind shall blow again  
 O'er the river swollen with northern rain,  
 And the glad green grass shall spring into birth  
 On each sodden meadow and plain.

And who shall say if the heart of man  
 Be not as the heart of the bending sky?  
 Which, after the winter's weary span  
 Awakes, when the Universal Pan  
 Leads Earth's fair daughter, young Springtime by  
 In her virgin veil, to scan.

Then one shall mock at an angel's ken,  
 (For the rose of June is a red, red rose)  
 And life cries out for a new life, then,  
 And the primal purpose is strong in men;  
 And the lesson of June may be—who knows?—  
 That Love shall rise again!

*Roy Elliott Bates '04.*

## Daniel O'Connell as an Orator.

(Winning oration in the Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest.)



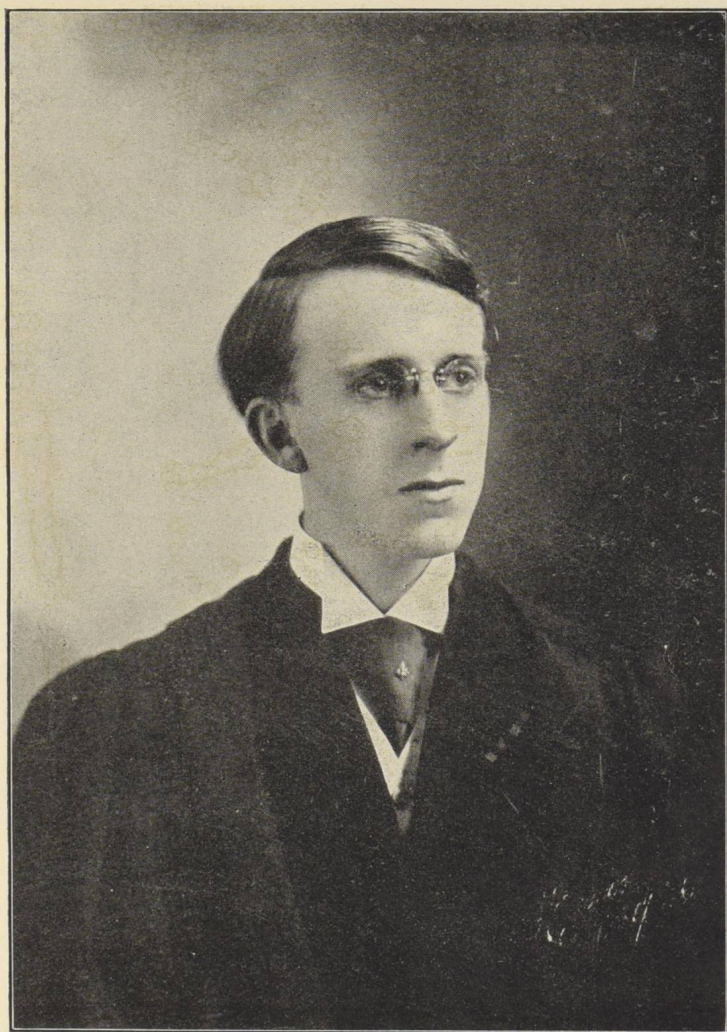
LIBERTY enobles every gift which it enlists. To its magic touch hidden and 'undreamed of' volumes of power respond with an alacrity beyond belief. To serve the needs of man it has vitalized the compass of human attainment. Of these *one* stands supreme—the power of the *living voice* to rule the minds of men.

The true eloquence evoked by deep convictions, stimulated by opposing factions, enriched by patience, persistence, and self-sacrifice, has never faced a failure, but has stood crowned with victory, even in the presence of apparent defeat.

Among those who wear the laurel, Ireland rightly claims a representative—a man who as a platform orator may challenge the world; for who in the same degree as the "Old Irish Liberator," O'Connell, ever taught and censured, stirred and soothed a people?

His eloquence rests on laws, both exact and determinate. Every principle of his oratory is one capable of resurrection, and so truly immortal as the great soul from which it sprang. Naturally today we look for the records of his greatness in the Hansard of the British House, or in the tributes of impartial contemporaries, but there the true record cannot be found. In characters which only the sympathetic may read, we find it on the tablets of a faithful Irish heart, written by a pen of fire to tell the story of a life over-censured and under-valued, but one of lofty purpose, unselfish aims and sterling loyalty.

Let us study the master orator before a great throng of followers, at the height of his career, when from his lips flowed forth the oil of sympathy to soothe the racked and bleeding heart of Ireland's peasantry. A man is he, strong and robust in physical



GEORGE C. F. KIERSTEAD, '10. *Harris-Wolfville*  
Winner of the Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Prize.

appearance; now gentle and persuasive, brimming with mirth, and gloating over the failures of his opponents; now stern and relentless, his whole form convulsing with a mighty passion as he towers, like a Colossus above his countrymen, swaying their feelings by the vehemence of his own. In his very attitude we read the secret of his oratory—the fact that some crisis has gripped his life and all the hitherto unused strands of his being he has drawn into one living cord, with which to divide for his people every sea of difficulty. First then his supremacy as an orator, depended largely on the impulses received from events of his time.

The History of Ireland abounds in irony. From the conquest to the union it is the story of a half-conquered kingdom. Aggression on the one hand—rebellion on the other. Between the two a people of peculiar fibre, impulsive, courageous, liberty-loving—true sons of “Gridolan” and “Brian the Brave”—betrayed, courted, scorned and ill-advised. Pitt in the year 1800 with a policy ultimately noble and comprehensive had stooped to conquer. Anarchy and outrage had banished Unity. Nationality and Independence were a mirage. Honor, truth and justice were ignored. And—worse than all, statesmen had failed to appreciate the inherent patriotic zeal, the wild restless spirit, the filial love and domestic affection which has characterized the relations of the Celtic peoples since they first dwelt together in families, when there appeared the man who for a time at least, was to turn the trend of Irish History and stamp his personality ineffaceably upon Irish National life. Neither Cleon, nor Gracchus, nor Rienzi, nor Savonarola felt more keenly the impulses from the events of their time nor more heroically strove to answer their country's call. O'Connell loved his country with all his heart and mind and soul and strength. The groans of a people, crushed and down trodden, forged the links of the golden chain with which he girded the Emerald Isle. Oppression dashed in pieces the crystal vessel, but gave to his countrymen the precious ointment. Go work upon him with power and extent the loveliest virtues: the waters of Society

had to be troubled. Standing before his people overwhelmed with a consciousness of their wrongs, he made them feel that the noblest—though an awful—act of Justice was the punishment of despotic tyranny. In his oratory it was revealed as never before, that “no man can act greatly until he suffers greatly.” Injustice was a rigorous instructor, but its supremacy in this case was sanctioned by a Power who knew him better than he knew himself. His position was unique. There never had been, there never will be again another at all resembling it. Do we wonder that his great frame staggered at the thought of the existing evils and with the terrible earnestness that made him so great, that he maddened his hearers by his eloquence? The cry for liberty, for a redress of wrongs, for a recognition of worth intoxicated his soul with one conviction and made good the old superstition “that every bullet hits the mark that has been first dipped in the marksman’s blood.” Though agitated and torn and almost bereft of the power of articulation by the thought of prevailing tyranny he possessed a ruling calmness especially in his later years, which in all the tumult never left the throne, but which directed every outburst and claimed the undisputed worship of millions who revered him as a demoniacal power for whose miracles they could invent no charm. And this leads us to a second element in his oratory, “the magic power resulting from personal ascendancy.”

Eloquence is by decree of nature the most appropriate means for exercising the highest personal worth. However great the occasion it always yields to the personality of a true orator. The world makes way for commanders. O’Connell was more a king than many who have sat on thrones, for he knew how to rule. Out of a host of enemies none dare to question his sovereignty. He was a man in debate, though often coarse and stern in his language, pleading in the name of his people, against whom other men dashed and were broken. Never was the matter more noble or more impressive than the man. By the power of his



personality before an audience he brought the people to a state of discipline which has never been achieved in the same degree by any popular leader in the history of the world. He was truly their King, and by his eloquence, waged and won for them many a bloodless battle. And is not this the end of true eloquence—not merely to argue logically—to tell a story effectively—to appeal to local prejudice—but to claim at the close the absolute sovereignty of the bearers? Him we can truly call a Master because of this very fact. "He played on every emotion with the touch of a consummate musician." His hearers were furious and eager for arms, he softened and controlled them. They were indifferent and distrustful, he fired them with his message and they responded with a slave-like devotion. Never was a despotism more tolerable. Never was liberty more despotic. What might he not have done with that people? Every sentence, every plea came fresh from his lips with the vividness of a new creation. No class was free from his power. His bursts of oratory stirred within senates a subtle frenzy and might have inflamed armies with the "brands of the furies." Great glory is indeed due him as an orator, because he confronted and overcame in debate, but greater glory because in popularity and adversity, in success and in failure, he retained his sovereignty to the last.

"Liberty," says Burke, "must have wisdom and justice for her companions and lead prosperity and plenty in her train." I can conceive of no higher tribute in the Anglo-Saxon tongue than this. Providence placed Liberty in his keeping and virtue made him unworthy of the trust. In moulding the master-orator events had their place and personal sovereignty exercised an undisputed sway. But the power of the Demosthenes, of the Luther, of the O'Connell, that has caused worlds to tremble and nations to pay their tribute has been an inherent worth, a deep and firm reality which swept aside every fear and every foe and provoked in those who knew the value of such men, a trust, a confidence which seldom or never failed. To reach the foundation of O'Con-

nel's greatness as an orator, I have neglected features which upon close observation appear as mere externalities: A voice powerful, rich and musical; the ability to draw at his will, his audience, to tears or laughter; imaginative ability; the power of clear and forceful statement. Uncontrollable denunciations of opponents, constitute his gravest fault. Subordinate elements these. The man who enlarges upon them in the oratory of O'Connell misses the secret of his greatness. They may attract and please, but they cannot win and control. The world listens and obeys when character speaks. If you read the speeches of O'Connell—at their best poor symbols of his oratory—of one thing you are immediately conscious—an overwhelming sense of gravity the essential and controlling element of true greatness in a public speaker. Upon the highest platform ever reached by man—that of fine moral discernment—he moved with an ease that made him master of every situation. His messages were permeated with invigorating ideals which his hearers felt would remain unshaken if every trace of evens, of place, or of party were forever wiped out. Men came to him to be taught because he had the power of insight, the ability to penetrate all masks and superficialities, and at the very core gaze upon the scale of "Eternal Verities" where were weighed as he knew with unerring accuracy the deeds of the violent who had made his country bleed. Once having had the vision he could illuminate the subject with a lightning intensity. He had his faults as an orator. If he had not his countrymen could not have loved him. But they pale before the virtues of his noble service and intensity the lustre and the brilliancy of his undying fame.

From the County of Kerry, where he was born in 1775, to the still and solemn grandeur of Glasnevin, where he was laid to rest in 1847 is not geographically a long way, but in the anxiety, in the forbearance, in the soul-energy and doubtless patriotism it entailed it is one of the longest and most tragic in History. To-day O'Connell has become a name, but once it was a fire. Now there

hangs above his tomb a vesture of awe and suspicion, but once there shone a star which led to the shrine as many pilgrims as ever journeyed to kneel in the Moslem's Kaaba or prostrate themselves in worship in the City of the Great King. Let opponents murmur if they will, he still remains one of the grandest and most prophetic spirits of oratory ever entombed in monumental marble or enshrined in song. Fittingly may be applied to him the words of the Nature Poet spoken to another who loved Liberty at perhaps as great a cost :

“Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :

Thou had'st a voice whose sound was like the sea :

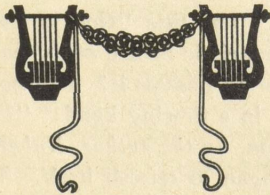
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic free,

So did'st thou travel on life's common way,


No cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart

The lowliest duties on herself did lay.”

*George C. F. Kierstead, '10.*



## Without Hope.

AST summer I spent my vacation in Nova Scotia. It had been some years since I had visited my native land, and having arranged to go, it was with pleasure that I received and accepted an invitation from my old college chum, the Rev. John Weldon. It was thirty years since we had graduated and though he had located in our native province, and I had become a missionary in the far West, yet our friendship had never weakened.

One morning, during the second week of my visit, my friend was called away to see some sick member of his congregation. He left me to amuse myself. I put in the first hour of his absence letter writing, and the second looking over books in the library.

John had a good library—one that many a city preacher might have envied. An old Virgil caught my eye. I recognized a friend of my college days. The well-thumbed vocabulary and the dog-eared leaves carried me back to the past.

I held the Latin book in my hand as I passed from shelf to shelf. My attention was attracted by a book on the top shelf. I could not see its title, but by using a chair I was able to reach it. I was surprised. It was one of the "newest" of the so-called New Theology. I do not mean that it was one of the most recent of that prolific school, but it was the most radical in its treatment of the questions involved. The title "God in the World" gives but little idea of the pantheistic nature of its teaching. How did my staid old friend come to possess it? I turned to the fly leaf, and found written there in a flowing hand: "*Presented to my Dear Friend, John Weldon, by the author, Robert Molson.*"

My memory began to refresh itself. This talented young man, who had died at such an early age, I remembered, was a native of this very village. I was standing with a book in either hand when John entered.

"Why," said he, "Are you looking in the library, when everything is so beautiful out of doors?"

"I became interested in the books," I replied, as I held out the two books.

John looked at the two books, and his face became grave. "The story of the Virgil you know," said he, "And I shall tell you later the sad story of the other book."

\* \* \* \*

Among the best friends of my early days in this pastorate were the Molsons. The family consisted of the father and mother, and one son—Robert, the author of that book. The father was a man strong in body and mind, while the mother was a woman of more than ordinary talent. She was a lover of music and poetry, and from her the son inherited his artistic temperament. I was very intimate with the family, and Robert, whom everybody loved, was with me a great deal. His ambition was to become a civil engineer. It was the last work for him imaginable, and I often wondered what turned his mind in that direction.

After leaving high-school he came home to work during vacation on the farm. At this time he was nineteen years old, tall and slender, with the look more of a poet than a farmer. Suddenly his plans for life changed. He told me that he had decided to settle down with his father. He was needed on the farm. I soon discovered the real reason—he was engaged to be married to his cousin, Kate Warren.

She was one of the sweetest souls I have ever known. Beautiful in body and mind she seemed to belong to a world other than this. I was pleased to learn of the coming marriage. They were suited to each other in every way. I was told that Mr. Molson was to divide his farm and after a year at the Agricultural College, Robert was to be married and take the burden from his father's shoulders.

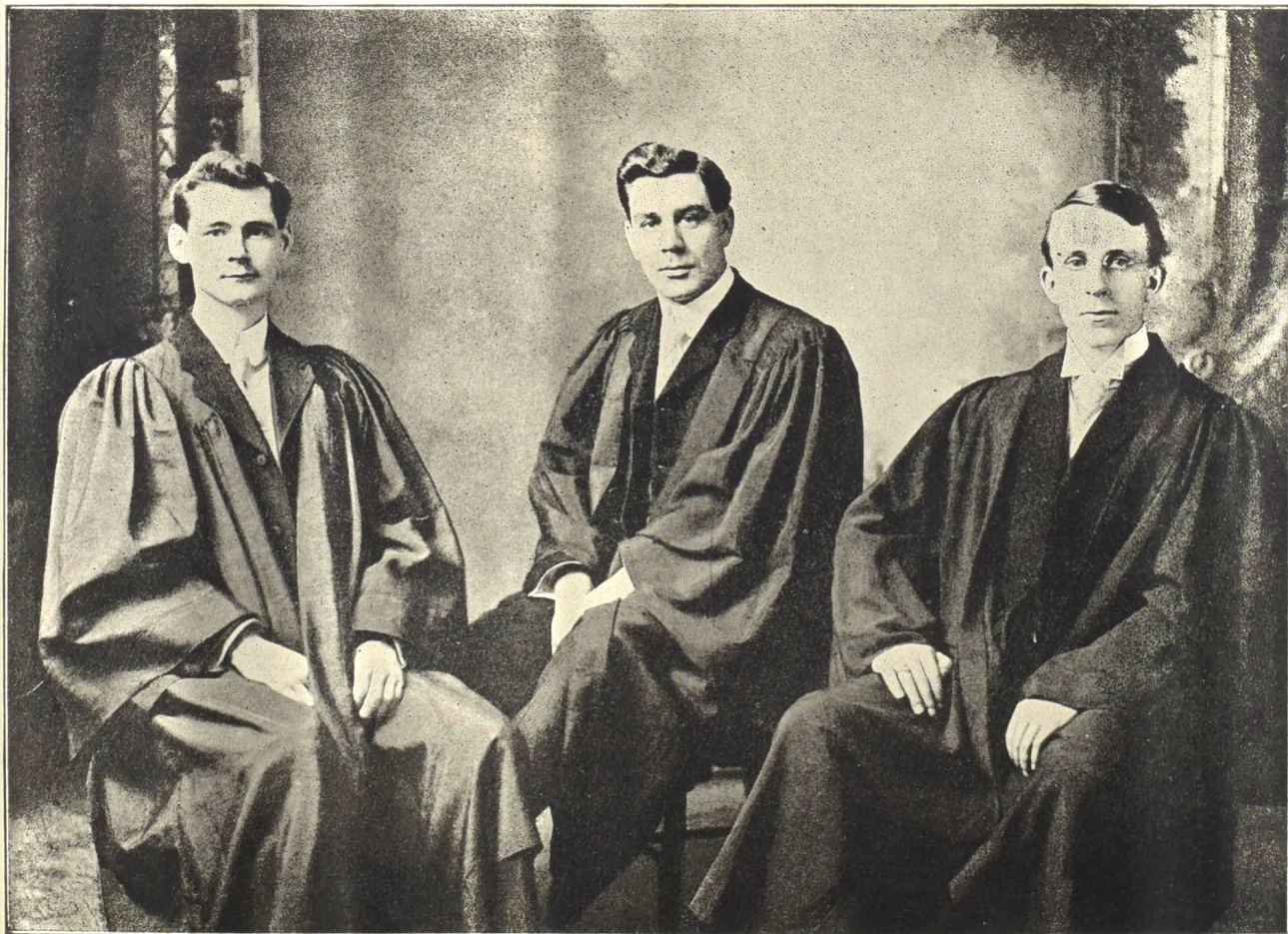
This was the condition of things when our old friend, Shaw, the Evangelist, came to pay our church a visit. Robert Molson

was away at the beginning of our meetings, but he returned during the second week of Shaw's visit. I shall never forget the night he returned and came to the church. He had never, up to this time, made any profession of religion. Kate Warren, though, was the very life of our services. The faith in the Unseen was as real to her as life itself. Shaw was at his best that night, and the light of conviction shone in his honest eyes, and his words trembled with earnestness.

I can recall his very text and the words he spoke. His sermon was on the words "The God in whose hands thy breath is, thou hast not honored." Among other things he said: "It is not our service first, that God requires. He has shaped the worlds needs not the aid of Man. It is not our wealth. Our first duty is to honor Him, to acknowledge Him, to consecrate all we are and have to Him. To you who are starting out on life's journey, to whom all things look pleasant, know you that life is a tragedy? What when the breaker's roar? What when you near the farther bank *without God and without Hope in the world?*" I could go on and repeat the whole sermon. At the close of the address he invited any in the audience who had never yet taken a public stand for God to do so. I saw Kate Warren, who was seated at the organ, facing the audience, glance towards Robert. Without a moment's hesitation he arose in his place, and with a voice trembling with emotion, said, "With God's help I devote my life to His service."

I will pass briefly over the years that followed. Robert spent the next four years at college. He was preparing for the ministry. During the vacations he worked with me. I have never seen a more devoted life. He seemed to be filled with zeal, and his faith was of that kind that influences all who come in contact with it. He had a peculiar nature. In his religious life he could be no other than he was—ardent, on fire with enthusiasm. Kate Warren encouraged him. She also lived more in vision than in reality.

'At the end of his college course, he went away for two years'



ACADIA INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING TEAM  
Winners of the Acadia-St. Francis Xavier Debate.

*Graham-Wolfville*

preparation in Theology. How many times have I wished that he had settled down to work without any further preparation! The new school of criticism was just making itself felt. Weak natures and those swayed by emotion were being swept off their feet. I trembled for Robert Molson. To some natures religious doubts are easily pushed to one side; to him, one doubt meant death.

He returned at the end of two years in order to be married and prepare for his life in the city church to which he had been called. I was astounded at the change in him. I tried to persuade him to unburden his mind to me, but he refused to discuss the matter at all. Said he: "Science has swept both earth and sky of all mystery. I have nothing left but my belief in prayer. If I lose that I am lost." His hopelessness wrung my very heart.

From time to time I heard of his success in the city, of his success as a preacher, and of the Ethical Clubs that he had founded; but to me his promising career had been a failure.

Then came his book. I need not discuss that. He had caught the tricks of the specious word-mongers. It is nothing but pantheism, saved by a belief in prayer. He sent me that copy, as a kindness, but to me it was a sorrow.

For two years I did not hear from him. Then came a telegram stating that his wife had been killed in an accident. I could only imagine the effect on Robert. They had had no children, and she was all the world to him. I did not get the particulars until a month later. His mother, who was all he had left now, sent for me to go to the depot to meet him. He had telegraphed that he was coming home. I shall never forget that drive home. He was the mere shadow of his former self. He seemed to be consumed with some inward fire. The look of woe on his face will haunt me as long as I live. He told me in the days that followed that he had begun to realize the part prayer was to play in his life before he wrote his book. In spite of himself his religion became shadowy and more shadowy.



God was, to him, lost in His own Universe. He found it impossible to pray to an abstraction.

One morning he had gone in his study to fight it out alone. His wife had followed him in all his speculations, but he was afraid to tell her of the state to which he had come. While sitting there he was roused by a loud knocking at the front door. A policeman stood there and informed him that his wife had met with a serious accident. He knew that the end had come. When he arrived at the hospital and knelt by the bed side of his dead wife, his mind was filled with mocking fancies. The power to pray was gone forever.

Of the funeral he would say little. I did not question him at all. I saw that he was gradually losing his hold on life. His mother did all that a mother could do, but we saw that it was useless.

One morning I arrived at his home rather early. His mother met me at the door. "John has not come down yet," said she. I ran quickly up to his room. He was lying on his bed fully dressed, but past all earthly sorrows. He had evidently been dead some time. His Bible was lying open on the table and I saw these words underlined: "*Without God, and Without Hope in the World.*" Near the open book was a letter addressed to me. I read it after the funeral, but have not spoken of its contents to any one. Here it is:

Dear Friend,—I want you to know the truth. My wife killed herself. Threw herself under the wheels of a moving trolley car. She left a note to me saying that she could not live without hope.

ROBERT.

\* \* \* \*

After John had ceased speaking we sat in silence for some time. Then he spoke:

"The mistake is that these people think to approach God on the side of reason. They think that He can be analyzed like a chemical compound. They forget that he can be known only by faith and love. They dig deep into the realm of Knowledge and Philosophy and it destroys them. *They think to look on God's face and still live.*"

'06.

## Class History.

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



AS year follows year into the mystic silence of the past, a day comes around when on this platform, sit a number of more or less uncomfortable beings upon whom rests for two long hours, the fond yet hungry gaze of admiring friends and loving relatives. The past, the present, and the future here meet in one grand galaxy and to the waiting throng the secrets of the class are unburdened as a penitent sinner falls prostrate at the feet of a Father Confessor and pours out the secrets of his inmost heart.

What formerly occupied my mind on an occasion like this was how dignified Seniors could so humble themselves as to admit that they had ever been Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, anything but Seniors. But I now realize that it was naught but the pretended humility of some mistaken persons who considered themselves as belonging to the number of the "truly great."

This is the last opportunity we will have of minimizing our failures and dilating to our heart's content upon our victories; and as you sit before us, clad in your Sunday clothes, your collars mayhap an inch higher than you are wont to wear, your shoes, from some false pride, a half size smaller than your feet, I solemnly promise to indulge in no flights of fancy, no stretches of imagination, no wild plunges into the future, (unless it be to warn you that there are several more numbers on our programme), but to adhere, like George Washington of honored memory, strictly to facts. For the peace of mind of my fellow-sinners on the platform, let me say that it contains nothing which they will be able to assure me afterwards, when they catch me alone, was "a dirty soak," and that you may not be unduly apprehensive let me say that it is the shortest Class History that has been delivered here since '09 were Freshmen.

I could tell you stories of love and war; stories that savour of Salt Lake City, stories of plot and intrigue, of misunderstanding and reconciliations, but perhaps the blushing countenances of some of my classmates will tell these better than I can hope to.

Most people now-a-days believe in the theory of evolution; that at some time in the distant past, life appeared upon the earth but, following the unwavering law of "the survival of the fittest," certain types higher and higher have gained the ascendancy until we reach the "Age of Man". But still this inexorable law prevailed. Type after type went down before the advance of civilization, but always the best surviving. Ladies and gentlemen behold before you on this platform, the glorious culmination of this process, the only revised-to-date portion of the human race.

It may be from some whimsical notion, or some foolish precedent, that one of those who four years ago launched out upon the sea of college life, has been chosen to draw aside the veil that hides the past and relate in simple and unadorned manner the sorrows and the joys, the successes and the failures which have attended our career as a body corporate.

During the second and third of October, 1905, there was a gathering of the clans. From east, west, north, and south; from the dizzy whirl of life in New York State, from the wilds of New Brunswick, from the broad expanse of prairie country called Prince Edward Island, (where we are told brains grow on the bushes), and from the beautiful valleys of Nova Scotia, there gathered an assemblage of which everyone agreed the like was never seen.

Arriving at the station most of us set out on foot to discover a place whereon to lay our heads, as night was approaching. We were particularly affected by the historic associations. One youth who had never been farther from home than the back end of his father's wood lot, surmised that the dike was where Evangeline "hit the trail" when going after the cows of her paternal parent. Wonders were expressed if each willow might not have been

the one under which Basil, the blacksmith, used to sit and smoke the pipe of peace until the unsympathetic English took him by the ear and invited him to a sea-voyage in their palatial yacht.

The townspeople whom we passed gazed upon us with a patronizing air, and each storekeeper wondered how soon we would be around soliciting financial aid for the Y.M.C.A., or collecting Athenaenm subscriptions. After a dozen inquiries as to where the President's habitation stood we wended our way thither with beating hearts to know if we would be allowed to live within the sacred confines of that Modern Sodom, Chipman Hall. In his genial and kindly manner, Dr. Trotter assured us that it was before ordained that we should abide elsewhere. But e'er the shades of night had wrapped their encircling arms around the town each home-sick Freshman was established in one of its comfortable hostelryes.

The next morning we awoke to the fact that our career as college students must soon begin. During the day we registered. What a painful ordeal it was. All the moral stamina we possessed was called into use when we were asked what length of time we had inhabited this terrestrial ball. I am sure the angels wept at some of the answers. In response to a notice on the bulletin board, we gathered that afternoon in College Hall for our first chapel service.

That day, as today, we were expected to furnish amusement for the audience. The Sophomores insisted on our taking our places in the front. We did so, reluctantly it may be, but the habit was there formed which has characterized us all through our course. The faculty had just received a job lot of advice from T. Eaton's and they scattered it around with lavish prodigality. In the meantime the Sophomores with apparent anxiety for our welfare had formulated a code of morals which they presumed to call commandments. These had been handed down from a former class, but answered the purpose admirably. They began somewhat as follows:—

Thou shalt not wear a hard hat.

Thou shalt not smoke.

Thou shalt not walk on the street with thy lady friends, either by day or by night.

To our credit let me say that these laws were utterly disregarded.

The service over we gathered in groups to talk over the problems of existence. In an attempt to locate as many kindred spirits as possible one of us inquired of a rather verdant looking youth if he were a Freshman, and by this piece of indiscretion almost brought his career to an untimely end. (It is often hard to distinguish Sophomores from Freshies). But soon we went thoughtfully homeward to ruminate over the experiences of the day, and the uncertainty of life.

The morning of October fifth dawned clear and cloudless, but in the air a solemn stillness reigned, and strange forebodings filled the mind and heart of many an anxious Freshman. Expectancy was stamped upon every countenance. All the stories we had ever heard of hazing took on a new lease of life. With cautious glances at each tree and shrub we wended our way towards the college. Arriving there in safety we heaved a sigh which should have been one of relief, but was not. Everything was going beautifully there. Everybody, especially the Sophs. seemed to be our warm friends. When chapel was over that morning we descended to the English rooms around which lingered, until a few weeks ago, monuments of Dolly Gray, such as the patent adjustable automatic ventilating system and other works of art. After a few introductory remarks a course of study was outlined which made a strong appeal to the aesthetic side of our natures. But as we sat blissfully ignorant of the fact that a veritable Vesuvius was seething without, the Professor brought the session to a close with the remark that he believed we wished to have a class-meeting, and upon invitation consented to be our guest.

We looked around for a president to guide us through the dangerous shoals of inexperience. Fortunately for us we made a choice which would have done credit to Solomon himself, and what better confirmation of this could be desired when I tell you that the man who presides over our deliberations at this present moment with such patriarchal dignity, was the object of our choice at that first meeting. We had just succeeded in appointing a secretary when two or three Sophomores entered unannounced. This seemed at variance with Professor Gray's ideas of polite society, and rising majestically, in a commanding tone he gave them a cordial invitation to vacate the premises. We have not yet decided whether or not he threatened them with bodily injury, but greatly abashed they turned and fled. The cooler air of the corridor revived them, however, and as they had overlooked closing the door, they enacted for our benefit the first scene of "The charge of the light brigade." Numberless bags of flour came whizzing through the air until we became convinced that the Sophs. had cornered the wheat market. Needless to say we were not anticipating this and before many of us could get to a place of temporary safety they were painted a color that angels might well have envied. But the Freshmen were not all asleep. We had one beneficent soul who was prepared to lay his new copy of Espenshade's Rhetoric on the altar of self-defence. With unerring aim the product of Mr. Espenshade's days and nights of toil went straight to the mark, and the next day one of the class of 1908 appeared with an eye suggesting "the wages of sin."

We took this unusual happening merely as a part of the curriculum. The meeting proceeded in due course and after committees innumerable had been appointed for such weighty matters as the framing of a constitution and the selection of class colors and motto, we adjourned.

The next few days were passed in a state of semi-consciousness during which time the upper-classmen seized the opportunity of relieving us each of four or five dollars, and incidentally gave us

some lessons in "high finance" which we have since found conveniently profitable.

The results of the deliberations of our committees were received at the next class meeting, and time will not permit my going into details concerning the profound wisdom and exceptional good taste which these bodies exhibited. Suffice it to say that since then several European states have been clamoring for a constitution, no doubt having noticed the working of ours in all its efficiency. Our class yell and colors were not such a success. The yell first suggested was swallowed whole. But soon we became conscious that in this there were several defects. In the first place it could not be conveniently sung to the chorus of that time-honored song, "Jingle Bells." In the second place we concluded that it would require the spare moments of, at least, the four years of our course to memorize this production. Sadly, but with a sigh of relief, we consigned it to the ethereal regions from whence it came. But before we had bid it adieu we held an inquest and decided that within those eight lines were some gems of thought which, if lost to civilization, could never be replaced. These were selected with the utmost care, and, if we are not too frightened at the close of these exercises, and you do not become wearied and leave before the end, we have decided that a sample of that revised yell will be a fitting climax for the entertainment. Copies may be obtained for the asking. The antidote is carbolic acid.

The class colors submitted by that committee was a combination over which an artist might well be excused for raving. A ribbon of daffodil yellow and bronze green, was woven as soon as possible and we displayed it proudly on our coat lapels, our sleeves, our hats, our watch-chains, and in every other conceivable place where it could be worn without too wide a departure from customs. But when the hockey craze commenced we began to think of class sweaters for our team. Not until then did we realize that they would resemble pieces of moving landscape at sundown,



OFFICERS OF THE PROPYLEUM SOCIETY AND THE Y. W. C. A.

*Greensboro, N. C.*



when they emerged on the ice arrayed in sweaters of yellow and green. This would never do. A new committee was appointed for the "revision and correction" of our colors.

From the flag-pole today floats a blending of colors of which Nature furnishes but few equals. Some have been unkind enough to suggest that they were "black and blue", but, be not misled, they are cerulean blue and plain black. Our motto has stood the test and we would not change it now: "No day without something done."

Our first public appearance in an inter-class contest was the Sophomore-Freshman debate. We were not exactly in love with the Sophs. and it was with almost fiendish delight that we saw our team make their opponents "lick the dust." It was not until later that we awoke to the realization that we had in our class president, Acadia's second invincible leader of inter-collegiate debates.

About this time a storm arose. The tale is soon told. A smoke out in Chipman Hall, special meetings of the Faculty, and four of our number went home for a much-needed rest. This event has gone down into history as, "The Second Expulsion of the Acadians."

The weeks passed uneventfully until the hockey season began. The excitement grew and everybody was convinced that of the four class teams in the league, either the Sophomores or Freshmen must win. We easily defeated the Juniors and Seniors convincing them that they were amateurs at hockey. But the Sophs. played a good game. We were all on hand to cheer our team. The excitement was intense, and when time was called with the score 3—3, we began to recall visions of bags of flour hurtling through the air. The rest of the story is brief. A rush, a well-placed shot, and the Sophomores sorrowfully wended their way homeward, sadder but wiser men. We would have taken the basket-ball league that year had not the Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores had better teams, but we were too busy developing the social side of our natures just then, to mind trifles.

The last few months of the year passed quietly, and soon we scattered for the summer vacation. We are always glad to leave, and always, when the leaves begin to wither, as ready to return. Fifteen of our classmates did not come back the next year. The hand of death had claimed two of these, and since then another has reached that country "from whose bourn no traveller returns." But we welcomed five new additions and these were of exceptional quality. One thing we had resolved the previous year, and that was that we would treat the Freshmen as gentlemen until we found out differently. It was just as well we did for they far outnumbered us. One of our first actions was to send them an address of welcome and assure them that we were kindly disposed towards their class.

This it is true, was something quite new, but we had seen the unfortunate outcome of the events of the preceeding year and were profiting by our experience. We wanted to make them feel at home, and so to break the ice that usually surrounds a Freshman, we decided that the first meeting of the Athenæum Society would be an excellent time to get better acquainted with them.

When the regular business of the meeting had been dispensed with, the lights were suddenly extinguished and when they reappeared the door was properly guarded and in the chair was seated as grave and dignified a judge as ever graced the Bench, adorned and surrounded with all the paraphernalia of office. Time will not permit me to tell how each obedient Freshman, as sentence was pronounced, marched to the front and did his best to make us happy. For fully an hour we were entertained by a series of speeches, songs, dances, and acrobatic feats. But the ice was effectually broken, and there has never been that feeling of antagonism which usually exists between the classes of two consecutive years.

That year the college was without a President and we felt it to be our own duty to assist Mr. Oliver, who was acting as President, in the arduous task of steering the institution through this

critical period. As he often said, it was "a terrible 'sponsibility."

Perhaps the one event which made that year one long to be remembered was the informal dance given by one of the Professors, now an ex-Professor, (And please do not think I refer to Dr. Kierstead.) To the soul-stirring music emitted by a very ordinary gramophone, we glided and shuffled over the polished floor, treading on each other's toes and colliding frequently, for most of us were novices at the business, several being the offspring of Baptist ministers. It may not have been strictly orthodox, but we had a glorious time. I regret to say the practice has not been continued.

The year passed pleasantly and all too soon we realized that another mile-post had been reached. When we returned again the class of 1908 was at the helm and took every opportunity to bring the fact to our attention. There were some few changes in our personnel. Seven had wearied with the pace, (or else their pocket-books had,) and three more entered the race.

Whatever duties devolved upon us in the societies we discharged with diligence. Despite our many social engagements, our scholarship as a class, has been above the average. More of our number qualified for honors than of any class for several years. The latter part of our Junior year was a trifle clouded, but after the storm comes the sunshine, and this year has been a singularly pleasant and successful one. Probably the greatest social event of the year was the Senior Banquet. I would like to give you a description of it, but if I should, I fear that many who attend the Alumni Dinner tomorrow would go away dissatisfied. The outgoing Senior Class left to the Athenæum Society a legacy of dissension and strife and it is little wonder that all our plans have not matured in that direction. This year has been one of increasing harmony. In the Y.M.C.A., they bequeathed us a debt of eighty-six dollars. This has been paid, a larger amount contributed than heretofore, and we have a substantial balance in the treasury. At the opening of the foot-ball season the outlook was

discouraging, yet Acadia developed a team which brought home the Foot-ball Cup as the climax of an unbroken series of victories. You are all, no doubt, familiar with the fact that at Moncton last Friday the track team, which Acadia sent to uphold her honor, won the Cup for another year and returned with victory perched upon her banners. The Athenæum paper reflects nothing but credit on the Editor. Rev. Dr. Charles A. Eaton, of New York, assures us that, in his opinion, we are putting out the best magazine that has been issued since his first acquaintance with the paper, and many such remarks have been expressed.

As we look back over the years it seems the brightest and best of our course. Tomorrow we graduate. How quickly the years have sped! Four happy years have faded into the infinite past, and still the tide of life, resistless, bears us on.

Our task is done, but whether ill or well.

Naught but the test of future years will tell. In the world's broad field of battle we will find full scope for whatever abilities we possess, even though we may not have used them here. And have we reached our goal? Ah! no. As we have climbed our ideals seemed ever tending upward. The ennobling influences of the men at whose feet we have sat, have moulded our lives and strengthened our convictions that there is something higher and nobler in life than we have yet attained.

We are sometimes discouraged by our slow progress in the race; but we would remember that,

“The heights by† great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.”

What can we not hope to do and be, if we live true to our motto, “No day without something done,” and that something, worth while.

—Edward Garfield Daniels.

## Valedictory.

*Mr. President, Fellow Students, Friends:*



CTOBER had begun to gather her leaves of red and gold when the close of 1909 came to Acadia four years ago. As we then looked forward to this time we said: June, 1909, will be long in coming. But all too quickly the years have sped. To-morrow the last chapter of our college life will be written—the goal gained. And now that we have reached the end of the long journey it is with deep regret that we bid farewell to our loved Alma Mater, and the many pleasant associations of our college life. What privileges have been ours in the four busy, happy years! Here we have had an opportunity to learn something of “the best that has been thought and known in the world” and as we enter that life, for which this has been but the preparation, may we strive to do deeds commensurate with our advantages. Daily has our Alma Mater urged us to renewed efforts, higher ideals, nobler ambitions. Daily has she bid us remember “Life is an inclined plane. He who does not struggle up, must unconsciously glide down—there is no standing still.” Daily has she bid us “make the most of ourselves, but not for ourselves.” And now as she sends us forth we pause for her last message—and—clear and strong it comes,

“Freely ye have received; freely give.”

“Go therefore, not to be ministered unto, but to minister.”

Gentlemen of the Board of Governors:—To you we extend our greeting and farewell, because at this time Acadia's beauty is in no small measure due to your untiring efforts. We greet you as the men who are faithfully guarding her material interests, guiding her with the firm purpose to add new honors to her name, and above all keeping true to her historic antecedents and historic dead. Each year you have heard the good-bye from the students, who for four years

have been gathering the fruits of your kindly labor and forethought. They stood before you for one brief moment and then went away. And so we stand before you to-day, to-morrow, separate. But ere we go, let us assure you that our loyalty to Acadia is in a large measure loyalty to what you have done and are doing. With hearty appreciation of your kindness,—farewell.

To you people of Wolfville, we extend a parting hand with emotions of especial regrets. For your hospitality and many acts of kindness, to us, during the four years we have tarried in your midst, we thank you, assuring you that they will be ever gratefully remembered by the class of 1909,—farewell.

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Faculty:—To you also we must say farewell. The care and faithfulness which you have ever manifested in your efforts to fit us for the active life before us, place us under special obligation to you. We have been learning, not only the many studies of the college curriculum, but learning that the unseen is more than the seen, the spiritual more than the material; learning to look to nature where we shall find, "Tongues in trees, brooks in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." To you also we owe inspiration and the instilling into our lives the right principles of life, a just fear of God and love of our fellowmen. May we realize your highest ideals for us,—farewell.

Fellow students: During the years of our college life we have enjoyed many pleasant hours with you, and we shall miss your kindly faces in the days to come. We fain would linger here! But for us the lessons are ended, the hard-earned reward is at hand. You are to enjoy the opportunities we have enjoyed. You will gather in these halls and walk these paths when we have wandered away. Your voices will make the old college ring with the cheers in which our voices have so often joined. You are to assume our duties. All the machinery of college life we leave you. May you take it as a solemn trust! May you remember that the college is, in a true sense, a moral personality depending for

its health and soundness upon every member. May you make it what it may be made—a power for good among the colleges of our land. We are glad the Acadia spirit is implanted in your souls—glad you will stand stoutly for her when we have gone. In all the mazes of the future, in all that await you in the life to come, we bid you Godspeed and fare you well.

Classmates: We stand today on the verge of a new life. For four years our little fleet has been riding in harbor; to-morrow, the anchors will be weighed and slowly we shall drop down the tide. A few hours more and these clustering sails will be scattered and fading specks, each in its own horizon, straining or drifting towards its goal. And now as we still linger in the narrows, side by side, and peer into the distance we see clouds gathering, warning us that our journey will not be all fair sailing. Even ere the anchors are weighed, we hear the cry of a needy world sounding in our ears. Society, church and country are calling for stronger lives, higher ideals, nobler examples, calling for the well-trained intellect, strong heart, and willing hands. Education was intended to fit us, not for cultivated leisure, but for manly and womanly work. The opportunities that have been extended to us in the four years that are past, are the seeds that are to germinate and ripen into deeds. As men and women in the ranks of humanity we are under a law of duty that allows us no stopping place short of the utmost capabilities and best use of the opportunities God has given us. If we put into life lofty principles and a lofty adherence to those principles, we shall get from life a pleasurable and profitable experience.

Let us remember how great is our influence upon those about us, and let us by our example stimulate them to lift their lives to a higher plane. Let us make the world better, happier and brighter for our living in it. For only in doing can we fill up the measure of our opportunities and fill out the measure of our responsibilities.

“We live in deeds not years; in thoughts not breaths;

In feelings; not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. Life is but a means unto an end; that end beginning, mean and end to all things—God.”

Life will not be all sunshine. Shadows are as inseparable in life as are the shadows in the perfect painting. They are but a part of the great plan by which we become purified and ennobled. They are as “needful as ballast to a ship, without which it does not draw enough water, becomes a plaything for the wind and waves, travels no certain road, and easily overturns.” But tho’ difficulties lie before us, we shall meet them the better because of the influence of our college days. The memories of the golden past will brighten all the way. With changeless love for our Alma Mater, with steadfast loyalty to one another, with hearts bent on high things and broad enough for all—so let us go forth, ever true to our motto—*Nulla dies sine linea*. Farewell, farewell!

Jennie Welton.





### Class Ode.



OUR college years have flown.

Would we recall

Those by-gone days so filled with manhood's  
joys?

At first with outstretched arms we cry, Recall!

Ah! yes, recall! for some were not best spent.

But why lament? Life is but in the bud.

There still is time to be all thou wouldst be.

Shrink not from life which in the sterner world

May hold for thee a time when every nerve

Seems tingling with a sense of victory won.

Let disappointment steel thy drooping arm.

What man has done, know still can be, and like

The mighty tide that in a few short hours

Has spent its force, fleet-footed comes again

To mould anew the bluffs on either side

In sheer abandon of the laws of art,

So thou press onward to a noble end

And, striving, reach the goal thy God conceived.

Not he alone who in the world's fierce fight

Has conquered all, will hear at last, the great

"Well done."

—Edward Garfield Daniels.

## The Glass of Noughty-Nine.

*Nulla Dies Sine Linea.*

JOHN SEAMAN BATES.

*"The expectancy and rose of this fair state."*



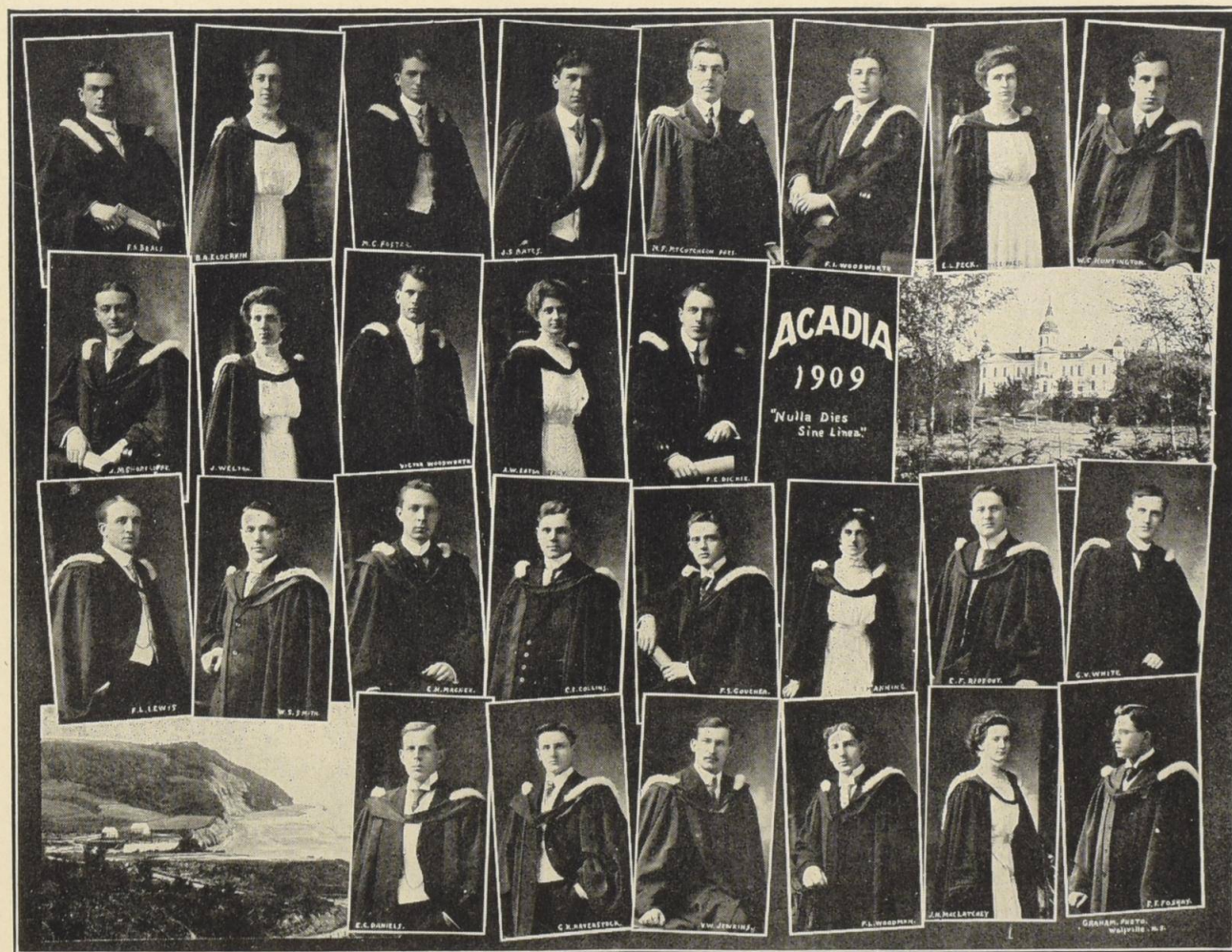
JOHN received his Arts degree with 1908; but finding it not in his heart to learn to leave his Alma Mater so soon, he returned for the degree in Science. In addition to his regular studies he served with success as Demonstrator in the Department of Chemistry. Though his work was much increased thereby he still found time to obey the call of the whistle, and thus was a strong addition to Acadia's Athletic Teams. The College Hockey, Basket-Ball and Base-Ball teams all claimed him as a member, and in Base-Ball he acted as Captain during this year.

In general there have been but few men who have measured up to the qualities possessed by Bates: as an athlete, he was one of the cleanest, fairest and most brilliant; as a student, he was unequalled in his class, not only for exact knowledge of curriculum work, but also for a deeper and sounder scholarship than usually marks the undergraduate.

PHILIP SIDNEY BEALS.

*"Why don't you speak for yourself, John."*

P. S. was one of Nought-Nine's Charter members, entering on his "B" Certificate in the fall of '05. For the first two years little was known of him except that his abode was on "Vinegar Hill" and report claimed him for a fearful plugger. At the beginning of his Junior year "Bulb" came into "The Hall" and it was then that we learned to know and love him. Whatever fell to his lot to do, "Bulb" would do with a will. He was ever the same sturdy kind-hearted friend to all. He was actively interested in all the college societies and could always be depended upon to do his part whatever it might be.



ACADIA GRADUATING CLASS, 1909.

Graham-Wolfville

## CLEVELAND E. COLLINS.

*"He loved much."*

Collins was chiefly noted for his partiality to little society, although that "little" sometimes implied a great deal especially during his Freshman year. He showed good ability in practical scientific studies which claimed his chief interest. At present Mechanical Engineering beckons to him as to a follower and doubtless will find in him an efficient engineer.

## EDWARD GARFIELD DANIELS.

*"A merrier man within the limits of becoming mirth I never spent an hour's talk withal."*

Few men of the graduating class will be more missed at Acadia than "Eddie." In whatever circle he entered, whether on the Campus or in the "Hall," there was always room for "Ed"; and his jolly and off handed disposition banished every thought of discord. In him, although a prime leader in fun who was ever ready with a jest, there was always maintained a proper balance which gave him much influence in every situation.

As a student he did good work, and showed unusual ability in several subjects. In the second term of his Senior year he served efficiently as President of the Athenæum Society. He was also Class Odist and Class Historian; and as Historian delivered one of the most humorous accounts that have been heard in recent years. He intends to join the great army of pedagogues in the West next year, and after a year or more in this capacity, to engage in business.

## FRANK EVANS DICKIE.

*"To him the world was naught but a busy shop, full of workers."*

Frank was a student in the fullest sense of the word. To his natural ability he added an aptitude for "plugging" which might well be emulated by those who tend to become weary in the struggle of college work. His ardor in his studies won for him, in addition to his degree, an Engineering certificate. During the last term of his Senior year he occupied the Presidency of the

Athenæum Society. Among the co-eds Frank was equally industrious always evincing a decided partiality for the girls in his own class. Here, as elsewhere, he displayed the most careful and constant attention.

FRED FOSHAY.

*"Though last, not least—in love."*

Fred was one of the most dependable men in the class. He was a good student, fair orator, a clear, strong debater and gave promise of being a successful preacher. Quiet, matter-of-fact and even prosaic in his first three years, suddenly all this was changed by a kind of "soul's awakening." Thenceforth his habits of life were completely changed: fewer were his visits to the College Residence, and suffice it to say that the extra time thus resulting was not spent at his studies.

MAYHEW C. FOSTER.

*"I have been wild and wayward but you'll forgive me now."*

"Father" dropped the ferule to join "Noughty Nine" in their Junior year. Having sown his "wild oats" in other days, during the first year at Acadia he retired to the bosom of his family. In his Senior year he dwelt in Chip Hall—"a grass widower"—when not at home sharing the responsibilities of the marriage state. Of quiet and unassuming disposition, a diligent student of high standing in his classes, and possessed of many manly qualities, he won the esteem of all. He took a deep and active interest in the Athenæum Society and made a capable Chairman of the Executive Committee in his Senior year. In the Y. M. C. A. he was a devoted worker.

BEULAH ELDERKIN

*"In thy face I see the map of honor, truth, and loyalty"*

Miss Elderkin was formerly a member of '08 joining this class in her Sophomore year. She was one of the town college girls, and perhaps for this reason was not well known outside of her own class. She was of a quiet disposition and made a good standing in the class room throughout her course.

## ANNIE WINIFRED EATON.

*"Joy rises in me like a summer's morn."*

A right cheery girl was Miss Eaton. Always happy, she soon became one of the most popular girls in college. In all the interests of the societies she was active, and in the Propylæum Society, she was a loyal worker. In her studies, Mathematics was her all absorbing passion, and her devotion to the "hard grained muses of the cube and square," soon gave her a certain distinction. In her class she was Secretary during the last term of the Senior year, and her enthusiastic loyalty to "Noughty-Nine" was always marked.

## FREDERICK SHAND GOUCHER.

*"I never knew the kiss of love, Nor maiden's hand in mine."*

Fred was one of the best students in the class. In the Freshman year he captured the prize for the highest standing, and since then has maintained a good rank, graduating with Honors in Physics. In addition to this he carried considerable extra work in the Engineering Department. As President of the A. A. A. A. he discharged the duties of his office in an efficient manner. In Art—a sphere but seldom attempted by the average collegian—he showed remarkable ability. In this connection we are indebted to Goucher for the new Athenæum cover design. Socially Fred was a success. There was always a fair one at the sister institution to bother the Chip Hall mail carrier with "one centers," although the handwriting on the envelopes seemed to change with every summer holiday. Yale is Fred's new alma mater, under whose tutelage we wish him all success.

## GEORGE KENDRICK HAVERSTOCK.

*"Pride in his port; Defiance in his eye;  
Behold the lord of humankind pass by."*

George came to us in the fall of '05, entering on a "B" certificate from the MacDonald Consolidated School of Middleton. For the first year he led the strictly student life, but soon found

that his health would not bear the strain. Every phase of college life received its due share of his attention. The Athenæum Society claimed him as its Treasurer in '06-'07. The business of Athenæum paper was under his management in '07-'08. In his Senior year he carried "the bag" for the Y. M. C. A. In Athletics he made his class team for two years in basket-ball and base-ball. In '07-'08 he made the college base-ball team and in his Senior year he made the college track team in the mile run.

WILLIAM CHIPMAN HUNTINGTON.

*"Not that I love her less, but that I loved another more."*

Huntington early distinguished himself as a devotee of the Rink and he consistently upheld this reputation throughout his course. Nor was his interest less marked in other college activities, including the sister institution: indeed, it is to be feared that his studies of a more serious nature suffered much thereby. In these, while not evincing a decided or warm appreciation for subjects of a theological nature, he nevertheless showed ability in the applied science work, and in addition to his B. Sc. degree received the certificate in Engineering. In Athletics, Hockey was his chief joy, and he played a good game as centre on the college team during his Senior year. He also played on his class teams throughout his course. In his Junior year he was College Tennis Captain.

VICTOR JENKINS.

*"Instructed by the antiquary times  
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise."*

Victor was a student of good ability, although it is feared that he "hid his light under the bushel" during his sojourn here. During the last year of his course, however, he became almost distinguished by his archæological research work, for he has demonstrated quite successfully that the tribe of *Benjamin* was not one of the lost of Israel. We understand that the school-room is to be his future province and we wish him all good success in his vocation.

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FRANK L. LEWIS.

*"'Es little but 'es wise, 'es a terror for 'is size."*

"Sammy" entered college in the fall of 1905. He was a product of Truro and Horton Collegiate Academy and combined in his make-up the rare qualities of a good student and first-class athlete. As a football, hockey and baseball player he quickly won distinction, holding a position on all three teams during his four years at Acadia. He played on his class team in basket-ball for three years, and in his Senior year he made the college team. His executive ability was marked and as Business Manager of the Track Team in 1909 he proved a tower of strength to the captain. His ability as a leader was no less marked and he will be remembered as Captain of the first football team to bring the King-Richardson trophy to Acadia. He was also Captain of the hockey team in his Senior year. Knowing the talent for leadership and organization which he possesses we predict for him a successful business career.

GEORGE HAMILTON MAGNER.

*"My library was kingdom large enough."*

Though not a close student, Magner always kept on the "sunny side of the street" in scholarship—that is on the First Class side; and upon graduation received his degree with Honors in English. He was also one of the orators at Commencement. In the sphere of athletics, his ruling passion was basket-ball, in which sport he played on his class teams throughout the four years, and when a Senior was College Captain. In all the societies he was active; but his greatest interest was with the Acadia Athenæum to which he was a frequent contributor. During his Junior year he served as an associate editor on the paper, and in his Senior year was Editor-in-Chief.



## DOROTHY DEAN MANNING.

*"This was what she loved, to dig deep and get to the heart of things, as the miner burrows in the earth for the coveted ore."*

Miss Manning, coming from the St. John High School, joined the class in her Sophomore year. There were few students at Acadia more conscientious and painstaking in their work. She was a faithful member of the Y. W. C. A. being Vice-president during her Junior year, and did much to increase the interest in missions. During the last half of her Senior year, she was President of the Propylæum Society and filled the position most acceptably. A clever girl and an excellent student, she won the Dimock Ladies' Essay Prize, the Governor General's medal, delivered an oration at Convocation, and graduated with Honors in French and Latin, making a very high standing.

## MILES FRANKLIN MCCUTCHEON.

*"Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient and simple and childlike."*

Miles was a charter member of "Nought-Nine." A pedagogue for some years, he entered the Freshman class with advanced standing. Ever a faithful student, in fact a chronic plugger, he was graduated with Honors. Early he gave proof of his debating ability and became the leader of his class debates and in his Junior and again in his Senior year he led Acadia to victory on the platform against Dalhousie and St. Francis Xavier. He was a forceful and convincing speaker and was one of the orators at commencement. To the Y. M. C. A. he gave much of his time and was its competent President during his Senior year. Another honor-precarious, perhaps—fell to him. As Chairman of the House Committee of Chip Hall "a man severe he was and stern to view" but respected by even the delinquent. But Miles had his failings. The greatest was—the ladies—enough said. Another was—his hair, and keenly did he feel this for the color was ever in a state of unstable equilibrium.



PRESIDENTS OF COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

*Graham Wolfville*

## JOSEPHINE H. McLATCHEY.

*"Life seems to go on without effort when I am filled with music."*

Miss McLatchy took her Freshman and Sophomore years at Mt. A. coming to "Acadia" in the fall of '07. She was an active and faithful worker both in the Y. W. C. A. and "Propylæum" Society of which she was President during the first half of her Senior year. Her musical talents made her in constant demand in social affairs. Her scholarship was high especially in her favorite subject Philosophy in which she took the special honor course. We understand that she intends to enter the teaching profession in which we wish her every success.

EVA L. PECK.

*"Graced with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."*

Among the sweet girl graduates of the class of '09 was Miss Peck who entered her class as a "freshette" and who through her four years of college life was a good and diligent student. She was a girl not very well-known except among her own classmates. Nevertheless all those who saw and came in contact with her were filled with the desire to know her, and in truth, "To know her was to love her." During the last term of her Senior year she was Vice-President of her class. May she have every success in her future life is the sincere wish of her college friends.

C. FRANK RIDEOUT.

*"There is something divine in the science of numbers."*

Rideout had a big heart and a big body to hold it. During his four years he took an active interest in all the College societies, represented his class in Debate, did yeoman service for the Y. M. C. A., and by his own good words and fellowship made himself generally loved all 'round. Most people are always looking for their pleasure in the Future, but a true philosopher is one who finds it in the Present. Rideout was one of the latter sort, and for this reason his memory will always glow brightly with his friends. He intends to enter the Christian Ministry, already having rendered distinctive service as an evangelist.

## J. MELBOURNE SHORTLIFFE.

*Come near me! I do weave a chain I cannot break—I am possess  
with thoughts too swift and strong for one lone human breast.*

Shortliffe came from Freeport and always kept his native freedom. He was a brilliant student, a keen logician, and an independent thinker. As an Inter-collegiate debater he added much to Acadia's undimmed glory in the Forum. "Shorty," as his friends lovingly called him, was always a source of pride to his classmates, and especially so when he uttered himself in public speech. He was the first to win the Ralph M. Hunt Prize for excellence in Oratory. To those who knew him not he was a mystery. To those that knew him best, who saw the fire-like flashing of his thought, he was a thinker and a friend worth while. "Shorty" has not yet decided on a profession, but when he does he will grace it well.

## WALTER S. SMITH.

*"Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."*

Smith was a charter member of "Knotty-Nine," matriculating from Horton Collegiate Academy. Athletics, the Athenæum Society and the Seminary held but little fascination for him. It was to the Y. M. C. A. that the burden of his thought was given. Having volunteered for the foreign field, missions were paramount with him, and in his Senior year he was Chairman of the Missionary Committee. An active and devoted member he left his impress upon the religious life at Acadia and won the esteem of all by his sterling honesty of character.

## JENNIE WELTON.

*"All her excellencies stand in her as silently as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge."*

Miss Welton was a charter member of the class of '09 and ever was she true to its interests. Perhaps of her it can truthfully be said that she was the most popular girl in her class, and to her was given the honor of giving the Valedictory on Class Day. Her unselfishness, kindness, thoughtfulness for others and nobility of character caused her to be held in high esteem by all who knew her. During her Senior year she was President of Y. W. C. A. Too much cannot be said in praise of her faithfulness to the society and of the helpful influence exerted by her.

## GILBERT V. WHITE.

*"Good night, good night : parting is such sorrow,  
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow."*

White was the very incarnation of Energy. Though at times over impulsive, his enthusiasm in everything undertaken was commendable. In all the societies he was very active, and socially he was much called for, as there never was a dull moment when White was present. He was clever at his work—that is, when he really worked, which was seldom. As in everything else, he was ardent in his class loyalty, and at Class Day delivered the Prophecy.

## FRANK L. WOODMAN.

*"Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk!"*

The fame of Grand Pre was greatly augmented by the advent of Woodman. He early showed great promise especially in matters musical, for even in the first few months of his residence in this vale of tears he was enthusiastically pronounced a howling success. Since matriculation at Acadia he has become known as a jolly good fellow, ever ready to crack a joke, even though the kernel thereof be gone. In his Senior year he played on the football team, and was President of the Athenæum Society during the first term.

## FRED I. WOODWORTH.

*“Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing Onward through life he goes.”*

Fred entered college with the class of '07; but considering quality not quantity the first essential, he took his course on the installment plan. This and his great natural affection for the University conspired to keep afar the evil day of separation. He was a regular attendant at the Y. M. C. A. and the Athenæum Society; and in the former especially made his influence and work of value to his fellows.

## VICTOR WOODWORTH.

*“Far from the maddening crowd, ignoble strife.”*

Strictly intent upon business was Woodworth, and while here but little of his time was dissipated in riotous living. In spite of his apparent innocence, however, occasional sundry rumors from Church Street, whence, he returned each day, quite shattered our fond hopes for him. Woodworth was a thoroughly good fellow, and has the best wishes of all his friends—and he had no enemies.

*The Class of Nineteen-Ten.*



## “Billy”—An Interview.



AS, miss, I'm agoin' to sen' in my 'ssassination an' resign from this heah p's'tion. 'Taint fair miss dat Board o' Guvners gives all d' *othah* perfessors a holiday—but I got a stay heah all summah an' work de farm—'Tain't fair 't all," and Billy's whole attitude and aspect were expressive only of well-founded indignation and disgust. The threat was old and oft-repeated, but I rose nobly to the occasion—"Oh, Mr. Oliver," I expostulated, "how could we all manage without you? Why how long is it that you——" Without waiting for the end of my question Billy replied with a familiar wave of his hand—"Oh, 'bout fifteen years—yassam—p'raps nineteen—I don't jest berember, but you see miss, mus' be quite a long time 'cause you see I mus' be—well I mus' be mos' fifty by now."

I nodded gravely and as Billy seemed to have a few minutes to spare, and as I was thoroughly enjoying myself, I leaned against the radiator outside the Physics lecture room and asked—"How did it happen, Mr. Oliver that you came here to Acadia? Were you so good a Baptist that you couldn't remain away from Wolfville?"

Billy's eyes danced as with a scarcely repressed chuckle he began—"Well, miss, it was dis way. Ob course I'm a good enough Baptist—Oh, yas Miss, I'm all right there—" and here the chuckle became distinctily audible," but it was n't just what you might call mah Baptism that brung me to Wolfville. When I was jest a young fellah, Perfessor Lawson ob Dalhousie come to where I lived down in Hammond's Plains and got me to go to Halifax to kin' a keep care o' his farm. Yas I was de boss on his farm fur a long while, an' he had jest de nices' daughters—one's married now down to Lunenburg way—but I was tellin you 'bout dat farm—hit was a stock farm, and de old perfessor he used to

raise them long-horned Burnhams—Durhams—yas, Miss deem English Durhams. Them days they was great shows down to Kentville, so de perfessor ob course he wanted them Durnhams to go 'long and ob course dey couldn't go wi'fout me—and you see Miss it was dis way—when I seen de old lady, Mrs. Oliver, you know, I jest couldn't natchelly go back to Halifax—now could I? Billy's chuckle had deepened with a hearty laugh and his hand gave his knee a resounding slap as full appreciation of his own story dawned upon him. With a smile that was not all mirth on my own lips I said simply, "No Billy—you just naturally couldn't." And Billy went on—"We done got married, and bime bye Doctah Lawson he got me dis p'sition heah. Only fur fore or five years it was kin'er lookin' aftah de Seminary I had to do. Then the guvners they raised mah sal'ry an' heah I am keepin' care ob' de College now, an' miss,"—here Billy's voice grew low and confinential—"de way de wurk done get piled—jest piled up on me is somepin' strordinary. Why I got a do all de lookin' aftah dis heah college, an' de yeah Dr. Trotter was away, and me an' Doctah Jones had to c'rect all dem papers, I nearly had a c'llapse—an' now de new Science Buildin' am all finished I got to do all de lookin' aftah dat—keep de fires an' do de sweepin' an' de dustin'—but Miss nex' yeah I'm a-goin' to have a 'ssistant," and Billy swelled with importance. "Yassam I'm goin' to have a 'ssistant. Perfesser Haycock, he got dat dat Mister Bates to kin' o' help him out in de chemical labat'ry, so de Boards goin' to let me have a 'ssistant for de sweepin' an' dustin'." Billy was so serious now that I dared not smile. I only dared to remark, "Well, Mr. Oliver, I'm trully glad to hear that. The work must have been pretty hard this year. There has been a lot going on hasn't there?"

"Well I guess so Miss—outside de reg'lar work, deres de 'ceptions an' de concerts an de girls is always wantin' de curtains in de hall an' de Athenæum boys tuk to givin' kin' a little plays an' den there was dat concert de girls give—I don' jest memah de name o' dat only I know it was "Miles" sompin' 'cause dose



Chip Hall fellers got hold o' some of de girls' posters an' pasted "McCutcheon" right slap ovah d'othar name—an' say dat was a mighty fine joke on pore Mistah McCutcheon—or on de girls!—but I was tellin' you 'bout dat play—well dose girls used to practice ev'ry afternoon an' de way dey upsot dat Hall! An' den they tuk to herasin' at night and it was near 'leben 'for they'd get down an' de nasty spruce trees dey'd drag round the floor wif dem, neeles comin' off an' fallin all ovah an' makin' de sweepin' somepin' awful—and when it was all oveh Miss Welton—she's de head ob de sasciety, yess Miss, she come to me and says, "Heah Mistah Oliver is five dollahs fur all dat you done did fur us fur to help wif de play." Well I was just natchelly dumb with astonishment an' I sez, "Dat'll be all right Miss Welton—it was a pleasure to do w'at I done—an' hits de fust play de girls ever give an' dey done it to sen' a girl to some missionary place, an' dat'll jest be my—my c'tributary to de play." But say dose girls got ahead o' me fur once—just guess what dey did—dat Miss Welton sent me dat bill fer a Christmas present an' I used it fine fur me wife an' fur de chillren."

This time I was more serious as I said—"You are certainly very good to all of us, don't you think you are?" And Billy answered with a kind of gentle dignity—"Well, it's dis way—you see I can kin a'ford to be 'cause eberyones good to me, an' then I've been here so long. Why yas Miss," and his accent changed to one of pride, "dere haint even a president dat's been here nearly so long as I have. Why I'v just seen 'em come an' go—yas Miss it's kin' a like dat brook in my Frank's lesson book," and Billy was laughing again.

Just here Mr. Locke who was tutoring a class in the lecture room opened the door and called to Billy—"Mr. Oliver, if you see Mr. Seaman would you mind letting him know that I have the key he is looking for?" After a cheerful nod from Billy, the head vanished and the door was once more closed. Billy picked up his broom and pan and moved away saying with the old familiar accompaniment of smiling face and gesticulating hand,

“Afternoon, Miss—yas Miss, I shore done joyed dis conversion,” and when once more I found myself safely on my way toward the Seminary I wondered if there had ever been a student at “dear old Acadia” who did not owe a debt of gratitude to Billy were it only for his never failing bright and radiant smile and his warm and cheery greeting.

1911.



### Mayflowers.

Tiny buds that break and blow,  
Ere April melts the lingering snow;  
Sweet pink and white, the first to bring  
The gladness of another Spring,  
For lips to kiss, to glad the eye,  
To make the heart beat happily,  
How frail, how sweet, how much to give  
In the short while 'tis thine to live,  
Forgotten when the grasses rise,  
And all the wild flowers to the skies  
Nod in the summer's later birth.  
A garden all the joyous earth.  
How quick to fade in that decay  
That wraps all beauty born of day,  
Yet after all is gone from thee  
Thou lingerest a sweet memory,  
Above the ashes of thy death,  
There is thy lingering odorous breath,  
Like essence from the body shed  
A living spirit from the dead.

*John Frederic Herbin, '90.*

# The Acadia Athenaeum.

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GEORGE HAMILTON MAGNER '09, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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## Editorial.

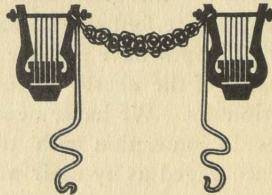
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LAST Autumn, when we "entered upon our province," we believed enthusiastically in the ATHENÆUM—believed that it was a means exceedingly valuable in stimulating *creative* literary activity at Acadia. Impelled by this conviction we proposed not only to emphasize literary excellence, but also to arouse more widespread participation. Our high hopes have not been fulfilled: we have been disappointed because of the dearth of good material and the small number of contributors. We have, nevertheless profited by and enjoyed our duties in connection with the paper. To those, therefore, who have encouraged us by their words of appreciation we would express our thanks; and to those who have contributed articles of worth we extend both thanks and congratulations for no small part of our pleasure has been to discover an occasional

article of excellence. As we now complete the last volume of our work we still believe in the ATHENÆUM : indeed as we realize more fully the possibilities of such a journal, our hopes are even higher; for we are confident that this department of college activity will be in able hands. For those, then, who follow us in these duties, we wish all good success, and for them we bespeak the heartiest support of both undergraduates and Alumni. *Floreat Athenaeum.*

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It was the intention to include in this number an article descriptive of the Carnegie Science Hall, which at the time of writing is almost completed. Several other articles of a scientific trend were also in preparation. On account, however, of the postponement of the formal opening of this building, we would announce that the November number of the ATHENÆUM will be in the nature of a special science issue, and will in addition to several articles of unusual interest, include a cut of the new science hall.





SURVEYING CLASS.

*Graham-Wolfville*



ACADIA FOOTBALL TEAM.

*Graham-Welgrille*

## The Year in Athletics.



PERHAPS no year in the history of the College has been marked with such a degree of success in Athletics as the one we have just finished. This has been due in a large measure to the marked interest that has been shown in all forms of Athletics by almost the entire student body. The organization governing our athletics, the A. A. A. has had one of the most successful years in its history. Under President Goucher the meetings have been conducted in an orderly and business-like way. As to finances it is gratifying to report that we have gone through the year without the necessity of a tax, and we hope to begin next year's work with more money in the treasury than has been there at the beginning of any year up to the present time.

Upon returning last autumn it was with rather a forlorn hope that the teams gathered on the campus to commence the work in football. So many good men of the previous year's team had departed, that it seemed as though there remained nothing from which to form a team. However, with an idea in mind that we were "up against it", the boys worked harder than ever, and the team soon began to get into shape. Much difficulty was experienced in getting on practise games, which was no fault of Business-manager Wilson who worked faithfully to secure such games. Early in the season Capt. Lewis met with an accident that put him out of the game for some time. This, though unfortunate, was not so disastrous as it seemed, for though we lost our best quarterback we thus secured a valuable coach. Capt. Lewis was on the field every day and his coaching of half-line and quarters proved invaluable. We were very fortunate too in having Messrs. Howe and DeWolfe on the field every day, who by their coaching were a great help to the team. Acadia has always been strong in her scrum; but this year, combined with a strong scrum we had a scoring half line. The halves learned early in the season that the secret of success is in combination play, and this principle put into practise through the season, was largely responsible in securing for us the

King-Richardson trophy. We would suggest that the tackling dummy be used more; inability to tackle safely is one of our weak points. The following is a summary of the games played.

Acadia versus	Crescents at Wolfville	12—0
Acadia	“ U. N. B. at Fredericton	9—3
Acadia	“ Mt. A. at Wolfville	3—0

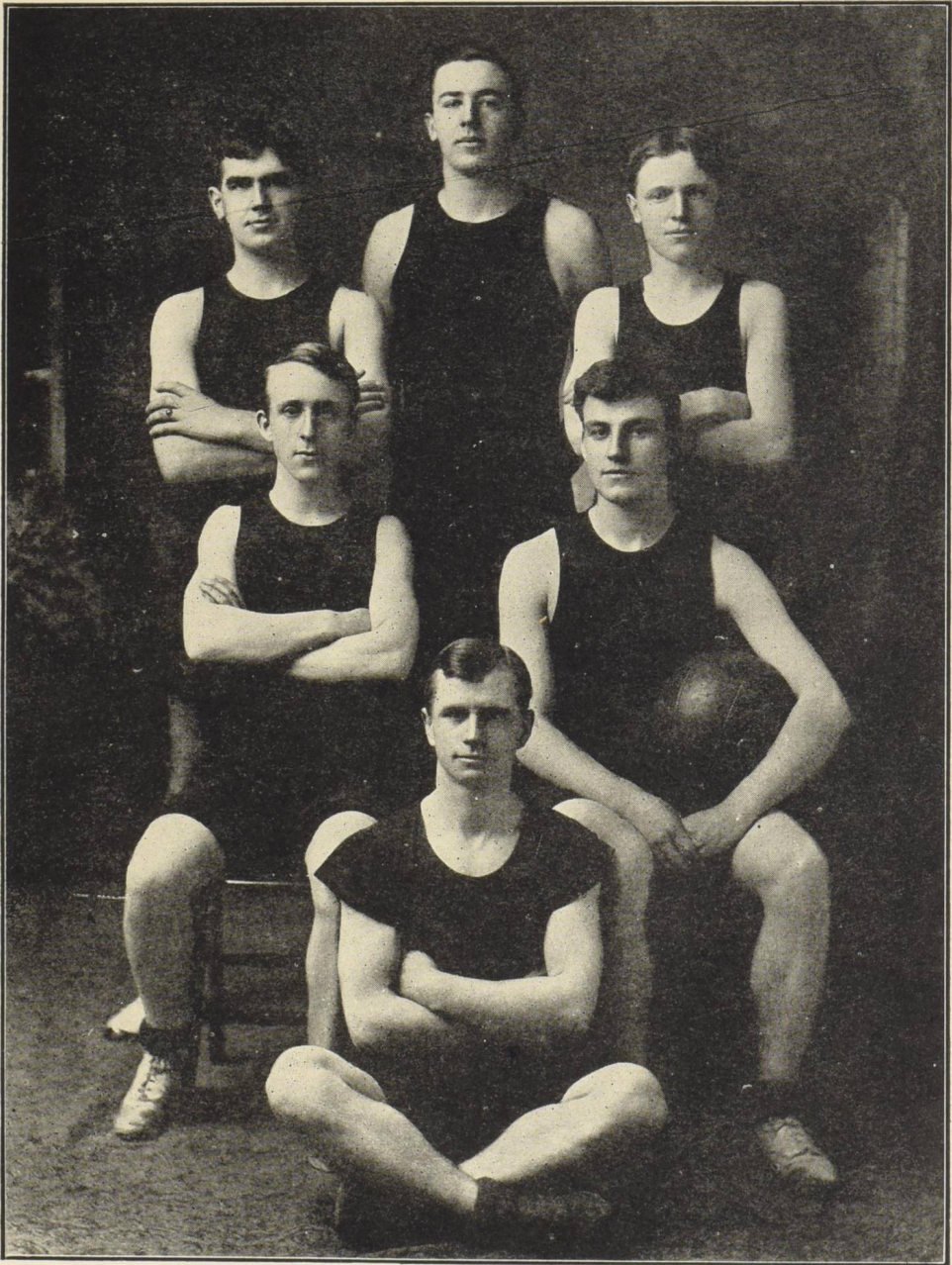
After football came basket-ball and some interesting games were played in the interclass league which was won by the Juniors. Later in the year a series of games was played between Acadia, and Halifax Y. M. C. A. first and second teams. Though on each occasion our first team came out second best, our second team was able to win out.

When we had returned from our Christmas vacation, the all absorbing theme—aside from exams—was hockey. A new league had been formed and the “big three” were again pitted against each other. With Hughes at McGill, and Faulkner out of the game, the prospect was not very bright. Nevertheless the fellows worked hard under Capt. Lewis, to make as good a showing as possible. We went through the season without winning a game. Though unsuccessful this year, we feel sure that with the material that is left of this year’s team, supplemented by what we hope to get in next year, we will be able to put up an aggregation that will be much faster, and will make a much better showing. The following are the games played:

Acadia vs	Dalhousie at Wolfville	8—10
Acadia	“ U. N. B. “ Wolfville	4—9
Acadia	“ Mt. A. “ Sackville	2—4

Long before the ice had left the St John River at Fredericton, and the bleak winds had ceased to blow across the Sackville marshes, and while an occasional block of ice drifted in the Basin of Minas, a party of fellows could be seen leaving Chip Hall early every morning on a tramp. This was the beginning of training for track work. Long and hard it was continued, in some cases under discouraging circumstances. On occasional root from the “moose” and a frequent growl from the “bear” betokened that all was not well with these followers of the track; while a signal—of distress we suppose—from the top flat of Chip





JUNIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM.  
Winners of the Inter-class League.

*Graham-Wolfville*

Hall to our own sister institution, indicated that all was not well with our speedy little captain. A few warm days before the Meet in Moncton did wonders for the team and on the eventful morning every man was in the best of shape. The Meet was one of closest in years, and our strength in the runs enabled us to come up a few points to the good. For the successful issue of the year's track work, much credit is due Mr. Howe who acted as Coach, and Mr Lewis who acted as Business manager. These men were untiring in their efforts to help those training for the Meet.

The Interclass Field Meet was well contested. The Sophomores won the trophy by a good margin. The good showing made by members of the Horton Academy Senior Class leads us to expect great things from the Varsity track team next year.

In baseball we have not accomplished much this year. Baseball and track work conflict, and with track work of paramount importance, baseball must necessarily suffer. The interclass league proved very interesting and some close games were played, one being for twelve innings. This league was won by a team from the junior and Sophomore classes. Our first team played two games with the fast Middleton team in both of which the latter team came off victorious.

The following men have won their A during the year and are thus entitled to wear their college letter :

In Football : Woodman, Dyas, Simms, Locke, Page, Kaiser, Webber, Lounsbury, Perry.

In Hockey : Huntington, '09, Brooks, Robinson, '12, Pattillo, Potter.

In Track : Roy.

This in brief is a summary of Athletics for the year. As we separate it is with a feeling that we have done well, as two intercollegiate trophies remain in our possession for another year. The prospects for the coming year in all branches of Athletics are better than they have been for some time. Let this note of warning be sounded however: that we do not relax our efforts because of good prospects; that has been done before with disastrous results. Let every man return determined to play the game—whatever it is—with all that is in him, until the whistle blows the season's end; and the trophies are safe, we trust, where they now repose.

T. S. R. '11.

## The Anniversary Exercises.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

*May Thirtieth.*



ESPIE the inclemency of the weather, the usual large number of worshippers assembled in College Hall to hear the Baccalaureate sermon. Special interest centred round the service, as the popular and eloquent ex-President of Acadia, Dr. Thos. Trotter, of Toledo, Ohio, was the speaker of the morning. The graduating class were Freshmen when he retired from Acadia, so it was most fitting that he should address them on Baccalaureate Sunday.

Miss Ida Rand and Miss Marjorie Barnaby furnished the music, while the officiants in the service and the graduating class marched in and took their respective seats in accord with the time honored custom. President Hutchinson presided. The invocation was offered by Rev. C. H. Martell, of Ohio, N. S. Rev. H. J. Perry, of Cambridge, N. B., read the scriptures. Prayer was offered by Dr. E. M. Saunders, of Halifax. The student choir rendered a pleasing chorus, and Miss Helen Knowles sang sweetly, "There is a green hill far away."

The President, in brief, appropriate words, introduced the speaker. Dr. Trotter's theme was "The World Without Christ," taking as his text the words of Jesus in John 15:22: "If I had not come."

The preacher stated that on the pages of history there are conspicuous figures from whose influence have issued effects so vast and far-reaching that it is difficult to imagine what the course of human life and the present status of the world would have been if these men had never come upon the scene; for example Charles Martel, Luther, John Knox, Abraham Lincoln. The text, however, put upon the imagination an even greater strain. What if Christ had not come?

The whole story cannot be told, but some things are clear. If Christ had not come there had been no New Testament, that is, no seed-plot, whence all the richest growths of thought and imagination and expression during the last two thousand years have sprung. If Christ had not come there would have been no visible face of the Heavenly Father shining upon us. It is in the gospels that the lineaments of God's face became the lineaments of the Everlasting Father, and that that final and gracious ideal of God breaks forth before the eyes of men. If Christ had not come we had yet been in the dark as to what a true human life should be. In Christ a new type of manhood has been revealed to the world, in Him the world has got a new conscience. If Christ had not come the world would yet have been without an effectual saviour. The most serious fact of human life is sin, with its paralysis of the moral enegies and its burdening sense of guilt. What man needs above everything is a Saviour who can grapple effectually with the problems of guilt and moral incompetence. This Christ does. If Christ had not come there had been no heavenly hope. It is he who "abolished death and brought life and immortality to light in the gospel." If Christ had not come the most beneficent features of our modern civilization had all been lacking, the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of woman, and the countless philanthropies which respond to every form of human need.

It is plain from all this that if Christ had not come life would be empty of all its richest content for us.

By the use of a poem of the late Dr. T. H. Rand, beginning, "I dreamed the Lord of life was dead," the preacher very vividly portrayed the impoverishment of the world and life without Christ. And then by the use of the latter part of the poem he passed to a jubilant strain as he repeated the great affirmations of the Gospel, asserting the glorious fact that Christ had come. He dwelt upon this in impressive fashion, and then proceeded to an application of his subject by enquiring as to the significance of all this for the young men and women whose presence made the occasion so full

of interest and inspiration. In the fact that Christ had come lay enfolded all the richest and most glorious possibilities of the lives he was addressing.

We are living in a new world, a world with a new challenge and an ever-growing fascination for young and resourceful lives.

The present possibilities are rich beyond conception, but the highest of these are conditioned by the fact that Christ has come.

The possibilities that may be transmitted in abiding and external values may all be gathered up into three things—character, service and destiny. These thoughts the preacher enforced most impressively.

The sermon closed with a personal inquiry as to whether the young graduate life had given due importance to the fact of Christ and of His manifestation in their scheme of thought and outlook on life. The question was pressed home as a scientific question. To ignore or minimize the supreme event of history would be unscientific to the last degree. Christ has come into the world and all life is conditioned thereby. Let him come into your lives, abide, and reign there supreme and all the purposed blessing of His Coming will become a personal inheritance in life and death and for evermore.

Evening found the Assembly Hall again crowded. The service was held under the auspices of the College Y. M. C. A. Mr. G. C. Warren, President of the Association, introduced the speaker, Rev. A. A. Shaw, M. A., pastor of the First Baptist Church of Winnipeg. Dr. W. L. Archibald, of Wolfville, N. S., read the scripture selection, and Rev. Alfred Chipman, the oldest living graduate, led in prayer. A pleasing vocal selection was well rendered by Miss Helen Knowles.

Mr. Shaw is possessed of a winning personality and a pleasing voice and is a speaker of power. His address on "The Life That Counts" was a masterly one, pointed and direct, and easily held the closest attention of the large audience.

Every worthy young man desires that his life shall count for the utmost in the world. A life may be strenuous, but yet not dominated by any high purpose. A life may be simple and yet wholly unworthy of its opportunity. A life may be efficient, but in doing things that are of comparative unimportance. A life that truly counts must first be concerned with its quality. It is not more men we want so much as more man. Then the life that counts will have due proportion. Nothing is so difficult or so important in an age, when the material bulks so largely, as to maintain a proper balance between the interests of the material and the spiritual. A third word that will help to describe the life that counts is atmosphere. Vapor may appear for a little time, but in the form of steam, it is tremendously powerful while it lasts. Air is apparently unreal, yet it presses with tremendous weight upon us, so real and important is the atmosphere a man carries with him. The life that counts must have margin. Christ advocated the gratuitous second mile. Boundaries in life are to be clearly defined. We ought to live on undebatable ground and "walk with an open vow." The last word is direction. The most important question about a man is not what can he do, or what does he know? but rather, in what direction does his life tend. That settles all the rest. In the last analysis we must all come back to Him who said, "I am come that they might have life." For quality, "Exercise thyself unto Godliness." For atmosphere, remember. "I can do all things in Him—" for proportion, "Seek first His Kingdom and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." For direction, "He that follows Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

A pleasing feature of the service was a solo, Ave Maria, rendered by Miss Hiltz, of the Mendellshon Sextette, of Boston. This brought to a close the exercises of the day which cannot but make for moral betterment and spiritual enrichment, especially among the young life of Acadia.

G. C. W., '10.

## Class Day Exercises.

*Tuesday, June the First.*



**I**N a grave and impressive manner the Seniors entered College Hall for their last class meeting as undergraduates. The music for march was most acceptably rendered by Misses Rand and Barnaby, who, at the close of the march, were presented with beautiful bouquets.

Mr. M. F. McCutcheon, as President of the Class, in a few well chosen words extended "to Alumni, fellow students and friends" a cordial welcome. Then followed the reading of the minutes by the Secretary, Miss Annie W. Eaton, after which the roll call brought forth the usual humorous responses to the names of absent members who had fallen "by the wayside." By motion passed the present officers were appointed for life. The next motion was a presentation of the lighting system, lately installed in College Hall, to the University as a token of appreciation. A vocal duet by Miss Helen Knowles and Mr. Roy was well rendered, and much appreciated as the hearty applause following gave evidence. To Miss Layton, who presided at the piano, a bouquet was presented.

The class History, as read by Mr. Edward G. Daniels, was a most entertaining production. It was well written and was bristling with wit and humor. He dwelt, with many humorous touches, at some length on '09's freshmen experiences. This was followed by a piano solo by the talented Miss Woodman.

Mr. Gilbert V. White's Class Prophecy was full of clever "hits," very characteristic of "Gilbert."

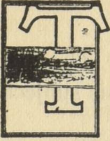
A vocal solo by Miss McLatchey of the graduating class. Showed a voice of sweetness and excellent quality.

In very clear and pleasing manner Miss Jennie Welton delivered the valedictory. It contained words of appreciation to the Board of Governors; a statement of what grateful acknowledgement was due the Faculty, words of parting to fellow students: and to all, farewell! The adjournment of the class in due form was followed by the class yell which was enthusiastically given. The exercises were impressive and were enjoyed throughout by the audience though there was not wanting the tone of sadness which is inseparable at every occasion of parting from pleasant associations.

S. '10.

## University Convocation.

*June the Second.*



THE culmination of a full week at Acadia is the graduation of the class of 1909. The day was exceptionally fine and crowds assembled at an early hour. Flags were waving in the breeze from the College flagstuffs, and great interest was taken in these closing exercises. The long procession of governors, members of the Senate, alumni, and graduating class in cap and gown, was an impressive sight as they filed into the hall to the music of the processional march. Prayer was offered up.

President Hutchinson presided and after a few introductory remarks, introduced the speakers chosen to represent the class. Although essays were prepared by all the class, time allowed for only the delivery of five.

The programme was as follows:

Processional—Prayer.

Addresses by members of the graduating class.

Canada's Trans-Continental Transportation, Edward G. Daniels, Lawrencetown, N. S.

Omar Khayyam as an exponent of Epicurean Philosophy—Josephine H. McLatchey, Moncton, N. B.

The Vision in Life—George H. Magner, Schenectady, N. Y.

Solo—The Peace of God . . . . . Gounoud

Mrs. Howard S. Ross.

Toilers in Darkness—Dorothy D. Manning, Wolfville, N. S.

Western Civilization: Its tendencies and motive force.—

Miles F. McCutcheon, St. John, N. B.

Snow Drops—Two Little Duets . . . . . Lehman

M. Roy and Miss Knowles.



## ANNOUNCEMENT OF HONOR CERTIFICATES.

Physics—Frederick S. Goucher.

English—George H. Magner.

French and Latin—Dorothy D. Manning.

Philosophy—Miles F. McCutcheon.

Philosophy—James M. Shortliffe.

The essays delivered were all of a high order. The first speaker, Edward G. Daniels, showed careful study of his subject, and his treatment of it was broad and comprehensive.

Both of the young ladies who delivered essays, are daughters of graduates of the college. Miss McLatchy, daughter of the Rev. Edward M. McLatchy, in the class of '91, of Moncton, and Miss Manning, only daughter of Dr. J. W. Manning, Acadia '67. Their essays were philosophical and indicated deep insight into the hidden mysteries and possibilities of life. The other speakers were forceful and convincing and their most excellent papers showed a wide range of thought and an original presentation of their subjects.

## RECEIVED THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS

Edward G. Daniels, Lawrencetown.

Frank E. Dickie, Middleton.

Annie W. Eaton, Granville Centre.

Fred. F. Foshay, Wolfville.

Mayhey C. Foster, Port Lorne.

Frederick S. Goucher, St. Stephen.

George K. Haverstock, Nictaux Falls.

Victor Jenkins, Hansport.

Willard F. Kempton, Yarmouth.

Frank L. Lewis, Truro.

George H. Magner, Schenectady, N. Y.

Dorothy D. Manning, Wolfville.

Miles F. McCutcheon, St. John.

Josephine H. McLatchy, Moncton.

Eva L. Peck, Wolfville.

Frank C. Rideout, Middle Simonds.  
 James M. Shortliffe, Freeport.  
 Walter S. Smith, Bear River.  
 Jennie Welton, Kingston.  
 Victor Woodworth, Cornwallis.

## RECEIVED THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

John S. Bates, Amherst.  
 Philip S. Beals, Upper Canard.  
 Cleveland E. Collins, Westport.  
 John H. Cunningham, Edmonton.  
 William C. Huntington, Wolfville.  
 Gilbert V. White, Wolfville.  
 Frank L. Woodman, Grand Pre.  
 Fred I. Woodworth, Wolfville.

THE FOLLOWING RECEIVED CERTIFICATES IN PARTIAL  
ENGINEERING COURSE.

Horace G. Ayer, Hopewell Cape.  
 Frank E. Dickie, Middleton.  
 William C. Huntington, Wolfville.  
 Gilbert V. White, Wolfville.  
 Clifford St. J. Wilson, St. John.

## RECEIVED THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS IN COURSE

History and Sociology—Gordon P. Barss, B.A.  
 History and Sociology—Helena Blackadar, B.A.  
 Latin—William H. Coleman, B.A.  
 Political Science—Earnest E. Fairweather, B.A.  
 French and German—Jean S. Haley, B.A.  
 Biology and English—Edna Cook Harper, B.A.  
 Economics, and Sociology—Lucy A. Lowe, B.A.  
 Economics and Sociology—Helena B. Marsters, B.A.  
 Economics and Sociology—Gertrude McDonald, B.A.  
 Latin—Adele MacLeod, B.A.  
 Economics and Sociology—Harold I. Spurr, B.A.

## AD EUNDEM, B. A.

Ernest E. Fairweather, B. A., (Kings)

T. Bernard Gilpin, B. A., (Amherst.)

## AD EUNDEM, M. A.

Allan A. Rideout, M. A., (U.N.B.)

## THE HONORARY DEGREES

LL.D.—Lieut.-Governor D. C. Fraser.

D.C.L.—Lewis G. Hunt, M.D.

D.C.L.—Col D. McLeod, Vance.

D. Litt.—Rev. F. Harrington.

D.D.—Rev. W. T. Stackhouse.

## PRIZES.

The Governor-General's Medal—Miss Dorothy Manning.

The Ralph Hunt Oratorical Prize, \$25.00—George C. F. Kierstead, St. John

Freshman Mathematical, \$10—Roy Balcom.

English Essay Prize—Lona J. Belyea.

The S. W. Cummings Prize, \$25, to the leader of the freshman class—Roy I. Balcom.

Dr. Hutchinson in his address to the outgoing class, put before them high ideals of life and emphasized the need of courage, strength and integrity in all the pursuits of life, and a steadfast faith.

Governor Fraser being called upon responded in a highly humorous and felicitous speech. He expressed himself as honored by the degree conferred upon him, which he should cherish all his life. He had thoroughly enjoyed the essays delivered and without being invidious, wished to say how pleased he was with the essay of Miss Manning. He commended the excellent work done at Acadia and on behalf of the Government and Province of Nova Scotia, would congratulate the Institution upon the great results of today's work. It was a splendid showing without expense to the Government of the Province. The Governor was in his happiest vein and elicited frequent applause. A.H.C. '10.



THE ACADIA TRACK TEAM. INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS.

## Intercollegiate Track Meet.

ACADIA 40 POINTS; MT. ALLISON 31; U. N. B. 19.

THE seventh annual Intercollegiate Track and Field Meet took place at the Moncton Athletic Grounds on Friday, May 28th. The conditions were almost ideal except for the slight breeze. Everything pointed to a close competition and expectations were realized, for although many on account of last year's achievement, had picked Acadia as winner, the result was much in doubt until the last event, when Moland clinched the meet for Acadia by his splendid performance in the Mile.

The sprints, which were apparently Acadia's best asset, partly failed us, for Ryan of Mt. Allison captured second place leading Moland by a few inches who was unusually slow in getting a start. The high jumping was better than the average meet results. Both Brooks and Beer cleared 5 ft. 6 in. and Dyas took third place. The Broad jumping of Porter and Doe was a feature of the meet. Neither of these men had been jumping over 19½ ft. in practice but jumped about 21 ft. on this occasion. The 220 yards dash was won easily by Camp and Moland who came in abreast with McKay of Mt. Allison an easy third. The weights were a disappointment to all competitors as they failed to get within 2 ft. of what they were doing in practice in the shot put and fell ten feet in the hammer throw. The 440 yards dash was a pretty race with eight starters. Moland took the lead at the start and held it all the way. Robinson started off slowly being the last one of the string at the half way mark; but with a phenomenal sprint he passed six of the runners twenty-five yds. from the finish and came up even with Moland, these two coming in together running easily first with Cochrane of Mt. Allison third. The Hurdles caused a great deal of discussion on the part of Mt. Allison. At a meeting of the captains it was decided to make the men hurdle properly and the field judges were cautioned to see that it was carried out with instructions to disqualify any

men who did not hurdle properly. The result was that in the first heat Pickup of Mt. Allison was disqualified by two of the judges for picking off the hurdles with his hands. This brought a vigorous protest from Mt. Allison but to no avail; and Camp and Roy qualified for the final heat. The second heat was won by Porter of Acadia, and Armstrong of U. N. B. This put three Acadia men and one U. N. B. man in the final heat. The final heat resulted in Armstrong taking first place with Roy and Porter the next two places. The Pole Vault was won by Doe of Mt. Allison with a second Mt. Allison man and a U. N. B. man tied for second. Doe attempted a record but owing to the wind was unable to make a successful jump.

The mile run was the most exciting event of the day. Eight men started. Two Mt. Allison men led all the way to the home stretch when Moland with a great burst of speed passed the two leaders and came in a winner in four minutes, fifty-seven seconds, which is within one second of the record. This gave the meet to Acadia and the trophy for the fourth time in its history went to Wolfville. With one more victory in track the cup goes to Acadia permanently.

The following is a summary of the events:—

100 Yards dash—First heat, Camp, Acadia 1st; Hopper, Mt. Allison 2nd. Time, 11 1-5.

Second heat—Moland, Acadia, 1st; Ryan; Mt. Allison, 2nd. Time, 11 1-5.

Final—Camp. A., 1st; Ryan, Mt. Allison, 2nd; Moland, A., 3rd. Time 10 4-5.

220 Yards dash—First heat, Camp, 1st; Ryan, 2nd. Second heat, Moland, 1st; McKay, Mt. Allison, 2nd.

Final heat—Camp, 1st; Moland 2nd; MacKay, 3rd.

High jump—Brooks, U. N. B., and Beer, Mt. Allison, tied for first; Dyas Acadia, 3rd. Height, 5 ft. 6 inches. Running broad jump—Porter, Acadia, 1st, 20 ft. 11 1-2 inches: Doe, Mt. Allison, 2nd, 20 ft. 11 1-4 inches; Brooks, U. N. B. 3rd.

Hammer throw—Deedes, U. N. B., 1st, 90 ft. 9 inches; Cochrane, Mt. Allison, 2nd, 86 ft. 11 inches; Page, Acadia, 3rd, 86 ft. 7 inches.

440 yards dash—Moland, Acadia 1st; Robinson, Acadia 2nd; Cochrane, Mt. Allison 3rd. Time 55 1-5.

Shot put—Dibblee, Mt. Allison 1st. Lank, U. N. B., 2nd; Robinson, Acadia 3rd. Distance 33 ft. 9 inches.

120 yards hurdles—First heat, Roy, Acadia 1st, Camp, Acadia, 2nd. Time 18 sec. Second heat—Armstrong, U. N. B. 1st; Porter Acadia, 2nd. Time 18 2-5-sec.

Final heat—Armstrong, U. N. B. 1st; Porter, Acadia, 2nd; Roy, Acadia 3rd. Time 17 4-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—Doe, Mt. Allison, 1st; Spicer, U. N. B., and R. Patterson Mt. Allison ties for second height 9 ft. 6 inches.

One mile run—Moland, Acadia, 1st; Bartlett Mt. Allison, 2nd; Lord, Mt. Allison, 3rd. Time 4.57.



## Inter-Class Field Day

*Tuesday, June the First*

THE annual field sports of the A. A. A. A. were held on the College Campus Tuesday, June second. The day was fine though somewhat windy and a large number of visitors were present to see how the boys in blue and garnet had won the trophy at Moncton. The merchants of the town had presented prizes for every event, and beside this incentive to individual competition there was also a somewhat keen rivalry between '11 and the H. C. A. for possession of the interclass Field Trophy. The track was in good shape and the onlookers were not disappointed in the runs at least.

Moland, on account of a bad knee lost the 100 and 220 yard dashes to camp; but drew in an easy winner in the 440 with Robinson and Atkins fighting hard for second place, the former

edging ahead in the last ten feet. Some good work was done in the high jump, Howe and Goss making 5ft 6½ in. and Porter 5ft 5½ in. The vaulting was not as good as was expected, Howe and Porter trying for first place with Webber third. The shot and hammer were both uninteresting, Page winning each event. The hurdling was also poor, both Howe and Porter being disqualified, Roy the third man winning first place. It is to be hoped that the Foster patent safety hurdle will be used next year so that the men will have to rise and hurdle clean instead of running through as they now do. The mile run was keenly contested by Corey and Haverstock the former winning against a hard wind in 5 minutes 5 seconds.

As a whole, the meet was successful. The Sophomores won the trophy with a total of 49 points.

C. '10



#### BASE-BALL. NOTES.

THE first game was played with Middleton on Saturday, May the twenty-ninth, at the M. A. A. C. grounds. A cold drizzle settled in, and apparently discouraged the players, for the game throughout was characterized by lack of "snap." The score at the close was 14-4 in favor of Middleton. Referee Claude Balcom. Faulkner and Eaton pitched for Acadia.

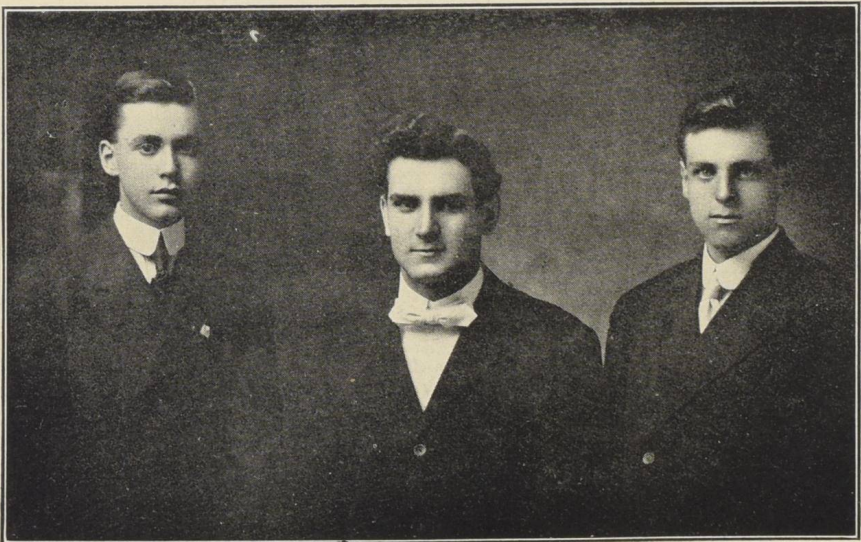
At about three o'clock in the afternoon of June the second the two teams lined up for a return game, on the College Campus. In the box Eaton and Reid presided alternately. Except for a few costly errors, Acadia held her own fairly well and showed up much better than in the preceding game. Middleton excelled in batting and throwing; and won a well deserved game by a score of 13-7. Allan MacIntyre, Acadia; 05, refereed.

"B."





*Graham-Wolfville*  
THE PIERIAN DEPARTMENT EDITORS (OF ACADIA SEMINARY.)



*Graham-Wolfville*  
THE LYCEUM DEPARTMENT EDITORS (OF HORTON ACADEMY.)

## The Pierian.

(Of Acadia Seminary.)

EDITORS:

CAROLINE BOGART, '09.

JOSEPHINE CLARKE, '09.

ELLA VANCE, '09.

VIOLA WEAVER, '09.

The closing exercises of Acadia Seminary began this year with a musical treat in the shape of an operette or cantata, "The Japanese Girl," which took place in College Hall on the evening of May 14, before a large and enthusiastic audience. It was given by about thirty of the Seminary students, under the skilled leadership of Miss Merson and Miss True. The parts were admirably sustained, the acting was spirited, and the leading solos showed genuine dramatic ability. The whole affair was most creditable, and the individual parts as well as the chorus evidenced careful training and strict attention to technique.

On May 27 Assembly Hall was again filled, to enjoy the first of the graduating recitals of the music department of the Seminary, given by Miss Charlotte Lawrence, of Hantsport, in piano, and Miss Helena Hamilton, of Newport, in voice culture. Miss Lawrence has exceptional ability, and with her careful and thorough technical training bids fair to make a name for herself among musical artists. In her selections she showed a fine appreciation of the setting and harmony of the compositions, and seemed to catch the spirit of the great composers. Miss Hamilton, who has a contralto voice of rare quality, charmed her audience by her rendering of songs from Handel, Haydn and Gounod. After the performance, an informal reception was held, at which Miss Lawrence and Miss Hamilton received the congratulations of their many friends.

Two other recitals took place on the evenings of May 27 and 28. At the first of these were heard Miss Charlotte Layton, of Truro, in piano, and Miss Helen Knowles, of Newport, in voice. Miss Layton captured her audience at once by her unassuming manner and sweet personality. Her selections were all skilfully rendered, showing much careful training and grasp of technique. Miss Knowles gave several songs with good effect, her deep contralto voice being of fine quality and very pleasing.

Miss Daisy Sleep's recital was much appreciated by her large audience. Her selections took the form of a Van Dyke evening, and lovers of that author enjoyed a rich treat in her interpretations. Miss Helen Mersereau, graduating in piano, gave two well-rendered piano solos, and the evening closed with an informal reception.

The next event of public interest was the class-day exercises of the Seminary. These were held in College Hall on Monday afternoon, May 31. The members of the class to the number of 34, filed in to the music of the "Recessional" and took their places on the platform. The sight of the sweet girlish forms in white is one which never wearies the spectators on these occasions. After an address of welcome by the President, the Roll-call brought forth many apt quotations illustrating individual traits.

The Class History by Miss Lewis recalled the interesting events of their four years' stay at Wolfville, and elicited frequent applause.

The Class Will by Miss Josephine Clark was a unique production, bequeathing to the remaining members of the school their good wishes, their old rooms, their books and privileges as seniors. It contained many amusing bits, as did also the Class Prophecy by Miss Mersereau which outlined in imagination the future conquest of the thirty-four young graduates.

After the ludicrous presentation of gifts, the Valedictory was read by Miss Eugenia Bogart, and the Class Song, composed by



SEMINARY SENIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM.



ACADIA HOCKEY TEAM.

*Graham-Wolfville*

Caroline Bogart, was sung. The Class Motto, "Ad astra per aspera" was conspicuous, surrounded by the Class Colors, blue and white, and the Class Flower.

The graduating exercises of the Seminary always attract a large number, and this year the audience was, if possible, larger than ever. The need for a new Assembly Hall will be emphasized by the statement that many persons who were on hand nearly an hour before the time appointed, were unable to secure a seat. Principal DeWolfe, with the large staff of teachers, occupied the platform. At the strains of the processional march, over 200 maidens in white marched slowly into the hall. The essays were all of a high order, and were unusually well delivered. The music was exceedingly good and the whole exercise most pleasing. As the programme has already appeared in the daily and local papers, it will not be given here.

The prizes were awarded as follows:—

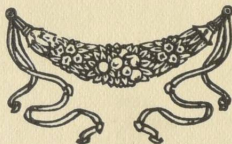
\$20, for the best student in English, Miss Nina Hubley, of Sydney; \$20, for the best in French, Miss Josephine Clark, of Bear River; \$20, for the best in instrumental music, Miss Charlotte Layton, Truro; and \$50, for highest average in all subjects, Miss Erminie Baker, of Margaretville. Special book prizes were awarded to Miss Charlotte Lawrence, for proficiency in instrumental music, and to Miss Ella Vance, of DeBert, for second highest standing in French; and an Art prize of \$10 to Miss Flora Denton, of Little River. The address to the graduating class, by Rev. W. W. McMaster was an able and scholarly one, and heard with good attention.



## The Art Department.



HIS department of the Seminary has had a most successful year, not only in a numerical sense (112 enrolled) but also in respect to the quality of work produced. The exhibition held in Alumnae Hall on Tuesday afternoon, June 1, attracted a large number of visitors. The work shown was notable for variety of subject, carefulness in handling, and evidence of true artistic spirit. Very many pieces deserve special mention, but as this cannot be done here, we will refer only to Miss Flora Denton's Cast work as evidence of her refinement of feeling, her true artistic expression, and to Miss Nellie Andrew's ability in the Crafts, in stencilling, tooled-leather, brass-work, and china. The Department of Applied Arts and Crafts is certainly increasing in efficiency, and promises to be one of the most popular and useful departments of the school. Miss Andrew, the Art teacher, and Miss Richardson, her assistant, are to be congratulated upon their able direction for the past year.





HORTON COLLEGIATE ACADEMY FOOTBALL TEAM



## The Lyceum

(Of Horton Academy.)

EDITORS :

J. E. FORBES, '09    B. A. PALMER, '09    P. F. MURRAY, '10.



BEFORE we lay down the duties and responsibilities that have been ours during the past year, we pause for a brief retrospect of the year's work—a year that has undoubtedly been one of the most successful both in the class-room and on the campus.

In the school' the enrollment has been one hundred and five, out of which number ninety-eight took the final examinations with results that averaged higher than in previous years.

Horton's fame in Athletics has been much heightened during the year past, for we have had winning teams in all the sports, but chiefly in the track work, to which statement the possession of the Cragg Trophy is an eloquent witness. Too much cannot be said in commendation of splendid coaching of Mr. Howe.

The meetings of the Lyceum Society, which is the oldest association in the institution have been a source of much aid to all who attended and participated therein. Many of the most prominent men in the Dominion have received their first training in public speaking in this society. Not a few enjoyable evening have been spent during the year listening to debates and other forms of entertainment provided. For the coming year a team has been entered in the College inter-class league, and this new move should prove a great stimulus to debating at Horton.

Just a word concerning the Y. M. C. A. ! Last Autumn our association was represented at Sackville by President Hubley and also by Mr. West. These delegates returned to us, bringing fresh inspiration through new hints received at the meetings. The boys have felt the promptings of the missionary spirit for during the latter term the sum of twenty-five dollars was voted in aid of the Glendenning Fund. To crown our brilliant year we were

treated to an address by Mr. Daisy of New York who offered excellent suggestions in regard to our work here.

The officers for the coming year are as follows: President of the School; A. A. Hovey; Secretary-Treasurer, H. W. Kirkpatrick, Editors of the Lyceum, P. F. Murphy and H. W. Freda, Football Captain, A. W. Eveleigh; President, Y. M. C. A., H. W. Freda; Secretary-Treasurer, A. A. Hovey.



### The Closing Exercises

**D**ESPITE the unfavourable aspect of the weather, a large audience assembled in College Hall on Monday evening, May the thirty-first, to witness the closing Exercises of Horton Academy.

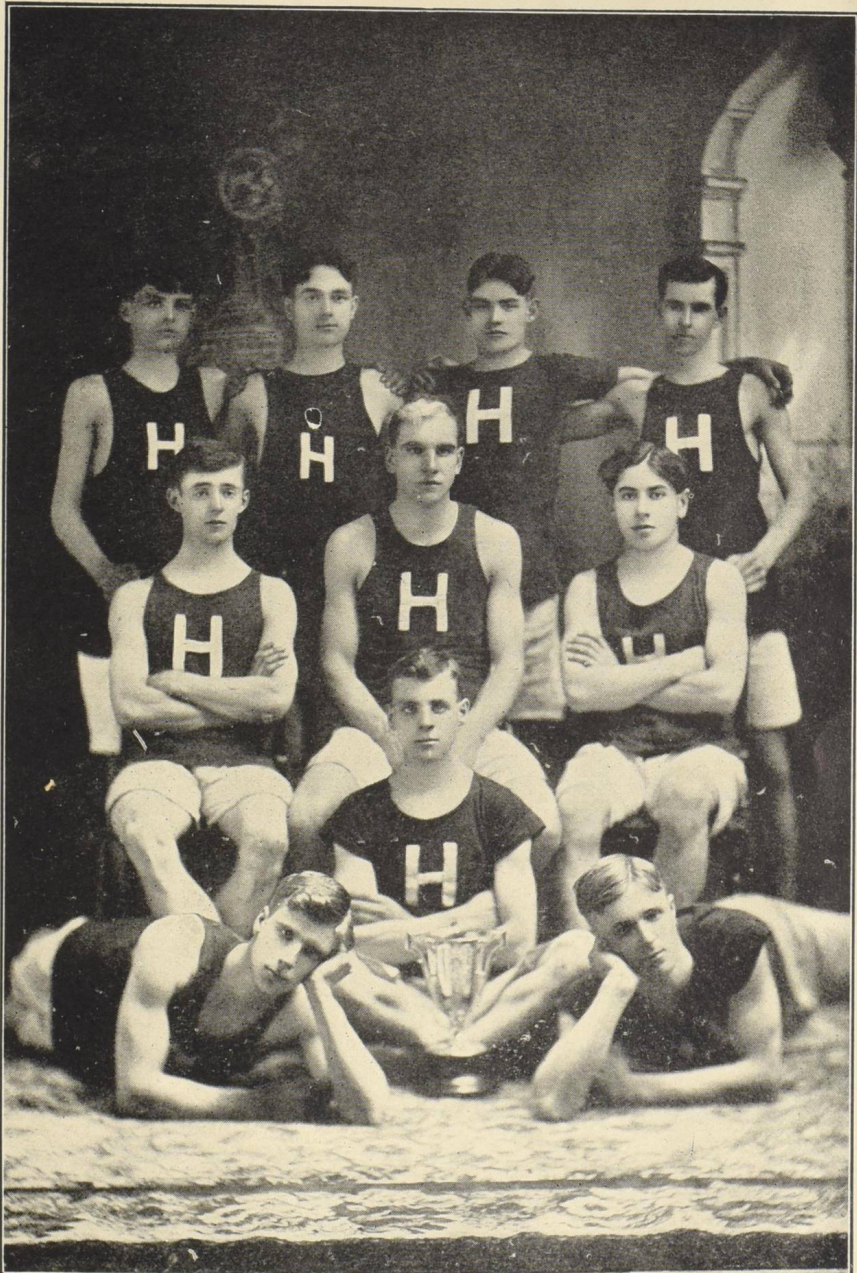
After prayer had been offered by the Rev. D. H. Simpson of Annapolis, Principal Robinson delivered an able address in which he showed that Horton Academy had made splendid progress. In the course of his remarks, he urged strongly the need for extension of class rooms and the Academy Home. He also mentioned the harmony that had prevailed between the teachers and students throughout the year.

The other numbers on the programme, the Class History Prophecy, and Valedictory, were unusually good, and all evidenced careful preparation.

The following received diplomas with High Distinction:— J. Hinson West, Moncton N. B. (who led his class with an average of 90 p. c.) Wilfred R. Crowell, Shag Harbour. N. S.; J. Eric Forbes, Dartmouth. N. S.; Karl Reinhardt, Wolfville. N. S.; Segbert B. Allen, River John, N. S.; Guy N. Stultz, Newcastle, N.B.

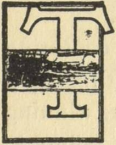
The following were granted diplomas with Distinction: L. W. Black, Amherst, N. S.; H. E. DeWolfe, St. John, N. B.; M. F. Howe, Hillsdale, N. B.; Burpee A. Palmer, Auburn, N. S.; P. W. Atkins, Spencer's Island, N. S.; Paul C. Bill, Wolfville, N. S.; H. Rutherford Simms, St. John. N. B.; Albert D. Sharp, Summerside, P. E. I.; J. Edward Steel, Amherst, N. S.

The following were granted regular diplomas: W. C. Archibald, Wolfville, N. S.; J. R. Black, Wolfville, N. S.; R. E. Steeves, Hellsboro, N. B.



HORTON ACADEMY TRACK TEAM *Harris-Wolfville*  
Winners of the Nova Scotia Inter-Scholastic League.

## The Inter-Scholastic Meet.



THE first provincial inter-scholastic field and track meet was held at Wolfville on the Acadia campus, May 25th, 1909. The weather conditions were perfect and the track and grounds in good condition. In regard to the number of contestants, the competition, and the quality of work done, it proved to be one of the best contests of its kind ever seen on the Acadia grounds.

Six schools had entered teams for this meet:—Halifax, Truro and Pictou Academies, Kings Collegiate School of Windsor, Acadia Villa School of Hortonville and our own prep. school, Horton Collegiate Academy. It had been intended to hold the meet on Victoria Day, but by agreement of teams competing, the date was changed to 25th, on account of a heavy rain and wind storm. Because of this change, Acadia Villa was not able to be present.

The meet was won by Horton Academy, with 54 points. Pictou came second with  $28\frac{1}{4}$ . Halifax scored  $12\frac{1}{4}$ , the K.C.S  $11\frac{1}{4}$ , and Truro  $1\frac{1}{4}$ . By winning the contest, the H.C.A. became owners of the handsome silver cup which Cragg Bros., of Halifax had donated to the schools of Nova Scotia for competition.

Of the H.C.A. team, Howe and Atkins were the heaviest scorers. Howe was in seven events and took places in all. He was not allowed his place in the hurdles, however, after coming in first in good time, being disqualified for not rising sufficiently. The same misfortune befell Cameron of Pictou, who finished second in that event. Howe, who was captain of his team, is a strong, well built man, and perhaps the best all-round athlete in the schools of the Maritime Provinces. He enters Acadia in the Autumn and his friends expect to hear of him in the future. Atkins captured the three sprints with good time, to his credit.

The latter is a strong runner and has shown up well this season, particularly in the 4.40. Kirk, of Pictou gave Atkins a good race in both the 220 and 440 as did Hansard of Halifax in the 100 yds. Atkins enters some Maritime College next fall and should prove a point winner for his college at the next Inter-collegiate.

Of the Pictou team, Kirk, the captain, scored high, capturing the hammer, taking second in the 220 and 440, and putting up a fine race in the relay. Cameron also did excellent work, winning the board with a very creditable leap and picking up points in other events. Both he and Kirk, with proper training, should make excellent track men. Johnson, McDonald, Thompson, Kempt and Morrison were the other men on whom Pictou depended. We wish to congratulate Pictou Academy on the sportsman-like behavior and work of their team. In spite of poor facilities for practice, an unfriendly season, lack of former experience and other disabilities, they put up a good showing. We are prepared to expect much from them in the future.

Halifax won the shot and scored in the runs, though not to the extent expected. For Truro, Dickie showed excellent athletic capability. With a better knowledge of his events the latter might well have taken both jumps.

A pleasing feature of the day was the spirited manner in which the K.C.S. boys contested their events. Though younger than many of their competitors, they fought every event to the finish, taking first in the hurdles, second in the mile, and a fair proportion of the remaining places.

Following is a synopsis of the events:

High Jump—1st, Howe, H.C.A., 5 ft. 6 in.; 2nd, Goss, H.C.A.; 3rd, Guildford, Halifax; Campbell, K.C.S.; Dickie, Truro; McDonald, Pictou.

100Yds.—1st, Atkins, H.C.A., 11 sec.; 2nd, Hansard, Halifax; 3rd, Cameron, Pictou.

Board Jump—1st, Cameron, Pictou, 19 ft. 4 in.; 2nd, Howe, H.C.A.; 3rd, Dickie, Truro.

220 Yds.—1st, Atkins, H.C.A., 24 4-5 sec.; 2nd, Kirk, Pictou; 3rd, Binney, K.C.S.

12 lb. Hammer Throw—1st, Kirk, Pictou, 91 ft. 8½ in.; 2nd, Howe, H.C.A.; 3rd, Kempt, Pictou.

440 Yds.—1st, Atkins, H.C.A., 57 sec.; 2nd, Kirk, Pictou; 3rd, Lomas, Halifax.

Pole Vault—1st, Howe, and Porter, H.C.A., 9 ft. 11¼ in.; 3rd, Kempt.

Half Mile Run—1st, P. Eaton, H.C.A., 2 min. 18 1-5 sec.; 2nd, Freeman, Halifax; 3rd, Kinsman, K.C.S.

120 Yds. Hurdles—1st, Dupny, K.C.S.; 2nd, P. Eaton, H. C. A.

Mile Run—1st, Thompson, Pictou, 5 min. 5 1-5 sec.; 2nd, Campbell, K.C.S.; 3rd, Geo. Young, H.C.A.

12 lb. Shot Put—1st, Ahern, Halifax, 35 ft. 10 in.; 2nd, Howe, H.C.A.; 3rd, Cameron, Pictou.

Mile Relay—1st, Horton Collegiate Academy, 3 min. 57 3-5 sec.; 2nd, Pictou; 3rd, K.C.S.

The High Jumping was deserving of special mention. Six men cleared 5 ft. 11 in. Of these, four failed at 5 ft. 3 in., while Goss did that height, and Howe went to 5 ft. 6 in.

The closest finish of the day was in the Half Mile. P. Eaton of Horton led from the start. The other runners took their time in the first lap and allowed Eaton to forge ahead. In the last lap, Freeman of Halifax, who had been picked to win, made a great effort to overhaul the Red and White. The excitement was intense as both men came down the home stretch, each straining every nerve. Foot by foot the Halifax man gained, but Eaton broke the tape first, a winner by inches. Kinsman of the K.C.S. was a close third.

The Mile Run also proved an interesting event. Young, of Horton and his team mate Palmer set a hot pace from the start, and was closely followed by the field. In the fourth lap, Thompson, of Pictou took the lead. Apparently running well within his

strength, he pulled away from the crowd and came home in 5 min. 5 1-5 sec. Near the finish, Campbell of the K.C.S. passed Young. All three finished within 5 min. 13 sec.

In the Pole Vault, two Horton boys, Howe and Porter got over 9 ft. 11 ¼ in. and had some inches to spare. This is 3 ¼ inches higher than the Acadia University record.

The most spectacular event of the day was the relay race. Pictou won a slight lead in the first lap, but Atkins of Horton recovered it and sent his team mate, Eaton off, first in the third. Eaton recovered his lead to about 20 yards and Howe held this in spite of the great effort of Kirk of Pictou and the K.C.S. man. Pictou came second with the K.C.S. a close third.

The victory of the H.C.A. team was due to training and good team work, rather than any natural athletic superiority. Their men were placed where each would tell and they scored in every event. They also showed a great knowledge of many of their events. Arrangements have been made to make this meet an annual event. Next year it is to be held on Victoria Day at the same grounds.



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Required	\$160 50
Other Studies, Latin, French or German, Drawing, Elocution, Science Fee	36 00
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## Photograph

- Found between pages 306 & 307 of the duplicate copy of Acadia Athenaeum, V. 35 no. 8, June 1909
- caption "Lonesome"
- possibly F. F. Fashay, '09





## Photograph

- Found between pages 306 & 307 of the duplicate copy of Acadia Athenaeum, v. 35 no. 8, June 1909
- front caption 'Just got "stung" '?
- rear caption 'I don't always look as sad as this. Cheer up a bit when at Clementsport'
- possibly F.F. Foshay, '09





I don't always look as  
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